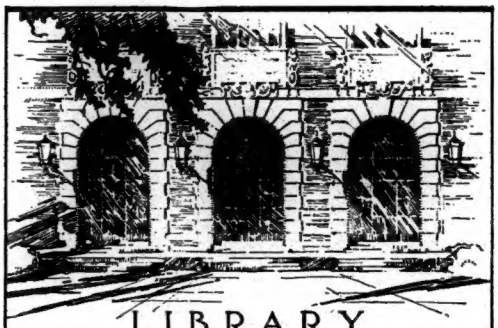


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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Édition de Luxe

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THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : CROSCUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of

Heinrich Heine

Translated by

Charles Godfrey Leland

FRENCH AFFAIRS

I

VOLUME THIRTEEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

If Heinrich Heine had a predominant characteristic, or aught in which he greatly surpassed all writers of his time, it was that "he nothing touched which he did not adorn." The world is naturally enough guided in its reading by mere subjects and titles—but this would hardly be the way to treat the works of a writer who, whether he had discussed paving-stones or quadratic equations, would, while fully imparting the practical or scientific view of the subject, have been sure to have woven into it wit, pathos, and quaint or bizarre reflections with much human gossip, even as he did when setting forth the very unpromising subject of German metaphysics. In this he reminds us of a brilliant butterfly, which, whether it flutter in arabesque circles, as in an airy dance, over flowers, weeds, rocks, muddy marshes, or sandy plains, is always the same beautiful object, giving a charm to that over which it passes. I cannot resist the conviction that, if the works of Heine are very unequally known or liked, it is due to an ignorance of this fact. It may be

observed that many of his most-quoted sayings have been drawn from his least-known writings, for, like Nature, he appears to have been most indifferent into what kind of rocks he put his precious metals or gems. And any reader who is quite familiar with Heine's works, if asked which of them he prefers, may think with a smile of the old Yankee gentleman who was a great amateur of the noble Christmas and Thanksgiving bird, and who when asked if he preferred breast, leg, or wing, replied, "I don't care which—I guess it's *all* turkey."

I trust that what I have here said will be considered, because there are many merely general readers to whom the discussion of French affairs during the reign of Louis Philippe will only suggest the possibility of six yawns to a page, when in reality the intelligent mind which grasps with avidity the "problems and possibilities of history," and which takes a more than merely superficial interest in modern politics, will probably prefer this work to any other by the same author. It is worth while, in proof of this, to point out two very eminent points in the book. One is the masterly manner in which our author as early as 1832, immediately after Louis Philippe's succession to the throne, pointed out as clearly as by photograph, one by one, not with unpitying but very pitying accuracy, the causes which would lead to that

monarch's overthrow. These causes were bound up and intertwined with *many* influences which are still in vivid action, and which no writer in any language has expressed more wisely, more searchingly, or more succinctly than Heine. Therefore it forms an admirable preparation for a study of French politics of the present day. Owing to the heedless and careless manner in which these Letters were necessarily written—very often "to catch the post"—and from the amount of flippant gossip introduced, to "catch the eye" of the general reader, they have never received the recognition due to their real merit.

The second remarkable point in these Letters, including those in "Lutetia," is the fact that Heine *alone*, early in the thirties, foresaw very clearly and distinctly the tremendous future of Socialism, and the troubles which it was to cause in a few years. He himself, in the plainest words, calls our attention to the fact that he was the first man to discover the existence of Socialism as a distinct power, and that its adherents were as yet so undeveloped in their ideas, and so ignorant of one another's existence in different places, that it was his comments on them, in this work, which first taught them to know their own strength. Heine had no personal sympathy with Socialism, no desire to live in a half-time workhouse, or to see poetry, including his own, art, and

elegant society extinguished; yet he foresaw that the speck of vapour then visible only to his eyes would grow to a mighty thunder-cloud, and perhaps burst in a cyclone. The extraordinary and mysterious gift of political and other prophecy, which alternately produced in Heine great predictions and petty failures, probably from his poetic power, appears in this respect as grandly manifested.

I once had a friend who was said to be the firmest Abolitionist and truest friend to the blacks in America, but of whom it was also declared that no man living was so perfectly familiar with all their faults and defects. So I consider that no one can really appreciate Heine to perfection who is not fully aware of all his failings, his inconsistencies, his petty want of smaller principles, as well as his often grand and manly struggle to be true to great ones. I have, therefore, very freely indicated the former in notes, which the reader will please to take in a jesting-philosophic mood. The better nature of the man is best set forth in the text, where it speaks for itself and needs no comment.

As I was living in Paris during by far the most interesting year which is described in these Letters, that of 1848, and as I was much nearer personally and in every way to the "springs of action" and to the carrying out of the revolution of that

year than Heine himself was, I have ventured to record a few comments and experiences in notes which I hope will not be regarded as officious or gossippy.

This work, finally, awakens a question which has been put many times since the complete translation of all Heine's works was announced, which is whether the British public really wants them all? In one of the ablest reviews which the first volume had the good fortune to attract, and in which the translator had no occasion to complain of either a lack of subtle appreciation or kind compliment, the writer suggested that about one-half of the work had better have been omitted, specifying for this purpose "The Rabbi of Bacharach," and "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women." Now, that there are thousands of *very* well-educated English and American readers whom these works do *not* interest is perfectly true. But as Heine himself was an extraordinary agglomerate of brilliant contradictions, so are "the Heineites," and their motto is "De gustibus non est disputandum." The Jews, who form a very prominent portion of my readers, and to whose intellectual intelligence and right to judge in the matter predominance may well be admitted, would as certainly vote to retain the "Rabbi" in Heine's works, as they would "Daniel Deronda" in a select edition of George Eliot's. And it is hard to see how I, even if I

were pursuing the eclectic system, could omit a work of which Heine himself, for some mysterious reason, had such an extraordinarily good opinion that he wrote a poem in its praise, which for rapt and well-nigh insane admiration transcends anything in the annals of self-praise ever executed by any poet in any land under the sun. No—it would never do to leave out the "Rabbi!"

As for the "Shakespeare," we have all our whims, like our author; and for me, I had rather have omitted this present volume, despite my personal interest in it, than *that*. Good or bad, it boasts a large circle of friends, and though but an outline, it has, like an artist's half-finished sketches, more of the artist in it than many of his greater and finished works. So far as I am able to judge, even those who would approve of omitting half of Heine's writings from this series, would differ utterly among themselves as to what should be omitted.

I may here call attention to the fact that, as in the "Germany," the "French Affairs" and "Lutetia" do not exist as a really complete single work, either in German or French. The last German edition gives in foot-notes what has appeared only in the first letters to the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and which was omitted in the early German editions, and also a translation into *German* of what appeared only in the French work. To render this version

complete, I have very carefully studied and compared the different texts, and, as I believe, omitted not a passage, nor even a shade of thought or a word, of any value in either. I need not point out to any scholar that this has greatly increased the difficulty and labour of my task.

The Germans call Jean Paul Richter "the Only One," because he is supposed to be quite peculiar in his incongruities or in combining opposite characteristics. Yet I am certain that in this respect Heine, and not Jean Paul, may claim precedence. There was at least in Richter a deep moral unity, and however eccentrically he piled up or over-wrought his intertwined sentences, he never once fell into the vulgar and careless style of the very worst of scribblers for the press. But Heine exhibits in his intellectual efforts such startling contradictions as were never yet beheld in living mortal; while as regards style or writing, there are in his works hundreds of passages in which literary art attains the most exquisite perfection; while, on the other hand, it is undeniable that there is not a living writer of the English language, be he never so humble a tyro on the obscurest sheet, who would scrawl, even in haste, such bungling, reiterative, and shallow sentences as may be found—at times rather frequently—in all of our author's works, but especially in this, which he assures us is a

perfect model of superior and clear style, and which he had revised again and again. I dwell on this because it is an indication of the man, which must be always borne in mind. Any other writer may be set to the right or the left, and classed with sheep or goats, but Heinrich Heine defies such easy judgment. And as his genius and merits vastly outbalanced his errors, he is valuable to all, and perhaps the more attractive for the contrast to many. These extraordinary alternations of light and shadow, grace and clumsiness, the lithe French leopard and the muddy German bear, are specially observable in these "Letters from Paris," and they will be much better understood if this characteristic of the author is always borne in mind.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Homburg les Bains,
August 15, 1892.

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THE CITIZEN KINGDOM IN THE YEAR 1832.

PREFACE TO THE PREFACE.

"Vive la France! quand même . . ."

I LEARN that the preface to the "French Affairs" has appeared in such a mutilated state that duty compels me to republish it in its original form. And as I now here give an especial edition, I beg that no one will attribute to me an intention of in any way annoying or blaming the present rulers in Germany. I have much rather sought to moderate my expressions. I was, in consequence, not a little astonished when I observed that the preface in question was regarded as too harsh. Great God! what would it have been had I given way to my feelings and spoken out from my heart in full freedom? And it may come to pass! The evil reports which come in sighs to us every day from over the Rhine may well inspire me to it.

You vainly endeavour to degrade the friends of the Fatherland and their principles in public opinion by crying the latter down as French Revolutionary doctrines, and the former as the French party in Germany; for you always speculate on what is worst in the German people, on national hatred, religious and political superstitions, and especially on stupidity. But you do not know that Germany can be no longer deceived by the old tricks, that even the Germans have observed that national hatred is only a means whereby one nation may be made to enslave another, and especially that there are now no longer nations in Europe, but only two parties, of which the one, called Aristocracy, dreams itself privileged by birth to usurp all the distinguished privileges of the citizen-class, while the other, known as Democracy, vindicates its inalienable human rights, and will do away with privilege of birth in the name of reason. Indeed, you should call us the Heavenly, not the French party, for that declaration of human rights on which our whole political economy is based is not derived from France, where they were certainly and naturally most gloriously proclaimed; not at all from America, whence Lafayette brought them; but from Heaven, the eternal Fatherland of Reason.

How detestable and deadly must the word

Reason be to you! Yes, quite as much so as to its hereditary enemies, the priests, to whose rule it brings an end, and who, in common danger, make with you a common cause.

The expression "French party in Germany" is to-day predominant in my mind, because it specially struck me this morning in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was, by the way, a characteristic of the poems of Uhland, the good boy, and of mine, the bad one, that the French party in Germany was represented as a leader. I observe that this is only an echo of German journals, which I unfortunately never see here; but if I cannot now especially exalt them, it may be done another time to general advantage. As I have been for ten years a constant subject of daily criticism, which treats my writings either *pro* or *contra*, but always passionately, one may confidently attribute to me sufficient indifference as regards printed opinions; and if I—what I have as yet never done—should often cite such remarks, people will see, I trust, that it was not the personal susceptibilities of the writer, but the general interest of the citizen, which called forth the word. But as I have remarked—more's the pity—beyond the political newspapers, very few German daily publications find their way to Paris. For every reason I miss them sadly. Truly in this great city, where a piece of the

world's history is acted every day, it would be piquant to occasionally at present occupy one's self with our domestic miseries. A young man lately wrote to me that he a year ago published certain attacks on me, which he hoped would give no offence, because my anti-national opinions had angered him, and therefore that he in his patriotic wrath was incapable of self-restraint. But this young man should have been so kind as to send me a copy of his work. He appears to belong to the Bœotian party in Germany, whose wrath against "the French party" is very pardonable; therefore I do forgive him with all my heart. But I should have really been pleased if he had himself sent me the book. For this I praise the Sodomitic party in Germany, who always send me their abusive articles, often very prettily written, and—what is most praiseworthy—always post-paid. But these people need not take so much pains to preserve their anonymity. In spite of the disguised hand, I always recognise the nameless composer of such nameless baseness. I know these people by their style. "*Cognosco stilum curiæ Romanæ!*" cried the noble historian of the Tridentine Council as the cowardly dagger of the assassin struck him from behind.

But beyond the Sodomitic and Bœotian, the Abderite party in Germany is also enraged at me. But it is not only my French principles

which have roused the majority of them against me. Sometimes there are nobler reasons, as when, for example, a chief of the Abderite party, who for many years has incessantly attacked me in abuse, and seriously is only a champion of his wife, who believes that she has been insulted by me, and has in consequence sworn my ruin.[1]

Pardon me, dear reader, if these lines are not adapted to the seriousness of the time. But my enemies are really too ridiculous. I say "enemies." I give them this title out of politeness, though most of them are only my slanderers. They are little people, whose hate does not rise so high as my calves. They gnaw with broken blunted teeth at my boots, barking themselves weary down below there.

It is more perplexing and vexing when friends misjudge me. That might well put me out of tune, and, in fact, so it does. But I will not conceal, nay, I will openly confess, that my good name has been attacked by the Heavenly party. This may, however, be due to mere imagination or caprice, and their insinuations are not so

---

[1] I here omit an abusive passage which is as discreditable to the author as it would be disagreeable to the reader. It is amusing to observe how Heine, after declaring that his enemies are utterly indifferent to and amuse him, manifests in this omitted sentence all the gall of bitterness and intensity of hate from wounded vanity when speaking of two petty personal foes.—*Translator.*

coarsely prosaic as those of the Bœotian, Sodomitic, and Abderite party. Or was it not very fanciful when people accused me of anti-liberal tendencies and of renegading from the cause of freedom? A printed expression of opinion as to this accusation of apostasy I found recently in a book entitled *Briefe eines Narren an eine Narrin* (Letters of a Fool to a Female Fool).[1] On account of much which is good and witty in it, and especially for the noble mind of the author, I cheerfully forgive him for what he has said to my discredit. I know from what side the wind blew which inspired him. *Videlicet* there are among our Jacobinical *enragés*, who have been so noisy since the July Revolution, certain imitators of that style of controversy which I conducted during the Restoration with determined daring,[2] and at the same time with discreet self-confidence. They managed the affair very badly, and instead of attributing the personal afflictions which resulted to their own clumsy inability, they let their rage fall on the writer of these pages, whom they saw safe and sound. It hap-

[1] A work by Karl Gutzkow. Hamburg, Hoffmann Campe, 1832. The passages referred to may be found on page 75.—*German Publisher.*

[2] *Rucksichtslosigkeit*, regardlessness, recklessness, want of consideration. But Heine manifestly uses the word in its best sense, in compliment to himself.—*Translator.*

pened to them as it did to the monkey who had seen a man shave himself. When the latter left the room, the ape came, took the razor and brush from the drawer, soaped himself, and then cut his own throat. I do not know to what extent these German Jacobins wounded themselves, but I see that they are bleeding badly. Now they are scolding me. "Look!" they say; "we have honourably soaped ourselves, and bled for the good cause, but Heine did not act honourably in his shaving; he was wanting in true earnestness in using the razor; he never once cut himself; he calmly washes away the soap, whistles while doing so, and laughs at the bloody wounds of the throat-cutters who had honourable intentions."

Be satisfied: this time I have really cut myself.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *end of November* 1832.

PREFACE.

"THOSE who can read will of themselves remark that its greatest faults cannot be attributed to me, while those who cannot read will nothing note." With this simple syllogism, which precedes the *Roman Comique* of Scarron, I may also well begin these more serious pages.

I give here a series of articles and daily bulletins which I wrote for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* (The Universal, or generally public, Gazette of Augsburg), in stormy circumstance of every kind, with an object which may easily be guessed, under restrictions which may be still more readily conjectured. I am now obliged to publish these anonymous and ephemeral leaves under my own name, lest some other person—as I have been threatened—should do so according to his own fashion or fancy, and change them as he may please, or perhaps mingle with them altogether foreign material which may be erroneously attributed to me.

I avail myself of this opportunity to declare, in the most positive manner, that I have not for two years past published a line in any political journal of Germany, with the exception of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This publication, which so well deserves its world-renowned authority, and which may be well called the Universal Gazette of Europe, appeared to me, on account of its importance and its unparalleled circulation, to be best adapted for information referring to a comprehension of the present time. When we shall have brought it so far that the great mass of the people really understand the present, they will no longer allow themselves to be goaded by the hireling writers of the aristocracy to hatred and war; the great confederation of races, the Holy Alliance of nations, will be formed; we shall not need, out of mutual mistrust, to feed standing armies of many hundred thousand murderers; we will use their swords and horses for ploughs, and so attain to peace, prosperity, and freedom.

My life has been consecrated to this active duty—it is my office. The hatred of my enemies may serve as pledge that I have fulfilled this duty truly and honourably. I will ever show myself worthy of that hatred. My enemies will never misunderstand me, although my friends, in the delirium of excited passion, may mistake

my deliberate calmness for lukewarm feeling. Doubtless the latter will misunderstand me less in these times than they did in those days when they believed they had attained the goal of their desires, and the hope of victory swelled every sail of their thoughts. I took no part in their folly, but I will ever share their misfortunes. I will never return to my native land so long as one of those noble fugitive exiles, who would not listen to reason because of too great inspiration, lingers in a foreign land in wretchedness. I had rather beg a crust from the poorest Frenchman than take service among those distinguished knaves[1] in the German Fatherland who regard every moderation of power as cowardice or as a prelude of transition to slavery,[2] and who consider our best virtue or belief in the honourable feeling of a foe mere hereditary stupidity. I should never be ashamed to be deceived by those who inspired our hearts with beautiful and smiling hopes; "how everything should be most peaceably managed; how we should remain delightfully moderate, so that concessions should not be compelled, and thereby prove unfruitful; as they themselves well perceived

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[1] German "bei jenen vornehmen Gaunern." French version, "Ces orgueilleux protecteurs."—*Translator.*

[2] Servilismus.

that one could not without danger long deprive us of liberty." Yes, we have been duped again, and we must confess that falsehood has again scored a great triumph and harvested fresh laurels. In fact, we are the conquered, and since the heroic deception has been officially proclaimed, since the promulgation of the deplorable resolutions of the German Diet of the 28th June, our heart has been made sick in our breast with anger and affliction.

Poor unhappy Fatherland! What shame is before thee should'st thou endure this outrage—what agony if thou dost not!

Never yet was a people so cruelly insulted by its rulers. Not only in this, that those ordinances of the Diet presuppose that we agreed to everything—they would persuade us that we have suffered no wrong or injustice! Yet, if you really could reckon with confidence on slavish submission, you had at least no right to regard us as fools. A handful of common nobles, who have learned nothing beyond horse-trading, card-sharping, drinking tricks, and similar stupid rascal accomplishments, with which, at the utmost, only peasants at fairs can be duped—such men think they can befool an entire race, and one at that which invented gunpowder, and also printing and the "Criticism of Pure Reason." This undeserved affront, that you regard us as stupider

than yourselves, and fancy that you deceive us—*that* is the most irritating insult which you have put upon us in the presence of surrounding races, who wait with astonishment to see what we will do. "It is," they say, "no longer a question of liberty, but of honour."

I will not accuse the constitutional German princes. I know the difficulties of their situation; I know that they pine in the fetters of their petty camarillas, and are really not responsible. And they have been tampered with and tempted and compelled in every manner by Austria and Prussia. Let us not blame, but pity them. Sooner or later they shall reap the bitter fruits of an evil seed. The fools! they are still jealous one of the other, and while every acute eye can perceive that they will be in the end mediatised by Austria and Prussia, all their souls and efforts are only directed to getting from some neighbour a piece of his trifling territory. They are indeed like thieves who pick one another's pockets while they are being led to the gallows.

On account of the great deeds of the Diet, we can only unconditionally accuse Austria and Prussia. Nor can I determine to what degree they deserve our recognition or thanks. It seems to me, however, that Austria has been shrewd enough to shift the detested burden of responsibility to the shoulders of its wise colleague.

In fact, we may war with Austria daringly unto death, with sword in hand, but we feel in our inmost heart that we are not justified in reviling this Power in abusive terms. Austria was ever an open and honourable enemy, which never denied, nor did it for a moment suspend its attack on Liberalism. Metternich never ogled with loving eyes the Goddess of Liberty; he never played the demagogue with troubled anxious heart; he never sung the songs of Arndt while drinking white beer; he never played at gymnastic exercises on the Hasenheide;[1] he never played the pietist, nor did he ever weep with the prisoners of the fortresses while he kept them chained. One always knew exactly where he stood on such subjects—knew that he was to be guarded against, and so one governed one's self accordingly. He was always a sure man, who neither deceived us by gracious looks nor irritated us by private malice. We knew that he was neither inspired by love or petty hatred, but acted magnanimously in the spirit of a system to which Austria had been true for three centuries.

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[1] "Er hat nie auf der Hasenheide geturnt." In the French version, "Il n'a jamais sauté avec Jahn des sauts gynastico patriotiques sur la Haasenheide" (Hare Heath). In reference to the gymnastic associations founded by Jahn, which were really national political societies.—*Translator.*

It is the same system which induced Austria to oppose the Reformation, the same for which it battled with the Revolution. For this system not only the men, but also the daughters of the House of Habsburg fought. For this system Marie Antoinette waged war desperately in the Tuileries, and to maintain it Maria Louisa, who, as declared Regent, should have combated for husband and child, in the same Tuileries abandoned the strife and laid down her arms; and for it the Emperor Francis suppressed his deepest feelings and desires, and suffered unspeakable agonies of heart; even to this day he wears mourning for the beloved, blooming grandson whom he sacrificed on its account. This new grief deeply bowed the grey head which once bore the German Imperial crown; this poor Emperor is still the true representative of unfortunate Germany!

As to Prussia, we may speak of it in a very different tone. Here at least we are restrained by no regard or respect for the sacredness of an Imperial German head. The learned menials on the banks of the Spree may dream ever on of a great Emperor of the realm of Borussia, and proclaim the hegemony and protecting lordliness of Prussia. But thus far the long fingers of the Hohenzollern have not succeeded in grasping the crown of Charlemagne, and to put it in

the same sack with so many other stolen Polish and Saxon jewels. As yet that crown hangs far too high, and I doubt much whether it will ever descend to the witty head of that golden-spurred prince whom his barons already hail and offer homage to as the future restorer of chivalry. I much rather believe that his kingly highness will prove to be, instead of a successor to Charlemagne, only a follower of Charles the Tenth and Charles of Brunswick.

It is true that even recently many friends of the Fatherland have desired the extension of Prussia, and hoped to see in its kings the masters of a united Germany. They have baited and allured patriotism to it; there was a Prussian Liberalism, and the friends of freedom look confidingly towards the lindens in Berlin. As for me, I have never shared this faith or confidence. On the contrary, I watched with anxiety this Prussian eagle, and, while others boasted that he looked so boldly at the sun, I was all the more observant of his claws. I did not trust this Prussian, this tall and canting, white-gaitered hero with a big belly, a broad mouth, and corporal's cane, which he first dipped in holy water ere he laid it on. I disliked this philosophic Christian military despotism, this conglomerate of white-beer, lies, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me was this Prussia, this

stiff, hypocritical Prussia, this Tartuffe among states.

At last, when Warsaw fell, there fell also the soft and pious cloak in which Prussia had so well wrapped itself, and then even the dimmest-eyed saw the iron armour of despotism which was hidden under it. It was to the misfortune of Poland that Germany owed this salutary discovery.

Poland! The blood thrills in my veins when I write the word, when I reflect how Prussia behaved to these noblest children of adversity, and how cowardly, how vulgar, how treacherous was her conduct.[1] The writer of history will, from deepest disgust, want words when he narrates what occurred at Fischau; those shameful deeds were better written by an executioner.[2] I hear the red iron already hissing on the lean back of Prussia.

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[1] In the first draft this sentence ends as follows:—"How treacherously the Cabinet of Berlin—I will not say the Prussian people—treated Poland."

[2] Heine, in his hatred of Prussia, is here very inconsistent, and forgets, what Von Moltke has pointed out very clearly, that it was the completely feudal and aristocratic nature of Poland, and the intolerable dissensions among its governing class, which chiefly conduced to its overthrow. Before it was "cut into three" by surrounding nations, it had so radically divided itself into a triple community of nobles, Jews, and serfs, that it had become an anomaly in modern Europe. The conduct of its conquerors is not justifiable on such laws of morals as govern

I read recently in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the Privy Councillor Friedrich von Raumer, who not long ago gained for himself the reputation of a royal Prussian revolutionist by revolting, as member of the Commission of censure, against its excessive severity, has now received the order to justify the proceedings of the Prussian Government as to Poland. The defence is finished, and the author has already received for it two hundred Prussian dollars. However, I hear that it has not given satisfaction to the camarilla of Brandenburg, because its style is not sufficiently servile. Trifling as this incident may seem, it is of importance as indicating the spirit of the ruling minds and of their subordinates. I knew by chance poor Frederic von Raumer, having seen him now and then walking in his blue-green little coat and grey-blue little cap under the lime-trees, and I heard him once in the chair as he depicted the

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the individual, but it was politically inevitable. The serf went for absolutely nothing in Poland. A Polish Countess said to me in 1846 in Florence, in justification of this harsh rule, "Our serfs are even lower than those of Russia." In several works of the seventeenth century, *e.g.*, in the *Anthropodemus* of J. Prætorius, the condition of the Polish serfs is dwelt on with much feeling, as that of the most cruelly treated race of men in Europe, of which there was also a song beginning with the lines—

"Ich bin ein Polnischer Bauer,
Mein Leben wird mir sauer."

—*Translator.*

death of Louis XVI., and shed on the occasion several royal Prussian official tears. I have also read in a lady's almanac his History of the Hohenstaufen, and I also know his "Letters from Paris," in which he communicates to Madame Crelinger and her husband his views as to the theatres and public of this place. He is altogether a peaceable person, who falls quietly into line with the rest. He is the best among mediocre writers,[1] nor is he entirely devoid of salt, having a certain superficial erudition, resembling therein an old dried herring wrapped up in the waste-paper leaves of a learned book. I repeat it, he is the most peaceable, patient creature, who always lets himself be loaded by his betters, and trots obediently with his burden to the official mill, only stopping now and then where music is being played. To what a degree of baseness must the spirit of oppression in a Government have descended when even a Frederic von Raumer lost patience with it, and became restive and would trot no further, and even began to speak like a man! Did he perchance see the angel with the sword who stood in the way, and whom the blinded

[1] To which is added in the original—"And is not at all so dry and hidebound (*nicht so ledern*) as he looks." All of which sneering should be taken with much allowance. In the French version—"Ne s'arrêtant que là où l'on faisait de la musique de Sebastian Bach."—*Translator.*

Balaams of Berlin could not behold? Alas! they gave the poor creature the most deliberate kicks, and goaded it with their golden spurs, and beat it thrice. But the people of Borussia—and by that one may judge its condition—exalted its Friedrich von Raumer as an Ajax of freedom.[1]

This royal Prussian revolutionist has now been employed to write an apology for the proceedings against Poland, and to honourably rehabilitate the Cabinet of Berlin in public opinion.

Oh this Prussia! how well it understands how to make the utmost of its people—even its revolutionists! For its political comedies it employs assistants of every colour. It even puts to use zebras with tri-coloured stripes. So it has of late years set on its most fiery demagogues to preaching everywhere that all Germany must become Prussian. Hegel must justify the permanence of servitude as reasonable, and Schleiermacher is compelled to protest against freedom, and commend Christian submission to the will of superior authority. And it is irritating and infamous this turning to profit philosophers and theologians to influence the people, and who are thus compelled, by treason to God and common-sense and reason, to thus publicly dishonour themselves. How many

[1] In the original MS.—"As an Ajax who fights for freedom like—a lion. This lion, this terrible beast of the Berlin royal menagerie, this royal Prussian," &c.—*German Publisher.*

a noble soul, how much admirable talent, has been thereby degraded for worthless aims! How great was the name of Arndt before he, by higher command, wrote his scabby, shabby little work, in which he wags his tail like a dog, and, doggish as a Wendish dog, barks at the sun of July! The name of Stägemann had once the most honourable sound, but how deeply has he fallen since he wrote his Russian Songs! May he be forgiven by the Muse whose kiss once consecrated his lips to nobler poems! But what shall I say of Schleiermacher, the knight of the third class of the order of the Red Eagle? Once he was himself noble[1] and belonged to the first class. But not only the great, even the lesser men have been ruined. There is poor Ranke, whom the Prussian sent travelling at its expense; a fine talent—good at carving little historical figures and arranging them picturesquely—a good harmless soul, pleasing as mutton with Teltower turnips—an innocent man, whom, should I ever marry, I would choose for a family friend, and who is certainly also a Liberal; and he was lately compelled to publish in the *Staats Zeitung* (the State Journal) a defence of the resolutions of the Diet. Other stipendiaries, whom I will not name, have done the like, and are still all "Liberals."

[1] French version—"Et par lui-même un aigle."

Oh, I know them, these Jesuits of the North! He who has ever, be it from dire need or heedlessly, accepted the least thing from them is thereby lost for ever. Even as hell kept Proserpine because she had eaten there the seed of a pomegranate, so those Jesuits never give liberty again to any one who has in the least profited by them, and be it only a single seed of the golden apple, or, to speak more prosaically, a single louis-d'or, they hardly allow him, like hell to Proserpine, to pass half the year in the light of the upper world. At such times they indeed appear as the children of light, and take their places among us, the other Olympians, and speak and write with ambrosian liberality; but when the appointed time comes, they are found again in infernal darkness, in the realm of obscurity, and they write Prussian apologies, declarations against the *Messager*,[1] rules for the censorship, or even a defence of the resolutions of the Diet.

I cannot pass by these resolutions of the Diet without comment, yet neither to refute them, much less, as has been often done, to seek to demonstrate their illegality. As I very well know who the persons were who prepared the document on which those resolutions were founded,

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[1] French version—"Et ils écrivent des déclarations contre les journaux français."

I do not doubt that it—that is to say, the federal act of Vienna—contains the most legal rights to any despotic caprice. As yet but little use has been made of this masterpiece of the noble gentility, and its contents were of little consequence to the people. Now that it has been placed in a proper light, and all the peculiar beauties of the *chef-d'œuvre*—its secret springs and hidden staples to which chains may be attached, its fetters for feet, its concealed iron collars, thumb-screws—in short, the whole artistic elaborate work—is generally visible, every one sees that the German people, having sacrificed its princes, property, and blood, when it should receive the promised reward of gratitude, was most impiously deceived; that we were infamously juggled, and instead of the promised Magna Charta of freedom, what was drawn up was a legal contract of slavery.[1]

In virtue of my academic authority as Doctor of both laws, I solemnly declare that such a document, prepared by faithless agents, is null and void; in virtue of my duty as a citizen, I

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[1] This conclusion is wanting in the first draft, and in its place we have the words—"And that those who prepared this unofficial, deceptive, and consequently null and void document, are impeachable and guilty, as false proxies (*mandatarien*) or agents, of having abused public confidence."—*German Publisher.*

protest against all the consequences which the resolutions of the Diet of June 28th deduced from this worthless paper; in virtue of my power as popular publicist or speaker, I lodge my complaint against those who prepared it, and accuse them of lese-nationality and of high treason to the German people.

Poor German people! It was while you were resting from battling for your princes, and were burying your brothers who had fallen in battle or were binding up your faithful wounds, smiling to see the blood running from your true hearts so full of joy and confidence—of joy that your beloved princes were saved, and of confidence in the humanely holy feeling of gratitude—even then in Vienna they were forging the federal act in the old workshop of the aristocracy.

Strange! Even the prince who owed the most gratitude to his people, and who consequently promised that people a representative constitution, or one such as other free races possess; and who in the time of need promised it in white and black with the most positive words; this very prince has now been crafty enough to induce to falsehood and breach of faith the other German princes, who also promised their subjects a free constitution, and he now supports himself on the Vienna federal act to destroy the newly blown German constitutions; he who should

not dare to utter the word Constitution without blushing!

I speak of His Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, third of the name, King of Prussia.[1]

Having always had, as I shall always have, a liking for royalty, it is repugnant to my principles and feelings to criticise too severely princes as individuals. My inclinations are rather to praise them for their good qualities. Therefore I willingly praise the personal virtues of the monarch of whose system of government, or rather of whose Cabinet, I have spoken so unreservedly. I attest with pleasure that Friedrich Wilhelm III. as a man deserves the highest honour and regard, such as the great majority of the Prussian people give him. He is good

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[1] Instead of this sentence, the following occurs in the original:—"I speak of His Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, third of the name, King of Prussia, ruler of the Rhine, to whom I was transferred as subject in the year of grace 1815, with several millions of other Rhinelanders. As may be well supposed, my consent to this was not asked. I was exchanged, I believe, against a poor East Frisian whom I had never seen, who had never initiated me into his former feelings of devotion to the royal Prussian government, and who perhaps was made so unhappy by the exchange that he now lies buried as a Hanoverian. I, however, have not been made happy by that Prussian press-ganging (*Ein preussung*, or oppression), and all that I have gained by it is the right to most humbly remind that monarch that he should, according to his promise, graciously bestow on us a representative constitution."—*German Publisher.*

and brave. He has shown himself steadfast in adversity, and, what is much more unusual, gentle in prosperity. He is of chaste heart, of touchingly modest manner, with citizen-like simplicity, of good domestic manners, a tender father, especially so towards the beautiful Zarewna,[1] to which tenderness we owe perhaps the cholera, and a still greater evil with which our descendants will do battle, and be duly grateful. Moreover, the King of Prussia is a very religious man; he holds strongly to religion; he is a good Christian; firmly attached to the evangelical confession of faith; he has even himself written a liturgy; he believes in the symbols—ah! I wish he believed in Jupiter, the father of the gods, who punishes perjury, and that he would at last give us the promised constitution.

For is not the word of a king as holy as an oath?

But of all the virtues of Friedrich Wilhelm, that which is most praised is his love of justice, of which the most touching tales are told. As, for instance, that he not long ago paid 11,227 thalers and twenty-two "good groschen" from his private treasury to satisfy the legal demand of a Kyritzer citizen. It is said that the son of the miller of Sans Souci being in straitened circumstances, wished to sell the celebrated wind-

[1] French version—"Czarina."

mill in regard to which his father had the celebrated lawsuit with Friedrich the Great. The present King, however, had paid to the needy man a large sum of money, so that the celebrated windmill might remain in its old condition as a monument of Prussian love of justice. That is all very fine and praiseworthy; but where is the promised constitution, to which the Prussian people have the most decided right according to every principle of divine and human justice? So long as the King of Prussia does not fulfil this most sacred *obligatio*, so long as he withholds from the people their well-earned free constitution, I cannot call him just, and the windmill of Potsdam does not remind me of Prussian love of justice, but of Prussian wind.[1]

I know well enough that literary hirelings maintain that the King of Prussia promised this constitution of his own accord and free will, which promise is quite independent of all circumstances of the time. Fools without soul or sense that they are, not to know that men when we keep from

[1] This word requires no explanation in English, but it is thus made clear in a note in the French version :—"Le mot *wind* en allemand ne signifie pas seulement vent, mais aussi au figuré, charlatanisme, vanterie et mensonge." But in French dictionaries one of its synonyms is *emptiness*, and of *windy*, "vain, futile." The French version here adds the sentence :—"Je parle de sa Majesté Frédéric Guillaume, troisième du nom, roi de Prusse."—*Translator.*

them that which is theirs by legal right, are much less offended than when we refuse to give them what has been promised out of pure love, for in this latter case our vanity is wounded by feeling that he who voluntarily offered something does not care for us.

Or was it perhaps a mere personal caprice, quite independent of all temporal circumstances, which induced the King of Prussia to promise to his people a free constitution? In that case he had not even the intention to be grateful; and yet there was very great reason why he should have been, for never before did any prince find himself in such lamentable case as that into which the King of Prussia had fallen after the battle of Jena, and from which he was rescued by his people. Could he not then have availed himself of the consolations of religion, the insolence with which he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon must have brought him to despair. But, as I said, he did find support in Christianity, which is truly the best religion after a lost battle. He was strengthened by the example of his Saviour; for he too could say, "My kingdom is not of this world!" and he forgave his enemies, who had occupied all Prussia with four hundred thousand men.[1]

[1] In the original first form the beginning of this sentence is as follows:—"But I can refute the defenders of this breach

If Napoleon had not then been occupied with far more important matters than thinking of His Majesty Frederic William the Third, he would certainly have put the latter entirely out of the way. Some time after, when all the kings of Europe united in a rabble of conspiracy against Napoleon, and the man of the people succumbed to this *émeute* of princes, and the Prussian donkey gave the dying lion the final kick, he regretted too late the sin of omission. When he paced up and down in his wooden cage of Saint Helena, and remembered that he had cajoled the Pope and forgotten to crush Prussia, then he gnashed his teeth, and if a rat then came in his way, he stamped upon and killed the poor beast.

Now Napoleon is dead and lies well closed in his leaden coffin under the sands of Longwood on the island of Saint Helena. All round him spreads the sea. Therefore you have nothing to fear. Nor need you fear the last three gods who yet remain in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; for you are on good terms with

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of promise by a sound document. It is the bulletin of the battle of Jena. In very truth the condition of the King of Prussia was then wretched in the extreme. From this he was rescued by his people, to whom he out of gratitude promised a free constitution. How deeply had he sunk when he lived as a private individual at Königsberg, and read nothing but Lafontaine's tales!" — *Note by the German Editor.*

their holy following. Nothing have you to fear, for you are powerful and wise. You have gold and muskets, and all that is for sale you can buy, and what is mortal you can kill. Your wisdom is equally irresistible. Every one of you is a Solomon, and it is a pity that the Queen of Sheba, the beautiful woman, no longer lives, for you would have unriddled her to her very chemise. And ye have iron pots in which you can enclose those who give you to guess anything of which you would remain ignorant, and you can seal them up and cast them into the sea of oblivion —all like King Solomon. Like him, too, you understand the language of the birds; you know all that is chirped and piped in the land; and if the song of any bird displeases you, you have a great pair of shears wherewith to clip his bill, and, as I hear, you intend to provide a larger pair for those who sing more than twenty sheets. And you have also all the cleverest birds in your service, all the noble falcons, all the ravens—that is, the black-coats—all the peacocks, all the owls. And the old Simurgh still lives, and he is your grand vizier, and is the wisest, shrewdest bird in the world. He will renovate the world as it was in the days of the pre-Adamite sultans, and to this end he unweariedly lays eggs by night and day, and they are hatched out in Frankfort. Hut-hut, the accredited hoopoo, runs meanwhile

through the sand of the Prussian marshes, carrying the most significant despatches in his bill. Ye have naught to fear!

But I bid you beware of one thing—the *Moniteur* of 1793. That is a *Hollenzwang*—a book of invocation of evil spirits, and there are words of magic therein which you cannot bind—words which are mightier than muskets or gold—words with which the dead can be called from their graves, and the living sent to join the dead—words with which dwarfs may be raised to giants and giants overwhelmed—words which can fell all your power as the guillotine decapitates a king.

I will tell you the truth. There are people who are brave enough to utter those words, and who have never been appalled by the most terrible apparitions; but they know not where to find the right spell in the book of gramarye, nor could they pronounce it with their thick lips, for they are no conjurors. And there are others who are indeed familiar with the mysterious divining-rod, who know where to find the magic word, and even to utter it with tongues skilled in sorcery. These are timid and fear the spectres whom they would evoke; for alas! we do not know the spell with which to lay the spirits when the ghostly scene becomes too terrible; we know not how to ban the inspired broomstick back into its wooden repose when the house has once been

inundated with blood; we know not how to conjure down the fire when its raging tongues are licking everywhere. We are afraid!

But do not rely on our weakness and fear. The disguised man of the time, who was bold of heart as ready with his tongue, and who knows the great word and has to utter it, is perhaps even now near you. It may be that he is masked in servile livery, or even in a harlequin's dress, and ye do not forbode that he who, perhaps, servilely draws off your boots, or who by his jokes tickles your diaphragm, is to be your destroyer. Do you not often feel a strange shudder when these servile forms fawn round you with an almost ironic humility, and it suddenly occurs to you, "This is perhaps a snare, and this wretch, who behaves so absolutely, so idiotically slavish,[1] is perhaps a secret Brutus"? Have you not sometimes by night dreams which warn you against the smallest winding worms whom you have perchance seen crawling in the daytime?[2] Be not afraid, I am only

[1] In German—"Dieser, Elende der sich so absolutistisch, so viehisch gehorsam gebärdet." Instead of *dieser Elende*, there is in the original draft "this obscure Jarke." The sentence concludes with the words "a secret Brutus who disguises himself, and who will put an end to the kingdom."—*Translator.*

[2] The following lines form the conclusion of the sentence in the original draft :—

"Is it true what people tell in Saxony, that the King dreamed

jesting, and you are quite safe. Our stupid devils of *serviles* do not disguise themselves. Even Jarke is not dangerous. And have no fear of the little fools who juggle round you ever and anon with jokes of dubious import. The great fool will protect you from the petty fellows. The great fool is a very great fool, giant-great, and his name is—the German people.

Yes, a very great fool, in faith! His motley jacket is made of six-and-thirty patches. Instead of hawks'-bells, mighty church-bells weighing tons hang upon his cap, and he bears in his hand a colossal harlequin's sword of iron. And his heart is full of pain, but he will not think upon his griefs, for which reason he plays all the more merry pranks, and laughs to keep from weeping. When his sufferings come too bitterly to mind, then he shakes his head as if mad, and deafens himself with the pious Christian chiming of his

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he stood before Whitehall and saw King Charles beheaded! Suddenly the mask fell from the face of the executioner, and the King recognised in him with horror the Leipzig censor, an old rascal named Daniel Beck! However, fear not these worms. The Roman Apostolic Catholic preacher, Herr Jarke, only half plays the rôle of a Brutus—that is, up to the death of Lucretia—and the trembling old knave of Leipzig with his executioner's shears has only courage enough to decapitate a thought. If it is not the slave, it is perhaps the fool. There is a very, very great fool, and he is called the German people. His motley jacket," &c., as in the following sentence.—*German Publisher.*

cap. But if a good friend comes to him who would speak sympathetically of his pains, or even give him some domestic remedy against them, he becomes a raging lunatic and strikes at the adviser with his iron weapon.[1] He is particularly enraged at any one who means him well. He is the bitterest foe unto his friends and the best of friends to his enemies.[2] Oh, the great fool will always remain faithful and submissive; he will always amuse your knightlings (*Junkerlein*) with his giant jests or tricks; he will every day repeat his old feats of dexterity, and balance countless burdens on his nose, and let many hundreds of thousands of soldiers trample over his belly. But have no fear lest the load become all at once too heavy, and that he will shake away your soldiers, and, in jest by the way, squeeze your head so with his little finger that your brains will spirt out up to the stars. Have not the least fear lest he in his merry gossiping, out of mere folly, should

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[1] Instead of this sentence the following occurs in the original draft :—

"I myself was seized with this folly, and had I not sprung quickly over the Rhine, the fool would have quickly split my head with his iron."—*German Publisher.*

[2] The following here occurs in the original MS. :—"And yet I cannot be severe with the old jester; I love him and weep for him here in the safe distance. Ye whom the fool regards as his gracious lords, ye need not fear him so long as he remains reasonable in his way."—*German Publisher.*

utter the terrible all-powerful word of incantation, when the great change will unexpectedly begin, and he himself the fool, all at once disenchanted, will stand before you in his original beautiful blonde heroic form with his great blue eyes, the purple mantle instead of the harlequin jacket, and the sword of empire in his hand instead of the dagger of lath. But ye need not fear; the great fool will never speak the word. The great fool remains most submissively obedient to you, and if the little fools would injure you, the great one at a wink would strike them dead.[1]

(Written in Paris, Oct. 18, 1832.)

HEINRICH HEINE.

[1] The preceding two sentences form the conclusion in the original MS., and do not occur in later editions.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

I.

PARIS, *December* 28, 1831.

THE hereditary peers have delivered their last speeches, and were shrewd enough to declare themselves dead, so as not to be killed by the people. This reason for action was specially impressed on their hearts by Casimir Perier. Therefore there was, so far as they were concerned, no pretence whatever for *émeutes*. However, the situation of the lower classes in Paris is so distressing, that the least cause of irritation from without might cause a more dangerous uprising than ever before. And yet I do not think that we are actually so near such outbursts as many apprehend. It is not that I regard the Government as being altogether too powerful, or the Opposition as too weak. On the contrary, the Government shows its weakness on every occasion, as specially happened in the disturb-

ances at Lyons; while as regards its enemies, they are sufficiently exasperated, and may, moreover, find among the thousands who are dying of misery the most desperately daring support—but just now it is cold foggy weather.

"Ils ne viendront pas ce soir, car il pleut." "They will not come to-night because it rains," said Pethion, after he had calmly opened and shut the window, while his friends the Girondists expected an attack from the populace, who had been excited by the party of *La Montagne*—the Mountain. This story is told in histories of the Revolution to indicate Pethion's coolness. But since I have studied with my own eyes the nature of Parisian revolts, I see that his words were much misunderstood. For good wild riots and rebellions, there must be good weather, agreeable sunshine, a pleasant warm day, and for this reason they succeed best in June, July, and August. And there must be no rain, for Parisians fear it more than anything, since it drives away the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children who, mostly well dressed and laughing, flock to the fields of battle (*Wahlstätten*), and increase by their number the courage of the agitators. Nor should the air be foggy, because then the people cannot read the placards which the Government posts at the street corners, for the perusal of these attracts

crowds to places where they can press together and riot to the greatest advantage. Monsieur Guizot, an almost German pedant, when he was Conrector of France, wished to parade in such placards all his philosophic historical learning, and it is said that because the mob could not so easily master such reading, and as the crowds in consequence increased in number, the *émeutes* became so great that the poor *doctrinaire* fell at last a sacrifice to his own erudition, and thereby lost his office.[1] But the principal cause is probably that in cold weather people cannot read newspapers in the Palais Royal, yet it is here that the most zealous politicians assemble under the pleasant trees, and, debating in raging groups, spread their inspiration far and wide.

Thus it hath been shown in these our times how great was the injustice done to Philippe d'Egalité in accusing him of leading most of the popular insurrections, because people had discovered that the Palais Royal, where he dwelt, was always their head-centre. This year it was, as ever, the same chief place of meeting of all restless souls—the same headquarter of the discontented; but it is quite certain that its present proprietor did not

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[1] It need astonish no one to learn that after Heine became a pensioner of France, through M. Guizot, this passage was omitted in the French editions of this work.—*Translator.*

enlist and subsidise the mob. The spirit of revolution would not leave the Palais Royal though its owner had become a king, and therefore the latter was obliged to abandon his old home. People spoke of certain inconveniences which caused this change of residence, especially of an apprehended French Guy Fawkes' plot (*Pulververschwörung*); and of course, as the lower portion of the palace was rented for shops, over which the King dwelt, it would have been easy to smuggle in barrels of gunpowder, and so with all ease blow His Majesty high into air. Others thought it was unbecoming that Louis Philippe should reign above while M. Chevet sold sausages below.[1] But selling sausages is just as respectable a business as reigning, and a citizen king could find no cause for complaint in it, especially Louis Philippe, who only the previous year had mocked at all feudalistic and imperial descent and customs of costume, saying to some young Republicans that "the golden crown was too cold in winter and too

[1] Chevet, a noted provider of all kinds of "comestibles," of whom it was said that the best of everything in France was always secured at once for his shop. Once when Louis Philippe was at a seaport famous for its fish, the King wishing to have them fresh from the sea, ordered some for dinner. After enjoying the delicacy, the King inquired of the landlord if he had really had the best, and was assured that there could be no mistake regarding it—"they had been sent from M. Chevet in Paris."—*Translator.*

hot in summer, a sceptre too heavy or bunchy (*stumpf*) to be used as a weapon, and too short for a staff, and that a round felt hat and a good umbrella were much more useful in these days."

I do not know whether Louis Philippe remembers using these expressions, for some time has passed since he last strolled through the streets of Paris with a round hat and umbrella, and, with refined true-heartedness, played the part of a simple honest father of a family, a real Jesuit of plain citizenship, a citizen Jesuit.[1] He in those days shook hands with every grocer and workman, wearing for this purpose, it is said, one particular dirty old glove, which he always drew off and replaced with a new and clean 'kid' when he climbed again into the higher regions inhabited by his ancient nobility, bankers, ministers, intriguers, and scarlet lackeys. The last time I saw him, he strolled here and there among the gilded pavilions, marble vases, and flowers on the terrace of the Galerie d'Orleans. He wore a black coat, and over his broad face there passed (*spazierte*) a nonchalance which well nigh made me shiver, thinking of the man's precarious posi-

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[1] "Ein wahrer Jesuit der Bürgerlichkeit, ein Burgerjesuit." This little compliment is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

tion, an indifference offensive to both friend and foe, which his father also preserved even at his execution.[1]

It is certainly most reprehensible that the (poor)[2] face of the King has been chosen for a subject of most small jokes, and that he is hung up in all caricature-shops as the butt of mockery. But when the authorities attempt to restrain this, they only make matters worse. Thus we lately saw how from one suit at law of this kind there came another by which the King was still more compromised. I speak of Philippon, the publisher of a caricature-journal, who defended himself as follows:—

"Should any man wish to find in any caricatured odd face a likeness with that of the King, he could do it as soon as he pleased in any figure, no matter how heterogeneous, so that

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[1] This passage, which originally appeared in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, was suppressed in subsequent editions, and is published again in the last by Hoffmann & Campe. The following two pages are omitted in the French edition, their absence being indicated by a blank. In a note to the first French edition Heine remarks as to this: "I have here suppressed a remark which may be very interesting for a German, but not for a French reader, to whom the Pear (in reference to a certain trial), has become a wearisome, threshed-out theme. All blanks which may occur in future will indicate the omission of similar passages." But to the attentive reader of Heine these omissions are very significant.—*Translator.*

[2] *Arme*, poor, also pitiable. Given in parenthesis.

at last nobody could be safe from indictment for lese-majesté."

To prove this, he then designed on a sheet of paper several caricatures, the first of which was a striking portrait of the King, the second was like it, but with less resemblance to royalty, and in this fashion the third suggested the second, and the fourth the third, but this last of all was a perfect picture of a pear, which, however, still preserved a slight, but all the more comical, likeness to the traits of the beloved monarch. As Philippon, despite this defence, was condemned by the jury, he published it in his journal, giving a facsimile of the caricatures which he had drawn in court. On account of this lithograph, which is now known as "The Pear," the witty artist was again prosecuted, and the most delightful results are anticipated from the trial.[1]

[1] No caricature ever had such a success as "The Pear." It lasted more or less through all the reign of Louis Philippe. Pears were chalked on all blank walls, and actors ate them with double entendres reflecting on royalty on the stage. Thackeray, in his burlesque of Disraeli's *Contingsby*, indicates Louis Philippe when visiting Rafael, by saying that he wore a wig which curled up to a point "like a dirty rotten old pear." It was in this "bubby lock," as it is called in Philadelphia (and which was once affected by many small rural American politicians from the air of dignity which it is supposed to confer) that all the likeness to the pear consisted. It is probably true, as some writer has asserted, that nothing during all the reign of Louis Philippe annoyed him so much as the pear.—*Translator.*

The King has, however, been far more painfully compromised by the famous inheritance suit which made the Rohan family dependent on account of the Bourbon-Condé bequest. This incident is so horrible that even the most violent journals of the Opposition refrain from telling all the terrible truth. The public is most painfully annoyed by this; the secret surreptitious manner in which the world whispers about it in the *salons* is tormenting, and the silence of those who represent the royal house is more significant than the loud condemnation of the multitude. It is the necklace story of the younger branch, only that here, instead of court gallantry and forging, there is something reported far more base and vulgar (*gemeineres*), that is, swindling away an inheritance and assassination by a female participant. The name Rohan, which here appears, painfully recalls old stories. It seems as if we heard the serpents of the Eumenides hissing, and as if the stern goddesses would make no distinction between the elder and younger branches of the outlawed race. But it would be unjust if men did not recognise this distinction.[1]

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[1] Heine in his note declared that he omitted all the preceding passages for two pages from the French version because the story of "the pear" was too familiar to Parisian readers. But the sting of the serpent was in the tail, or in this mention of the Rohan trial, of which he says nothing.—*Translator.*

I believe that Louis Philippe is no ignoble man, who certainly will not do what is wrong, and who has only the weakness (to yield to the inborn tendencies of his fellows in birth), and to ignore his own most peculiar principle of life.[1] And through this he may yet be ruined. For, as Sallust has shrewdly remarked, governments can only uphold themselves by that to which their existence is due—thus, for example, one which is founded by force must by force maintain itself and not by craft, and *vice versâ*. Louis Philippe has forgotten that his Government was born of the principle of popular sovereignty, and now, in afflicting blindness, he would uphold it by a quasi-legitimacy, by alliances with absolute princes, and by a continuation of the period of the Restoration. Hence it comes that the spirits of the Revolution bear him ill-will (despise him) even more than they hate[2] and make war on him in every way. This strife is at all events more just than was the feud against the previous Government, which owed nothing to the people, and which from the first was in open opposition to it. Louis Philippe, who

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[1] This passage is reduced in the French version to the following words:—"Je crois que Louis Philippe est un honnête homme, qui veut sans doute le bien et n'a que le tort de méconnaître le principe vital par lequel seul il peut exister."—*Translator.*

[2] Omitted in the French version.

owed his throne to the people and to the paving-stones of July, is an ungrateful man, whose apostasy is the more distressing as we perceive day by day that we are grossly deceived.[1] Yes, there are certainly every day most evident retrogressions; and just as they are now quietly replacing the paving-stones which were used in the days of July for warfare (and which in some places are still to be seen heaped up), so that no external trace of the Revolution may be visible, so the people are again being stamped into their previous place like paving-stones, and trodden as before under foot.

I forgot to mention that among the motives which are said to have induced the King to leave the Palais Royal for the Tuileries is attributed the rumour that he had only accepted the crown for appearance' sake, that he remained at heart devoted to his legitimate lord, Charles X., for whose return he was preparing, and that for this reason he would not return to the Tuileries. The Carlists had manufactured this report, and it was absurd enough to obtain credence among the people. Now it is contra-

[1] In the French version this is very ingeniously modified and mollified by the change of a single word as follows :—"Louis Philippe *serait* un ingrat dont la défection *serait* d'autant plus deplorable," &c.—*Translator.*

dicted by facts, for the son of Egalité has finally passed as victor through the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, and promenades with his countenance devoid of care, his round hat and his umbrella, in the historically famous apartments of the Tuileries. It is said that the Queen was very much opposed to living in this *maison fatale*—this disastrous dwelling, and report goes that during the first night there the King did not sleep as well as usual, and was haunted by many visions. For example, he beheld Marie Antoinette sweeping about with nostrils distended with rage, as once before, on the 10th of August, and then anon heard the spiteful laughter of the Red Mannikin—*le petit homme rouge*—who often laughed audibly behind the back of Napoleon, even while the Emperor was uttering his proudest commands in the Hall of Audience; till at last Saint Denis appeared to him and summoned him to the guillotine in the name of Louis XVI. Saint Denis, it is well known, is the patron guardian of the kings of France, and especially a saint who carries his own head in his hand.[1]

More significant than all the spectres which lurk in the recesses of the castle are the follies mani-

[1] In the French version the end of this sentence is as follows:—"Qu'enfin Saint Denis lui était apparu portant selon son habitude sa propre tête dans une de ses mains." This extraordinary coincidence of the headless saint and the decapitated

fested in its outer works. I here refer to the famous *fossés des Tuileries.* These were for a long time the subject of conversation in salons or at street corners, and they are still spoken of with hatred and bitterness. So long as the hoarding of high boards hid the garden front of the Tuileries from public sight, the most absurd fancies obtained currency regarding what was being done. The majority thought that the King wished to fortify the castle, and that on the garden side, where the mob once entered so easily on the 10th of August, and it was even said that with this view the Pont Royal was to be destroyed. Others thought that the King would only build a long wall to hide from his sight the view of the Place de la Concorde, not from childish fear, but tender feeling, for his father died in the Place de la Grève, but the Place de la Concorde was the ground of execution for the elder line.[1] However, a wrong was done to poor Louis Philippe here, as so often elsewhere.

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king is here very ingeniously introduced. As regards these visions, all of Heine's *on dits* and *wie man sagt* must be taken with the utmost suspicion or absolute distrust. He was never so happy as when retailing the sorriest and flimsiest gossip from the lowest sources, and, as in the case of W. A. von Schlegel and Platen, he brought it forward seriously in grave writing as absolutely established fact.—*Translator.*

[1] The preceding sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

When the mysterious planks were torn away, people beheld neither fortifications nor ramparts, ditches nor bastions, but mere folly and flowers. The King, who has a mania for building, took a fancy to make a little garden for himself and family in and separate from the great garden, which was effected by means of a common ditch and a wire-fence but a few feet high, and in the beds laid out there were already growing flowers as innocent as the garden fancy of the King himself.

Casimir Périer, however, was, it seems, very irate at this innocent idea, which was executed without his previous knowledge or consent.[1] In any case, the public could justly complain of the disfiguring the whole garden, which was a master-work of Le Nôtre, and which was so imposing from its grand *ensemble*. It is altogether like cutting scenes from one of Racine's tragedies. English gardens and Romantic dramas may often be curtailed or lessened without injury, often even to advantage, but the poetic gardens of Racine, with their sublime and tiresome unities, pathetic marble statues, their compassed alleys with the cut severe, can—no more than Le Nôtre's green tragedy, which begins so grandly with the

[1] *Vorwissen* only in the German version; *consentement* only in the French.—*Translator.*

grand view of the Tuileries, and terminates so grandly with the high terraces whence we perceive the catastrophe of the Place de la Concorde,[1] —be changed in the least without disturbing their symmetry, and consequently their real beauty. Moreover, this untimely garden-work is for other reasons bad for the King. Firstly, it makes the sovereign an object of constant gossip, which is just at present not peculiarly to his advantage; and secondly, it is a cause that multitudes of street-folk assemble before it, making all kinds of significant comments, who perhaps seek to forget their hunger in gossiping, and who in any case have hands which have long been idle. There may be heard many a bitter sharp remark and red-burning sarcasm which recall 1790. At the entry of the new garden may be seen a copy in bronze of the Knife-grinder, the original of which may be seen in the Tribune of Florence, as to the meaning of which many opinions prevail.[2]

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[1] So in both German and French versions, the words "scene of the" being inadvertently omitted. If Louis Philippe had the catastrophe itself always before his eyes, it is no wonder that he had a flower fence erected to shut out the ghostly vision. —*Translator.*

[2] In all of which it is probable that the learned make as great mistakes as did the revolutionary philanthropist of the *Anti-Jacobin* when he believed his living knife-grinder to be a victim of social abuses. I conjecture that this statue represents a tinker grinding a knife, "only this and nothing more," for he

But here, in the Tuileries, I heard modern explanations of the meaning of this image at which many an antiquary would smile in pity, and many an aristocrat secretly shudder.

In any case, this garden plan is a colossal folly, and exposes the King to the most abominable accusations. It may even be interpreted as a symbolic deed. Louis Philippe draws a ditch between himself and his people—that is, he visibly divides himself from them. Or has he grasped the spirit of constitutional monarchy in such a feeble-minded and short-sighted manner as to think that by leaving to the people the greater portion of the garden he can appropriate the lesser more decidedly for himself? No; absolute royalty, with its grandly egotistic Louis XIV., who instead of "L'état c'est moi," could also say, "Les Tuileries c'est moi," such royalty appeared far more stately than constitutional popular sovereignty with its Louis Philippe I., who in anxious care fences in his little private garden and claims a petty wretched *chacun chez soi*—every one by himself. It is said that the work

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has the *cheek*, face, and expression of a tinker, which are the same in all lands and ages, be it among Aryans, Shemites, or Turanians. The terrible explanations of the meaning of the statue to which Heine alludes are that the people saw in it an executioner sharpening the knife of the guillotine.—*Translator.*

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will all be completed in the spring; and then, too, the new kingdom, which as yet seems to be so little or newly built, and so freshly smelling of undried mortar (*kalkfrisch*) will appear more finished.[1] At present it seems to be in the highest degree uninhabitable. In fact, when we now consider the Tuileries from the garden side, with all its digging up and about, its displaced statues and plantings of leafless trees, its stone rubbish, new material for building and all the reparations, amid which there is so much hammering, shouting, laughing and squabbling, we seem to have before us an emblem of the new and incomplete royalty itself.

[In this letter Heine, with marvellous intuition, as if inspired with prophecy, sets forth clearly the cause which led to the final overthrow of Louis Philippe. That monarch had concluded from his vast experience of the French people that the *bourgeoisie* were the strength of the nation, and that his own strength depended on them. The country was weary with the wars of the Revolution and of Napoleon, and required rest. But he left out of sight the great fact that the people were restless by temperament, and would soon recover, and that there remained an insatiable sense of chivalry and

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[1] German—"Wird etwas fertiger aussehen." French version—"Aura aussi quelque chose de plus habitable."

pride, which Napoleon had greatly increased. When signs of revolution showed themselves in 1847 in Italy, Hungary, and Germany, the French Government manifested great sympathy with the ruling powers of these countries, by surrendering fugitives and similar measures, which was extremely irritating to the French, who sympathised with the foreign movement. They had a King Log at a time when even a King Stork would have been more popular. So the *bonhomme* Louis, with his umbrella and affected equality, became detestable. They began to laugh at the Pear and the little garden, and in France ridicule kills. I was in Paris in 1847–48, and was well informed as to what was going on. Claude, who was then the prefect of police, tells us in his Memoirs that the Revolution of 1848 came upon him unexpectedly at three hours' notice. He had not time to move his office furniture. One month before, I had written letters to America predicting that the revolution would burst on the 24th February, and its successful issue. I remarked in those days that if the King could have read the signs of the times and have *led* the people to something, he might have remained in power.

Many very intelligent writers have declared that they could not understand the cause why Louis Philippe was driven away, but I anticipated it—as many others did—long before. He had utterly alienated or irritated the Republicans by his foreign alliances and sympathies, and disgusted the Bonapartists and Legitimists by his patronage of the *épiciers* or *bourgeoisie*.

As straws show how the wind blows, I may here remark that Alexander Dumas, who on the 25th February 1848 was heard by a Danish friend of mine to remark that *he* had brought about the Revolution by writing *Le Chœur des Girondins*, had really contributed to it

much more effectively than he imagined by his universally read romances in which Messieurs D'Artagnan and Co. figure so extensively as dashing swashbucklers. Duelling and romance and war were in the air, and the world, after enjoying peace for a brief season, had begun to tire of their march in the desert, and long for the highly-seasoned fleshpots of old Egypt. Then came King Stork in Napoleon III.—and in due time they tired of him.—*Translator.*]

II.

PARIS, *January* 19, 1832.

THE *Temps* remarks to-day that the *Allgemeine Zeitung* now publishes articles which are hostile to the royal family, and that the German censorship, which does not permit the least remark levelled at absolute monarchs, does not manifest the least regard for a citizen-king. And yet the *Temps* is the shrewdest and cleverest journal in the world! It attains its object with a few mild words much more readily than others with the most blustering warfare. Its crafty wink is well understood, and I know at least one Liberal writer who does not consider it honourable to use under the permission of the censorship such inimical language of a citizen-king as would not be allowed when applied to an absolute monarch. But for that let Louis Philippe do us in return one single favour—which is to remain a citizen-king. For it is because he is becoming every day more and more like an absolute king that we must complain of him. He is certainly perfectly honourable as a man, an estimable father of a family, a

tender spouse and a thrifty, but it is vexatious to see how he allows all the trees of liberty to be felled and stripped of their beautiful foliage that they may be sawed into beams to support the tottering house of Orleans. For that, and that only, the Liberal press blames him, and the spirits of truth, in order to make war on him, even condescend to lie. It is melancholy and lamentable that through such tactics even the family of the King must suffer, although they are as innocent as they are amiable. As regards this, the German Liberal press, less clever but much kinder than its French elder sister, is guilty of no cruelties. "You should at least have pity on the King," lately cried the good-tempered *Journal des Débats.* "Pity on Louis Philippe!" replied the *Tribune.* "This man asks for fifteen millions and our pity! Did he have pity on Italy, on Poland?"—*et cetera.*[1]

I saw within a few days the infant orphans of Menotti, who was hung in Modena. Nor is it long since I saw Señora Luisa de Torrijos, a poor deathly-pale lady, who quickly returned to Paris when she learned on the Spanish frontier the news of the execution of her husband and of his fifty-two companions in misfortune. Ah! I really pity Louis Philippe.

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[1] This last passage is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

La Tribune, the organ of the openly declared Republican party, is pitiless as regards its royal enemy, and every day preaches the Republic. The *National*, the most reckless and independent journal in France, has recently chimed in to the same air in a most surprising manner. And terrible as an echo from the bloodiest days of the Convention sounded the speeches of those chiefs of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* who were placed last week before the court of assizes, "accused of having conspired against the existing Government in order to overthrow it and establish a republic." They were acquitted by the jury, because they proved that they had in no way conspired, but simply uttered their convictions publicly. "Yes, we desire the overthrow of this feeble Government, we wish for a republic." Such was the refrain of all their speeches before the tribunal.

While on one side the serious Republicans draw the sword and growl with words of thunder, the *Figaro* flashes lightning, and laughs and swings its light lash most effectually. It is inexhaustible in clever sayings as to "the best republic," a phrase with which poor Lafayette is mocked, because he, as is well known, once embraced Louis Philippe before the Hôtel de Ville and cried, "Vous êtes la meilleure république!" The *Figaro* recently remarked that we of course

now require no republic, since we have seen the best. And it also said as cruelly, in reference to the debates on the civil list, that "la meilleure république coute quinze millions."

The Republican party will never forgive Lafayette his blunder in supporting a king. They reproach him with this, that he knew Louis Philippe[2] long enough not to be aware beforehand what was to be expected of him. Lafayette is now ill—*malade de chagrin*—heart-sick. Ah! the greatest heart of two worlds must feel bitterly the royal trickery. It was all in vain that he in the very beginning continually insisted on the *Programme de l'Hôtel de Ville*, on the republican institutions with which the monarchy should be surrounded, and on similar promises. But he was out-cried by the *doctrinaire* gossips and chatterers, who proved from the English history of 1688 that people in Paris in July 1830 had fought simply to maintain *La Charte*, and that all their sacrifices and battles had no other object save to replace the elder line of the Bourbons by the younger, just as all was finished in England by putting the House of Orange in place of the Stuarts. Thiers,

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[1] This passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Par la connaissance personelle des hommes."—*Translator.*

who does not think with this party, though he speaks according to their meaning, has of late given them a good push forward.[1] This indifferentist of the deepest kind, who knows so admirably how to keep time in the clearness, intelligence, and illustration of his style, this Goethe of politics,[2] is certainly at present the most powerful defender of the system of Périer, and, in fact, with his pamphlet against Chateaubriand he well nigh annihilated that Don Quixote of Legitimacy, who sat so pathetically on his winged Rosinante,[3] whose sword was more shining than sharp, and who only shot with costly pearls, instead of good piercing leaden bullets.

In their irritation at the lamentable turn which events have taken, many of the enthusiasts for freedom go so far as to slander Lafayette. How far a man can go astray in this direction is shown by the pamphlet of Belmontet, which is also an attack on that by Chateaubriand, and in which the Republic is advocated with frank freedom. I

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[1] "Hat ihr in der letzten Zeit zwar nicht geringen Vorschub geleistet." I know of no word which translates this so accurately as the Yankee "given them a good boost up." French—"un bon coup d'épaule."

[2] French version—"Cet esprit, à la fois lucide et profond, qui sait garder une mesure si admirable dans la charté," &c.

[3] Omitted in the French version.

would here cite the bitter passages against Lafayette contained in this work, were they not on one side too spiteful, and on the other connected with a defence of the Republic which is not suitable to this journal. I therefore refer the reader to the pamphlet itself, and especially to a chapter in it entitled "The Republic." One may there see how even the noblest men may be led astray by evil fortune.

I will not here find fault with the brilliant delusion of the possibility of a republic in France. A royalist by inborn inclination, I have become more so in France from conviction. For I am convinced that the French could never tolerate any republic, neither (according to) the constitution of Athens nor of Sparta, and least of all that of North America. The Athenians were the student-youths of mankind; their constitution was a kind of academic freedom, and it would be mere folly to seek to introduce it in this our matured age, to again revive it in our grey-haired Europe. And how could we put up with that of Sparta, that great and tiresome manufactory of patriotism, that soldiers' barrack of republican virtue, that sublimely bad kitchen of equality, in which black broth was so vilely cooked that Attic wits declared it made men despise life and defy death in battle? How could such a constitution flourish in the very *foyer* or focus of

gourmands, in the fatherland of Véry, of Véfour, and of Carême? This latter would certainly have thrown himself, like Vatel, on his sword, as a Brutus of cookery and as the last gastronome. Indeed, had Robespierre only introduced Spartan cookery, the guillotine would have been quite superfluous, for then the last aristocrats would have died of terror, or emigrated as soon as possible. Poor Robespierre! you would introduce stern republicanism to Paris—to a city in which one hundred and fifty thousand milliners and dressmakers, and as many barbers and perfumers, exercise their smiling, curling, and sweet-smelling industries![1]

The monotony, the want of colour, and the petty domestic citizens' life (*Spiessburgerei*) of America would be even more intolerable in the home of a love of spectacles (*Schaulust*), vanity, fashion, and novelties. Indeed, the disease of self-distinction flourishes nowhere so much as in France. Perhaps, with the exception of August Wilhelm Schlegel, there is not a woman in Germany so fond of gay ribbons as the French; even the heroes of July, who fought for freedom and equality, afterwards wore blue ribbons to distinguish them-

[1] French version—"Ville où cent cinquante mille modistes, parfumeuses, et coiffeurs exercent leur riante, odorante et frisante industrie."

selves from the rest of the people.[1] Yet, if I on this account doubt the success of a republic in Europe, it still cannot be denied that everything is leading to one; that the republican respect for law in place of veneration of royal personages is showing itself among the better classes, and that the Opposition, just as it played at comedy for fifteen years with a king, is now continuing the same game, and that a republic may be for a short time, at least, the end of the song. The Carlists wish for this as they regard it as a necessary phase in politics which will enable them to attain the absolute royalty of the elder branch. Therefore they now bear themselves like the most zealous republicans. Even Chateaubriand praises the Republic, calls himself a Republican from inclination, fraternises with Marrast, and receives the accolade from Beranger. The *Gazette*—the hypocritical *Gazette de France*[2]—now yearns for

[1] Our author here argues a very large estate from very small premises. The Germans, as Hood remarks, are as fond of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world as anybody in it, and the Americans rather more so. Among the latter, the members of widely spread agrarian associations call themselves "Knights," in order to assume, in name at least, something of an air of chivalry and aristocracy; and one Governor once appointed eighteen hundred *aides-de-camp*, every one with the rank of "Colonel," *quorum unus fui*. Yet many of these knights and colonels died in battle in defence of Republicanism, or live earnestly devoted to it.

[2] In the French version—"La bonne *Gazette de France*."

republican state forms, universal franchise, primary meetings, *et cetera*. It is amusing to see how these disguised priestlings now play the bully-braggart[1] in the language of Sans-culottism, how fiercely they coquet with the red Jacobin cap, yet are ever and anon afflicted with the thought that they might forgetfully have put on in its place the red cap of a prelate; they take for an instant from their heads their borrowed covering and show the tonsure unto all the world. Such men as these now believe that they may insult Lafayette, and it serves as an agreeable relaxation from the sour republicanism which they have assumed.

But let deluded friends and hypocritical enemies say what they will, Lafayette is, after Robespierre,[2] the purest character of the French Revolution, and, next to Napoleon, its most popular hero. Napoleon and Lafayette are the two names which now bloom most beautifully in France. Truly their fame is each of different kind. The latter fought for peace, not victory, the former rather for the laurel wreath than for that of oak leaves. It would indeed be ridiculous to measure the greatness of the two heroes with the same

[1] *Bramarbasieren*, from Bramarbas, a bully in a Danish play.

[2] These words, *nächst Robespierre*, are omitted in the French version, and they do not, indeed, harmonise very well with Heine's recent expressions of devotion to monarchy.—*Translator.*

meter, and put one on the pedestal of the other, even as it would be absurd to set the statue of Lafayette on the Vendôme column—that monument made of the cannon conquered on so many fields of battle, the sight of which, as Barbier sings, no French mother can endure.[1] On this bronze column place Napoleon, the man of iron, here as in life standing on his fame, earned by cannon (*Kanonenruhm*), rising in terrible isolation to the clouds, so that every ambitious soldier, when he beholds him, the unattainable one, there on high, may have his heart humbled and healed of the vain love of celebrity, and thus this colossal column of metal, as a lightning conductor of conquering heroism, will establish the most peaceable profit in Europe.[2]

Lafayette has raised for himself a better column than that of the Place Vendôme, and a better

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[1] This citation from Barbier is omitted in later French editions. In the next passage the French version varies a little from the German, viz., "Sur la colonne d'airain mettez Napoléon, l'homme d'airain, poste ici, comme dans la vie, par les trophées de sa gloire militaire."—*Translator.*

[2] This singular sentence is given as follows in the French version :—"Et qu'ainsi cette colossale aguille de métal devienne pour l'Europe l'instrument le plus benin de la pacification de l'esprit guerrier, le paratonnere préservatéur de l'heroïsme conquerant." A lightning rod of conquering heroism founding or establishing peaceful profit in Europe, combined with a "brass Napoleon" as part of the apparatus, is indeed a fine bold simile.—*Translator.*

monumental image than one of metal or marble. Where is there marble as pure as the heart of old Lafayette, or metal as firm as his fidelity? It is true that he was always one-sided or partial (*einseitig*), but one-sided like the magnetic needle, which always points to the north, and never once in change to south or west. So he has for forty years said the same thing, and pointed constantly to North America. He is the one who opened the Revolution with the declaration of the rights of man; to this hour he perseveres in this belief, without which there is no salvation, and no health to be hoped for—the one-sided man with his one-sided heavenly region of freedom.[1] He is indeed no genius, as was Napoleon, in whose head the eagles of inspiration built their nests, while the serpent's calculation entwined in his heart; but then he was never intimidated by eagles nor seduced by serpents. As a young man he was wise as a greybeard, as a greybeard fiery as a youth, a protector of the people against the wiles of the great, a protector of the great against the rage of the people, compassionating yet combating, never arrogant and never discouraged, equally firm and mild, Lafayette ever remained the same; and so, in his

[1] French version—"Cet homme invariable, avec son invariable point cardinal de la liberté."

one-sidedness and perfect uniformity, he ever remained standing in the same spot from the days of Marie Antoinette to the present hour. And, as a trusty Eckhart of liberty, so he still stands leaning on his sword[1] before the entrance to the Tuileries, warning the world against that seductive Venusberg, whose magic tones sing so enticingly, and from whose sweet snares the poor wretches who are once entangled in them can never escape.

It is certainly true that the dead Napoleon is more beloved by the French than is the living Lafayette. This is perhaps because he is dead, which is to me the most delightful thing connected with him, for were he alive, I should be obliged to help him to fight.[2] The world out of France has no idea of how much the French people are still devoted to Napoleon. Therefore the discontented, when they determine on a decided and daring course, will begin by proclaiming the young Napoleon, in order to secure the sympathy of the masses. Napoleon is, for the French,

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[1] The faithful Eckhart, an old warrior, who, according to German legends, stands before the Venusberg and warns wayfarers against the sirens who tempt them to enter. *Vide* Heine's "Doctor Faust." A German proverb says of a true friend to the world, "He's like the faithful Eckhart, who warns everybody."

[2] This passage is omitted in the later French editions.

a magic word which electrifies and benumbs them.[1] There sleep a thousand cannon in this name, even as in the column of the Place Vendôme, and the Tuileries will tremble should these cannon once awake. As the Jews never idly uttered the name of their God, so Napoleon is here very seldom called by his, and people speak of him as *l'homme*, "the man." But his picture is seen everywhere, in engravings and plaster casts, metal and wood, and everywhere. On all boulevards and carrefours are orators who praise and popular minstrels who sing him—the Man—and his deeds. Yesterday evening, while returning home, I came into a dark and lonely lane, in which there stood a child some three years old, who, by a candle stuck into the earth, sang an old song praising the Emperor. As I threw him a sou on the handkerchief spread out, something moved by me, also begging for another. It was an old soldier, who could also sing a song of the glory of the great Emperor, for this glory had cost him both legs. The poor

[1] During the few preceding passages our author manifests most strikingly his peculiar characteristic of alternating weakness and folly with wisdom and strength. Thus, his feeble-funny remarks as to republicanism and his Hibernian mixtures of metaphors are succeeded by the eulogy of Lafayette — a masterpiece of appreciation—and this deeply shrewd and prophetic remark, that the decisive blow to the monarchy would come from the young Napoleon, which it did indeed, though it was not the young man whom Heine had in view.—*Translator.*

man did not beg in the name of God, but implored with most believing fervour, "Au nom de Napoléon, donnez-moi un sou." So this name is the deepest word of adjuration among the people. Napoleon is its god, its cultus, its religion, and this religion will, by and by, become tiresome, like every other. Lafayette, on the contrary, is venerated more as a man or as a guardian angel. He, too, lives in picture and in song, but less heroically, and—honourably confessed—it had a comic effect on me when I last year, on the 28th July, heard in the song of *La Parisienne* the words—

"Lafayette aux cheveux blancs,"

while I saw him in person standing near me in his brown wig. It was the Place de Bastile; the man was on his own right ground, and still I needs must laugh unto myself. It may be that such a comic contradiction brings him humanly somewhat nearer to our hearts. His good-nature, his *bonhomie*, acts even on children, and they perhaps understand his greatness better than do the great. And here I will tell a little story about a beggar which will show the characteristic contrast between the glory of Lafayette and that

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[1] French version—"Lafayette *en* cheveux blancs."

of Napoleon. I was lately standing at a street corner before the Pantheon, and contemplating that beautiful building, as is my custom, when a little Auvergnat came begging for a sou, and I gave him half-a-franc to be rid of him. But he approached me more familiarly with the words, "Est-ce que vous connaissez le général Lafayette?" and as I assented to this strange question, the proudest satisfaction appeared on the naïve and dirty face of the pretty boy, and with serio-comic expression he said, "Il est de mon pays," for he naturally believed that any man who was generous enough to give him ten sous must be, of course, an admirer of Lafayette, and judged me worthy that he should present himself as a compatriot of that great man.

The country folk have also for Lafayette the most affectionate respect, and all the more because he chiefly busies himself with agriculture. From this result the freshness and simplicity which might be lost in constant city life. In this he is like one of those great Republicans of earlier days who planted their own cabbages, but who in time of need hastened from the plough to the battle or the tribune, and after combat and victory returned to their rural work. On the estate where Lafayette passes the pleasant portion of the year, he is generally surrounded by aspiring young men and pretty girls. There hospitality,

be it of heart or of table, rules supreme;[1] there is much laughing and dancing; there is the court of the sovereign people; there any one may be presented who is the son of his own works and has never made mésalliance with falsehood, and Lafayette is the master of ceremonies. The name of this country place is Lagrange, and it is very charming, especially when the hero of two worlds relates to the young people his adventures, when he appears like an epoch surrounded by the garlands of an idyll.[2]

But it is in the real middle-class more than any other, that is, among tradespeople and small shopkeepers, that there is the most veneration for Lafayette. They simply worship him. Lafayette establishing order is their idol. They adore him as a kind of Providence on horseback, an armed tutelary patron of public peace and security, as a genius of freedom, who also takes care in the

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[1] German—"Umringt von strebenden jünglingen;" French —"Entouré de jeunes gens au noble cœur." Of the hospitality here alluded to I am well assured. I heard long ago, of a fellow-countryman who, when in Paris, packed his trunk, and, without any letter of introduction to Lafayette, went to Lagrange, sent up his card to the General as "an American," was received civilly, and stayed a week. I mention this not for gossip's sake, but as illustrating Heine's remark to the effect that an unbounded hospitality prevailed at Lagrange.—*Translator.*

[2] This last paragraph is omitted in the French version.

battle for freedom that nothing is stolen and that everybody keeps his little property. The great army of public order, as Casimir Périer called the National Guard, the well-fed heroes in great bearskin caps into which small shopmen's heads are stuck, are drunk with delight when they speak of Lafayette, their old general, their Napoleon of peace. Truly he is the Napoleon of the small citizens, of those brave folk who are *bien solvables*, —good for their money—those uncle tailors and cousin glovemakers who are indeed too busy by day to think of Lafayette, but who praise him afterwards in the evening with double enthusiasm, so that one may say that it is about 11 P.M., when the shops are shut, that his fame is in full bloom.

I have just before used the word "master of ceremonies." I now recall that Wolfgang Menzel has in his witty trifling called Lafayette a master of ceremonies to Liberty.[1] This was when

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[1] It was the most natural thing in the world that the public should have this impression. Could I have remembered what occurred when I was an infant in arms, I too should be justified in entertaining it. I was one month old, and, as General Lafayette was riding by *en grande procession*, my nurse held me up at the window, declaring that I too should see the great man. And the great man seeing this, with a smile, and some remark which is not recorded, courteously bowed to me. He was, indeed, the first person who ever paid me this formal compliment! As a boy, Lafayette seems to me from pictures as

the former spoke in the *Literaturblatt* of the triumphal march of the former across the United States, and of the deputations, addresses, and solemn discourses which ensued on such occasions. Other much less witty folk wrongly imagine that Lafayette is only an old man who is kept for show or used as a machine. But they need only hear him once speak in public to learn that he is not a mere flag which is followed or sworn by, but that he is in person the *gonfalonière* in whose hands is the good banner, the oriflamme of the people. Lafayette is perhaps the most significant and influential speaker in the Chamber of Deputies. When he speaks, he always hits the nail, and his nailed-up enemies, on the head.[1]

When it is needed, when one of the great questions of humanity is discussed, then Lafayette ever rises, eager for strife as a youth. Only the body is weak and tottering, broken by age and battles of his time, like a hacked and dented old

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reviewing the National Guard, repressing disorder, and always on horseback, but in one place. Napoleon, on the contrary, appeared to be always on a spirited charger rearing upon its hind-legs on the Alps in a most perilous position. Hence my youthful associations with the two names, which agree admirably with all which Heine has here written.—*Translator.*

[1] To nail a man up, American and German to settle or silence him; German *vernagelt sein*, to be a blockhead. *Original:* "Wenn er spricht, trifft er immer den Nagel auf den Kopf, und seine vernagelten Feinde auf die Köpfe."—*Translator.*

iron armour, and it is touching when he totters under it to the tribune and has reached his old post, to see how he draws a deep breath and smiles. This smile, the deportment, and the whole being of the man while speaking on the tribune, are indescribable. There is in it all so much that is winsome and yet so much delicate irony, that one is enchained or enchanted as by a marvellous curiosity and a sweet strange enigma. We know not if these are the refined manners of a French marquis or the straightforward simplicity of an American citizen. All that is best in the *ancien régime*, the chivalresque courtesy and tact, are here marvellously fused with what is best in the modern *bourgeoisie*, love of freedom, simplicity, and honour. Nothing is more interesting than when mention is made in the Chamber of the first days of the Revolution, and some one in *doctrinaire* fashion tears some historical fact from its true connection and turns it to his own account in speech. Then Lafayette destroys with a few words the erroneous deduction by illustrating or correcting the true sense of such an event by citing the circumstances relating to it. Even Thiers must in such a case strike sail, and the great historiographer of the Revolution bows before the outburst of its great and living monument, General Lafayette.

There sits in the Chamber just before the tri-

bune a man old as the hills (*ein steinalter Mann*), with shining silver hair falling at length over his black clothing. His body is girt with a very broad tricoloured scarf, and he is the old messenger who has always filled that office in the Chamber since the beginning of the Revolution, and who in this post has been present in universal history since the days of the first National Assembly till the *juste milieu*. I am told that he often speaks of Robespierre, whom he calls *le bon Monsieur de Robespierre*. During the Restoration the old man suffered from colic, but since he has wound the tricoloured scarf round his waist he finds himself well again. His only trouble now in the dull and lazy times of the *juste milieu* is drowsiness. I even once saw him fall asleep while Mauguin was speaking. Indeed, the man has, doubtless, in his time heard better than Mauguin, who is, however, one of the best orators of the Opposition, though he is not found to be very startling (*hefting*) or effective by one *qui a beaucoup connu ce bon Monsieur de Robespierre*—who has well known good Monsieur de Robespierre. But when Lafayette speaks, then the old messenger awakes from his twilight drowsiness, he seems to be stirred up like unto an old war-horse of hussars when he hears the sound of a trumpet—there rise within him sweet memories of youth, and he nods delightedly with his silver-white head.

III.

PARIS, *February* 10, 1832.

THE writer of the foregoing article was guided by true tact when he, blaming the desire for distinction or notoriety which flourishes even more in the hearts of the French than with women in Germany, mentioned exceptionally among the latter a German author who is celebrated as an art critic and translator.[1] This specially excepted person, who, on account of the German disturbances which he himself had caused by certain almanac epigrams (*almanachæenien*), emigrated hither last year, and who has since then received from His Majesty the order of the Legion of Honour, has been, owing to his restless desire for decorations, only too well remarked by many Frenchmen as supplying them with ample ground

[1] A. W. v. Schlegel. If, as has been truly said, the real plebeian meanness and bad blood of a man's nature, if it appear in nothing else, will show itself in "incisive" criticism, subtle abuse, or some form of the low art of being disagreeable, it may be declared that in this sentence our author shows himself at its zenith, or rather *nadir*.—*Translator*.

for retaliation for the reproach of vanity cast at them from over the Rhine. With their usual perfidy, they have not so much as once advertised this grant of an order in the French journals, and as the Germans, of course, felt themselves honoured in their fellow-countryman, and out of modesty forbore to mention it, it has happened that this event, which is of such great importance for both countries, has as yet been little known. Such neglect and silence was the more intolerable to the new-made knight since it was whispered rather loudly in his hearing that the new order, though he had received it at the hands of the Queen, was utterly valueless so long as its bestowal was not published in the *Moniteur*. The new knight wished to see this difficulty removed, but there came unfortunately in the way a worse impediment, namely, that the patent of an order granted by the King is utterly devoid of value if it is not countersigned by a Minister. Our knight had, by means of the *doctrinaire* relations of a certain famous lady, by whom he was once prime favourite,[1] got his order from the King, and it is said that the latter remarked in his whole personality a most striking resemblance to his deceased

[1] *Kapaun im Korbe.* A common German proverb calls any one who is specially petted a "*Hahn im korb*,"—"A cock in a basket." Heine here spitefully makes of the cock a capon.

governess, Madame de Genlis, and wished to pay her honour even after her death in her facsimile.[1] But the Minister, who had at the sight of the Chevalier experienced no such genial emotions, and erroneously mistook him for a German Liberal, feared lest he should discredit the absolute Governments by countersigning the patents. Meantime, a judicious arrangement is anticipated, and in order to secure the acquiescence of the Continental powers negotiations have been entered into, to the effect that the Cabinet of St. James shall move for a similar order, and the petitioner will thereupon go in person to England with an old Indian epic, dedicated to His Majesty King William IV. For the Germans here it is, however, a deeply moving sight to see their highly honoured, weakling, fallen countryman compelled by such delays and hindrances to run from Pontius to Pilate in mud and cold and assaulting anxieties, which are the more difficult to understand since he has at command and for consolation all the examples of Indian indifference which are given in the Ramayana and Mahabharata.[2]

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[1] Among the innumerable vile and lying slanders on the royal family was one that Madame de Genlis had been the mistress not only of her youthful pupil, but also of his father. Its truth or falsehood was all one to Heine, so that with it he could point a libel.—*Translator.*

[2] All of the foregoing, from the beginning of the book to this period, is judiciously omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

The manner in which the French treat the most important subjects with mocking frivolity shows itself in what is said about the late conspiracies. "That which was acted on the towers of Notre Dame has the air of having been altogether a police intrigue and an arrangement." People say jestingly that it was the disciples of the Classic school, who, out of hatred to Victor Hugo's Romantic romance, "Notre Dame de Paris," wished to burn the church itself. There were revived the witticisms of Rabelais relative to its bells, and the well-known saying, "Si l'on m'accusait d'avoir volé les cloches de Notre Dame, je commencerais par prendre la fuite,"[1] was varied in jest when certain Carlists took to flight in consequence of these occurrences. The last conspiracy of the night of February 2nd is also chiefly attributed to the machinations of the police. It was rumoured that they had ordered in a restaurant of the Rue des Prouvaises a splendid conspiracy of two hundred *couverts*, and invited some weak-minded Carlists as guests, who were naturally expected to pay the bill. The latter had not on this occasion been sparing of money, and in the boots of one conspirator who had been arrested

[1] It is curious that the origin of this saying was not in reference to the weight of the bells, but to the stealing of such bells by wizards for magical purposes.—*Translator.*

they found twenty-seven thousand francs. With such a sum something might have been done. I once read in the Memoirs of Marmontel an assertion by Chamfort that with a thousand louis one could stir up a regular insurrection in Paris, and during the recent *émeutes* this remark continually recurred to me.[1] I cannot for important reasons suppress the fact that money is always needful for a revolution.[2] Even the glorious Revolution of July was not brought out so entirely gratis as is believed. This drama for divinities cost several millions, although the real actors, the people of Paris, strove as rivals in heroism and magnanimity. These things are not done for money alone, but it requires money to set them going. But the foolish Carlists think that they will go of themselves if they have only money in their boots. The Republicans are certainly innocent as regards all the proceedings of the night of the 2nd of February, for as one of them lately said to me, "When you hear that money has been spent in a conspiracy, you may rest assured that no Republican has anything to

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[1] Omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] Especially when the writers and fighters for it are gentlemen of expensive and luxurious habits, as was illustrated by the late lamented Boulanger, who may be said to have taken this hint from Heine, and to have lived upon it so long as it paid. —*Translator.*

do with it." In fact, this party has but little money, as it generally consists of honourable and unselfish men. They may, when they attain to power, stain their hands with blood, but not with money. This is known, and people have less fear of intriguers who seek for money more than blood.

The guillotinomania which we find among the Republicans has perhaps been caused by the writers and orators who first employed the phrase *système de la terreur* to characterise the Government which in 1793 employed the extremest measures to save France. Yet the terrorism which was thereby developed was more a mere show than a system,[1] and the terror was as great in the souls of the rulers as in the people. It is folly when people now, to excite to zealous imitation of the man, carry about plaster casts of Robespierre; and it is folly when people would invoke again the language of 1793, as the *Amis du Peuple* are doing, and acting thereby, without knowing it, as retrogressively as the most zealous champions of the old *régime*. He who gathers the red flowers which in the spring have fallen from the trees, and would stick them again with wax to the boughs whereon they grew, acts as foolishly as the one who plants cut and faded white lilies in the sand. Republicans

[1] The French version here adds "un fait passager."

and Carlists are plagiaries from the past, and when they unite it recalls the most ridiculous alliances in mad-houses, where a common restraint brings the most heterogeneous lunatics into the most friendly relationships, although the one who believes himself to be Jehovah despises from the depths of his heart the one who professes to be Jupiter.[1] So we saw this week Genoude and Thouret, the one editor of *La Gazette*, and the other of *La Revolution*, standing as allies before the Assizes, and as chorus stood behind them Fitz-James with his Carlists, and Cavaignac with his Republicans. Could there be a more repulsive contrast? And although I am very much averse to the whole being of Republicanism (*Republik wesen*), yet it pains my very soul when I behold Republicans in such unworthy company. They may indeed meet on the same scaffold with those friends of Absolutism and Jesuitism, but never in the same court of justice. How contemptible do they appear in such association! There is nothing more ridiculous than the mention by the journals that among the conspirators of Feb-

[1] French version—"Quoi que l'un, qui s'intitulé Dieu le Père, méprise du plus profond de son cœur, l'autre qui se donne pour Dieu le Fils." This was too strong for Germany. Ten lines of the German text from the word "assizes," in the next sentence, are omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

ruary 2nd were four ex-cooks of Charles X. and four Republicans of the society *Amis du Peuple.*

I cannot really believe that the latter were involved in this stupid business. I was myself, by chance, that evening in the meeting of the *Amis du Peuple*, and I conclude from many circumstances that they thought rather of defence than of attack. There were present fifteen hundred men, well packed together in a small hall, which had the appearance of a theatre. The citizen Blanqui,[1] son of a member of the Convention, made a long speech against the *bourgeoisie*, the shopmen who had elected as king Louis Philippe, "*la boutique incarnée*," and that in their own interests, not in those of the people—*du peuple qui n'était pas complice d'une si indigne usurpation.* It was a speech full of wit, honesty, and anger, but there was wanting free delivery of the freedom to be delivered.[2] In spite of Republican severity, old-fashioned gallantry was not ignored, and with true French courteous attention, the best places near the tribune of the orator were reserved for the *dames* "*citoyennes.*" The meeting smelt like an old pile of the *Moniteur* of 1793 which had become dirty from much reading. It consisted

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[1] Afterwards in the Gouvernement Provisoire of 1848.

[2] Omitted in the French version. It has the air of a phrase "manufactured to point."—*Translator.*

principally of either very young or old people. In the first Revolution the enthusiasm of liberty had chiefly inspired men of middle age, in whom the still youthful hatred of priestly deceit and aristocratic insolence was combined with clear and manly matured insight. The youngest and oldest men were the partisans of the senile *régime*—the latter, or the silver-haired ancients, out of mere custom—the former, the *jeunesse dorée*, from discontent with the bourgeois simplicity of republican manners. Now it is all changed—*c'est l'inverse aujourd'hui*—and the true enthusiasts for freedom consist entirely of young or aged people. The latter know from personal experience the infamies of the *ancien régime*, and they recall with rapture the times of the first Revolution, when they were so strong and great. The former, or the youth, love that age because they yearn for great deeds, and are above all things ambitious of sacrifice and heroism; hence they scorn the stingy small-mindedness and the huckstering selfishness of the present powers that be. The men of middle age are mostly weary with the harassing business of opposition during the Restoration, or spoiled and corrupted by the Empire, whose loud-roaring ambition and brilliant soldier-state destroyed all citizen-like simplicity and love of freedom; and, moreover, this Imperial period of heroism cost so many their lives who would be in their prime

now had they survived, that there are really few complete examples of many years to be found.

But among both old and young, in the hall of the *Amis du Peuple* there was a dignified seriousness, such as we always find among men who are conscious of their own strength. Their eyes, however, flashed, and they often cried "*C'est vrai! c'est vrai!*"—"it is true!"—when the orator adduced a fact. When the citizen Cavaignac, in a discourse which I could not well understand, on account of his short, careless, and rapidly-ejaculated sentences, mentioned the judicial prosecutions to which writers are always exposed, I noticed that my neighbour clung to me from inner emotion.[1] He was a young *enragé*, a fire-eater with his eyes like raging stars, wearing the low, broad-brimmed hat of black glazed cloth which distinguishes the Republican. "But is it not true," he at last remarked to me, "that this persecution of writers is an indirect censorship? One should dare to print whatever one may say, and man has the right to say anything. Marat declared that it was a great wrong to cite a citizen before a tribunal merely for his opinions, and that a man is only responsible to the public for whatever opinions he may hold. ("Toute citation

[1] In the German text *festhielt*, and in the French *se cramponnait à moi*.—*Translator.*

devant un tribunal pour une opinion est une injustice; on ne peut citer, en ce cas, un citoyen que devant le public.") Whatever a man says is only an opinion. And Camille Desmoulins declared, and with reason, that as soon as the Decemvirs interpolated into the body of laws which they had brought from Greece a law against defamation or libel, it was at once discovered that they meant to destroy freedom and to render permanent the Decemvirate; and in like manner, when Octavius, four hundred years later, revived that law of the Decemvirs against writings or speeches, and added to the *lex Juliæ læsæ majestatis*, one could say that Roman freedom had drawn its last breath."

I have given these citations to show what are authorities current among the *Amis du Peuple*. The address of Robespierre of the eighth of Thermidor is their gospel. It was, however, very droll to observe that these people complained of oppression while they were permitted to publicly ally themselves against the Government, and say things the tenth part of which would suffice in Germany[1] to subject them to life-long supervision. But it was reported that on this same evening an end would be put to these disturb-

[1] *North Germany* in the original and *Germany* in the French version; but when Heine wrote this was true of every corner of Continental Europe, Switzerland hardly excepted.—*Translator.*

ances, and the hall of the *Amis du Peuple* be closed. "I believe that the National Guard and the line will shell us out (*nous cerneront*) to-night," remarked my neighbour; "have you your pistols for such an emergency?" "I will go and get them," I replied, and leaving the hall, went to a soirée in the Faubourg Saint Germain, where there was naught save lights, mirrors, flowers, bare shoulders, *eau sucrée*, yellow gloves, and *fadaises* — frivolities. There was on every face a triumphant joy, as if the victory of the *ancien régime* had been established, and while the "Vive la République" of the Rue Grenelle was still ringing in my ears, I must needs hear that the return of the *enfant du miracle* and of the whole miraculous set of his relations was as good as certain. I cannot here help betraying that I there saw two doctrinaires dance an "*Anglaise.*" These gentlemen dance nothing else but to the English step.[1] A lady in a white dress, on which were green bees which looked like lilies, asked me if the Germans and Cossacks might be relied

[1] The point is better given in French than in German :—"Je ne puis m'empêcher de dénoncer deux doctrinaires que j'ai vus dans cette maison danser des gigues anglaises ; ces messieurs ne dansant qu'à l'anglaise." The next sentence is reduced in the French version to "une aimable dame me demanda." It is hardly necessary to remark that the bees indicated Napoleonism and lilies Legitimacy.

on for support. I assured her that we should consider it as the greatest honour to be allowed to sacrifice our lives and property for the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons. "And do you know," added the lady, "that this is the day when Henry V., as Duke of Bordeaux, took his first communion!" "What an important day for the friends of the throne and the altar," I replied; "a holy day, deserving to be sung by Lamartine!"

The night, however, of this fine day deserves to be marked blood-red in the calendar of France, and rumours relative to it were the next morning the talk of all Paris. Contradictions of the strangest kind were in circulation, and there is still a mysterious veil over all the history of the conspiracy. It was said that it had been intended to murder all the royal family with the large assembly which had been present in the Tuileries. The concierge of the Tuileries had been won over, and persuaded to admit the conspirators through the great gallery directly to the ball-room; some one had shot at the King but missed his mark; hundreds had been arrested; and so forth, and so on. Even in the afternoon I found before the garden-side of the Tuileries a great crowd gaping and gazing up at the windows, as if trying to see the shot which had been fired there. One man told how Périer had the night before ridden to

the Rue des Prouvaires just as the conspirators were arrested, and an agent of police had been shot dead. It had been intended to burn down the Pavillon de Flore and attack the Pavillon Marsan. The King, it is said, is sadly disturbed; women pity him, while men shake their heads in discontent. The French dislike all killing by night. In the stormy days of the Revolution the most terrible deeds were perfectly public and executed by day. As for the horrors of the night of Saint Bartholomew, they were planned and executed by Roman Catholic priests.[1]

How far the concierge of the Louvre was involved in the conspiracy of February 2nd, I have not yet precisely ascertained. Some say that he

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[1] This is doubtless due to the same cause which makes a French mob disperse when it begins to rain, as our author has observed. I have seen many *émeutes* with bloodshed in America, and had some experience of them in France, and have observed that in the former country the populace fight on in grim determination, unheeding rain, storm, or darkness, to the very last, till killed or utterly overpowered, and that the fighting always becomes much more desperate after dark. Very often, as I have myself witnessed, rival parties, after pop-shooting all the afternoon at one another, did not close in for a decisive strife till towards midnight, or later. I believe that this is due to the inflexible dogged perseverance of the American in anything which he undertakes, allied to an insatiate curiosity to know without delay what the end will be. The last sentence, or the reference to Saint Bartholomew, is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

at once gave the alarm to the police as soon as money was offered to him for the keys. Others say that he really did deliver them, and has, in consequence, been arrested. In any case, it is evident enough how on such occasions the most important posts in Paris are intrusted without any special precautions to the most unqualified persons. The very treasury itself was long in the hands of a speculator in public paper, a M. Kessner, whom the state should reward with the oaken crown for not gambling away on the Exchange a hundred millions of francs, instead of six, as he really did. So the gallery of the Louvre, which is rather the property of all mankind than of the French, might easily be made the scene of nightly riots, and thereby be destroyed.[1]

So the cabinet of medals has become the booty of thieves, who certainly did not take the treasure from love of numismatics, but to put them at once into the crucible. What a loss for science, when we consider that among the stolen antiques were not only examples of the greatest rarity,

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[1] This insecurity still exists. When Henri Rochefort gave the diabolical order, "Faites flamber Paris," he was particularly desirous of destroying the Bibliothèque Nationale, and this library was only saved by the accidental breaking of a wire, which should have transmitted an electric current. So I read at the time in the newspapers; if it be untrue, I am willing to correct the statement.—*Translator.*

but perhaps many which were absolutely unique. The destruction of these old coins is irreparable, for the ancients cannot, unfortunately, sit down and make new ones for us. But it is not only a loss for learning; it is that by the destruction of such small monuments of gold and of silver, life itself loses the expression of its reality. Ancient history would sound like a fairy-tale if its coins—the most actual of the realities of those times—did not exist to show us that the early races and their kings, of which we read such wonderful things, really existed—that they were no idle forms of fantasy, no mere creation of a poet's brain, as many writers assert, who would fain persuade us that all the history of olden time, with all its written records, were forged by monks in the Middle Age.[1] Against such assertions we had the most clearly ringing counter-proof in the cabinet of medals in Paris. But these treasures are now irreparably lost, and a part of the world's history has been at once stolen and melted, and the mightiest kings and races of antiquity are now vanished fables, in which man needs to put his faith no more.

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[1] What would Heine have said could he have lived to the present day? Apparently all we are now waiting for is some sophist humbugger to persuade us that the monks themselves were all forgeries.—*Translator.*

It is charming that the window of the cabinet of medals is now provided with iron railings or bars, though it is hardly to be hoped that the thieves will by night restore the stolen property. The said iron bars are painted rosy-red, which makes, indeed, a very fine effect; so every passer-by looks up and laughs. Monsieur Raoul Rochette, the *conservateur des ex-médailles*—the guardian of the medals which are gone—should wonder that the thieves did not steal him too, since he has always regarded himself as of far more weight and importance than the medals, and regarded the latter as valueless unless accompanied by his oral explanations! Now he strolls about idly, and smiles as our cook did when the cat had stolen a piece of raw meat from the kitchen. "At any rate, she does not know how it ought to be cooked," quoth the *cuisinière*, and laughed.[1]

Meanwhile, great as the loss may be to ancient history from that theft of the medals, the deficit in the accounts of Kessner appears to cause much greater irritation, for this is more important in

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[1] As it befell me once in America, when certain thieves took from me, among other things, a very valuable and rare Egyptian scarabæus—one of two found in the tomb of a king. "Fortunately the beggars do not know what it is worth," whispered my consoling genius. But it was never found again, and was lost to the world. Two pages from this period are omitted from the French version.—*Translator.*

the history of to-day. While I write, I learn that the loss is not of six, but ten millions, and that it may amount to twelve. This, of course, greatly diminishes the man's merit, and I can no longer award him the oaken crown. In this treasury deficit, to which touching scenes in the style of Iffland were not wanting, Baron Louis was in great perplexity, for he must eventually pay the guarantee, which was not required of Kessner. He can easily bear this, for he is enormously rich, having annually 200,000 francs of cash revenue, and is an old *abbé* without family. Périer grieves over this affair far more than is generally supposed, as it concerns money, which is his strength and his weakness, and how little mercy the Opposition show him under the circumstances is known from the newspapers. These report in detail the undignified scenes which take place in the Chamber of Deputies, which here require no special mention. Indeed, the Opposition behaves as pitifully as the Ministry, and is quite as repulsive to consider. Among the best there is no unity. Odillon Barrat, that crafty brain with the gloomy-plausible glance, will not get away too far from the desired portfolio, and remains behind his party. On the other hand, Mauguin is as much too far in advance of his colleagues. They think he has gone astray because they no longer behold him, and he sees them no more,

and that in the literal sense of the term. For Mauguin gives every Wednesday a demagogue soiree, and one of my friends who this week attended one did not find there a single deputy. An old member of the Convention who was present praised Mauguin for the energy of his action and efforts (*fortstrebens*); but Mauguin modestly replied that, as regarded this, he could keep no comparison with the men of power of the old Convention, yet that he had gone farther, politically, than his colleagues of the Opposition, and that the latter, as was evident, were leaving him.

But while distress and dire need of every kind riot in the bowels of the State, and foreign affairs since the events in Italy and Don Pedro's expedition become more seriously complicated; while all institutions, and even the royal, highest of all, is in danger, and the political disorder (*Wirr-warr*) menaces every life, Paris is still this winter the same old Paris, the beautiful enchanted city, which smiles so charmingly on youth, which so powerfully inspires the man grown, and so gently consoles old age. "C'est là qu'on peut se passer de bonheur"—"there one can do without happiness," said Madame de Staël—a remark which was strikingly true, but which in her mouth lost its point, because she could not live in Paris, and Paris was all her happiness. So the patriotism of the French consists in a great measure of love for Paris, and

if Danton would not fly abroad, "parce qu'on ne peut emporter la patrie attachée aux semelles de ses souliers,"—"because one cannot carry his native land attached to the soles of his shoes," it was as much as to say that he could not find in a foreign country the magnificence of beautiful Paris. But Paris is really France, which is only the great suburb of Paris. Setting aside beautiful landscapes and the agreeable qualities of the people, France is utterly empty, at least intellectually so. Everything which is distinguished in the provinces soon strays to the capital, the *foyer* of all light and brilliancy. France is like a garden whence all the fairest flowers have been plucked to form a bouquet, and that bouquet is called Paris. It is true that its perfume has not now such power as it possessed after those days of July when the nations were overcome by it, yet it is ever beautiful enough to show magnificently on the bosom of Europe. Paris is not only the chief city of France, but of the whole civilised world, and is the rendezvous of its intellectual celebrities. All is here assembled which is great by love or hate, by feeling or thought, by knowledge or ability, by fortune or adversity, by the future or the past. When we consider the assembly of famous or distinguished men who meet here, Paris may be regarded as a Pantheon of the living. A new art, a new religion, a new life is here created, and the

creators of a new world are here in joyous action together. The men in power may act meanly, but the people are great, and feel their terribly sublime destiny. The sons will rival their fathers, who went down with such glory, and so holily, unto the grave. These great deeds are dimly developing and unknown gods revealing themselves. And these men laugh and dance everywhere; everywhere gay jesting and the merriest mockery flourish, and as it is Carnival-tide, many mask themselves as doctrinaires, and cut laughably pedantic faces, and declare that they are afraid of the Prussians.

IV.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1832.

EVENTS in England have for some time had special claims on our attention. We must finally admit that the open enmity of an absolute king is less dangerous than the equivocal friendship of constitutional John Bull. The folk-murdering[1] intrigues of the English aristocracy step forth, threateningly enough, into the clear light of official day, and the fogs of London scantly conceal the subtle snares and knots which connect the network of the protocols of the Conference with the parliamentary slip-nooses. Diplomacy has there watched more actively than ever[2] its hereditary interests, and spun more industriously than ever the most destructive webs, and Monsieur de Talleyrand seems to be at one and the same time *araignée et mouche*—"both spider and fly." Can it be that the veteran diplomatist is not so crafty as of old, when he, a second Hephaistos, caught the mighty

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[1] *Völkermeuchelnden.* French version—*populicide.*

[2] French version—"Que partout ailleurs."

god of war himself in his finely-forged network? Or did it happen to him, as of yore to the over-cunning Master Merlin, who, entwined in his own magic, lies word-chained and self-banned in the grave?[1] But why was Monsieur de Talleyrand put into a position of the very highest importance for the interests of the Revolution of July, when there was far greater need of the inflexible straightforwardness of an irreproachable citizen? I will not absolutely or distinctly declare that the slippery old ex-Bishop of Autun is not honourable. On the contrary, the oath which he has now sworn he will certainly keep, for it is his thirteenth. We have, it is true, no other guarantee of his honour or truth, but it will suffice, for there is no case on record of any honourable man ever having broken thirteen oaths in succession. And, moreover, we are assured that Louis Philippe, in his *audience de congé*, or farewell interview, said to him as precaution, "Monsieur de Talleyrand, do not forget that, however large the offers may be which you will receive, I in any case will give you double." However, with a faithless man that would still be no security, for it is in the character of treachery

[1] Or a cavern. "'Chere Bertha,' répondit la fée Viviane, 'ce conte est une allégorie. L'antre ou tombeau, dont tu parles, est la caverne d'amour, que il Signore Merlin entre quand il veut, mais duquel il sort quand il lui plait.'"—*Le Lutin du Chateau, Roman par Charles G. Leland.*

that it does not remain true to itself, so that we cannot count upon securing it even by satisfying its selfishness.

The worst is that the French imagine London as a second Paris, the West End as another Saint Germain quarter; that they regard the British reformers as allied Liberals, and Parliament as Chambers of deputies and peers—in short, that they measure and judge all that exists in England by a French standard. From all this result errors which will perhaps be eventually dearly paid for. Both nations have a character too sharply opposed one to the other to be capable of mutual intelligence, and all circumstances and relations in both countries are too radically different to admit comparison, especially in political relations. The additions to the *Reisebilder*—"Pictures of Travel," contain much information on this subject derived from direct observation, and I must refer to this to avoid repetition. And I will here again mention the admirable *Briefe eines Verstorbenen*—"Letters from a Dead Man,"[1] although the poetic feeling of the author has made him imagine that he perceived (*hineingeschaut*) more intellectual activity in stock-stiff Britishism than is to be actually found therein. To describe England

[1] French version—"Je citerai encore les excellents Mémoires du Prince Puckler-Muskau."

accurately, one should adopt the style of a Manual of Advanced Mechanism, very much as if writing of a vast complicated manufactory, of a roaring, whizzing, choking, pounding, and wearisomely humming and buzzing machine existence, where the brightly polished wheels of utility turn around old and rusty historical dates.[1] The Saint-Simonians declare with right that England is the hand and France the heart of the world. Ah! this grand heart of the world would lose all its noble blood if, counting on English generosity, it should some day beg help from this dry and frozen hand. I do not imagine egoistic England as an enormously fat, prosperous, beer-belly, as caricaturists depict it, but, as a satirist describes, in the form of a tall, lean, bony old bachelor sewing a torn-off button on his breeches, and that with a thread the end knot of which is the globe; and then, cutting off the thread where he no longer needs it, he calmly lets the world fall into the abyss.

The French think that the English people cherish a desire for freedom like their own, and that it is striving like them against the usurpations of an aristocracy, and that this gives and guaran-

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[1] French version—"Une machine roulant, bourdonnant, grondant, pottant, sifflant, foulant et bruissant à en faire mal, où les rouages d'utilité, brillantes et polis, tournent autour des dates revêtues de rouille historique."

tees many interests and assurances of both internal and external close alliance. But they do not know that the English race is in itself thoroughly aristocratic, that it only demands liberty in the most narrow-minded manner or sense of a small corporation—that is, liberties legally secured by documents—and that the French freedom for all mankind, in which the whole world shall share according to the charter of reason, is to its deepest depth utterly detested by the English. They only know an English freedom—one historically English, patented for the use of royal Great Britannic subjects, or based on some old law—let us say of the time of Queen Anne. Burke, who wished to *burke* souls,[1] and traded life itself to the anatomy of history, chiefly reproached the French Revolution because it was not formed, like the English, on old institutions, and he cannot comprehend that a state could exist without *nobility*. But England's nobility is altogether different from the French *noblesse*, and deserves that I here award it the most distinctive praise. English nobility has always opposed the absolutism of its kings, in common cause with the

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[1] "A play of words," says the German editor, "on that other Burke, who committed murder to provide anatomical lecturers with corpses, and caused in all England a panic-fear of being 'burked,' as it was called at the time."

people, whose rights it sustained as identical with its own, while the *noblesse* of France, on the contrary, always yielded to royal authority—*auf Gnade und Ungnade*—in favour or in disgrace.[1] It has not since the days of Mazarin resisted their power; it has only sought to profit by supple court-service, and by most submissive and subordinate service (*Handlangergemeinschaft*); with its kings it oppressed and betrayed the people. All unconsciously the French nobility revenged itself for former wrongs from these monarchs by reducing them to a debilitating immorality, and making them almost idiotic by flattery. Of course, it also, weakened and deprived of all spirit, fell with the old royalty; the 10th of August only found in the Tuileries a grey-haired decrepid crowd, with brittle court-rapiers, and not one man —only a single woman who commanded resistance with firmness and courage; and even this last lady of French chivalry—the last representative of the perishing *ancien régime*—was not destined to descend to the grave in all the glory of her youth, and one single night made white as snow the blonde locks of the beautiful Antoinette.

It went differently with the English nobility. This has kept its strength; it is rooted in the people, in that healthy soil which receives as

[1] Omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

noble scions the younger sons of the nobility, and through these the real gentry remains allied to nobility itself. The English nobility is, withal, full of patriotism; it has thus far truly represented Old England with unfeigned zeal, and those lords, who cost so much, have also in time of need made great sacrifices for their country. It is true that they are arrogant,[1] and much more so than the *noblesse* of the Continent, who make a show of their pride, and distinguish themselves externally from the people by dress, ribbons, bad French, coats of arms, crosses, and other playthings. The English nobility despise the middle class too much to judge it to be necessary to impose on it by exterior means, and to show off in public the parti-coloured indications of rank.[2] On the contrary, we see the English nobles, like gods incognito, clad in simple and citizen-like attire, and

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[1] Though they bear this reputation, chiefly among those who are least familiar with them, I believe that the English nobility are by far the least arrogant of their kind, and I have certainly never met with or heard of anything among them to be compared to that of the Hanoverians, and especially of titled officers in the Prussian service.—*Translator.*

[2] It is not that they despise the middle class, but every form of idle personal ornament and all indications of vanity—an antipathy characteristic of the whole English, and, to as great a degree, of the American people. Hence the modern simplicity in men's clothing, which begun in England and has spread to the Continent.—*Translator.*

therefore unobserved, running about the streets, or to the theatres and receptions (*routs*—French version, *raouts*) of London. Their feudal decorations and similar tinsel they reserve for court festivals and old anniversaries. Therefore they are more respected among the people than are our gods on the Continent, who are so readily recognised with all their attributes. One day on Waterloo Bridge in London I heard one boy say to the other, "Have you ever seen a nobleman?" To which the other replied, "No, but I have seen the coach of the Lord Mayor." This said coach is an extravagantly large chest, excessively gilt, painted with fabulous richness of colour, with a red-velveted, stiff-golden, powder-wigged coachman, and three ditto powder-wigged lackeys behind on the box. If the English people quarrel with their nobility, it is not on account of social equality, of which they never think, and least of all about civil freedom, which they fully enjoy, but because of pure questions of money; because the nobility, in possession of all the sinecures, ecclesiastical endowments and offices, which are extravagantly salaried, revel bravely and luxuriously, while the greater part of the people, overloaded with taxes, languish in deepest misery and die of hunger. Therefore a parliamentary reform is required, and those among the nobility who support it have

nothing else in view save to make it aid in material ameliorations.

Yes, the nobility of England is always more closely allied to the people than to their kings, as regards whom they have always maintained a strict independence, in which they differ entirely from the French aristocracy. It lent them only its sword and its word, taking in the delights and desires of their private life only an indifferently confidential part. This is true even of the most corrupt times. Hamilton, in his "Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont," has given a clear account of this relationship.[1] So the English nobility continued to the latest time kissing hands and kneeling according to etiquette, yet practically on equal footing with the kings, whom they opposed earnestly enough when their privileges were attacked, or aught was done to weaken their influence. This latter came to pass a few years ago in a most open manner, when Canning was Minister. During the Middle Ages, in such a case, the English barons met in helmet and cuirass, and sword in hand, and, accompanied by their vassals, they entered the royal castle, and, with ironical humility and weaponed courtesy, made known their will. In these our days they must have recourse

[1] This last passage is wanting in the French version.

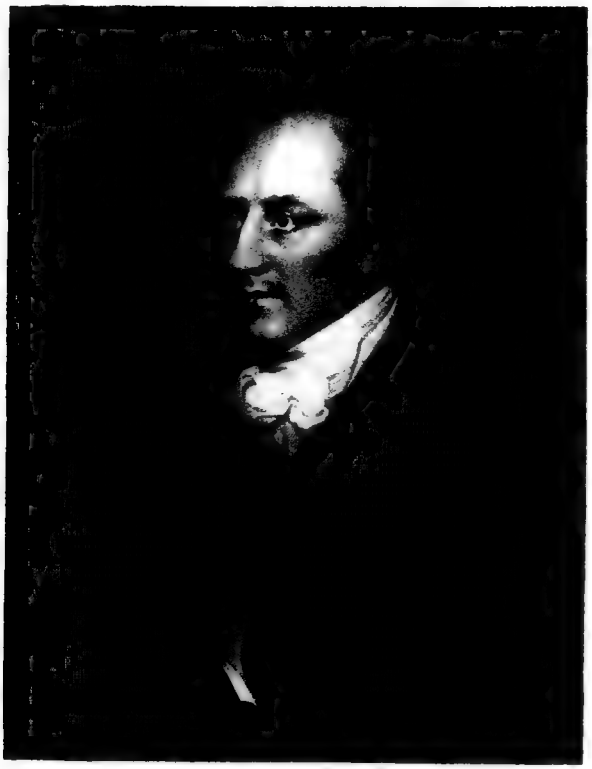
to less chivalric means, and the gentlemen who composed the Ministry endeavoured to coerce the King by suddenly, and in a perfidiously arranged manner, giving in their resignations. The results of this are well known. George the Fourth relied on George Canning, the St. George of England, who came near slaying the mightiest dragon in the world. After him came Lord Goderich, with his flushed and flourishing face and affected lawyer-like vehemence of voice, who soon let fall from his weak hands the lance which was intrusted to them, so that the poor King was soon obliged to cast himself on the mercy or unmercifulness of his ancient barons, and the field-marshal of the Holy Alliance again resumed the staff of office. I have elsewhere shown why no Liberal Minister can do any special good in England, and must therefore resign to make room for the high Tories, who can of course pass a grand Bill for amelioration or reform, all the more easily because they have no occasion to overcome the obstinacy of parliamentary opposition. In all ages it is the devil who has built the greatest churches. Wellington gained the victory of that emancipation for which Canning had fought in vain, and he is perhaps the man destined to carry that Reform Bill on which Lord Grey will probably be wrecked. I foresee the speedy fall of this latter, and we shall then see

again returning to power all the irreconcilable aristocrats who have for forty years fought unto life and death the French people as the representatives of democratic ideas. This time the ancient hatred will give way to more practical interests, and they will willingly see the more dangerous rival of the East and his satellites fought by French arms, and all the more so because they will weaken one another. Yes, the English will specially spur on the Gallic cock to fight with the autocratic eagle, and, eager to see the sight, stare with their long necks over the Channel, and applaud as at a cockpit, and bet many thousands of guineas on the result.

Will the great gods above in the blue pavilion regard this spectacle indifferently? Will they, like Englishmen of heaven, look down on the strife of nations, heartless and with leaden stare, unheeding our cries for aid and our bloody wounds?[1] Or was the poet right who declared that as we hate monkeys because they of all the mammalia most resemble us, and thereby wound our pride, so the gods hate men, who, made in their own image, have such great and aggravating

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[1] The two following passages are omitted in the French version. They are, however, in Heine's highest and most characteristic style. Fortunately, the *singe-tigre*, as Voltaire called him, is still flourishing.



likeness to them—for which cause the deities, the greater, fairer, and more divine mortals may be, persecute them the more by misfortune and annihilate them, while they graciously spare the little, ugly, mean mammalian-like of mankind, and let them flourish in prosperity? If this last melancholy view be true, then are the French much nearer to their fall than any other race upon the earth. Ah! may the example of their Emperor teach the French what is to be hoped for from the magnanimity of England! Did not the *Bellérophon* long since destroy this chimæra? May France never trust in England as Poland trusted in France!

But should the most terrible disaster come to pass, and France, the motherland of civilisation and liberty, be lost by frivolity and treason, and the dialect of Potsdam nobility be heard snarling in the streets of Paris, and dirty German boots again defile the holy ground of the Boulevards,[1] and the Palais Royal again smell of Russian

[1] This will remind some of my older American readers of the indignant outbursts of the Richmond newspapers when the feet of the "Northern hordes" first defiled "the sacred soil" of Virginia. "C'est tout comme chez nous." In the French version "*noble pavé.*" But, oddly enough, it has all come to pass as Heine predicted—even to the Russian leather, for I lately observed in the Palais Royal a shop where they sell beautiful *objets de fantasie* made of the objectionable material. —*Translator.*

leather, then there will be one man in the world more miserable than man has ever been—a man who, by his wretched haggling, tradesmanlike small-mindedness, will have been guilty of betraying his country, and who will bear all the serpents of remorse in his heart and all the curses of mankind on his head. The damned in hell will then, to console one another, relate the torments of this man—the torments of Casimir Perier.[1]

What a terrible responsibility weighs on this one man! A shudder steals over me when I come near him. As if banned by an unholy spell, I lately stood near him one hour, and beheld that gloomy figure which has intruded so boldly between the people and the sun of July. "When this man falls," I said, "the great eclipse of that sun will be ended, the tricoloured flag on the Pantheon will gleam again as if inspired, and the trees of liberty bloom once more! This man is the Atlas who bears upon his shoulders the Bourse, and the House of Orleans, and all the State fabric of all Europe; and when he falls, there will fall with him the whole shop in which the noblest hopes of humanity are bargained for,

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[1] "Myself I named him once below,
And all the souls in hell that be
Leaped up at once in anarchy."

and therewith the exchange-tables and the rates of stocks, and selfishness and meanness!"

He is not altogether inappropriately called an Atlas. Perier is an uncommonly great, broad-shouldered man, of powerful bony structure and very robust in general appearance. There are erroneous ideas current as to his looks, partly because the journals are always speaking of his feeble health to irritate him who is so thoroughly sound, and would fain remain President of the Council, partly because the most exaggerated anecdotes are told of his irritation, and the nervous passion which he displays in public is believed to be his normal condition. But the man is altogether a different being when seen in the domestic circle, in society, and, above all, in a quiet state. For then his face assumes, instead of the inspired and elevated or depressed expressions peculiar to the tribune, a truly imposing dignity, his form rises with more manly beauty and dignity, and he is seen with pleasure so long as he does not speak. In this respect he is quite the contrary of the *femme du bureau* in the Café Colbert,[1] who seems to be almost plain so long as she is silent, but whose face is brightly charming as soon as she opens her mouth to speak.

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[1] French version—"Sous ce rapport, il est tout l'opposé de la dame du comptoir de mon café de prédilection."

Only that Perier, when he is long silent and listens to others with considerateness, contracts deeply his thin lips, causing his mouth to look like a hollow in his face. Then he has a habit of nodding his listening and bowed head like one who seems to say, "Das wird sich schon geben,"—"All that will be arranged." His forehead is high, and seems to be the more so because the front is covered with very little hair, which is grey or nearly white, lying smoothly and sparsely covering the rest of his head, the arch of which is beautiful and symmetrical, and in which the little ears may almost be called winsome and graceful,[1] but the chin is short and commonplace. The black thickets of his eyebrows hang wild and waste down to the deep hollows in which the small dark eyes, far hidden, lie in ambush, now and then flashing out like a stiletto. The complexion is yellowish-grey—the common colour of care and weary woe—and all kinds of strange wrinkles stray about in it, which are not vulgar nor yet noble—perhaps intermediate—highly respectable, peevish, *juste-milieu* wrinkles. It is thought that there is something of the banker in

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[1] "Woran die kleinen Ohren fast anmuthig genannt werden könnten." These "pleasing ears" are too much for the French, which more prosaically states that "le long de laquelle de petites oreilles se dessinent presque avec grâce."—*Translator.*

his mien, and that his general air is mercantile, and one of my friends says that he always feels tempted to ask him what is the price of sugar or the current rate of discount. "But when one knows that a man is blind," says Lichtenberg, "we think we can see it from behind."[1] I do not, indeed, find in all the person of Casimir Perier anything suggesting noble birth, but there is in his appearance much of the refined culture of the *bourgeoisie* as we find it in men who are charged with the most active cares of state, and therefore can occupy themselves but little with chivalric manners and such and similar toilet matters.[2]

Perier can be best judged by his speeches,

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[1] A shrewd remark well applied, and one capable of vast illustration. As a general rule, the more commonplace and feeble men are, the more they refer every peculiarity of another to some one trait, such as his nationality or family, which may have, in all likelihood, nothing whatever to do with it. "I believe," said a young American lady in a very provincial circle, "that if I had horns growing on my head, you would say, 'That is so like all you Yankees.'"

[2] *Toilettengeschäfte. Moyens de toilette.* An admirable designation, by which our author, without denying to style, manner, or deportment their real value, classes them correctly with mere physical matters of the exterior. A vast number of people, even in good society, need the lesson that because a thing may be very desirable it is not always quite essential, while it again may be essential and yet not the *summum bonum* or everything in itself.

which is indeed from his best side, or which at least was during the period of the Restoration, when he, as one of the best speakers of the Opposition, waged noblest war on windy parasite and parsondom.[1] I do not know whether he was so physically vehement and impetuous then as now. At the time I only read his speeches, which, while models of discretion in taste (*Haltung*) and dignity, were also so calm and carefully considered that I believed him to be a really old man. The strictest logic prevailed in these speeches; there was something stiff and set in them, stern arguments of reason ranged straight upright like rows of unbreakable iron bars, while behind them often lurked a tender sorrow or *ombre de sensibilité*, like the pale face of a fair nun behind a cloister grate. The stiff and strong rational arguments, the iron bars are still in his speeches, but now we see behind them

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[1] *Pfaffen und Schranzenthum.* We rather need a more extended use of this *dom* or German *thum* in English to indicate general collectiveness or attribute, though I do not assert that it need be carried so far as it was by a Pennsylvania exhibitor at an agricultural fair, who declared that his own particular prize-pig was "the noblest animal in all hog-*dom*." *Haltung*, in the next sentence, is an admirable word, combining the idea of judicious deportment with "holding the just proportion." Thus, as we say "in keeping," the Germans may declare that "it is in holding," which latter is better, as also indicating an act of will.

only an impotent rage which springs here and there like a wild beast.

Many of the latest speeches of Perier concerning projects of laws, as, for instance, that on the Peerage, are not composed by him; for time is wanting to a Minister for such great elaborate works, and he must now become more irritable, petty, and passionate in his addresses, the more doubtfully difficult, worthless, and ignoble the system is which he must defend.[1] What is most to his advantage, according to public opinion, is his contrast to Monsieur Sebastiani, the coquettish old man with an ashy-grey heart and yellow face, on which many a bit of red may yet be seen, as on autumnal trees where many a scarlet leaf grins out among dead orange-coloured leaves. Truly there is nothing so repulsive as this puffed-up nothing, who, though invalided, still comes often into the Deputies and sits upon the Ministerial benches, a fetched and feeble smile upon his lips, and some dull and silly remark on his tongue. I can hardly understand that this neatly gloved, nicely shod, weak dwarf with swimming vapoury eyes once did great things in field and council, as the historians of the Russian campaign

[1] From this period fifty lines are omitted in the French version. The word "petty" in the previous paragraph is also shrewdly left out.

and Turkish embassy relate. His whole art and knowledge now consist of a few played-out old diplomatic tricks, which are always rattling in his tin brain-pot. His own peculiar political ideas are like the great straps which the Carthaginian queen cut from a cowhide, and therewith spanned a whole country. The cycle of ideas of the good man is very great and taking in much land, but he himself is leather and naught else.[1] Perier once said of him, "He has a great idea of himself, and it is his only one idea."

I have placed the Cupid of the Imperial régime, as Sebastiani was called, by the Hercules of the *juste milieu* epoch, or Perier, that the latter may appear in all his greatness. I would, indeed, rather magnify than diminish him, and yet I cannot refrain from declaring that even at the sight of him there comes into my memory a form by which he seems to be as small a man as is Sebastiani placed by him. Is it the spirit of satire which recalls antitheses? Or has Casimir Perier really some resemblance to the greatest Minister who ever ruled in England—with George

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[1] *Er ist von Leder.* As we may say in English, "hide-bound." But leather in German by itself implies dulness or the tedious, while in English "nothing like leather" has wandered from its ancient Roman way into something complimentary.—*Translator.*

Canning? But there are others who say that he strangely reminds them of the latter, and that there exists a hidden affinity or relation between them.

It is, perhaps, in their equally middle-class birth and personal appearance, in the difficulty of their position, in their invincible vigour, and in resistance to feudal aristocratic attack that the similarity between Perier and Canning consists. Not at all, in their careers and personally developed tendencies or aim. The first, born and nursed on the soft pillows of prosperity, could tranquilly work out his best desires, and calmly take his part in the opulent Opposition which led the *bourgeoisie* during the days of the Restoration against Aristocracy and Jesuitry. The other, George Canning, on the contrary, born of unhappy parents, was the poor child of a poor mother, who, waiting and weeping, nursed him by day, and to gain him bread by which to live, went by night to the theatre to play and laugh. Then passing from the minor misery of poverty to the greater misery of brilliant dependence, he endured the support of an uncle and the patronage of a proud nobility.[1]

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[1] This is an admirable passage, as every reader will observe, and it is made touching by truth. Heine himself was always dependent more or less, in a pecuniary sense, on an uncle, and,

But if these men differ by the conditions which Fortune imposed on them, and in which it long kept them, they are still more distinguished by the feelings and tendencies (*Gesinnung*) which they manifested when they attained the summit of power, and where the great Word of Life could be uttered free from all restraint. Casimir Perier, who was never dependent, who always possessed the golden mean to maintain in himself the feeling of freedom and to inform and elevate himself by culture, at once became small-minded, and then, like a petty shopkeeper, ignoring his true power, bowed low before the men of might whom he could have crushed, and begged for the peace which he should have demanded as a right or granted as a favour. For now he wrongs hospitality, and with it the most sacred adversity, and, like a reversed Prometheus, steals light and fire from men that he may return it to the gods. But George Canning, on the contrary, once a

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to maintain a social position, on so-called "betters;" and, while he was not at all ungrateful to them for their kindness, as his writings abundantly manifest, he still had the feeling of a proud and sensitive mind, that it would be in every way better for him had he been really independent. And it is well worth noting that this appreciation of the value of money never interfered with great generosity and charity. In this he was strikingly like Goldsmith, whose failings have been more noted than his feelings or his nobler traits.—*Translator.*

gladiator in the service of the Tories, when he at last shook off the chains of mental slavery, rose in all the majesty of his inborn citizenship, and, to the terror of his former patrons, like a Spartacus of Downing Street, proclaimed municipal and ecclesiastical freedom for all mankind, and won for England every liberal heart, and with it preponderance in Europe.

At that time all was dark in Germany—nothing but owls, censor's edicts, prison vapours, romances of resignation, night-watch or military parades, bigotry and stupidity; and when the gleam of Canning's words shone from afar on us, the few hearts which still felt hope rejoiced. As for the writer of these words, he kissed farewell to his loving and most loved ones, embarked, and went to London to see and hear Canning. There I sat whole days in the gallery of the Chapel of St. Stephen, and lived in his sight and drank the words from his mouth, and my heart was intoxicated. He was of middle height, a handsome man, who had a nobly formed and open countenance, very high forehead and somewhat bald, lips curving in a good-natured expression (*wohlwollendgewölbte*), soft persuasive eyes, but a man vigorous enough in his movements when he now and then struck on the sheet-iron box which was before him on the table for documents. Yet, even in moments of excitement and passion, he was always

well-mannered, dignified, *gentlemanlike.*[1] Wherein then consisted his personal likeness to Casimir Perier? I do not know, but it seems to me as if the shape of the head of the latter, though harsher and greater, was strikingly like him. The peculiar expression of invalidity, over excitement and lassitude which we see in Canning is as perceptible in Perier, and reminds us of the Englishman. As regards talents they are equally balanced, but Canning completes everything with a peculiar ease, like unto Ulysses, who drew the mighty bow as readily as players with deft fingers tune a lyre; while Perier manifests in the most trifling act a certain heaviness of effort, puts forth all his power on the most insignificant measure,[2] bringing out

[1] Though there is much precedent against it in mere usage, still it is worth observing that while "gentleman-*like*" really means only resembling a gentleman, "gentlemanly," by analogy, implies being one in reality. Among the lower orders in America the expression "he is so *like* the gentleman," and "so very much of a gentleman," fully betray the consciousness that the one thus praised is only an unfinished article; albeit, some purists declare that the only "finished" gentleman in the world is one who is "dead, flat broke," or "laid out."—*Translator.*

[2] It is said of a very distinguished American politician who was noted for this peculiarity that he once, when he was one of the officers of a small church, remarked, in a passionate outburst of eloquence, and after exhausting Lemprière, "And in conclusion, I declare before my God that, though I should devote to it the energies and labour of my life and the fortune of my ancestors, the letter-box of this vestry *shall* be re-painted despite any opposition which I may encounter!"—*Translator.*

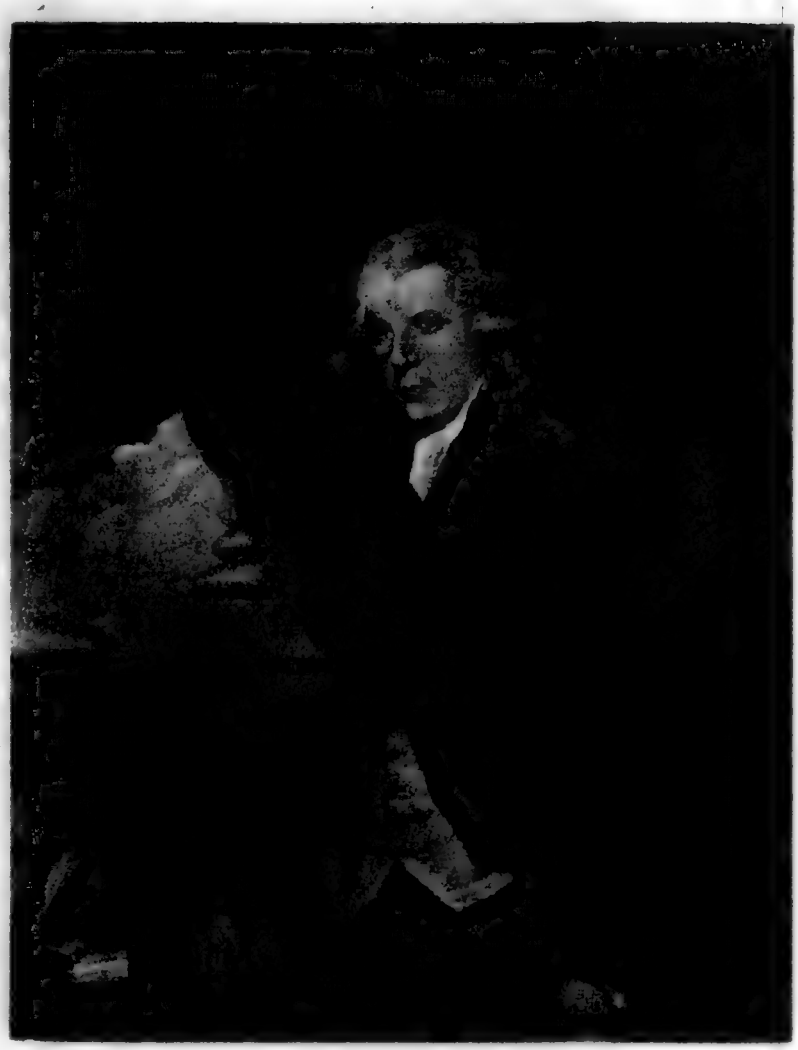
horse, foot, and dragoons, and when he touches the highest chord, strains himself with as mighty effort as if he were indeed bending the bow of Ulysses.

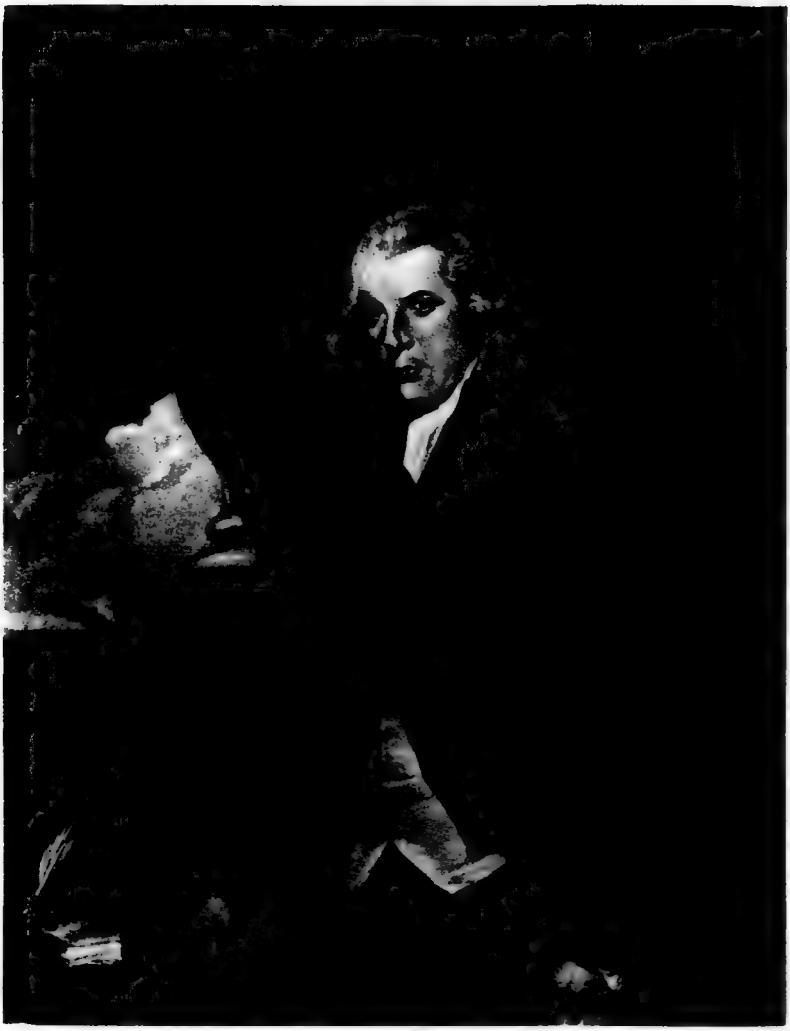
I have already spoken of his speeches, and Canning was also one of the greatest orators of his time, though it was objected that his language was too flowery and ornate. But this reproach was only applicable during his earlier period, while he was still in a dependent position, and, not daring to speak out his mind freely, gave instead flowers of oratory, beautiful arabesques, and brilliant witticisms. His eloquence was in those days no sword, but only a scabbard, and indeed a very costly one, on which gold repoussé flower-work and inlaid gems flashed in rich splendour. From this scabbard he in later time drew the straight, plain, steel blade which gleamed even more brilliantly, and was in truth both cutting and pointed.[1] I think that I still see the grinning faces which surrounded him, especially that of the ludicrous Sir Thomas Lethbridge, who asked him with much feeling if he had already selected the members for his Ministry. On which George Canning rose calmly, with the air of one who is

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[1] In the German only *scharf und schneidend genug*, in the French version, *assez de point et tranchant*. It is natural for the French to take the lead in matters of fencing.—*Translator.*

about to deliver a grand oration, and exclaiming with equal pathos, simply, "Yes," sat down, while the whole House rang with laughter. There was then a great sight: nearly all the former Opposition sat behind the Minister, among them the valiant Russell, the indefatigable Brougham, the learned Mackintosh, Cam Hobhouse of the storm-worn countenance, the noble Wilson with the pointed nose, and even Francis Burdett, the inspired, tall, Don Quixote form, whose good heart is a never-fading garden of liberal thoughts, and whose lean knees, as Cobbett said, touched Canning's back. That time will ever live in my memory, and never can I forget the hour when I heard George Canning speak regarding the rights of nations, and listened to the words of liberation which rolled like sacred thunder over the whole earth, and left behind them a consoling echo in the hut of the Mexican as well as of the Hindoo. "That is my thunder!" Canning could well say in those days. His fine, full, deep voice came sadly, yet with energy, from his suffering breast in the clear unveiled parting words of a dying man. His mother had died a few days before, and the mourning apparel which he wore increased the solemnity of his appearance. I can still recall him in his black overcoat and the black gloves, at which he often looked while he spoke, and when he seemed to regard them with special attention, then I





reflected, "Now he is thinking of his dead mother, and her long misery and suffering, and on that of all the other poor who hunger in wealthy England, and these gloves are the guarantees that Canning knows how they suffer (*wie Ihm zu Muthe ist*) and will help them." In the excitement of debate he tore one of these gloves from his hand, and I believed at the instant that he would cast it at the feet of the whole high aristocracy of England as the black gauntlet of defiance to all foes of suffering humanity.

If that aristocracy has not murdered him outright, any more than they did him of Saint Helena, who died of a cancer in the stomach, it has at least stuck enough poisoned needles into his heart. I was told, for instance, that once, as he was entering the House of Parliament, he received a letter sealed with a well-known coat-of-arms, which letter he opened in the chamber, and found in it an old theatrical play-bill, in which his mother's name appeared among those of the performers. Canning died soon after, and now for five years he has slept in Westminster Abbey by Fox and Sheridan, and it may be that a spider now spins her stupid silent web over the mouth which once uttered so much which was great and overwhelming. George the Fourth also now sleeps among his fathers and ancestors, who lie stretched out in effigies of stone upon their monu-

ments, with stone heads on stony pillows, the balls of empire and sceptres in their hands, while round them in their lofty monuments repose the aristocracy of England, the stately dukes and bishops, lords and barons, who press around the king in death as they did in life—and he who will see them there in Westminster may do so on payment of one shilling and sixpence. This fee is taken by a poor little custodian, whose inherited office it is to exhibit the distinguished dead, and who in doing so chatters their names and deeds as if showing a cabinet of wax figures. I gladly look at such a sight, which makes me realise that the great ones of the earth are not immortal; therefore I did not regret my eighteenpence, and as I left Westminster I said to the verger, "I am content with your exhibition, and I would gladly pay double if the collection were complete."

That is the whole story. Until all of England's aristocracy shall be gathered to their fathers—until the collection in Westminster be completed—the strife of the people with that of the aristocracy of birth will not be settled, and the alliance of the citizens of France with England will remain doubtful.

We will in another article set forth on this subject our bitterest needs, and determine by a comparison of the spirit of the two races and that

of their rulers the limits to which the French may trust the British. Meanwhile we refer our readers to the profound and clever essays which the *National* has for some time published on the subject. The present number of this newspaper is, next to the writings referred to, best worthy of consideration.[1]

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[1] This final passage is omitted in the French version.

V.

PARIS, *March* 25, 1832.

THE Belgian campaign, the blockade of Lisbon, and the capture of Ancona are the three characteristic heroic deeds with which the *juste milieu* manifests to the world its power, its wisdom, and its grandeur; while in the Department of the Interior it gathers as glorious laurels beneath the pillars of the Palais Royal or at Lyons and Grenoble. France never stood so low before in foreign eyes, not even in the days of a Pompadour and of a Dubarry. People now perceive that there is something even more lamentable than the rule of royal-kept mistresses. There is more honour to be found in the boudoir of a *femme galante* than in the counting-house of a banker.[1] Even in the oratory of Charles IX. natural dignity was not so utterly lost sight of,

[1] A saying with little sense or truth; but Heine never lost an opportunity to compliment Venus-Lorette. He professed to regard his uncle Solomon, the banker, as the most honourable man living, while in many passages he manifests a deep conviction that all gay women are utterly unprincipled.

and from it went forth the conquest of Algiers. And that our humiliation may be complete, this conquest is to be resigned—this last rag of the honour of France is to be sacrificed to the delusion of an alliance with England.[1] As if the vain hope of it had not already cost enough! On account of this alliance the French must bear the blame, and toil not only on the fort of Ancona, but on the plains of Belgium and under the walls of Lisbon. And should Lord Grey fall, England will ask yet more; but with him will fall Casimir Perier. Both keep themselves upright by their mutual tendency to tumble down, like two drunkards who remain standing by leaning one against the other.

In the interior embarrassments and inconsistencies have reached such a pitch that even a German would lose his patience over them. The French at present resemble those of the damned in the hell of Dante, whose state has become so intolerable that they wish to be freed from it at any cost, though it should be for something worse. This explains why the Republicans would prefer Legitimacy, and the Legitimists the Republic to the mud-hole of a *juste milieu* which lies between, and in which both are now friends.

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[1] The passage following, until the words "in the interior," is omitted in the French version.

A common torture binds them both in one; they share not the same heaven, but the same hell, and there we hear them howl, amid weeping and wailing and the gnashing of teeth, "Vive la République!" "Vive Henri V.!"[1]

The partisans of the Ministry, that is to say, people in place, the bankers, owners of real estate, and shopkeepers, increase the very general discontent by declaring, with a smile, that we are all living in perfect peace, that that thermometer of popular prosperity, the *Fonds*, has risen, and that we have this winter seen in Paris more balls than ever, while the Opera attained its zenith. This was truly the case, for such people have the means to give balls, and they danced to show that France is prosperous; they danced for their system, for the peace and repose of Europe—they wanted, in fact, to dance stocks up, and foot it

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[1] This is a very interesting passage, as giving a clue to the association and transmission of thought and the origin of one of Heine's best epigrams. The damned in Dante's Inferno wishing for a change, suggested a memory of the hell of mud, and the comparison of the *juste milieu* to a *bourbier*, in which both parties arrived at mutual toleration and understanding, which is the basis of the epigram:—

"Seldom did we know each other,
Seldom were we understood,
But our souls soon came together
When we met in filth and mud."

—*Translator.*

à la hausse. It is very true that very often the merriest *entrechats* or fancy figurings were interrupted by the diplomatic corps bringing all kinds of Job's messages from Belgium, Spain, England, and Italy, but they allowed no sign of disturbance to show itself, and danced while in despair all the more wildly, as did Aline, the Queen of Golconda, who swept on in her apparently absorbing, intoxicating waltz while the chorus of eunuchs continued to announce with shuddering voices one disaster after the other. All of this folk were dancing for their *rentes* or incomes; the more moderate they were, the wilder was their dance; and the fattest and most virtuous bankers whirled in the *valse infernale* —the infamous round of the nuns in *Robert le Diable.* Meyerbeer achieved also something unheard of by keeping captive or constant the fickle Parisians for a whole winter. The multitude still crowd to the Académie Royale de la Musique to see *Robert le Diable;* but the enthusiastic Meyerbeerians will pardon me when I say that many are attracted not so much by the music as by the political meaning of the opera libretto. Robert the Devil, son of a devil as reprobate as Philippe d'Egalité, and of a princess as pious as was the daughter of Penthièvre, is impelled to evil, or the Revolution, by the spirit of his father, and by that of his mother to good—

that is to say, to the *ancien régime*. These two natures battle in his being; he swims between the two opposing principles, he is the *juste milieu*. In vain do the infernal voices from the gulf of hell[1] endeavour to draw him into "the movement;" in vain is he called by the spirits of the Convention who rise like Revolutionary nuns from their tombs; in vain does Robespierre, under the figure of Madame Taglioni, give him the accolade or stroke of knighthood—he resists all attacks, all temptations; he is led by the love of a princess of the Two Sicilies who is very pious, to becoming the same, so that at last we behold him in the bosom of the Church, amid the buzzing and droning of priests, and in clouds of incense. I cannot refrain from remarking by the way, that during the first representation of this opera, it happened, by a mistake of the machinist, that the trap-door on which the old father-devil had sunk into hell was not bolted, and that the devil-son soon after, by inadvertently stepping on it, went down into the depths after his parent.

Since so much has been said in the Chamber of Deputies of this opera, or of Robert the Devil, mention of it is not out of place in these pages. The incidents of society are here by no means of

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[1] *Wolfschluchtstimmen*. The voices of the Wolf's Ravine. In reference to the incantation scene in *Der Freyschutz*.

political unimportance, and I can now well understand how Napoleon, even in Moscow, busied himself with regulating the theatres in Paris. These have been during the late Carnival an object of special observation for Government, since at this time its attention is especially awakened, there being great fear of the misuse of masks and of an *émeute* on Shrove Tuesday. We have seen in Grenoble how easily a masquerade can afford opportunity for such disorders, and last year Mardi Gras was celebrated by the destruction of the palace of the Archbishop.

Since this is my first winter in Paris, I cannot decide whether the Carnival of this year has been so brilliant as the Government boasts, or as wretched as the Opposition deplores. Even in such superficial trifles one cannot here come at the truth. For every party seeks but to deceive, so that we cannot trust our very eyes. One of my friends, a *juste-millionaire*,[1] was kind enough, on the last Mardi Gras, to guide me through Paris, that I might see with my own eyes how pros-

[1] A millionaire of the *juste milieu*, also in German "just a millionaire." Heine describes Rothschild in the *Reisebilder* as conversing "*famillionairly*." Our author was very much given to this, which may be described as the *agglutinative* form of joke, manufactured by piecing together parts of words. It is carried to the highest possible development in the American Red Indian languages.—*Translator.*

perous and gay the people were. The same day he sent forth all his servants, giving them express orders to be extremely happy. Delightedly he clasped me by the arm, and ran delighted with me through the streets, and now and then burst into loud laughter. By the Porte Saint-Martin there lay on the damp pavement a death-pale, hoarsely-coughing man, of whom the crowd said that he was dying of hunger. But my companion assured me that this man died of hunger every day in another street, and got his living by it, being paid for it by the Carlists, in order that the mob by such a sight might be goaded against the Government. It would appear, however, that this cannot be a very remunerative calling, because such numbers of those who follow it actually starve to death. There is this which is remarkable as regards dying for want of food, which is that we should see daily many thousands of people in such a state if they could endure it longer. But generally after three days without food the poor sufferers perish. One after the other are silently interred and hardly noticed.

"See how happy the people are!" remarked my companion, showing me the many carriages full of maskers, who hurrahed and indulged in merriest madness. The Boulevards did indeed present a marvellously gay and brilliant sight, recalling the old proverb, "Quand le bon Dieu s'ennuie dans

le ciel, il ouvre la fenêtre et regarde les boulevards de Paris."[1] But it seemed to me as if there were more gens d'armes or policemen about than were actually required for peaceful joys. A Republican whom I met quite spoiled my sport by assuring me that most of the masks who played so merrily were paid to sport, by the police, so that there might be no complaint that the people were not joyful. How far this was true I will not decide, the masked men and women seemed extremely sincere in their gaiety, and if over and above this they were paid for it by the police, it was certainly very kind of the latter.[2] What might have indicated its influence was the language of the masked

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[1] "When the good Lord in heaven is bored,
He opens the window and looks down
On a Parisian boulevard."

[2] A curious book might be written on the subject of gaiety and dissipation created for purely political purposes. Introduced by Napoleon I., it was further developed by Louis Philippe, and carried to an extreme by Louis Napoleon, under whose rule the *Bal Mabille* and other haunts which had once been "fast" were kept going with hired lorettes and rehearsed can-cans until the whole affair became lugubrious. The carnivals in Italy until 1847, with many other festas, were almost entirely sustained to keep the people "ignorant and happy," that is, to prevent them from meddling with politics. The proof of this was seen in the fact that as soon as Italy was free, the Carnival and similar shows became at once extremely thin, according to the saying: *perdidisti vinum, infusa aqua*—that is, as the intoxicating wine of dissipation disappeared, it was replaced by the cold sober water of common-sense.—*Translator.*

common fellows and *filles publiques*, who, in hired court-dresses, with beauty-plasters on their rouged faces, parodied the aristocratic manners of the preceding *régime*, gave themselves grand Carlist titles, and fanned and spread themselves[1] in such courtly style that I involuntarily recalled the dignified festivities which I as a boy had the honour of beholding from the upper gallery, there being only this difference, that the *poissardes* or fishwives of Paris spoke better French than the cavaliers and noble ladies of my native land.[2]

To do justice to the latter, I confess that the *Bœuf Gras* or fatted ox of this year would not have caused the least sensation or attracted any attention in Germany. A German would have laughed at the insignificant creature whose im-

[1] "Und sich dabe so hoffährtig fächerten und spreizten." French—"Se pavanaient avec des mimes de cœur." The American term "to spread oneself" expresses to perfection both the French *se pavaner*, "to peacock," and the German *spreizen.—Translator.*

[2] A *fade* joke which Heine repeats in all his prose works, so that it appears to have been to him an endless joy to reflect that even uneducated French people spoke their own native language better than foreigners, which is, however, really not very remarkable. The illustration of the *poissardes* is, however, unfortunate, for the French which they speak is *not*, "taking it all round," nearly so good as that which one generally hears from respectable Germans, as the reader may verify for himself from a small work entitled *La Poissarde*, the language of which would not be intelligible to an ordinary French lady.—*Translator.*

mensity was here so generally admired. During an entire week the smaller journals abounded in allusions to the poor ox, and one heard everywhere the standing joke that he was *gros, gras et bête,* while in caricatures the procession of this half-fatted ox was parodied most disgustingly. It was indeed said that this year the *cortège* would be forbidden, but on happy second thought it was allowed. *La marche du bœuf gras* is now almost the only one remaining of so many popular jokes.[1] The throne of absolute autocracy (*den absoluten Thron*), the *Parc aux Cerfs*,[2] Christianity, the Bastile, and other similar institutions of the good old time, were destroyed by the Revolution—only the ox remains. So he is led in triumph through the town, crowned with flowers, amid the butchers' men, who are generally clad in helmets and armour, who have inherited from knights of yore, as their next of kin, this iron rubbish.

It is easy enough to understand the meaning of public masquerades, but much more difficult to understand the secret mumming which meets us everywhere under all circumstances. This higher and greater Carnival begins with the year and ends on the 31st of December. Its most brilliant

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[1] *Volkspässen.* This is more piquant than the tame French *divertissements nationaux,* as appears by its application in the next sentence.—*Translator.*

[2] In the German original, *Parc des cerfs.*

masked balls (*Redouten*) are to be seen in the Palais Bourbon, in the Luxembourg, and the Tuileries. Not only in the Chamber of Deputies, but also in that of the Peers and in the royal cabinet there is played an abominable comedy, which will perhaps end as a tragedy. The men of the Opposition, who only keep on playing the comedy of the time of the Restoration, are masked Republicans, who, with evident irony or plain repugnance, act as apparent aids (*comparses*) to royalty. The peers now play the part of men who have not inherited office but earned it by merit;[1] yet when we look behind their masks we generally find the well-known noble faces, and however modern their attire may be, they are still the heirs of the old aristocracy, and they still bear the names which recall the ancient horrors (*misère*), so that we even find among them a Dreux-Brézé, of whom the *National* remarks that he is only famous for a good retort which he once made to one of his ancestors.[2] As for Louis Philippe, he always

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[1] "Die Pairs spielen jetzt die Rolle von unerblichen, durch Verdienstberufenen Amtsleuten." In French—"Les pairs jouent maintenant le rôle de fonctionnaires viagers, choisis à cause de leur merite." Many such passages in these letters seem to indicate a French original.

[2] *Vorfahren.* In the French version—"Un Dreux-Brézé, dont le *National* dit qu'il n'est remarquable que par une belle réponse qui fut fait à son père."

plays his part of *roi-citoyen*, and wears the citizen dress appropriate to it; but it is generally known that under his modest felt hat he wears an altogether unpretentious (*unmassgebliche*) crown of the usual pattern, and that in his umbrella he hides the most absolute sceptre. It is only when their nearest and dearest interests are discussed, or when some stinging word awakes their ire, that these men forget their studied parts and show themselves as they really are. These interests are, first of all, those of a pecuniary nature, and all must yield to them, as may be seen in the discussion of the Budget. The sarcasms by which the Republican feeling betrayed itself in the Chamber of Deputies are well known. The discussions of the word *sujet* were not so insignificant and casual as they have in Germany been supposed to be. This expression, even in the beginning of the first Revolution, caused *expectorations* by which the Republican spirit of the age expressed itself. How men raged when this word once accidentally escaped in a speech by poor Louis XVI.! As a comparison with this our time, I have read the journals of those days, and the tone of 1790 has not grown feebler (*verhallt*), but nobler. Nor are the Philippistes devoid of guile when they by such sarcasms irritate the Opposition. They took good care last year not to call the Tuileries the *chateau*, and the *Moniteur* was expressly directed to speak

of it as the palace. Subsequently this was not so strictly observed. Now they are more daring, and the *Debats* writes about "the court"—*la cour!* "We are going full speed backward to the Restoration," said to me a too-susceptible friend, when he read that the sister of the King is called "Madame." Such distrust borders on the ridiculous.

"And we are going still farther back to the Restoration!" cried the same friend, since then pale with fright. For he had seen something horrible at a soirée, which was a beautiful young lady with powdered hair! To tell the truth, it was really very becoming; the blonde locks seemed to be lightly touched with frost, and the warm and fresh flowers peeped out from them with a more touching loveliness. The lady of whom I speak is Madam Lelion, wife of the Belgian ambassador, and she is an enchanting Flemish beauty, who would seem to have stepped out of a picture by Rubens.

"The Twenty-first of January" was in like manner the retort by which, in the Chamber of Peers, disguised hereditary passion and the boldest aristocracy revealed themselves. What I had long foreseen then came to pass. The aristocracy bore and behaved itself as if specially privileged to bewail the death of Louis XVI., and it mocked the French people by maintaining the

decree of a day of expiation which Louis XVIII., that regal agent of the Holy Alliance, had laid on the whole French people. The 21st of December was a day when the regicide people should stand before Nôtre Dame in sackcloth and ashes, candle in hand, as a terror and warning to surrounding races. The Deputies justly voted for the abolition of a law which tended far more to humiliate the French than to console them for the national disaster which befell them on the 21st January 1793. The Chamber of Peers, by refusing to repeal the law, betrayed its irreconcilable grudge against Young France, and unmasked all its aristocratic *vendetta* against the children of the Revolution and the Revolution itself. The lifelong lords of the Luxembourg fought not so much for the vital interests of the day as against the principles of the Revolution. For this reason they did not reject the law proposed by Briqueville; they degraded their honour and suppressed their raging disaffection. That proposition in no degree concerned the principles of the Revolution; but the Law of Divorce could not be admitted, for it is thoroughly of a revolutionary nature, as every thoroughly Catholic gentleman can understand.

The schism which developed itself on this occasion between the Chamber of Deputies and the peerage will have the most lamentable results. It is said that the King is beginning to foresee its

meaning, and the disaster which it will entail. That is the natural consequence of that half-way policy, that vacillating between heaven and hell, or of that Robert-the-devilish just-milieuism. Louis Philippe should beware[1] lest he should unguardedly tread upon a loose trap-door, for he stands on most uncertain ground. He has by his own fault lost his best support. He has committed the common error of hesitating, half-hearted men, who wish to be well with their enemies, and so offend their friends. He cajoled the aristocracy who hate him, and angered the people who were his best reliance. His sympathy for the hereditary rights of the peerage has alienated from him many hearts in this France who yearn for equality, and his trouble with the privileged for life will cause the former much malicious joy. But it is only when the question rises, "What was it that the Revolution of July meant?" that the mocking discontent disappears, and gloomy anger breaks forth in threatening speech. That is the most biting of the sarcasms which bursts forth to light when both parties drop disguise altogether. I believe that we could wake from their slumber

[1] The following here occurs in the original letter to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*:—"As Nourrit, when he acted Robert the Devil, on the first performance of the opera, fell through a trap in the stage by which his father had descended to hell, so should Louis Philippe beware," &c.—*Note by the German Editor.*

the dead of the Great Week who lie buried under the walls of the Louvre, should one ask them if the men of the Revolution of July really wanted nothing more than what the Opposition demanded in the Chamber during the Restoration. Such was in fact the definition which the Ministry and its men gave of the Revolution during the most recent debates. We can perceive how pitiful this explanation was in itself when we recall that the Opposition has since confessed that it merely played a comedy during the whole period of the Restoration. How can there then be any question here of any precise or exact manifestations? Even that which the populace cried during the three days amid the thunder of cannon was not the exact expression of its will, as the Philippistes subsequently declared. The cry *Vive la Charte!* which was afterwards interpreted as a general desire to maintain the Charte, was really nothing but a rallying word or signal which served as a *signe de ralliment*. We should not attach too exact a meaning to every expression which men use in such circumstances. This is true for every revolution made by the people. Then came invariably "the men of the morrow," who pick out and peel words, finding in them only the letter which kills, and not the spirit which giveth life. Yet it is the former, not the latter, which we must seek, for the populace understand as little of the meaning of words as of their

practical application. They understand only acts and facts or needs and deeds, and by these they speak. Such a deed was the Revolution of July, and this consists not merely in the fact that Charles X. was driven from the Tuileries to Holyrood, and that Louis Philippe took his place; such a personal change was of no consequence to any one except the porter of the palace. The people in banishing Charles X. saw in him only the representative of the aristocracy, such as he had shown himself all his life since 1788, when in his quality as prince of the blood-royal he declared in a presentation to Louis XVI. that a prince was before all things a nobleman,[1] that as such he nationally belonged to the *corps de la noblesse*, and must consequently defend its rights before all other interests. But in Louis Philippe the people saw a man whose father had recognised citizenly equality even in his name,[2] a man who had himself fought for freedom at Valmy and Jemappes, who from his earliest youth had ever had the words *liberté, egalité*, freedom and equality, in his mouth, and who, in opposition to his own kin, had put himself forward as a representative of democracy.

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[1] "Dass ein Fürst vor Allem Edelmann sei." In the French version—"Qu'un prince était *gentilhomme* avant tout." The latter is correct and gives the point to what follows.—*Translator.*

[2] Philippe d'Egalité.

How gloriously he gleamed in the glow of the sun of July, which rayed his head as with an aureole, and even cast such splendour over his faults that we were even blinded more by them than by his virtues. Valmy and Jemappes was the patriotic refrain which ran through all his speeches, and he caressed the tri-coloured flag like a lady-love long lost and found again. He stood on the balcony of the Palais Royale, and beat time with his hand to the Marseillaise which the mob sang below, and he was altogether the son of Equality, of Egalité, the *soldat tricolore* of freedom, as he had himself sang by Delavigne in the *Parisienne*, and painted by Horace Vernet in the pictures which were so significantly placed on exhibition in the chambers of the Palais Royale. The multitude always had free access to them, and there they wandered about on Sundays, and were amazed to see how citizen-like everything looked in contrast to the Tuileries, where no poor common person could come in. And they regarded with special delight the picture in which Louis Philippe is represented standing as a school-master in Switzerland before a globe teaching children geography.[1] The good folks wondered

[1] It is also said that he gave lessons in French in Philadelphia, wherewith there is also a romance; to all of which Heine would doubtless have done the fullest injustice had he ever heard of it.—*Translator.*

at thinking how much he must have learned himself while so doing; but what people now say is that all he learned was to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*—to make the best of bad luck, and to think entirely too much of money. The glory from his head hath passed away, and all men see in it is but a pear.

That pear is always the permanent standing joke of the people in sarcastic publications and caricatures. The former, especially *Le Revenant*, *Les Cancans*, *Le Brid'Oison*, *La Mode*, and whatever such Carlistic vermin may be called, maltreat the King with an insolence which is the more revolting because it is well known that the noble Faubourg pays their expenses. It is said that the Queen often reads them and weeps. The poor lady receives them through the unwearied zeal of those worst of enemies who are to be found as good friends in all great families.[1]

The pear, as before said, is a standing joke, and hundreds of caricatures in which it is seen hang everywhere. In one is depicted Perier on the platform, holding in one hand a pear, which he offers at auction to all seated round, and knocks down to the highest bidder for eighteen millions. There again is a monstrous

[1] The nineteen lines following are omitted in the French version.

pear lying like a nightmare (*Alf*) on the breast of the slumbering Lafayette, who, as we see in writing on the wall, is dreaming of the best republic. And we may also behold Perier and Sebastiani, the former clad as Pierrot, the latter as a tri-coloured harlequin, wading through the deepest mud, bearing on their shoulders a staff from which hangs an immense pear. The young Henri appears as a pious pilgrim with cockle-shelled hat and staff, on which hangs a pear as if it were a decapitated head.[1]

I do not in very truth defend the indecency of these wretched caricatures, least of all when they attack the person of the Prince; but their incessant multitude is a popular voice,[2] and it means something. Such pictures are in a way pardonable when, without intending to offend the individual, they censure a deception by which the people have been duped. Then the effect is without limit. Since a caricature appeared in which a tri-coloured parrot replies continually to every question, "Valmy" or "Jemappes," Louis

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[1] I have not seen the original of this picture, but I think it more likely that as a pear is exactly of the same shape as a gourd, from which pilgrims' bottles were commonly made (I have such a gourd before me as I write), this was the motive here referred to.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Mais leur foule incessante est *peut-être* une voix du peuple."

Philippe no longer repeats those words so frequently as he was wont to do; for he felt, in truth, that there was a promise in them, and he who had them ever in his mouth could seek for no quasi-legitimacy, nor maintain aristocratic institutions, nor beg for peace, nor allow any one to insult France without punishment, nor leave the liberties of other lands to their hangmen. It is necessary that Louis Philippe should base upon the confidence of the people that throne which the confidence of the people bestowed on him. He must surround it with republican institutions, as he promised to do, according to the testimony of the most blameless citizen of the two worlds.[1] The lies of the Charte should be destroyed, Valmy and Jemappes become a truth, and Louis Philippe fulfil what his whole life has symbolically promised. As he did once before in Switzerland, so must he now again step as schoolmaster before the globe, and publicly declare, "See these beautiful countries, all their inhabitants are free and equal, and if you small folk do not remember it, you will catch a switching."[2] Yes, Louis Philippe should have

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[1] Lafayette. This sentence is omitted in the French version, which omission is not noticed by the German editor.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Retenez bien cela, vous autres petites bons hommes, si non vous aurez des palettes,"—*i.e.*, a spanking. —*Translator.*

advanced at the head of European freedom, have identified its interests with his own, and, as one of his predecessors said boldly, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" so should he say with greater confidence, "*La liberté, c'est moi!*"

He has not done it. Let us await the consequences. They are inevitable, although it is impossible to fix the time when they will come to pass.[1] We are told to be on our guard when the fine days of spring shall come to us. The Carlists think that the new throne will last till autumn; should it not have fallen then, it may hold good for four or five years. The Republicans will not commit themselves to close predictions. It is enough, they say, that the future is ours. And there they are probably in the right; for though they have been hitherto always the dupes of Carlists and Bonapartists, the time may come

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[1] Here Heine again appears at his best as a political prophet. It would, however, seem as if at the moment when he uttered this he had seen *a white horse*, which, according to the lore of Italian witchcraft, means that a *certain* thing, *e.g.* a prediction, will inevitably come to pass, but not until after long delay. And the white horse also means a champion for the people, as was predicted of the celebrated Crescentius. Napoleon III. always declared that he appeared in this light, so to speak, as a white horse, though he eventually turned out to be a very dark one. But what is truly remarkable as regards Heine is that he, with very great accuracy, indicated the causes which led to the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848.—*Translator.*

when the activity of both the latter parties will prove to have been all to the profit of the Republicans. And they rely all the more on this energy of their enemies, not being able themselves to act on the masses either with money or by sympathy. But gold is now flowing in streams from the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and whatever is for sale is bought. Unfortunately, there is always in the market in Paris a great deal of such ware as they want, and it is believed that the Carlists have made a great advance during the past month.[1] Many men who have always had great influence upon the people are said to have been won over. The pious machinations and movements of the black-robed gentry in the provinces are notorious, gliding and slipping and hissing softly everywhere, and lying in the name of God. The picture of the miracle-brat[1] is everywhere exhibited, generally in the most sentimental attitudes. Here he is on his knees praying for the prosperity of France and his unhappy subjects, in most touching fashion, and there he climbs the hills of Scotland, clad in Highland costume, without breeches.

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[1] French version—"L'on croit que les Carlistes ont fait beaucoup d'emplettes de ce genre," i.e., made many purchases. Here we have probably the original text.—*Translator.*

[2] *Mirakeljunger.* French—*Mioche du miracle.* The wondrous boy, or the miraculous child, as the infant Henry V. was called.—*Translator.*

"*Matin!*" (the cur!) said a workman who was looking with me at the picture before a print-shop. "On le représente sans-culotte, mais nous savons bien qu'il est jésuite." In a similar work of art he is seen weeping with his little sister, and beneath are these sentimental lines:—

> "Oh! que j'ai douce souvenance
> Du beau pays de mon enfance," &c.

Songs and poems of every kind in praise of the young Henry circulate in great numbers, and are well paid for.[1] As there was once a Jacobite poetry in England, so France has now its Carlistic.

But the Bonapartist poetry is far more significant, weighty, and threatening to the Government. There is not a grisette in Paris who does not sing and feel the songs of Beranger. The people best understand this Bonaparte poetry, the poets speculate on it, and other people in their turn on them.[2]

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[1] "Und sie werden gut bezahlt." Omitted in the French version. It would seem to have been absolutely impossible for any French artist or poet, in the beginning of this century, to be in the least degree pathetic or sentimental without becoming supremely silly, and the acme of this *niaiserie* and affectation was reached in these "Henridicules," which are still to be found in abundance in old printshops.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Et c'est là-dessus que spéculent les poëtes, les petits et les grands, qui exploitent l'enthousiasme de la foule au profit de leur popularité. Par exemple, Victor Hugo, dont la lyre résonne encore du chant du sacre de Charles X., se

Victor Hugo is now writing a grand heroic poem on the old Napoleon and the paternal relatives of the younger one, in correspondence with such popular poets as are known to be the Tyrtæuses of Bonapartism, in the hope of turning to profit at the right time their inspiring lyrics.[1]

It is generally believed that "the son of the man" need only appear to put an end to the present Government. We know that the name of Napoleon enraptures the people and disarms the army, but the most sagacious and sincere democrats are by no means inclined to join in the general homage. The name of Napoleon is unquestionably dear to them, because it has almost become synonymous with the fame of France and the victory of the tricolour. In Napoleon they see the son of the Revolution; in young Reichstadt only the son of an emperor, the recognition of whom would be acknowledging or rendering homage to the principle of legitimacy, which would certainly be ridiculously illogical.[2] And quite as absurd is the opinion that the son, even

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met à présent à célébrer l'empereur avec cette hardiesse romantique qui characterise son génie." This is all wanting in the first French version.—*Translator.*

[1] This passage is omitted from the French version, without observation from the German editor.—*Translator.*

[2] Omitted in the French version. There are also trivial deviations or differences between the French and German texts in the following passage.—*Translator.*

if he should not attain the greatness of his father, is still certainly not quite out of his kind, and must always be a little Napoleon! A small Napoleon! As if the column of the Place Vendôme did not by its greatness alone awaken our admiration! It is because it is so great and strong that the people support themselves by it in these vague and tottering times, when the Vendôme pillar is the only thing in France which stands firmly.

Round this column all the thoughts of the people turn. It is for them an imperishable iron book of history, in which they read their own heroic deeds.[1] But there lives especially, in their memory, the infamous manner in which the statue of this column was treated by the Germans —how they sawed away the feet from the poor Emperor, and tied a rope round his neck as if he were a thief, and tore him down from his height. The good Germans did their duty. Every one has his mission on this earth, a mission which he unconsciously accomplishes, and leaves behind him a symbol that it has been fulfilled.[2] So

[1] French version—"Elle est le livre impérissable de son histoire, sa chronique *d'airain*." Which is certainly more correct from a metallic point of view.—*Translator.*

[2] A nonsensical fatalistic "utterance," which has been immensely popular, especially in America. If we are all specially destined unto what we do, it is a great pity that so many are specially planned to make fools of themselves, or, in fact, to misbehave in any way.—*Translator.*

Napoleon was destined to gain in every country the victory of Revolution, but, forgetful of this mission, he would fain glorify himself by his victory, and so, egoistically sublime, he placed his own image on the trophies conquered by the Revolution, or on the many melted cannon of the column of the Place Vendôme. And then the Germans had the mission to avenge the Revolution, and to tear down the Emperor from the usurped eminence on that pillar. Only the tricoloured flag is appropriate to this place, and since the days of July it floats there victorious and full of promise.[1] If after a time Napoleon should be replaced on the Vendôme column, he will no longer stand there as Emperor or as Cæsar, but as a representative of the Revolution, absolved by adversity and purified by death, or as an emblem of the all-conquering power of the people.

As I have spoken of the young Napoleon and the young Henri, I must also mention the young Duke of Orleans. In the printshops we generally see the three hung in a row, and our pamphleteers are ever busy in discussing these three strange

[1] French version—"Depuis la révolution de juillet le drapeau tricolore a pris provisoirement la place de l'empereur sur la colonne, et il y flotte victorieux et plein d'avenir." There is much of a strange spirit of unconscious prophecy and truth in these remarks.—*Translator.*

legitimacies. That the latter is a leading theme of public gossip, speaks for itself. It is far too vague and profitless to be discussed here. The least information as to the personal peculiarities of the Duke of Orleans seems to me to be more important, because so many interests of deepest importance are attached to his personality. The most practical question is not whether he has the right to ascend the throne, but whether he has the power to do so; whether his party can rely on this strength, and what—since he in any event must play a prominent part—is to be expected of his character? As regards the latter, opinions are opposed, and even "different." Some say that the Duke of Orleans is quite narrow-minded, dull, and stupid;[1] that even in his family he is called *grand poulot;* that he is somewhat beset with Absolutist inclinations, and has at times mad attacks of ambition—as, for example, that he insisted with much obstinacy that his father during the workmen's *émeutes* should send him to Lyons, fearing that lest he did so the Duke de Reichstadt would be beforehand with him. Others declare, upon the other hand, that His Royal Highness the Crown Prince is all kind-heartedness, goodwill, and modesty; that he is very

[1] French version—"Les uns, adversaires décidés de la nouvelle dynastie, disent que le duc d'Orleans est tout à fait borné."

sensible, having had a most befitting education and admirable instruction; that he is full of courage, honourable feeling, and love of freedom, as he has often earnestly begged his father to adopt a liberal system; that he is altogether devoid of trick or vice—in fine, that he is amiability itself, and that the only vengeance which he inflicts on his enemies is to whisk away from them at a ball the prettiest partners. I need not say that the favourable opinion is from the dependents of the dynasty, and the unfavourable from its foes, and the one is worth about as much as the other.[1]

I cannot really give any very exact information regarding this young prince beyond what I have seen myself, and I know nothing of him beyond his personal appearance. To speak truthfully, I must declare that he looks well.[2] He is rather tall, and without being absolutely lean is certainly slender, with a long narrow head on a long neck, with equally long and noble features, and bold and free brow, a straight, well-proportioned nose, a fine fresh mouth, with gently arched imploring (*bittenden*) lips, small, bluish, very unimpressive (*unbedeutende*), thoughtless eyes, like small triangles,

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[1] French version—"Le premier jugement est dicté par la malveillance. Est-ce que l'autre serait plus vrai? Je le soupçonne."

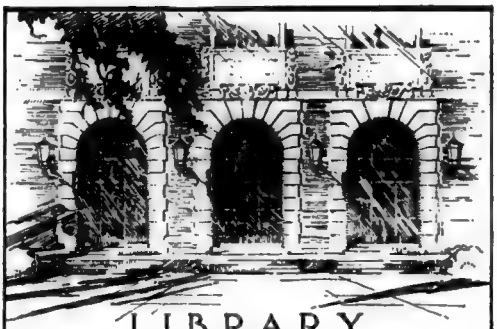
[2] *Er sieht gut aus.* In the French version, *il a l'air aimable.*

brown hair and light blonde side-whiskers, which meet under the chin, enclosing almost like a golden frame the rosy, healthy, blooming, youthful face. I think that I can read in the lineaments of this form a future, and yet not one too happy or cheerful. At best this young man is destined to a great martyrdom, for he will be king. If he does not see with clear intelligence (*mit dem Geiste*) through future events, he seems at least to forebode them instinctively; the animal nature or that of the body appears to be occupied with gloomy presentiments, whence a certain melancholy is apparent in him. He at times lets his long narrow head sink from his long neck as if in sad reverie. His gait is sleepy and slow, as of a man who fears to arrive too early, and his speech is drawling or in short accents, as if in half slumber. In this lies the melancholy referred to, or rather the melancholy indication (*Signatur*) of the future. In other respects his external appearance is rather simply citizen-like. This characteristic is the more marked because the contrary is apparent in his brother, the Duke de Nemours. The latter [1] is a handsome,

[1] French version—"Celui-ci est un jeune et joli garçon à la tournure aisée, svelte sans être grand, d'une complexion délicate en apparance, petite figure blanche et fine, regard spirituel; nez legérèment courbé a la Bourbon; un fair blondin d'antique et noble souche." The German appears to be, in all this letter, translated from the French.—*Translator.*

very clever (*gescheiter*) youth, tall, but not stout, extremely well formed, a pale dainty little face, an intelligent and quick glance, a rather aquiline Bourbon nose—he is altogether a fine blonde (*Blondin*) of ancient noble appearance. He has not the arrogant traits of a Hanoverian rural noble (*Krautjunker*, French *gentillâtre*), but a certain air of distinction in deportment and behaviour such as is only found in the most cultivated higher nobility. As this kind daily diminishes in number or deteriorates by misalliances, the aristocratic exterior of the Duke de Nemours is all the more remarkable. I once heard some one say regarding him, "That face will, in the course of a few years, make a great sensation in America." [1]

[1] An intimation that in due time his father and the royal family would be expelled from France.—*Translator.*



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HEINRICH HEINE

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FRENCH AFFAIRS

I

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VI.

PARIS, *April* 19, 1832.

I WILL not borrow from the workshops of political parties their common vulgar rule wherewith to measure men and things, still less will I determine their greatness or value by dreamy private feelings, but I will contribute as much as possible impartially to the intelligence of the present, and seek the solution of the stormy, noisy enigma of the day in the past. Saloons lie, graves speak the truth. But ah! the dead, those cold reciters of history, speak in vain to the raging multitude, who only understand the language of passion.

Yet certainly the saloons do not lie with deliberate intention. The society of those in power really believes in its eternal duration, when the annals of universal history, the fiery *Mene tekel* of the daily journals, and even the loud voice of the people in the streets, cry aloud their warnings. Nor do the coteries of the Opposition utter predetermined falsehoods; they believe that they are sure to conquer, just as men always believe in what they most desire; they intoxicate themselves with

the champagne of their hopes, interpret every mischance as a necessary occurrence which must bring them nearer to their goal, their confidence flashes most brilliantly on the eve of their downfall, and the messenger of justice who officially announces to them their defeat generally finds them quarrelling as to their share in the bear's skin.[1] Hence the one-sided errors—*ces erreurs d'idée fixe*—which we cannot escape when we stand too near to one or the other party; either deceives, yet does it unaware, and we confide most willingly in those who think as we do. But if we are by chance of such indifferent nature that we, without special predilection, keep in continual intercourse with all, then we are bewildered by the perfect self-confidence of either party, and our judgment is neutralised in the most depressing manner. There are indeed such all-indifferent men who have no true opinions of their own, who take no part in questions of the time, who only wish to learn what may be going on, to gather all the gossip of saloons, and retail all the *chronique scandaleuse* of one party to the other.[2] The result of such indifferentism is that they see everywhere only persons

[1] In allusion to the fable in Æsop of the hunters who quarrelled as to the bear's skin before they had killed the bear.

[2] "Die chronique scandaleuse jeder partie bei der andern auf gabeln." French—"À colporter dans chaque parti la chronique scandaleuse de l'autre."

and not principles (*Dinge*), or rather that they see in principles only persons,[1] and so prophesy the ruin of the first, because they have perceived the weakness of the latter, and thereby lead their constituents or those who believe in them (*Kommittenten*) into most serious errors and mistakes.

I cannot refrain from calling special attention to the false relationship[2] which now exists in France between *things* (that is, spiritual and material interests) and persons (*i.e.*, the representatives of these). This was quite different at the end of the last century, when man towered so colossally to the height of things, so that they form in the history of the Revolution at the same time an heroic age, and as such are now celebrated, worshipped, and loved by our Repub-

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[1] *Dinge, choses,* "things." A word far too generally and loosely applied both in French and German, as in the present instance. This was satirised in the Breitmann Ballads :—

> " O vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?
> Und vot ish man's sookcess ?
> Und vot ish various kinds of dings ?
> Und vot is happiness ? "

It is an amusing instance of Heine's remarkably quick perception, as well as of his very frequent disposition to let errors stand rather than take the trouble to correct them, that in the next sentence he gives these "dings" a definition in parenthesis. —*Translator.*

[2] French version, *disproportion.*

lican youth.[1] Or are we in this respect deceived by the same error which we find in Madame Roland, who bewails so bitterly in her Memoirs that there was not among the men of her time one of importance? The worthy lady did not know her own greatness, nor did she observe that her contemporaries were indeed great enough when they were in nought inferior to her as regards intellectual stature. The whole French people has to-day grown so mightily that we are perhaps unjust to its public representatives, who do not rise so markedly from the mob, yet who are not on that account to be considered as small. We cannot see the forests for the trees.[2] In Germany we see the country, a terrible jungle of scraggy thicket and dwarf pines, and here and there a giant oak, whose head rises to the clouds—while down below the worms do gnaw its trunk.

To-day is the result of yesterday. We must find out what the former would ere we can find what it is the latter will have. The Revolu-

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This admirable sentence, in which the conception of *imperium in imperio* is so ingeniously paraphrased, is given rather feebly in French as "en sorte qu'ils formaient dans l'histoire de la revolution la temps héroïque."

[2] "Man kann jetzt vor lauter Wald die Bäume nicht sehen," a common German saying; in English, "He cannot see the wood for the leaves;" in French, "Tout étant devenu haute futaie il est impossible d'y distinguer les arbres isolés."—*Translator.*

tion is ever one and the same. It is not as the doctrinaires would have us think; it was not for the Charte that they fought in the great week, but for those same Revolutionary interests for which the best blood in France has been spilt for forty years. But that the author of these pages may not be mistaken merely for one of these holders-forth (*Prædicanten*), who understand by revolution only one overthrow after another, and who see in accidental occurrences that which is the spirit of the Revolution itself, I will here explain the main idea (*Hauptbegriff*) as accurately as I can.

When the intellectual developments or culture of a race are no longer in accord with its old established institutions, there results necessarily a combat in which the latter are overthrown, and which is called a revolution. Until this revolution is complete, until that reformation of institutions does not perfectly agree with the intellectual development and the habits and wants of the people, just so long the national malady (*Staatssiechthum*) is not perfectly cured, and the sickly and excited people will often relapse into the weakness of exhaustion, yet ever and anon be subject to attacks of burning fever, when they tear away the tightest bandages and the most soothing lint from the old wounds, throw the most benevolent, noblest nurses out of the window,

and roll about in agony until they finally find themselves in circumstances, that is, adapt themselves to institutions, which suit them better.

The question whether France is now at rest, or whether we are to anticipate new political changes, and finally what end it will all take, amounts to this —What motive had the French in beginning a revolution, and have they obtained what they desired? To aid the reply I will discuss the beginning of the Revolution in my next article. This will be a doubly profitable occupation, since, while endeavouring to explain the present by the past, it will at the same time be shown how the past is made clear and in mutual understanding with the present, and how every day new light is thrown upon it, of which our writers of historical hand-books had no idea. They believed that the acts of the history of the Revolution had come to an end, and they had uttered their last judgment over men and things, when all at once there thundered the cannons of the great week, and the faculty of Göttingen remarked that there had been an appeal from the decision of its academic senate (*academischen Spruchcollegium*) to a higher jurisdiction, and that not only the French special revolution was not finished, but that the far more comprehensive universal revolution had begun. How terrified must these peaceable people have been when they, one fine morning, put their

heads out of the window and beheld the overthrow of states and of their *compendia*, and the tones of the "Marseillaise" forced themselves into their ears despite their nightcaps. In fact, that in 1830 the tri-coloured flag fluttered for several days on the towers of Göttingen was a student's joke which universal history played on the eminently erudite Philistia of Georgia Augusta. In this all too serious age we have need of a few such cheerful incidents.[1]

So much for preface to an article which will busy itself with clearing up the past. The present is at this moment the most important, and the theme which it offers for discussion is of such a kind that further writing thereon especially depends on it.

I will give a fragment of the article which is here promised in an appendix. In another work the enlargement subsequently written may follow.[2]

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[1] This remark is a curious instance of intuition or prophetic spirit. When Heine wrote it, the *esprit gaulois* had manifested no sign whatever of decadence, and in England merry Dickens had not even begun to publish. But, with his usual perception, Heine felt that the "all too serious age" was coming, when the world was to put away childish things, and "take its amusements sadly," even in novels, as it is now doing.

[2] This sentence, as well as the Appendix to Letter VI., is wanting in the French version.—*Note by the German Editor.*

I was very much disturbed while writing this article, chiefly by the agonising cries of a neighbour who died of cholera, and I must here lay stress on the fact that the events of that time had a sad influence on the following pages. I am not indeed conscious that I was in the least troubled, but it is very disgusting when the whetting of the scythe of Death rings distinctly in our ears. A disorder or discomfort which was more physical than mental, for which nothing could be done, would have driven me from Paris, but then my best friend would have been left here alone, and seriously ill. I note this that my remaining in Paris may not be considered as a mere bravado. Only a fool would have found pleasure in braving the cholera. It was a reign of terror far more dreadful than the first, because the executions took place so rapidly and mysteriously.[1] It was a masked executioner who passed through Paris with an invisible *guillotine ambulante.* "We shall all be stuck into the sack, one after the other," said my servant, with a sigh,

[1] It might be here added that it was far more terrible, owing to the number of victims, since people died in Paris at the rate of from 1000 to 2000 *per diem*, as I remember to have heard at the time. There are not many of my readers who now remember the cholera of 1832 and its horrors. I can recall distinctly passing through New York when it was at its worst, and that the city seemed to be almost deserted.—*Translator.*

every morning, when he announced how many had died or the loss of some one known. The expression "stuck into the sack" was no mere figure of speech, for coffins were soon wanting, and the greater part of the dead were buried in bags. When I, a week ago, passed a great open public building, and saw in the roomy halls the merry people, the gaily springing Frenchies (*Franzō-schen*), the dainty little gossiping Frenchwomen, who did their shopping laughing and joking, I remembered that here, during the time of the cholera, there were ranged high piled, one on the other, many hundreds of white sacks containing every one a corpse, and that there were then heard here very few, but all the more terrible voices, or those of the watchers of the dead, who with a grim indifference counted out the sacks to the men who buried them, and how the latter, as they piled them on their cars, repeated the numbers in lower tones, or complained harshly that they had received one corpse too few, over which there often arose a strange dispute. And I remember how two small boys with sorrowful faces stood by, and that one asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was.[1]

[1] It is a strange fact that the cholera of 1832, with all its horrors, was as nothing compared to the pestilences which had previously swept over the world. Then the dead in the great capitals of Europe were often not buried at all, and lay every-

That which follows has perhaps the merit that it is at once a bulletin written on the field of battle during the fight, and thus bears the impress and colour of the moment. Thucydides the historian and Boccaccio the novelist have certainly left us better sketches of the kind, but I doubt whether they had sufficient calmness, while the cholera of their day was raging most terribly around, to sketch them so beautifully and in such a masterly manner as off-hand articles for the *Universal Daily Gazette* of Florence or Pisa.[1]

I shall, in the following pages, remain true to a principle which I have followed from the beginning of the book, which is to change nothing and to let it be printed as it was originally written, excepting, perhaps, putting in or taking out a

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where in heaps for many months. It is only yesterday, as I now write (April 29, 1892), that I saw in the National Museum of Florence the marvellous groups in wax, modelled after the piles of corpses in the streets in the Great Plague commemorated by Boccaccio. Yet even this appears to have been as much surpassed in its turn by the earlier scourges as the cholera of 1832 surpassed the influenza of 1891.

[1] In justice to Heine it should be observed that while this sentence might be misunderstood as declaring that neither Thucidydes nor Boccaccio could write so beautifully as himself under the circumstances, it really means that they could not have sketched so well as they did had they been exposed as our author was. It is less ambiguous in the French version—"Je doute s'ils eussent eu l'âme assez calme pour les faire si belles et si savantes, si pendant que le choléra de leur temps," &c. The twelve following lines are wanting in the French.—*Translator.*

word here and there when it, so far as I can remember, corresponds with the original manuscript. I cannot reject such small reminiscences, but they are very few, very trifling, and never involve actual errors, false prophecies, and oblique perceptions, which cannot, of course, be wanting, since they belong to the history of the time. The events themselves afford their own and the best corroboration.

I speak of the cholera which has raged here till now without limit, and which, regardless of rank and opinion, fells its victims by the thousand.

The pestilence had been regarded with less apprehension, because it was reported that there had been in London comparatively few deaths. People seemed at first inclined to really make fun of it, and it was thought that the cholera, as happens to so many other great characters, would have its reputation mightily diminished when it should come to Paris. One must not blame the good honest cholera for having, out of fear of ridicule, had recourse to means which Robespierre and Napoleon had found efficacious (*Probat*)—that is, in order to secure respect they decimated the people. Owing to the vast misery prevailing here, to the incredible filth, which is by no means limited to the lower classes, to the excitability of the people and their unrestrained frivolity, and to utter want of all preparation and precaution what-

ever, the cholera laid hold here more rapidly and terribly than elsewhere.[1]

Its arrival was officially announced on the 29th of March, and as this was the day of Mi-Carême, and there was bright sunshine and beautiful weather, the Parisians hustled and fluttered the more merrily on the Boulevards, where one could even see maskers, who, in caricatures of livid colour and sickly mien, mocked the fear of the cholera and the disease itself. That night the balls were more crowded than usual; excessive laughter almost drowned the roar of music; people grew hot in the *chahut;* a dance of anything but equivocal character; all kinds of ices and cold beverages were in great demand—when all at once the merriest of the harlequins felt that his legs were becoming much too cold, and took off his mask, when, to the amazement of all, a violet-blue

[1] Our author sketches the true causes of the cholera with great intelligence. Prominent among these was that neglect of cleanliness, which, as he says, was by no means confined to the lower classes. Even in the Forties and Fifties there was to be found in a vast majority of the houses in Paris such fearful filth and poisonous smells as would be now deemed utterly incredible. That the cholera was to a great degree endemic or local from such causes was fully proved by its being confined chiefly to towns. While it raged, for instance, in cities, it often happened that in rural villages at no great distance not a single case occurred. In the last generation it was very commonly said and believed by many that "dirt is healthy." Now we are learning that it is another name for death.—*Translator.*

face became visible. It was at once seen that there was no jest in this; the laughter died away, and at once several carriages conveyed men and women from the ball to the Hôtel Dieu, the Central Hospital, where they, still arrayed in mask attire, soon died. As in the first shock of terror people believed the cholera was contagious, and as those who were already patients in the hospital raised cruel screams of fear, it is said that these dead were buried so promptly that even their fantastic fools' garments were left on them, so that as they lived they now lie merrily in the grave.

It was amid unparalleled trouble and confusion that hospitals (*Sicherungs-anstalten*) and other institutions for preserving public health were organised. A Sanitary Commission was created, *Bureaux de Sécours* were established, and the ordinances as regards the *salubrité publique* were promptly put into effect. In doing this there was at once a collision with the interests of several thousand men who regarded public filth as their own private property. These were the *chiffoniers* or rag-men, who pick their living from the sweepings from houses piled up in dirt heaps in odd corners. With great pointed baskets on their backs and hooked sticks in their hands, these men, with pale and dirty faces, stray through the streets, and know how to find and utilise many

objects in these refuse piles. But when the police, not wishing this filth to remain longer in the public streets, had given out the cleaning to their agents, and the refuse, put into carts, was to be carried out into the open country, where the *chiffoniers* could freely fish in it to their hearts' content, then the latter complained that, though not reduced to starvation, that their business had been reduced, and that this industry was a right sanctioned by ancient usage, and like property, of which they could not be arbitrarily deprived. It is very curious that the proofs which they produced in this relation were quite identical with those which our country squires and nobles (*Krautjunker*), chiefs of corporations, guild-masters, tithe-preachers, members of faculties, and similar possessors of privileges, bring forward when any old abuses by which they profit, or other rubbish of the Middle Ages, must be cleared away, so that our modern life may not be infected by the ancient musty mould and exhalations. As their protests were of no avail, the *chiffoniers* attempted to oppose the reform of cleanliness by force, or get up a small counter-revolution, and that in connection with the old women called *revendeuses*, who had been forbidden to publicly sell on the quays or traffic in the evil-smelling stuff which they had bought from the *chiffoniers*. Then we beheld the most repulsive riot; the new hand-cars

used to clean the town were broken and thrown into the Seine; the *chiffoniers* barricaded themselves at the Porte Saint-Denis; the old women dealers in rubbish (*Trödelweiber*) fought with their great umbrellas on the Chatelet; the general march was beaten; Casimir Perier had his myrmidons drummed up from their shops; the citizen-throne trembled; Rentes fell; the Carlists rejoiced. The latter, by the way, had found at last their natural allies in rag-men and old huxter-wives, who adopted the same principles as the champions of transmitted rights (*herkömmlichen*), or hereditary rubbish-interests and rotten things of every kind.

When the *emeute* of the *chiffoniers* was suppressed, and as the cholera did not take hold so savagely (*nicht so wüthend um sich griff*) as was desired by certain people of the kind who in every suffering or excitement among the people hope, if not to profit themselves, to at least cause the overthrow of the existing Government, there rose all at once a rumour that many of those who had been so promptly buried had died not from disease but by poison. It was said that certain persons had found out how to introduce a poison into all kinds of food, be it in the vegetable markets, in bakeries, meat-stalls, or wine. The more extraordinary these reports were, the more eagerly were they received by the multitude, and even the sceptics must needs believe in them

when an order on the subject was published by the chief of police. For the police, who in every country seem to be less inclined to prevent crime than to appear to know all about it, either desired to display their universal information or else thought, as regards the tales of poisoning, that whether they were true or false, they themselves must in any case divert all suspicion from the Government—suffice it to say, that by their unfortunate proclamation, in which they distinctly said that they were on the track of the poisoners, they officially confirmed the rumours, and thereby threw all Paris into the most dreadful apprehension of death.

"We never heard the like!" said the oldest people, who, even in the most dreadful times of the Revolution, had never experienced such fearful crime. "Frenchmen! we are dishonoured!" cried the men, striking their foreheads. The women, pressing their little children in agony to their hearts, wept bitterly and lamented that the innocent babes were dying in their arms. The poor people dared neither eat nor drink, and wrung their hands in dire need and distress. It seemed as if the end of the world had come. The crowds assembled chiefly at the corners of the streets, where the red-painted wine-shops are situated, and it was generally there that men who seemed suspicious were searched, and woe

to them when any doubtful objects were found on them. The mob threw themselves like wild beasts or lunatics on their victims. Many saved themselves by their presence of mind, others were rescued by the firmness of the Municipal Guard, who in those days patrolled everywhere; some received wounds or were maimed, while six men were unmercifully murdered outright. Nothing is so horrible as the anger of a mob when it rages for blood and strangles its defenceless prey. Then there rolled through the streets a dark flood of human beings, in which, here and there, workmen in their shirt-sleeves seemed like the white caps of a raging sea, and all were howling and roaring—all merciless, heathenish, devilish. I heard in the Rue Saint-Denis the well-known old cry, "*A la lanterne!*" and from voices trembling with rage I learned that they were hanging a poisoner. Some said that he was a Carlist, and that a *brevet du lis* had been found in his pocket; others declared he was a priest, and others that he was capable of anything. In the Rue Vaugirard, where two men were killed because certain white powders were found on them, I saw one of the wretches, while he was still in the death-rattle, and at the time old women plucked the wooden shoes from their feet and beat him on the head till he was dead. He was naked and beaten and bruised, so that

his blood flowed; they tore from him not only his clothes, but also his hair, and cut off his lips[1] and nose; and one blackguard tied a rope to the feet of the corpse and dragged it through the streets, crying out, "*Voilà le cholera-morbus!*" A very beautiful woman, pale with rage, with bare breasts and bloody hands, was present, and as the corpse passed her she kicked it. She laughed to me, and begged for a few francs reward for her dainty work wherewith to buy a mourning-dress, because her mother had died a few hours before of poison.

It appeared the next day by the newspapers that the wretched men who had been so cruelly murdered were all quite innocent, that the suspicious powders found on them consisted of camphor or chlorine, or some other kind of remedy against the cholera, and that those who were said to have been poisoned had died naturally of the prevailing epidemic. The mob here, like the same everywhere, being quick to rage and readily led to cruelty, became at once appeased, and deplored with touching sorrow its rash deeds when it heard the voice of reason. With such voices the newspapers succeeded the next day in calming and quieting the populace, and it may be proclaimed, as a

[1] *Die scham* occurs here in the German text. It is omitted in the French.—*Translator.*

triumph of the press, that it was able to so promptly stop the mischief which the police had made.

I must here blame the conduct of certain people who by no means belonged to the lower class, yet who were so carried away by their prejudices as to publicly accuse the Carlists of poisoning. Passion should never carry us so far, and I should hesitate a long time ere I would accuse my most venomous foes of such horrible intentions.[1] The Carlists were quite right in complaining of this, and it is only the bitter manner in which they cursed and railed over it which could excite suspicion. That is certainly not the language of innocence. But according to the conviction of those best informed, there had been no poisoning. It may be that sham poisonings were contrived, or that a few wretches were really induced to sprinkle harmless powders on provisions in order to irritate and rouse the people; and if this *was* indeed the case, the people should not be too severely blamed for their riotous conduct, since it sprang not from private hate, "but in the interest of the commonweal, quite according to the theory of terrorism." Yes, the Carlists would themselves have perished in the pit dug for the Republicans, but the poisoning was not gene-

[1] All which follows, to the word *Constitutional*, is omitted in the French version, that is, twenty-seven lines of the German text and it is little to our author's credit that it is found in German.

rally attributed to the one or to the other, but to that party which, "ever conquered by arms, always raises itself again by cowardly means, which attains to prosperity and power invariably by the ruin of France, and which now, dispensing with the aid of Cossacks, may readily seek refuge in common poison." This is about what is said in the *Constitutional.*

What I gained by personal observation on the day when these murders took place was the conviction that the rule of the elder branch of the Bourbons will never be re-established in France. I heard the most remarkable utterances in different groups; I saw deep into the heart of the people —it knows its men.

Since these events all has become quiet again, or, as Horatius Sebastiani would say, "*L'ordre regne à Paris.*" There is a stony stillness as of death in every face. For many evenings very few people were seen on the Boulevards, and they hurried along with hands or handkerchiefs held over their faces. The theatres are as if perished and passed away. When I enter a *salon*, people are amazed to see me still in Paris, since I am not detained by urgent business. In fact, most strangers, and especially my fellow-countrymen, left long since. Obedient parents received from their children orders to return at once. God-fearing sons fulfilled without delay the tender wishes of their

loving sires, who longed to see them in their homes again—Honour thy father and thy mother, then thy days shall be prolonged upon the earth! In others, too, there suddenly awoke an endless yearning for their fatherland, for the romantic valleys of the noble Rhine, for the dear mountains, for winsome Suabia, the land of pure true love and woman's faith, of joyous ballads and of healthy air. It is said that thus far more than 120,000 passports have been issued at the Hôtel de Ville.[1] Although the cholera evidently first attacked the poorer classes, the rich still very promptly took to flight. Certain *parvenus* should not be too severely judged for having done so, for they probably reflected that the cholera, which came hither all the long way from Asia, does not know that we have quite lately grown rich on Change, and thinking that we are still poor devils, will send us to turn up our toes to the daisies.[2] M. Aguado, one of the richest bankers and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, was field-marshal

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[1] French version—"On dit qu'on a délivré dans ces circonstances plus de cent mille passeports."—*Translator.*

[2] "Halt uns vielleicht noch für einen armen Lump, und lässt uns ins Gras beissen." French version—"Pourrait bien nous prendre encore pour de pauvres hères et nous faire manger de l'herbe par la racine." An American might render this:—"Bid us go to grass, and stay under." "Multæ terricolis linguæ, una cœlestibus."—*Translator.*

in this great retreat. The knight is said to have glared with mad apprehension out of the coach-window, and believed that his footman all in blue who stood behind was blue Death himself or the cholera morbus.

The multitude murmured bitterly when it saw how the rich fled away, and, well packed with doctors and drugs, took refuge in healthier climes. The poor man saw with bitter discontent that money had become a protection also against death. The greater portion of the *juste milieu* and of *la haute finance* have also departed, and now live in their chateaux. But the real representatives of wealth, the Messieurs Rothschild, have, however, quietly remained in Paris, thereby manifesting that they are great-minded and brave.[1] Casimir Perier also showed himself great and brave in visiting the Hôtel Dieu or hospital after the cholera had broken out. It should have grieved even his enemies that he was attacked by the cholera after this visit. He did not, however, succumb to it, being in himself a much worse pestilence. The young Prince d'Orleans, who, in company with Perier, visited the hospital, also

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[1] Our author here indirectly compliments himself. But unless a man remains to nurse and aid the sufferers, it is difficult to see wherein the bravery or common-sense of staying in a pestilence consists.—*Translator.*

deserves the most honourable mention. But the whole royal family has behaved quite as nobly in this sad time. When the cholera broke out, the Queen assembled her friends and servants, and distributed among them flannel bandages, which were mostly made by her own hands. The manners and customs of ancient chivalry are not yet extinct; they have only changed into domestic citizen-like forms: great ladies now bedeck their champions with less poetical, but more practical and healthier scarfs. We live no longer in the ancient days of helm and harness and of warring knights, but in the peaceful, honest *bourgeois* days of under-jackets and warm bandages; that is, no longer in the iron age, but that of flannel—flannel everywhere. It is, in fact, the best cuirass against the cholera, our most cruel enemy. Venus, according to the *Figaro*, would wear to-day a girdle of flannel. I myself am up to my neck in flannel, and consider myself cholera-proof. The King himself wears now a belt of the best *bourgeois* flannel.

Nor should I forget to mention that he, the citizen-king, during the general suffering, gave a great deal of money to the poor citizens, and showed himself inspired with civic sympathy and noble. And while in the vein (*da ich mal im Zuge bin*), I will also praise the Archbishop of Paris, who also went to the Hôtel Dieu, after the

Prince Royal and Perier had made their visits, to console the patients. He had long prophesied that God would send the cholera as a judgment and punishment on the people "for having banished a most Christian king, and struck out the privileges of the Catholic religion for the Charte." [1] Now when the wrath of God falls on the sinners, M. de Quelen would fain send prayers to heaven and implore grace, at least for the innocent, for it appears that many Carlists also die.[2] Moreover, M. de Quelen offered his Château de Conflans to be used as a hospital. The proffer was declined by Government because the building is in such a ruined and deplorable condition that it would cost too much to repair it. And the Bishop had, as a

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[1] So a few years ago the President of an American College, who had, as it was declared, utterly and scandalously neglected his duty as to sanitary precautions and cleanliness, informed the public, when a number of students died of typhoid fever, that it was a "dispensation." We may, however, both as regards Paris and the American College, for "decree of Providence," read "dirt."—*Translator.*

[2] This remark recalls the anecdote of a Baptist minister in Kansas during the civil war. "I am asked, my hearers, how it is that, if this war is sent to punish rebels and slave-holders, so many Union men perish? My friends, when an Injun goes for buffalo, he still knocks over any antelope or jack-rabbits or skunks which come in his way; and even so the Lord, when he is on the war-path after the chief of sinners—which are Secesh—still takes a pop at any smaller evil-doer who comes on the trail, even though he be an Union man."—*Translator.*

condition, exacted that he should have unconditional authority or *carte blanche* in directing the hospital. But it was deemed too dangerous an experiment to intrust the souls of the poor patients, whose bodies were already suffering terribly, to the tortures of attempted salvation, which the Archbishop and his familiars intended to inflict. It was thought better to let the hardened Revolutionary sinners die simply of the cholera, without threats of eternal damnation and hell-fire, without confession or extreme unction. For though it is declared that the Catholic is a religion perfectly adapted to the unhappy time through which we are now passing, the French will have none of it for fear lest they should be obliged to keep on with this epidemic faith (*Krankheitsreligion*) when better days shall come.

Many disguised priests are now gliding and sliding here and there among the people, persuading them that a rosary which has been consecrated is a perfect preservative against the cholera.[1] The Saint-Simonists regard it as an

[1] We are not as yet so far advanced in physiology as to understand the causes, but it is quite certain that those who have no fear of a disease or who boldly affront it often escape contagion. This saving confidence is often the result of a man's bearing something which he firmly believes protects him, be it a rabbit's paw, a blessed rosary, a relic of a saint, or any other kind of "hand" or "charm." The antiquities and illustrations of this

advantage of their religion that none of their number can die of the prevailing malady, because progress is a law of nature, and as social progress is specially in Saint-Simonism, so long as the number of its apostles is incomplete none of its followers can die. The Bonapartists declare that if any one feels in himself the symptoms of the cholera, if he will raise his eyes to the column of the Place Vendôme he shall be saved and live. And so hath every man his special faith in these troubled times. As for me, I believe in flannel. Good dieting can do no harm, but one should not

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subject are most fully given in a very rare work of about 800 pages, entitled, "Curiosus Amuletorum Scrutator . . . ac in Specie de Zenechtis," to which is added a treatise on amulets by Julius Reichalt (Frankfort, 1690). In this extraordinary and immensely erudite book almost every known disease is cited, and the amulets described which must be carried about the person to cure it. Thus, according to this authority, ivy (as I have heard in Florence, and read in Marcellus of Bordeaux, fourth century), when worn, is a cure for headache; also plaintain-roots and the gem ophites. In addition to these there are directions as to what should be done to secure favour, to avert the evil eye, to protect against lightning, to become rich, or be constantly jolly (*herba contra melancholiam*)—in short, for almost everything desirable under the sun. In some cases legitimate cures seem to indicate a certain empirical knowledge, as, for instance, where we are told that camphor when carried is good for heart complaints. It is remarkable that, as regards amulet-rosaries, those which are made of a curious kind of triangular seed or nut are considered as possessing special virtue both by Turks and Italian Christians. —*Translator.*

eat too little, as do certain persons who mistake pangs of hunger felt in the night for premonitory symptoms of cholera. It is amusing to see the poltroonery which many manifest at table, regarding with defiance or suspicion the most philanthropic and benevolent dishes, and swallowing every dainty with a sigh.[1] The doctors told us to have no fear and avoid irritation; but they feared lest they might be unguardedly irritated, and then were irritated at themselves for being afraid. Now they are love itself, and often use the words *Mon Dieu!* and their voices are as soft and low as those of ladies lately brought to bed (*accouchées*). Withal they smell like perambulating apothecary-shops, often feel their stomachs, and ask every hour how many have died. But as no one ever knew the exact number, or rather as there was a general suspicion as to the exactitude of the figures given, all minds were seized with vague terror, and the extent of the malady was magnified beyond limits. In fact, the

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[1] I can well remember the great fear which prevailed during all the cholera season of 1832 as regards food, especially fish and fruit. Young as I was, I do not think that I touched a peach or a water-melon all that summer, and I can remember the amazement which I felt in the autumn at hearing from a black servant-girl that she had during the whole time eaten all the peaches she could get, which must have been many, since fruit of all kinds was almost given away.—*Translator.*

journals have since published that on one day. on the 10th of April, two thousand people died, But the people would not be deceived by any such official statement, and continually complained that far more died than were accounted for. My barber told me how an old woman sat at her window a whole night on the Faubourg Montmartre to count the corpses which were carried by, and she counted three hundred; but when morning came she was chilled with frost, and felt the cramp of the cholera, and soon died herself. Wherever one looked in the streets, there he saw funerals, or, sadder still, hearses with no one following. But as there were not hearses sufficient, all kinds of vehicles were used, which, when covered with black stuffs, looked very strange. Even these were at last wanting, and I saw coffins carried in hackney-coaches.[1] It was most disagreeable to see the great furniture-

[1] I have heard my father relate how, during a terrible attack of yellow fever in Philadelphia in the earlier part of the present century, he remained by a friend who died in a lodging-house, and the panic was so great that no medical attendance or any kind of aid whatever could be had during the last stages. The patient passed away about midnight, and my father, going forth, with some difficulty obtained a coffin or box and a black man, with whose help the body was nailed up, put into a hackney-coach and taken to the burying-ground. Of this yellow fever pestilence I remember a strange tale. There was a very small house of one storey in Eleventh Street, near Locust, in which a man had been left to die, and the doors locked. He recovered,

waggons which were used for "moving" now moving about as dead men's omnibuses, or *omnibus mortuis*, going from house to house for fares and carrying them by dozens to the field of rest.

The neighbourhood of a cemetery where many funerals met presented the most dispiriting scene. Wishing to visit a friend one day, I arrived just as they were placing his corpse in the hearse. Then the sad fancy seized me to return the call which he had last made, so I took a coach and accompanied him to Père la Chaise. Having arrived in the neighbourhood of the cemetery, my coachman stopped, and awaking from my reverie, I could see nothing but literally sky and coffins. I was among several hundred vehicles bearing the dead, which formed a *queue* or train before the narrow gate, and as I could not escape, I was obliged to pass several hours among these gloomy surroundings. Out of ennui, I asked my coachman the name of my neighbour-corpse, and —woe the chance!—he named a young lady whose coach had, some months before, as I was going to a ball at Lointier, been crowded against mine and

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and endeavouring to escape from the upper window, fell to the ground and was killed. As his ghost was believed to haunt the house, it remained without a tenant until about 1840, when it was pulled down. *Tempi passati!* such events are becoming almost incomprehensible to the younger readers of the present day.—*Translator.*

delayed just as it was to-day. There was only this difference, that then she often put out of the window her little head, decked with flowers, her lovely, lively face lit by the moon, and manifested the most charming vexation and impatience at the delay. Now she was quite still, and probably very blue; but ever and anon, when the mourning-horses of the hearses stamped and grew unruly, it seemed to me as if the dead themselves were growing impatient, and, tired of waiting, were in a hurry to get into their graves; and when, at the cemetery gate, one coachman tried to get before another, and there was disorder in the *queue*, then the gendarmes came in with bare sabres; here and there were cries and curses, some vehicles were overturned, coffins rolling out burst open, and I seemed to see that most horrible of all *émeutes*—a riot of the dead.[1]

To spare the feelings of my readers, I will not

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[1] The reader will excuse the remark that nine-tenths of all which constituted the external horrors of the cholera or other great pestilences would have been avoided by the very simple process of cremation. It is said that even within a very few years, in breaking up the ground where great numbers of victims of cholera or yellow fever were long since buried, the most deadly forms of disease or malaria have been developed, which could not assuredly have taken place had the remains been reduced to ashes. When I, in 1856, published an article advocating the burning of the dead, I was literally alone in my ideas. *Eppur si muove.—Translator.*

further describe what I saw at Père la Chaise. Hardened as I am, I could not help yielding to the deepest horror. One may learn by deathbeds how to die, and then await death with calmness, but to learn how to be buried in graves of quick-lime, among cholera corpses, is beyond my power. I hastened to the highest hill of the cemetery, whence one may see the city spread out in all its beauty. The sun was setting; its last rays seemed to bid me a sad good-bye; twilight vapours covered sick Paris as with a light-white shroud, and I wept bitterly over the unhappy city, the city of freedom, of inspiration and of martyrdom, the saviour-city which has already suffered so much for the temporal deliverance of humanity.

Appendix to Letter VI.[1]

"Seest thou the foundations of usury, of theft and robbery, are our great men and lords, who take all creatures unto their possession: the fish in the waters, the birds in the air, all that groweth on the earth must be theirs (Jes. v.). Therefore they send forth God's commandment among the poor and say, 'God hath commanded that ye shall not steal!' yet it serves them naught. So they all bring it to pass that from the poor ploughman,

[1] This Appendix or Beitrage is not given in the French version —*Translator.*

workman, and all which lives, they pluck off their skin from them and the flesh from off their bones [Micah iii. 3]. And should he then lay violent hands on what is holiest, he must hang. Then saith Doctor Liar, 'Amen!' The great men are themselves the cause that the poor man is their enemy. If they will not do away with the cause of strife, how can it go well in the long-run? And if I, saying that, am rebellious and a stirrer-up of strife, so let it be!"

In these words spake three hundred years ago Thomas Münzer, one of the most heroic-minded and unfortunate sons of the German Fatherland, a preacher of the Gospel, which, according to his belief, promised not only happiness in heaven, but also equality and brotherhood unto men upon earth. Doctor Martin Luther was of a different opinion, and condemned such rebellious doctrines, by which his own work, the separation from Rome and the foundation of the new faith, was endangered, and inspired perhaps more by worldly wisdom than by evil zeal, wrote his disreputable book against the unfortunate peasants. Pietists and canting hypocrites (*Duckmäuser*) have of late revived this work, and spread the reprints far and wide—partially to show their high protectors how much the pure Lutheran faith upholds absolute government, and partially to suppress by Luther's authority the enthusiasm for freedom in

Germany. But a holier testimony, which flows like blood from the Gospel, contradicts the slavish interpretation and the erroneous authority; for Christ, who died for the equality and brotherhood of mankind, did not reveal his Word to serve as the tool of Absolutism, and Thomas Münzer was right and Luther in the wrong. Münzer was beheaded at Mödlin. His companions were also in the right, and they were beheaded with the sword or hung with the rope, as they chanced to be of plebeian or noble origin. The Margrave Casimir von Anspach, in addition to such executions, had the eyes put out of eighty-five peasants, who afterwards went begging about the country, and who were also in the right. How it went with the wretched peasants in Upper Austria and Suabia, and how in Germany many hundreds of thousands of peasants, who asked for nothing but human rights and Christian mercy, were slaughtered or strangled by their spiritual or temporal lords, is commonly known. But the latter were in the right, because they were in all the fulness of power, and the peasants were often led astray by the authority of a Luther and of other clergymen who made common cause with secular powers, and by untimely controversies over equivocal Biblical passages, or often singing psalms when they should have fought.

In the year of grace 1789, the same strife

began in France as to equality and brotherhood, on the same grounds, against the same class in power, with this difference, that the latter lost the power which the people gained, while their cause drew its claims to justice, not from the Bible, but from philosophy. The feudalistic and hierarchic institutions which Charlemagne had founded in his vast realm, and which had developed themselves in many forms in the realms which spread forth from it, had struck root most powerfully in France, flourished bravely for centuries, and, like all things in this world, at last lost their strength. The kings of France, vexed at their dependence on the nobility and clergy—the first of whom considered themselves as the equals of their monarch, while the latter ruled the people more than they did—gradually contrived to weaken their power, and this great work was completed by Louis XIV. Instead of a warlike feudal nobility, which had at once governed and guarded their kings, there now crept to the steps of the throne a weakly court nobility, whose prestige was derived not from its castles and retainers, but from the number of its ancestors; instead of stiff and stern priests, who terrified kings with confessional and excommunication (*Beicht' und Bann*) while they kept the multitude in check, there was now a Gallican or, so to speak, a mediatised Church, whose posts or offices were surreptitiously obtained in the *œil de*

bœuf of Versailles or in the boudoirs of mistresses, and whose chiefs belonged to the same aristocracy, who paraded as court-domestics, so that the costumes of abbés and bishops, pallium and mitre, might be considered as a kind of court-costume. Despite which change, the nobility retained the privileges which it always had over the people; in fact, its pride as regards the latter rose the more it was abased before its royal lords. It usurped, as of old, all the enjoyments of life, oppressed and wronged as before, as did the clergy, who had long lost their hold on men's souls, but who still kept their titles, their Trinity monopoly, their privileges of suppressing intellect, and their churchly tricks and wiles. What the teachers of the Gospel had tried in the Peasants' War was now done by philosophers in France, and with better success. They demonstrated to the people the usurpations of the nobility and of the Church; they showed them that both had lost their power, and the people exulted; and on the 14th of June 1789, the weather being fine, they began the work of their emancipation, and he who on that day had sought the spot where the old, musty, grimly unpleasant Bastile had stood, would have found in its place an airy, cheerful building with the laughing inscription, "*Ici on danse.*"

For seventeen years many writers in Europe have busied themselves unweariedly in trying to

free the learned men of France from the reproach that they had especially caused the outbreak of the French Revolution. The writers of the present day would fain be in favour again with the great; they have sought to win once more a soft place at the feet of power, and have behaved, in so doing, with such an air of servile innocence that they are now considered not as serpents, but common worms. But I cannot refrain from declaring the truth, that the writers of the last century were the men who did most to cause the outbreak of the Revolution, and who determined its character. I praise them for this as one praises a physician who brings about a rapid crisis, and allays by his skill the illness which might have been deadly. Without the word spoken by those scholars, France would have lingered on more miserably, and the Revolution, which must have inevitably come, would have assumed a far less noble form; it would have been vulgar and barbarous, instead of tragic and bloody. Or, what is worse, it might have deteriorated into something laughable and stupid, if its positive needs (*materielle Nöthen*) had not assumed an ideal expression, as has unfortunately not been the case in those countries where the writers have not led the people to demand a declaration of human rights, and where people make a revolution to escape paying a toll or to get rid of a mistress. Voltaire and Rousseau are

two writers who did more than all others to prepare the Revolution, who determined its later paths, and who still spiritually lead and rule the French race. Even the enmity between these two has had a marvellous after-effect; perhaps the party strife among the men of the Revolution itself even to this hour is only a continuation of this conflict.

[1] For the battle among the revolutionary men of the Convention was nothing but the secret ill-will (*Groll*) of Rousseau rigorism to Voltairean *légèreté*. The true Montagnards cherished all the manner of thought and feeling of Rousseau, and as they guillotined at the same time Dantonists and Hebertistes, it came to pass not altogether because the former preached a relaxing moderatism, and the latter degenerated into the most unbridled sans-culottéism, or as an old man of the Mountain said to me lately, "Parcequ'ils étaient tous des hommes pourris, frivoles, sans croyance et sans vertu." When the old state of affairs was overthrown, the wild men of the Revolution were tolerably at peace; but when something new was to be enacted and the most positive questions were discussed, natural antipathies awoke. That

[1] The following passages, unto the words "Injustice, however, is done to Voltaire," were added by the author as a note; but as they belong substantially to the text, I have included them in it.—*Translator.*

serious dreamer of the Rousseau school, Saint-Just, hated henceforth the gay and witty *fanfaron*, Desmoulins. The morally pure, incorruptible Robespierre hated the sensual, money-tainted Danton. Maximilian Robespierre of holy memory was the incarnation of Rousseau; he was deeply religious; he believed in God and immortality; he hated Voltairean mockeries of religion, the undignified tricks of a Gobel,[1] the orgies of the atheists, the loose conduct of the *esprits*, and perhaps he hated everybody who was witty and laughed.

On the nineteenth Thermidor the Voltairean party, which had been not long previously suppressed, conquered; under the Directory it exercised its reaction on the Mountain; later, during the heroic drama of the Empire, as during the pious Christian comedy of the Restoration, it could only play in minor parts; yet we have seen it, even to this hour, more or less active, standing at the helm of state, and indeed represented by the former Bishop of Autun, Charles Maurice Talleyrand. Rousseau's party, suppressed since that unhappy day of Thermidor, lived poorly, but sound in mind and body, in the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, in the forms of Garnier Pagés, Cavaignac, and of so many other noble Republicans,

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[1] According to Carlyle, this name should be Göbel—"goose Göbel," probably because he was from Strasburg.

who from time to time appear for the gospel of Freedom. I am not virtuous enough to be able to attach myself to this party, but I hate vice too much to ever make war on it.

Injustice, however, is done to Voltaire should any one assert that he was not as fully inspired as Rousseau; he was only more crafty and clever. Heavy unskilfulness always takes refuge in stoicism, and growls laconically at seeing adroitness in others. Alfieri reproaches Voltaire because he wrote against great men, while he always carried the candle before them like a chamberlain. The gloomy Piedmontese never observed that Voltaire, while he carried the candle as a servant before the great, at the same time lit up their nakedness. Yet I will by no means acquit Voltaire from the reproach of flattery; he and the greater portion of the learned men of France crept like spaniels to the feet of the nobles, and licked the golden spurs, and smiled when they wounded their tongues on them or were trampled under foot. Yet when small dogs are kicked they suffer as much as great hounds. The secret hatred of French scholars against the great must have been the more terrible because in addition to the kicks they also received from them many benefits.[1] Garat relates of Champfort that he

[1] In allusion to the common saying that our bitterest foes are those whom we have benefited. "Tu omnium ingratissimé pro

once took a thousand dollars (thalers), the savings of a very hard-worked life, from an old leather purse, and joyfully contributed them to a Revolutionary cause, on a certain occasion when, at the beginning of the Revolution, money was being collected; and Champfort was avaricious and had always been protected by the great.

But the men of the working-classes (*die Männer der Gewerbe*) did much more than the literati to bring about the fall of the old régime. If the latter believed that in its place there would be a Government of intellectual capacity, the former, as the industrials, held that there would be given to them, as the practically most powerful and influential part of the people, a legal recognition of their higher significance, and quite as certainly citizenly equality and co-operation in state affairs. And in fact, as all institutions had hitherto rested on the ancient military system and church faith —neither of which had any longer a life in themselves—society must in future be based on the two new powers in which throbbed the most life-power: that is, on industry and science. The clergy, who had been spiritually behind-hand ever

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summis officiis quantum potes maleficiorum reponis." The Romans had even discovered a type of character so detestable that he would do to those who had rendered him kind service worse evil than he would have inflicted on an enemy.—*Translator.*

since the invention of printing, and the nobility, who had been levelled to the ground by the invention of gunpowder, were now compelled to realise that the power which they had held for a thousand years was now passing from their proud but weak hands,[1] and going to the despised yetvigorous grasp of scholars and labourers. And they should now have perceived that they could only regain the lost power in common with those labourers and learned men, but they would not perceive it; they warred foolishly against the unavoidable, and there began a painful and absurd battle, in which crawling, windy falsehood and decaying, diseased pride fought with iron necessity against the guillotine and truth, against life and inspiration, and we still stand on the ground of conflict.

There was a miserable Minister, a respectable banker, a good father of a family, good Christian,

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[1] Melancthon has given some curious testimony to the fact that the Catholic Church perceived from the beginning that the art of printing would be indeed a black art, and one full of evil for it. It is very amusing to contrast the exultation which Heine here displays over the power of gunpowder as destructive to chivalry, with his scornful and bitter contempt of "base villanous saltpetre" when it was employed in cannon at Cressy against *French* nobility, as is most amusingly set forth in "Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen." The contempt which Heine evinces in that work, for common soldiers is only to be paralleled by his unbounded love for them elsewhere.—*Translator.*

good arithmetician and accountant, the jack-fool of the Revolution. He believed stiff and strong that the deficit of the Budget was the only cause of the trouble and the strife, and he figured night and day to raise the deficit, till at last for mere sheer numerals he could see neither men nor their threatening aspect; and yet he had in all his folly one happy thought, which was to assemble the Notables. I say that it was a very happy thought, for it benefited Freedom; without that deficit France might have dragged on much longer in a condition of wretched sickliness. The calling together of the Notables hastened the crisis, and also the cure; and if the bust of Necker should ever be placed in the Pantheon of Freedom, we will place a fool's-cap crowned with patriotic oak-leaves on his head. It is indeed ridiculous to see only persons in great events and circumstances,[1] but far more absurd when they see in these things only figures or numerals. But there are small minds who in the slyest manner attempt

[1] *Dingen*, "things." I have already commented on the unpitying manner in which Germans "ding" this word into our ears to signify everything, from a teapot up to a revolution or the Divinity; but I may here praise Heine's great wisdom in declaring the folly of only seeing individuals in "things." It would seem as if, with his occasional spirit of prophecy, he foresaw this end of the century, when biography—the more gossipy and feeble the better—was to outbalance history, and Jane Carlyle soar in triumph far above Thomas.—*Translator.*

to reconcile both errors, who even seek for the numbers in persons with which to explain things. They are not contented to regard Julius Cæsar as the origin of the downfall of Roman freedom, but they assert that the genial Julius was so deeply in debt that, to avoid being put into the jug,[1] he was compelled to jug the world with all his creditors. If I am not mistaken, there is a passage in Plutarch where he speaks of Cæsar's debts as the basis of such an argument. Bourienne, the little, trim, spruce Bourienne, the venal croupier at the hazard-table of the Empire, the pitifully-poor soul, has somewhere indicated in his Memoirs that it was pecuniary difficulties which inspired Napoleon Bonaparte in the beginning of his career to great undertakings.[2] In

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[1] *Eingestecht*, literally "stuck in" or "put up"—as one might say of a man in prison in English slang, that he is "stuck" at last.

[2] Heine would have had no want of illustration for this theory that all genius or desert may be traced to money, or a want of it, had he looked to the United States, where it prevails among the multitude to an incredible extent. Thus Abraham Lincoln's ability is popularly ascribed entirely to his having been extremely poor, and, above all, a wood-chopper. Henry Clay's best card was that he had been the mill-boy of the Slashes; Johnson's, that he was an illiterate tailor; and so on through most modern candidates. Even a college education is hardly a creditable thing to many, unless indeed the student supported himself by teaching or waiting at hotels in vacation, and, above all, endured great hardships. Which is in a great

this fashion many deep thinkers are not contented with considering Mirabeau as the cause of the overthrow of the French monarchy, but declare that he was compelled by want of money and debt to seek relief in overthrowing the existing state of affairs. I will no longer discuss such absurdity, yet I must mention it, because it may be that in a later time it may develop itself in fullest bloom. Mirabeau is now regarded as peculiarly the representative of that first phase of the Revolution which begins and ends with the National Assembly.

As such he has become a popular hero. He is discussed daily; he is seen chiselled and painted everywhere; he is set forth in all French theatres in all his forms, poor and wild, loving and hating, laughing and gnashing his teeth, a reckless, bankrupt god, whom heaven and earth obeyed, and who was capable of gambling away his last fixed

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measure great folly, for genius is independent of both adversity or prosperity, developing itself, it is true, very often *in spite* of the former, but being far more frequently aided and encouraged by the latter. This claiming that want of money is the one creative cause of genius is but a natural form of the belief that money is all in all, and the mere millionaire the very greatest and noblest of mortals. It may be observed that Heine predicts that a time is coming when this vulgar error "*sich am blühendsten entfalten konnte*"—"may develop itself most bloomingly," which prophecy is being rapidly fulfilled.—*Translator.*

star and his last louis-d'or at faro; a Samson who tears down the pillars of the state to bury in the ruins his threatening creditors; a Hercules who at the parting roads of life accommodates himself to both ladies, and who recreates and refreshes himself in the arms of Vice from the exertions of Virtue; "an Ariel-Caliban, flashing with genius and ugliness," whom the poetry of love sobered when the poetry of reason had intoxicated him; a transfigured, glorified profligate of Freedom, worthy of great worship, a thing of doubtful nature (*Zweiterwesen*), whom only Jules Janin could depict.

And it is by the very same moral contradictions of his nature and life that Mirabeau was the representative of his age, which was just as reprobate and sublime, so deeply in debt and rich, who while in prison wrote the most lascivious romances,[1] yet at the same time the noblest books of freedom, and who afterwards, though

[1] The work chiefly referred to is the *Erotika Biblion*, a kind of cyclopedia or general account of all the aberrations of sensual passion, and not a romance. From a scientific-historical point of view it is not without value, as, for its time, it was a bold protest against the intolerable petty tyranny of the Church in matters which should be left to physicians. Mirabeau is said to have written this with no other work of reference except the Bible, but it certainly appears to have been modelled on that rare work, the *Brevis Delineatio*, &c., of Johann Georg Simon, Jena, 1682.—*Translator.*

loaded with the old powdered wig and a fragment of the infamous old chain, advanced as the herald of the coming spring of the world, and cried to the pale and frightened master of the ceremonies of the past, "Allez dire à votre mâitre que nous sommes ici par la puissance du peuple, et qu'on ne nous en arrachera que par la force des baionettes." With these words the French Revolution began; no *bourgeois* would have had the courage to utter them; the tongues of *roturiers* and *vilains* were as yet tied by the dumb spell of ancient obedience, and so it was that it was only in the nobility, in that over-bold, arrogant caste, which never felt true fearful reverence (*Ehrfurcht*) before a king, that the new era found its first organ.

And here I cannot refrain from mentioning that those world-famed words of Mirabeau, as I was recently assured, were really due to Count Volney, who, sitting by him, whispered them in his ear. I do not believe that this report is quite groundless; it in no respect conflicts with the character of Mirabeau, who borrowed ideas of his friends as freely as he did their money, and who on that account has been terribly abused in many memoirs, especially in those of Brissot and the recently published work of Dumont.[1]

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[1] Dumont declares, and evidently with truth, that Mirabeau had entire speeches written for him, which he merely got by

For this reason many of his contemporaries have doubted as to his being a really great orator, and only allowed his real sallies of wit and *coups de théâtre* in the tribune. It is now very difficult to judge him fairly in this respect. According to the testimony of men of his time who may still be questioned, the magic of his oratory lay more in his personal appearance than in his words. It was especially when he spoke slowly and deli-

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heart and repeated. Yet it is very certain that the authors of these speeches could never, as orators, have been Mirabeaus. This leads to the truth that there is something so radically different in the French mind to the German or Anglo-Saxon or American that it is simply incomprehensible to us. Maquet did, with amanuenses or hacks, the greater, and even the most inventive part, of the work of Dumas the elder, yet Maquet never distinguished himself as a novelist. The revising "eye of the master" was needed. Shakespeare had to perfection this art of turning by the alchemy of genius the silver of others into gold. A stage manager and a very distinguished actress have both explained to me in detail that the most successful dramas are those in which the greater portion of the text is arranged, with the *mise en scène*, &c., by "the company," but where the author sketches the plot, writes the salient points of dialogues—which are generally cut down—and makes the characters. The innately dramatic character of the French mind explains this apparent contradiction. This paper by Heine is, *me judice*, throughout admirable, and prominent in it is his subtle perception of the true character of Mirabeau, which was in so many respects like his own. But Heine, like a German, always did his own work in full. It would have been practically better for him had, for example, his "Faust" and "Diana" been passed through the crucible of stage management.—*Translator.*

berately that the hearer was thrilled at the marvellous sound of his voice, and when one heard the hissing of serpents under the flowers of speech. In passion he was irresistible. It is told of Madame de Staël that she once sat in the gallery of the National Assembly when Mirabeau rose to speak against Necker. It may be well understood that such a daughter as she was, who adored her father, was filled with wrath and rage against Mirabeau, but these inimical feelings vanished as she listened, and finally, when the storm of his eloquence increased to terrible power —when the poisoned lightnings shot from his eyes and the world-crushing thunder roared from his soul—Madame de Staël leaned far out over the railing of the gallery and applauded like mad.

But far more important than the oratorical power of the man was that which he said. This we can now judge most impartially, and see from it that Mirabeau most thoroughly understood his time; that he not only knew how to tear down but to build up,[1] and that he under-

[1] There are many passages in Carlyle's works which to me conclusively prove that he was under great obligation to Heine, and this is one of them. The great English writer, in speaking of Voltaire in "Sartor Resartus," sneers at him for having only a hammer to destroy, not a trowel wherewith to build, and requests him to take our thanks—and himself away. But

stood the latter better than the great masters who are to-day still busy at the work. In the writings of Mirabeau we find the chief ideas of constitutional monarchy such as France needed; we discover the plan, though it be sketched hastily in mere outlines—and I sincerely commend unto all the wise and anxious rulers of Europe the study of these lines—lines of state which the greatest political genius of our age drew beforehand with prophetic insight and mathematical accuracy. It would be an important matter should any one make a serious study of adapting Mirabeau's works in this respect to Germany. His revolutionary and negative (*negierenden*) thoughts have found quick appreciation and promptly applied action; but his quite as powerful, positive, and constructive thoughts are less understood or applied.

Least of all did the world understand Mirabeau's predilection for the monarchy. What he would take from this of absolute power he helped to restore by means of constitutional security. Yes, he even thought of increasing and strengthening royal power by boldly tearing the king from the hands of the higher orders, who practically gov-

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in Voltaire's time there was everything to destroy ere the building could begin. It is not improbable that this work of Heine suggested "The French Revolution."

erned him by court intrigues and the confessional, and placing him in those of the Third Estate. Mirabeau was the herald of that constitutional monarchy which, in my opinion, was the want of the time, and which, more or less democratically formulated, is now needed by us in Germany.

It was this constitutional monarchy which did the greatest injury to the Count, for the Revolutionary men, who did not understand him, saw in it a desertion or falling off, and thought he had sold the Revolution. They rivalled, in abusing him, the aristocrats, who hated him because they knew that Mirabeau, by destroying their business of privileges, would save and rejuvenate the kingdom at their expense. But just as the wretched conduct (*misère*) of the privileged class repulsed him, so was the coarseness of most of the demagogues destructive, and all the more because they, in the mad unchecked manner which we well know, already preached the Republic. It is interesting to read in the newspapers of that time to what strange resorts those democrats who did not as yet dare oppose him openly had recourse to annul the monarchical tendency of the great tribune. So, for example, when Mirabeau once expressed himself distinctly as a royalist, these journals could only help themselves by declaring that, as Mirabeau very often did not write his own speeches, it came to pass that the address

which he had from a friend had not been read by him before delivery, and that it was for the first time on the tribunal that he noted that an altogether royalist oration had been perfidiously passed upon him.

Whether Mirabeau could have ever succeeded in saving the monarchy and founding it anew is to this day a subject of dispute. Some will have it that he died too soon, while others think he died a timely death. He did not die of poison, for the aristocracy just then had need of him. Men of the people do not poison; the deadly cup belongs to old-fashioned tragedies of palaces. Mirabeau died because he had enjoyed an hour before two dancing-girls, Mesdemoiselles Helisberg and Colombe, and a *paté de foie gras aux truffes*.

VII.

PARIS, *May* 12, 1832.

THE historical reminiscences which I promised in the previous article must be delayed. The present has made itself so harshly felt (*so herbe geltend gemacht*) that no one can now busy himself with the past. The great universal affliction, the cholera, is gradually passing away, but it leaves behind much sorrow and affliction. The sun shines cheerfully enough, men go about once more chatting intimately and smiling, but the black suits of mourning which we see everywhere are a check to really cheerful feeling. A sickly sorrow seems to prevail among the people, as if they had all passed through a serious illness; something like a sentimental weariness oppresses not only the Government, but also the Opposition. The enthusiasm of hatred is very weak, hearts are muddy (*versumpfen*), thoughts are pale in the brain; we look at one another gaping good-naturedly; we are no longer ill-natured; men seem to have become peaceable and pleasant.

German pietists might now do a good business here.[1]

People once believed that wonders would come to pass and sudden changes take place should Casimir Perier no longer take the lead; but it would seem as if meantime the evil had become incurable, and even the death of Perier cannot cure the state.

That Perier should perish by the cholera, or by a general disaster which neither strength nor cunning could resist, must needs disconcert his bitterest enemies. The universal enemy Death had crept in to their confederation, and the most vigorous assistance from such an ally was not agreeable. Perier, indeed, gained by it the sympathy of the multitude, who all at once felt that he was a great man. Now, when he must be replaced by others, this greatness becomes evident. If he could not with ease bend the bow of Ulysses, he was at least able to achieve it when he exerted all his strength. Certainly his friends can now boast that if the cholera had not prevented, he would have accomplished all his plans.

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[1] A friend of mine who was in Port au Prince, San Domingo (Haiti), after a great fire, which had destroyed nearly all the houses, and which was followed by a terrible pestilence, observed the same thing; with this difference, that the blacks, owing to their excitable temperament, took to merriment and dancing. It was the feeling of *relief* after a great disaster.—*Translator.*

But what will become of France? Well, France is a persevering Penelope, who daily weaves and duly waits in hope of gaining time till the arrival of the right man or the husband. And who is he? That I know not. Only this I know, that he will bend the great bow and break up the banquet of the insolent suitors; he will treat them to deadly bolt-heads; he will hang the *doctrinaire* servant-girls who have prostituted themselves to all; he will purify the house of all its horrible disorder, and, with the help of the wise goddess, will establish better management. And as our actual situation, in which weakness is altogether like that of the time of the Directory, so shall we experience another Eighteenth of Brumaire, and the right man will suddenly appear among the powerful men, grown pale, and announce the end of their reign. Then there will, of course, be outcries that the Constitution has been violated, as of old in the Council of the Elders when there also came the right man to clear the house. But as he in anger cried aloud:—"Constitution! You dare to appeal to the Constitution! you who violated it on the Eighteenth of Fructidor, on the Twenty-second of Floreal, on Thirtieth of Prairial!"—even so will the right man cite the day and date when the *juste-milieu* Ministry also violated the Constitution.

How little the Constitution has entered not only

into the thoughts and schemes of the Government, but also into the popular mind, is manifest when the weightiest constitutional questions are discussed. Both people and Government seek to explain or profit by the Constitution according to their own private feelings. The people are misled to this by writers and orators, who, either from uncertainty or party feeling, endeavour to pervert ideas. The Government is misled by that fraction of the aristocracy which, devoted through selfishness, form the present Court, and still regard, as they did during the Restoration, the representative system as a modern superstition to which the people cling, and which cannot be turned from them by force, yet which may be rendered harmless by slipping in under the new names and forms old personalities and ideas, and that without its being perceived. According to the conceptions of such men, he is the greatest Minister who can effect as much with the new constitutional formulas as was formerly achieved with the formulas of the old régime. Such a Minister was Villéle, of whom, however, when Perier fell ill, no one ventured to think, though they indeed had courage to consider Decazes. He would certainly have been appointed Minister, if the new Court had not feared that it would be soon supplanted by the members of the old. They feared lest he might bring the whole Restoration with him into

the Ministry. After Decazes, Guizot was carefully considered.[1] He also was greatly trusted when it was necessary to conceal the most absolute aims under constitutional names and forms. For this quasi-father of the new doctrinaires, this author of an English history and of a book of French synonymes, understands how in the most masterly manner, by aid of Parliamentary examples drawn from England, to disguise the most illegal things with an *ordre légal*, and to suppress the high-flying spirit of the French with the heavy and learned letter of the law (*das plump gelehrte Wort*). But it is said that even while he conversed warmly with the King, who offered him a portfolio, he suddenly experienced the most ignoble symptoms of the cholera, and abruptly breaking off his discourse, departed, declaring that he could not resist the pressure of the time.[2] Guizot's failure (*Durchfall*) in the choice of a new Minister is narrated even more comically by others. Negotiations were then begun with Dupin, who was always regarded as Perier's successor, and who was believed to be a man of great strength and courage. But the proposal came to

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[1] The two sentences following, on to the words, "But it is said," do not occur in the French version.

[2] Abridged in the French version to "se sauva en abrégeant son discours." The following sentence is also omitted. *Durchfall* has a coarse double meaning.

grief because Dupin would not submit to the many restrictions which surrounded the presidency of the Council. There are, in fact, some peculiar circumstances as regards this presidency. The King himself often assumed it, especially in the beginning of his reign. This was always a great embarrassment for the Minister, and the misunderstandings of those times mostly proceeded from it. Perier alone was able to resist such encroachments, and thereby he withdrew affairs from the too great influence of the Court, which under every régime directs the King; for which reason it is said that the news of Perier's illness was not unacceptable to many of the friends[1] of the Tuileries. The King now seemed to be perfectly justified when he personally assumed the presidency of the Council; but when this provisory arrangement was made public there arose in the salons and newspapers a very violent dispute as to whether the King had a right to act thus.

In doing this there was manifested much chicanery and more ignorance. People gossipped about what they had only half learned and not at all understood, and there was a rustling and spirting from many mouths like a political waterfall.[2]

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[1] French version—*habitués.—Translator.*

[2] French version—"Et tout cela devint un bavardage bouillonnant et intarissable."

The views of most of the journals were not of the most brilliant kind, excepting only the *National*, and there was again heard the old war-cry, which the Restoration had originated: "Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas." The three men and a half who then occupied themselves with politics in Germany translated his axiom, if I do not err, with the words, "Der König herrscht, aber er regiert nicht"—"The king rules, but does not reign." But I do not approve of that word *herrschen;* there is in it, according to my manner of thinking, a shade of despotism. And yet this maxim indicates the difference of the two powers, the Absolute and the Constitutional.[1]

In what does this difference consist? He who is politically pure at heart may most accurately discuss the question even on the other side of the Rhine. By deliberately turning it round and round, people have succeeded in making it on one side an aid to the most daring Jacobinism, and on the other to the most cowardly servility.

As the theory of Absolutism, from the contemptible but learned Salmasius down to Herr Jarke, who is not learned at all,[2] has been

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[1] French version—"Et pourtant cette maxime formulée par le génie politique de Thiers, a été acceptée pour bien établir la différence entre les deux pouvoirs absolu et constitutionnel."

[2] Heine speaks of the same Jarke in the *Reisebilder*—not very politely—as a contemptible legal insect.—*Translator.*

chiefly defended by writers of suspicious character, it has happened that the evil reputation of its advocates has greatly injured the cause itself. He to whom an honourable name is dear, hardly dare openly defend it, though he were never so firmly convinced of its truth. And yet the doctrine of absolute power is just as honest and defensible as any other political opinion. Nothing is more revolting than what now so often happens—the confounding absolutism with despotism. The despot acts arbitrarily according to the caprice of his will; the absolute prince, with clear intelligence and sense of duty.[1] The characteristic of the absolute king is this, that

[1] It can hardly fail to occur to any thinking reader that this is not at all a distinction between two kinds of political power, but merely that of the possible difference between a good man and a bad, or of the varied private character of rulers in the same position. Carlyle, who, I believe, was very much indebted to Heine, though he nowhere manifests his obligations, made the utmost of this mighty and just hero in power, and roars for him aloud in many pages; but neither the one nor the other ever gave the world any idea how we are to put the right man in the right place. First catch your hero. There is again the mystical and supernatural theory that the Great Endowed always makes or finds his way to his proper position—"God alone knows how, but always somehow;" which is a manifest absurdity, since, if it were true, there could be nothing to complain of. The result of all which is simply this, that genius is a glorious thing, but by far too rare to be absolutely relied on, even in kings, while Heine and Carlyle demand that it shall be supplied with as much confidence as if it were oysters in season.—*Translator.*

everything in the state is done by his will. But as only very few men have any will of their own, or rather as most men unwittingly wish for only that which their surrounding will, it comes to pass that the latter generally rule in place of the absolute king. We call the surrounding of a king his court, and it is the courtiers who rule in those absolute monarchies, where the kings are not of stubborn nature and impassable to foreign influences. The art of courts consists in hardening soft princes so that they may become a club in the hand of the courtier, and in so taming the wild that they willingly lend themselves to every game or to all postures and actions, like the lions of M. Martin; just as the latter knows how to tame the king of beasts by weakening him,[1] so courtiers know how to tame many a king of men when he is too stubborn[2] and wild by enervating vices, and to govern them through mistresses aided by cooks, comedians, voluptuous music, dancing, and similar intoxication of the senses. It too

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[1] Original—"Ach! fast auf dieselbe Weise wie Dieser den König der Thiere zu zähmen weiss, indem er nächtlich des Nachts seinem Käfige naht, ihn mit dunkler Hand in menschliche Laster einweiht und nachher am Tage, den Geschwächten ganz gehorsam findet, so wissen die Höflinge manchen König . . . zu zähmen."

[2] *Straubsam*, literally bristly, or, as is commonly said in New England, "has got his bristles up."

often happens that absolute rulers are the most dependent of slaves on their surrounding, and if we could only hear the true opinions of those who are publicly regarded with the utmost hate, we should perhaps be deeply moved by the most truthful complaints of unheard-of arts of seduction and the sad perversion of the best feelings of the human heart. And there is, moreover, in unlimited power such a terrible capacity for evil temptation that only the very noblest man can resist it. He who is subject to no law is deprived of the most salutary means of defence, for the laws should protect us not only against others, but ourselves. Therefore the belief that their power is bestowed on them by God is not only pardonable in absolute princes, but even necessary. Without such a faith they would be the most unfortunate of mortals who, without being more than men, are subject to superhuman temptations and responsibilities. It was that *faith* in a divine mandate which gave the absolute kings whom we admire in history a glory and a greatness to which no modern royalty can rise. They were mundane mediators;[1] they had at times to expiate the crimes of their people; they were at once the offering and the priest; they were holy or *sacer* in the antique sense of

[1] French version—"Ils étaient des médiateurs célestes." German—"Weltliche Vermittler."

the consecration of death. So we see kings of ancient days who in pestilences atoned with their own blood for the people, or who believed that the public suffering was a penalty for their private or personal sins. Even now, when there is an eclipse of the sun in China, the Emperor is terrified, and reflects whether he has not by some evil act caused the universal darkness, and so does penance that the light of heaven may again shine on his subjects. Among races in which absolutism still reigns in all its holy vigour, as is the case among the north-western neighbours of China even unto the Elbe, it would be taken ill should one preach doctrine of a representative constitution; but it is held to be quite as blamable to teach absolutism in the greater portion of the rest of Europe, where the faith in the divine right is extinct among princes and people.

By declaring that the essential being of Absolutism consists in this, that the will of the king himself governs (*regiert*), I indicate the character or true nature of representative or of constitutional monarchy the more readily when I say, "This differs from that, because institutions therein replace a royal will."[1] In place of this

[1] Institutions and ideas or principles also replace that more elusive and shifting form of despotism or sainthood, as the case may be, known as reliance on genius, coming men, and hero-worship.—*Translator.*

will, which may easily be perverted, we here see an institution or a system of political principles which are immutable. The king is here a kind of moral person in a judicial sense, and he is less influenced by the individual passions of those who immediately surround him, than by the wants of his people; nor does he any longer act according to the unbridled desires of a court, but according to firm laws. Therefore in every country courtiers are the secret or open enemies of a constitutional system. This system has killed their power, which endured many thousands of years, by the profoundly ingenious arrangement that the king only represents the *idea* of power; that he may indeed choose his Ministers, but that they rule—not he; and that they in turn can only rule so long as they represent the opinions of the majority of the representatives of the people, since the latter can refuse the means of governing—that is, taxes. Therefore, as the king does not govern himself, the discontent of the people in case of bad administration cannot directly reach him. From which it results that in constitutional states the king in such cases chooses other and more popular Ministers, from whom a better government may be expected, while in absolute governments, where the king himself rules of his own free will, he is at once subjected to the wrath of his people, who, to help themselves, must overthrow the state. Therefore

only by the king's *not* governing in person is the safety of the state independent of his personality, nor is it imperilled by every kingly, great, or niggardly small passion, and thereby attains a security of which earlier state-sages had no conception.[1] Since from Xenophon to Fénélon the education of a prince seemed to be a matter of primary importance, even great Aristotle must aim at it in his "Politics," and the greater Plato could propose nothing better than setting philosophers on the throne, or making princes into philosophers.

Therefore, as the king does not himself govern, he cannot be responsible; he is inviolable, and only his Ministers can be accused, condemned, and punished for bad government. Blackstone, the commentator on the English Constitution, erred in including the irresponsibility of the king among his prerogatives. This idea flatters a king

[1] The seven lines of the German text following are omitted from the French version. As regards the ensuing sentence, even the most aristocratic of conservatives will not deny that in the education of princes we seem to be falling to the other extreme of neglect, there still being left in Europe a few gentlemen of this class, for whom it would have been much better had they been better educated as regards morals, intellect, and *true* dignity. For what is a peccadillo in a private man becomes in truth a glaring sin or crime in a prince, by whose example, tastes, and habits thousands are seriously influenced. —*Translator.*

more than it aids or profits him. In the countries of political Protestantism, *i.e.*, in those which are Constitutional, the rights of princes are rather recognised as founded on reason, which furnishes sufficient cause for their inviolability so soon as we admit that they cannot act themselves, and are therefore neither accountable, responsible, nor punishable any more than any one can be who does nothing. The maxim that "*the king can do no wrong*," so far as irresponsibility is based on it, amounts to nothing unless we add to it "*because he does nothing.*" But it is the Ministers who act in the place of the constitutional king, and they are in consequence responsible. They act independently; they may or can directly thwart any royal suggestion which does not agree with their own principles, and in case their manner of governing is displeasing to the king they can retire altogether. Without such freedom of will the responsibility of the Ministers, which they assume whenever they countersign any act of government, would be an impious injustice or cruelty—an absurdity; it would be an introduction of the doctrine of the scapegoat into political rights and principles. They are only accountable to their independent ruler, as he is to God.[1] They are only his devoted aids, his true servants,

[1] Thirteen lines of the German text are here wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

and must obey him unconditionally.[1] Their endorsement only serves to confirm the authenticity of the deed and of the royal signature. It is true that after the death of princes many such Ministers have been impeached and condemned, but always unjustly. Enguerrand de Miraguy defended himself in such circumstances with the touching words:—"We as Ministers are only hands and feet; we must obey our head, the king; he is now dead, and his thoughts lie with him in the grave—we cannot and we dare not speak."

After these few indications of the difference between absolute and constitutional power, it will be clear to every one that the discussion as to the Presidency as it has appeared during present circumstances does not so much concern the question whether the King should preside at the Council, as how far he can preside.[2] It is of no consequence that the Charte does not forbid it,

[1] The reader is requested to remember that such "damnable iterations" when they occur are the fault of the author, and not (as is too often the case in other books) that of the translator. Heine would have been delighted, if not with the grammar, at least with the form of expression of Martin Van Buren when he said in a message, "Our sufferings is intolerable, and not to be borne." There are, however, cases in which a German word, being, as it were, double-barrelled, requires a double load, or two words to convey all its strength. But "this is a horse of very different hue."—*Translator.*

[2] "Wie fern er es präsidieren darf." French version—"De quelle manière entend-il présider."

or that a paragraph seems to permit it; but it is necessary to know whether he is to preside simply *honoris causa*, for his own edification, quite passively, without active participation, or whether he, as President, may make his own will prevail in leading and executing state affairs. In the first case, it may henceforth be allowed him to *ennuyer* himself, if it should be his pleasure, a few hours daily in the society of Messrs Berthe,[1] Louis, Sebastiani; in the other, it must be most decidedly forbidden to him.

In fact, according to this last supposition, he would, governing by his own will, come near being an absolute monarch—at least he would himself be regarded as a responsible Minister. Certain journals have asserted with much reason that it would be unjust, if a man lying on his deathbed, like Perier, or one who cannot so much as control the muscles of his face, like Sebastiani,[2] should be responsible for the independent acts of government of the King.[3] It is in any event a troublesome question of severe significance, for it will recall to many the saying of the Terrorists—"*La responsabilité c'est la mort.*" On this occasion the *National* declares, with a disagreeable for-

[1] This name, Berthe, is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Un apoplectique comme M. Sebastiani."

[3] *Regierungsacte.* French version—*Actes.*—*Translator.*

wardness of which I cannot approve, the responsibility of the King, and consequently denies his inviolability. This cannot be other than a very unpleasant reminder (*Mahnung*), and one which may well cause him some reflection. His friends think it would be desirable that he should do nothing whatever which would in the least lead to discussing the principle of inviolability, which would ruin it in public opinion. Yet Louis Philippe, when we consider fairly his situation, cannot be altogether blamed for trying to help a little in governing. He knows that his Ministers are no geniuses;[1] the flesh is willing but the spirit is weak. The actual maintenance of power seems to him to be the main object. The principle of inviolability became to him only a matter of secondary importance. He knows that Louis XVI., of headless memory, was also inviolable. There is this which is peculiar as regards inviolability in France: the principle of inviolability is there inviolable. It is like the diamond which Don Fernando Perez de Acaiba wore in a ring, which had this wondrous power, that though its bearer

[1] "Er weiss, seine Minister sind keine Genies." French version —"Il sait que ses ministres ne sont pas des *géants*." Heine's secretary has here mistaken Genies for the giant Genii of the "Arabian Nights." In almost every sentence of this page there is a similar looseness or inaccuracy in the French translation. But it is sometimes impossible to decide as to which version is really the original.—*Translator.*

should fall from the highest tower of a church, the stone would remain uninjured.

However, to remedy to a certain degree this terribly embarrassing dilemma (*Missstand*), Louis Philippe has created a provisional Presidency, and given it to M. Montalivet, who is at the same time Minister of the Interior, M. Girod de l'Ain becoming in his place Minister of Public Instruction. One need but see these men to be able to declare with perfect certainty that they have no independence and act as mere countersigning puppets.[1] Monsieur the Count de Montalivet is a well-formed young man, who has almost the appearance of a pretty schoolboy looked at with an opera-glass. The other, M. Girod de l'Ain, sufficiently known as President of the Chamber of Deputies, where he knows very well how to serve the interests of the King by prolonging or shortening the sittings, is devotion itself. He is a flabby, thick-set, stout man,[2] stiffish little legs, with a heart of papier-maché, and he looks like a Brunswicker who sells pipes in fairs and market-places, or a family friend who brings biscuits for the children, and who pats the dogs.

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[1] "Das sie nur als contrasignierende Hampelmänner agiren." French version—"Griffes à contre-seign."

[2] The words "flabby" and "of papier-maché" are omitted in the French version, and also all that remains of this chapter. —*Translator.*

It is said, or rather very well known, of Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, that he is continually intriguing to be made President of the Council. This position is the aim of great strife in the Ministry itself, and the intrigues and snares which thereby cross one another often ruin the best plans, whence result antagonism, strife, and discords,[1] apparently originating in differences of opinion, but actually resulting from one common vanity, every one being ambitious (*ehrgeizt*) for the "Presidency." President of the Council is a defined title, which divides him rather too distinctly from the rest of the Ministry. Thus, for example, in the question of the responsibility of the Minister, the opinion prevails that the President is responsible for errors in the tendency of the Ministry, but every other Minister only for those of his own Department. This distinction, and especially the official nomination of a President of the Council, is a confining and confusing mistake. We do not find this among the English, whose constitutional forms are a model. The Presidency, if I am not wrong, does not exist among them as an official title. The "First Lord of the Treasury" is indeed commonly president, but not as such. The natural presi-

[1] "Gegnerschaft, Zwist und Zerwurfnisse," "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?"—*Translator.*

dent, though not legally such, is always that Minister whom the King has empowered to form a Ministry—that is, to choose among his friends and acquaintances those who agree with him in political opinions, and at the same time can control a majority in Parliament.[1] Such a commission has the Duke of Wellington received, Lord Grey and his Whigs being suppressed—for the moment.

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[1] In the original letter which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the following was the conclusion of this sentence: "So we have recently seen, when Lord Grey was obliged to resign, that the King gave the Duke of Wellington the order to form a new Ministry. I cannot refrain from mentioning, by the way, that when I lately predicted in these pages, in the beginning of March, in the most decided manner, the direction which the affair was taking, I was annoyed with much contradiction from every side, and many statesmen shrugged their shoulders at the German prophet. I have now—more's the pity!—the sad satisfaction of knowing that my prophecy has been fulfilled. Lord Grey and his Whigs are defeated, though it may be but for an instant; and the devil must again build a church."

VIII

PARIS, *May* 27, 1832.

CASIMIR PERIER degraded France in order to raise prices on Change. He wished to sell the liberty of Europe for the price of a shameful and short peace for France. He aided and availed himself of the *sbirri* of slavery, and whatever is worst in our own nature or selfishness, so that thousands of the noblest men perished by want and misery, wretchedness and degradation (*Schimpf*), and loss of self-respect. He caused the dead in the tombs of July to appear ridiculous—the poor martyrs of the great week, who did not fight for the younger Bourbon line[1]—while he has made life so terrible for the living that they must needs envy the dead. He has extinguished the sacred fire, closed the temple, angered the gods, and broken men's hearts. He has spiritually disarmed France, while he granted the enemy an armistice in which to supply themselves with

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[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

material weapons ten times more threatening.[1] And yet I would vote that Casimir Perier should be laid in the Pantheon, or in that great house of honour which bears the golden legend, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." For Perier was a great man; he had rare talents and rare strength of will, and what he did he did in good faith that he was serving his country, and he did it at the sacrifice of his peace, his prosperity, and his life.

And there, be it marked, a country should be grateful to its great men, not so much for the profit and mere results of their deeds, but for their sacrifices and intentions.[2] Even more, when they attempted nothing and did nothing for their native land, it should honour its great names after death, for they glorified it by their great-

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[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] A principle as applicable to individuals, as regards those who seek to aid them, as to the State, yet one which is rapidly losing ground in modern life, in which "taking the will for the deed" is distanced by the American saying that "Nothing succeeds like success." For those who live in "the movement" to say, "He meant well, and did his best to help me, but failed," is almost equivalent to saying that he was good for nothing, or as indifferent as an impotent enemy. The degree to which this is being unconsciously manifested in novels and journals is as remarkable as the fact that there has been no perception of its increase, and no indignant protest against it, by those who keep guard on the citadel of literature.—*Translator.*

ness. As the stars are the splendour of the heavens, so do great men make splendid their home and the whole earth. For the hearts of men are as the stars of the earth, and I believe that could one look down from above on our planet, these hearts would ray forth to our eyes like brilliant lights or as the planets in the sky around. Perhaps from such a lofty point of view one may truly see how many splendid stars are spread on earth; how many shine in deserts all obscure, unknown and alone; how brilliant with them is our German land; how flashing and gleaming, France, that Milky Way of great human hearts.

[1] A great star perished with Casimir Perier. Yes, although this star, which followed so obediently the financial kings of the East, announced a salvation which was not for the poor but the rich, and a star of ill-omen for the sons of freedom, we will still with upright hearts recognise and bear witness to its greatness.

France has of late lost many stars of the first magnitude. The cholera has taken away numerous heroes of the time of the Revolution and of the Empire. Many distinguished statesmen, among whom Martignac was the most eminent, have

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[1] This sentence is wanting in the French version—an extraordinary instance of omission, since the whole preceding page is a leading up or introduction to it.—*Translator.*

died of other disorders. The friends of learning especially regret the death of Champollion, who discovered so many Egyptian kings, and that of Cuvier, who found so many other great creatures which no longer exist, and proved to our mother earth, most ungallantly, that she is many thousands of years older than she has claimed to be. "Läh, Tähte sanne won" (les têtes s'en vont,) quacked M. Sebastiani when he heard of the death of Perier, and then cackled that he too must die.

The death of Perier caused less sensation than was expected, and had no effect on the Bourse. I could not refrain from going thither on the day when he died. There stood the great temple of marble where Perier was honoured like a god and his word like an oracle, and I felt the columns —the hundred colossal columns which range round without [1]—and they were all motionless and cold, even like the hearts of those for whom Perier had done so much. Oh, the pitiful dwarfs! They will never again find a giant who will sacrifice himself for them, and who will abandon the giants his brothers for their pigmy interests. This petty folk may henceforth ever mock the giants who, poor and clumsy, sit on the mountains, while they, the little ones, favoured by their stature,

[1] French version—"Je mis la main sur les colonnes qui s'élancent sous le pourtour."

creep into the narrow entries of the mines and knock off the precious metals, or get them by the aid of the still smaller gnomes or *metallarii*. Descend even deeper into your mines, hold fast to the ladder, nor trouble yourself because its rounds are ever growing dirtier the lower you go to the richest veins of wealth.

I vex myself every time I enter the Bourse, the beautiful edifice of marble, built in the noblest Greek style, and consecrated to the most contemptible business—to swindling in the public funds.[1] It is the most beautiful building in Paris. Napoleon erected it, and he also built in the same style and proportions a temple to Glory. Unfortunately, the temple to Glory is as yet unfinished; the Bourbons changed it to a church, and dedicated it to the repentant Magdalen (*La Madeleine*). But the Bourse is perfect in its completed splendour, and to its influence we may ascribe the fact that its nobler rival, the Temple of Fame, is still unfinished and still remains, as if in disgraceful derision, dedicated to the repentant Magdalen. Here, in the vast space of the high-arched hall, here it is that the swindlers in public funds, with all their repulsive faces and disagreeable screams,

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[1] *Staatspapierenschacher*. *Schacher*, from the Hebrew, *shachern*, to haggle, make profit by sharp and close dealing, implying cheating. "*Schächer*," robber, wretch.

sweep here and there, like the tossing of a sea of egotistic greed, and where, amid the wild billows of human beings, the great bankers dart up, snapping and devouring like sharks—one monster preying on another; and where, in the gallery, like birds of prey watching on a cliff, even speculating ladies may be seen. Yet here it is that the interests are at home which in this our time decide peace and war.[1]

Therefore the Bourse is of such importance for us publicists.[2] Yet it is not easy to accurately grasp the nature of those interests according to every influential event, or to justly appreciate the results. The rate of state papers and of discount is of course a political thermometer, but one would be deceived if he believed that this

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[1] It is a question not for the present, but the future, whether a time may come when stock-exchange gambling, and with it syndicates and "trusts," will be legislated, with Italian lotteries, out of existence. "While men live they will gamble," says an old sharper in one of Lever's novels, referring to the *rouge et noir* and roulette banks of the last generation. Yet with the closing of that in Homburg in 1871, where I was present, such institutions were effectively ended in Germany, as were lotteries in all really civilised countries. In America, I believe that Louisiana is the only State which still officially maintains this latter lowest form of "play."—*Translator.*

[2] *Publicist*, literally an authority on public law, now generally extended to writers on public affairs. A publicist is often a literary man who publishes opinions in either newspapers, pamphlets, or books, and who sometimes also prints them. There is no word in English which quite corresponds to it.—*Translator.*

thermometer indicated the highest degree of any of the great questions which now agitate humanity. The rise or fall of funds does not indicate that of the liberal or servile party, but the greater or lesser hopes entertained for the pacification of Europe, for the maintenance of affairs as they are, or rather for the keeping in safety those relations on which the payment of the interest of the public debt depends.[1]

From this limited point of view, the speculators on the Bourse are, as regards anything which may happen, greatly to be admired. Undisturbed by any intellectual or sentimental feeling, all their faculties are directed to the practical, and it is with almost animal instincts that they, like weather-frogs,[2] divine whether any event which is apparently a promise of peace may not be a cause of future storms, or whether a great disaster may not in the end confirm general tranquillity.

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[1] Thus it has been shown that in Italy the gold in which this interest is paid is about equivalent to that which is annually brought into the country by foreign travellers. Of this sum one-third is contributed by Americans alone. The English probably pay more.—*Translator.*

[2] A peculiar kind of small frog, which is, I believe, in France also called a *camargo*. It is kept in a glass jar half-full of water, in which there is a small ladder. When the weather will be fine, the frog climbs to the top of the ladder. I have read a French novelette entitled "Mademoiselle Camargo," the subject of which is what befell such a frog.—*Translator.*

When Warsaw fell, no one asked what evil would result from it to humanity, but "Will the victory of the knout[1] discourage the stirrers-up of disorder —that is, the friends of freedom?" The affirmative to this question caused a rise in securities. Should there be suddenly received on Change a telegraphic message stating that M. Talleyrand believed in retribution or reward after death, French funds would at once fall 10 per cent., for it would be felt that he would attempt to reconcile himself with God, and renounce and sacrifice Louis Philippe and the whole *Juste-milieu*, and set at stake the admirable tranquillity which we now enjoy.[2] Neither existence nor non-existence, but peace or disturbance is the great question of the Bourse. According to this, the rate of discount regulates itself. In restless times money is uneasy; it retreats into the coffers of the rich as into a citadel, remains retired, and the rate of interest rises (*der Diskonto steigt*). In peaceful times money becomes free from care and confiding; offers itself cheaply, shows itself pub-

[1] *Kantschu.* Originally a Turkish word, signifying a leather whip.

[2] In the first or original letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* this sentence ends as follows:—"He would apply to Louis Philippe and the whole *Juste-milieu* his well-known—'Talleyrand hath given, Talleyrand hath taken away, blessed be the name of Talleyrand!' and so set at stake the admirable tranquillity which we now enjoy."

licly, and is very affable—discount is low. By which we see that an old louis d'or has more intelligence than any man, and can best tell of coming war or peace. It may be that from such close intercourse with money all the gamblers on the Bourse have gained a kind of political instinct, and that while of late the deepest thinkers only expect a war, they remained quiet of soul and only believed in the maintenance of peace. If you asked of any of them his reasons for such security, then, like Sir John Falstaff, he would give none on compulsion, but always declared, "It is my idea."

In this idea the Bourse has of late strengthened itself, and even the death of Perier could inspire no other. It is true that it was long prepared for the event, and it is believed that his system of peace will survive him and be firmly maintained by the death of the King.[1] But this complete indifference to the news of the death of Perier gave me a disagreeable feeling. For decency's sake the Bourse might have shown its sorrow by just a little fall. But no; not an eighth of one per cent.; not an eighth of one mournful red cent. did funds fall at the death of Casimir Perier, the great banker-minister!

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[1] French version—"On se figure d'ailleurs que son système lui *servira*." If not a mere typographical error, this indicates translation by another than Heine.

There was the coldest indifference manifested at the burial of Perier, as there had been at his death. It was a *spectacle*, like any other; the weather was fine, and hundreds of thousands of people were afoot to see the funeral as it slowly passed along the Boulevard to Père la Chaise. Smiles were on many faces; on others, the dullest, every-day expression; on most, simply ennui. Of course there were innumerable troops, though they hardly suited the hero of the pacific system of disarmament, with many National Guards and gendarmes. The artillery were also there with their guns, and they perhaps felt sincere grief, for they had under Perier good and easy times, like a sinecure. The multitude regarded it all with strange apathy, showing neither hate nor love. It was the enemy of all enthusiasm who was buried, and the convoy was Indifference. The only truly afflicted ones in this multitude of mourners were the two sons of the deceased. They, dressed in long black cloaks and with pale faces, walked behind the hearse. They are two young men of about twenty, short and stout, and of a general appearance rather indicating health and comfort than intellect. I saw them during the past winter at all the balls, jolly and rosy. There were spread on the coffin tricoloured flags draped with black crape. But truly the tricoloured flag had little cause to go into mourn-

ing at the death of Casimir Perier. It lay mournfully like a silent reproach on his coffin, that flag of freedom which had suffered so much through his fault. And as much as by the flag was I touched at the sight of old Lafayette at the funeral of Perier, the apostate, who had once so gloriously fought with him under that banner.

[1] My neighbours who saw the procession spoke of the obsequies of Benjamin Constant. As I have been only a year in Paris, I only know the grief which the people felt on that day from description. Yet I can imagine what such popular suffering must be, as I had not long before seen the burial of the former Bishop of Blois, or the Grégoire of the Convention. There were, indeed, no grand officials, no infantry or cavalry, no empty mourning-coaches full of court-lackeys, no cannon, no ambassadors with gay liveries, no official pomp. But the people *wept*. There was the suffering of sorrow on every face, and though it rained like bucketsful from heaven, all heads were uncovered,[2] and the crowd harnessed itself before the hearse, and drew it to Mont Parnasse. Grégoire, a true priest, fought during his whole

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[1] The following passage to the words "The funeral of Perier," or twenty-three lines of the German text, are wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] *Apropos* of which it might be suggested that it would be a very humane thing if people when dying would kindly leave

life for freedom and equality of men of every colour and of every faith; he was always hated and persecuted by the enemies of the people, and the people loved him and wept when he died.

It was between two and three o'clock when the funeral of Perier passed along the Boulevards. When I came out from dinner at half-past seven, I met the soldiers and the hearse returning from the cemetery. The vehicles now rolled fast and merrily along; the mourning drapery had been taken from the tricoloured flag; it and the equipments of the cuirassiers gleamed in the airiest sunshine; the red-clad trumpeters, trotting on white horses, gaily played the Marseillaise; the multitude, well dressed and smiling, tripped to the theatres; the sky, which had long been overcast with clouds, was now so charmingly blue, so sun-perfumed; the trees gleamed as if enraptured with their own verdure;[1] the cholera

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the request that no heads should be uncovered during the religious ceremonies at their funeral. There are probably very few of my readers who cannot recall instances, not merely of catarrhs, but of deaths resulting from this absurd custom. Nor is it much wiser to stand for perhaps half-an-hour in the open air, in possibly inclement weather, by a newly-dug grave, subject to the worst influences of malaria.—*Translator.*

[1] *Grünvergnügt.* The French version gives this simply as "si fraiche, si heureuse."

and Casimir Perier were forgotten—and it was spring.

Now the man is indeed buried, but the system still lives. Or is it really true that that system is not the creation of Perier, but of the King? Certain Philippistes were the first to express this opinion, that confidence in the independent power of the King might be awakened, that it might not be supposed that he stood wanting counsel and support by the grave of his protector, and finally, that there should be no doubt as to the maintenance of the system which has so far existed. And now many enemies of the King are availing themselves of this belief; it comes to them like a wish at once magically fulfilled[1] that people date that unpopular system before the 13th of March, and attribute to it a most eminent founder, to whom, accordingly, the most eminent responsibility is attached. Friends and enemies often agree to mutilate Truth. They either cut off her legs, or else draw them out till they are as slender and thin as a lie. Party-spirit is a Procrustes which

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[1] "Es kommt ihnen ganz erwünscht." There is in this word *wünschen* a very curious indication of early association with magic and sorcery, as if the wish had been fulfilled by miraculous or fairy aid. We find traces of it in *Wünschelhut*, *Wünschelruthe* (a magic wand), and *verwünschen*, to enchant, bewitch, or spell-bind. French version—"C'est combler un de leurs vœux les plus chers."—*Translator.*

makes a bad bed for Truth. I do not believe that Perier, as regards the so-called system of March 13, only sacrificed his honourable name, and that Louis Philippe is the real father.[1] He perhaps denies the paternity of this embarrassing child, as did the peasant youth who innocently added, "Mais pour dire la vérité, je n'y ai pas nui." All the abuse which has been lavished on France is now placed to the account of the King. The kick which the sickly lion lately received at Rome from the she-ass of the Lord has intolerably exasperated the French. Yet they wrong him. Louis Philippe does not lightly endure an insult, and would be willing enough to fight, though not with every one,—for instance, with Russia, though willing enough with Prussia, whom he has already fought at Valmy, and consequently does not seem to fear. It has been observed that he shows no apprehension when Prussia and its threatening chivalry are discussed. Louis Philippe Orleans, the descendant of Saint Louis, a scion of the most

[1] In the French version this is better expressed as a question: "Serait-il vrai que, dans le système du 13 mars, Périer n'ait fait que sacrificier son nom honorable, et que Louis Philippe soit le véritable père de ce système?" As regards the anecdote which follows, there is an old jest of sixteenth-century Latin origin which would have been even more appropriate, in which a rustic, when similarly accused, replies, "I was neither author nor artist of this work—*non auctor nec faber sum hujus operis*—I did but aid a little in the making thereof."—*Translator.*

ancient race of kings, the first gentleman of Christendom, then jests like a jolly citizen at what is, however, mortifying enough—that the Brandenburg (*die Uckermärks'sche*) camarilla look down so very aristocratically and with such pride of nobility on him, the poor citizen-king.

I may here mention that no one ever sees any airs of the grand seigneur in Louis Philippe, and that the French people could not, in fact, have chosen a more citizen-like man for king. Nor does he attach much importance to being a legitimate king, and, as it is said, Guizot's invention of quasi-legitimacy was not to his liking.[1] He does not envy Henry V. in the least his advantage of legitimacy, nor is he inclined to negotiate with or offer him money for this object; but Louis Philippe is, once for all, firmly of the opinion that he invented the citizen-kingdom; he has taken out a patent for the invention; he derives from it an annual income of eighteen millions, a sum which almost surpasses that of the gambling-houses of Paris, and he would like to secure such a profitable business to himself and his descendants.

I have shown in the previous article how dear to the heart of Louis Philippe, above all things,

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[1] In the French version Guizot's name is omitted. "Et l'on dit que l'invention du mot, de *quasi-legitimité* n'était pas tout à fait de son gout."

is the retaining that royal monopoly, and considering how human and natural such manner of thought is, how much excuse there is for his usurpation of the Presidency of the Council. In fact, he does not seem to have retired into the proper limits of his constitutional rights, although he dares no longer preside formally. The real cause of dispute is as yet by no means settled, and it will be pulled and tugged at till the formation of a new Ministry. What chiefly indicates the weakness of Government is that the maintenance, renewal of, or changes in the Ministry depend not on internal wants or requirements of the country, but on foreign events. Such a dependence on external interests was shown sadly and publicly enough during the latest occurrences in England. Every rumour wafted thence to us caused consultation as to new combinations in the Ministry. Much was thought of Odilon Barrot, and people were well on the way to even think of Mauguin.[1] When the British helm was known to be held by Wellington, people lost their heads altogether, and were of a mind, by way of military counterpoise, to make Marshal Soult Prime Minister.

Freedom in England and France would then have been commanded by two old soldiers, who,

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.

never having learned aught except to obey as slaves or to order as despots, would have been utter strangers or enemies to all independent citizenship. Soult and Wellington as regards character are mere condottieri,[1] only that the first was trained in a nobler school to the trade of arms, and thirsts for renown as much as for gold. Nothing less than a crown once formed a part of his booty, and I have been assured that Soult was for a few days actually King of Portugal under the name of Nicolo I., King of the Algarvi. The whim of his stern superior did not permit him to carry the joke farther. Yet he can certainly never forget that he has heard with delighted ears the sweet title of "Majesty," and seen with enraptured eyes men kneeling before him in most abject homage, and still feels on his hands the burning kisses of Portuguese lips—and the freedom of France is to be trusted to such a man!

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[1] Which thing Heine might have said with even greater truth of his idol Napoleon the First, or indeed in a sweeping way of any great conqueror who has risen from a humble position. But it is not at all applicable to a Wellington or Washington or Grant, for these men truly had *principles* for which they fought, and therefore were not mere adventurers. And here it may be remarked that if Soult had indeed as keen a desire for glory as he had for plunder, his must indeed have been a vaulting ambition which o'er-arched the skies; for history records little among civilised races to be compared to his "thorough, complete, and utterly unscrupulous" looting.—*Translator.*

As regards Lord Wellington I need say nothing. Late events have proved that in my earlier writings I spoke only too gently of him. People, blinded by his clumsy, stupid victories, never knew that he was really a fool, but recent circumstances have proved it. He is stupid, like all men who have no heart; for intellect comes not from the head, but from the heart. Praise him then henceforth, ye venal courtly poets and rhyming flatterers of Tory pride! Sing him unceasingly, O Caledonian bard, thou bankrupt ghost with a leaden harp whose chords are of cobweb.[1] Sing him, pious laureates and paid singers of heroes, and while so doing sing his last heroic deeds! Never yet did a mortal show himself before the eyes of all the world in such pitiful nakedness. Almost unanimously has all England —a jury of twenty million free citizens—pronounced a verdict of "guilty" on the poor sinner who, like a common thief by night, aided by crafty female receivers of stolen property, would have fain stolen the crown-jewels of the sovereign people, its freedom and its rights. Read the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Times*, and even the words

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[1] This beautiful invocation is supposed to be addressed to Sir Walter Scott, whom Heine at times praised and then abused, even as he did Hans Sachs, in phrases which, if collocated, would suggest a lunacy of inconsistency.—*Translator.*

of orators who are habitually most self-controlled, and be amazed at the deadly executing (*scharfrichterlichen Worte*) words with which they have scourged and branded the hero of Waterloo. His name has become a curse. By the most contemptible court trickery, it was brought about that he for a few days held the power in his hands which he dared not wield. For this, Leigh Hunt compared him to a grey old libertine, who would fain seduce a maid, who in this extremity consulted a friend as to what she should do. The latter replied, "Let him do what he likes, my dear, and then, in addition to the guilt of his sin, he will incur the shame of inability."[1]

I have always hated this man, but never thought he was so despicable. I have ever regarded those whom I hate as greater than they deserved; and I confess that I ascribed to the Tories of England more courage and power and magnanimous will to sacrifice, than they have now manifested, when such virtues were called for.

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[1] Heine is here very amusing, and indeed interesting as a study, from the fact that a man of such extraordinary cleverness never seems to have perceived that to create a *conviction* in the mind of the reader of the evil nature of anybody, one should never run to the extremes of abuse, or, as the negroes express it, "sling too much sass." He goes too far for his own purpose who spasmodically screams, "Est ipsa nequitia nequitior, et quamvis peste pestilentior—trifurcifer, et vir vel cruce dignus!"

Yes, I erred as to this high nobility of England. I believed that they would, like the proud Romans, never sell the field on which they had fought the foe at a lesser price than of old; that they would await the enemy seated in their curule chairs. No, a panic terror seized them when they saw that John Bull was behaving more seriously, and the lands with the rotten boroughs are now offered more cheaply for sale, and the number of the curule chairs is increased that the enemy may kindly seat themselves. The Tories now trust no more in their own strength, and put no longer faith in themselves. Their strength is broken. Of course the Whigs are also aristocrats, Lord Grey is as earnest in devotion to nobility as Lord Wellington, but it will go with this aristocracy as it did with that of France—one arm will hew off the other.

It is inconceivable that the Tories, relying on a subtle trick by night of their Queen, should be terrified when this succeeded, and the people rose against it, loudly protesting. This was to be foreseen by any one duly considering the character of the English and their legal means of resistance. Every man among the people had firmly made up his mind on the Reform Bill. All reflection on it had become a fact. The English have the great advantage in practical action or business, that they being accustomed as free men to speak their

minds freely, always have a promptly formed opinion on every question. So they judge more than they think.[1] We Germans, on the contrary, are always thinking; from excess of thought we come to no decision, nor would it always be prudent to express it if we had one. One man is perhaps afraid of the displeasure of the Herr Police Director, another is restrained by modesty, another by sheepish shamefacedness[2] from forming any judgment. Many German thinkers have gone to their graves without ever having expressed an opinion on any great question. The

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[1] This is quite true, and it is also true that it has been carried to excess in America, where the greatest freedom of thought and speech prevails. But as every excess tends to a reaction or reform, it is remarkable to what a degree of late years the editors, who are the chief leaders of thought, have earnestly endeavoured to correct this evil by enforcing more thorough consideration of disputed public questions. Many striking proofs and illustrations of this could be adduced, as, for instance, the eminently practical manner in which the Socialist question has been treated. But the subject would require a chapter to fully set it forth.—*Translator.*

[2] *Blöd*, adj., *Blödigheit*, n. We have not an exact equivalent for this in English, though there is one in the Scotch and Irish *blate*. It implies modesty of a foolish, simple nature. *Blöd* is also commonly used to express silliness or weak-mindedness, without any reference to modesty, as in Scotch. "He's no' that blate"—"He is not such a fool." There appears, indeed, to be some reason for believing that the common phrase, "a bloody fool," owes its origin to *bloed*, and not to blood. In such case it would mean a bashful fool.—*Translator.*

English are, on the contrary, decided and practical; every subject of thought assumes with them consistency, so that their thoughts, their lives, and they themselves become undeniable facts with inalienable rights. Yes, they are "brutal as a fact," and offer material resistance. A German with his thoughts, his ideas, which are weak as the brain from which they come, is at the same time only an idea, and when this idea displeases Government, they send him to prison in a fortress. So they had sixty ideas locked up in Köpenick, and nobody missed them; the brewers brewed their beer even as before; the almanac press continued to issue its art-novels all the same. But to that practical resistant nature of the Englishman, to that unbending obstinacy on decided questions, must be added the legal certainty with which they can act.[1]

We have no conception of the extent to which the English Opposition, the opponent of the Gov-

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[1] This leads in England and America to such strict interpretation of the letter of the law that the guilty often escape under *fiat lex*. Then the newspapers compare our administration of justice unfavourably with the French, &c. But it is forgotten that absolute and general belief in the fact that the law will really be carried out *to the letter*, prevents a vast amount of crime in men, who would otherwise rely on a clever advocate to twist the letter to suit his own idea of the spirit, which is a very common occurrence in French, and still more so in Italian courts, in civil cases.—*Translator*.

ernment, can proceed by legal means. One can only understand the days of Wilkes when one has himself seen England. Travellers who would give us an idea of English freedom do so by enumerating the laws. Laws, however, are not liberty itself, but only its limits; nor has any one on the Continent any conception of how much intense freedom is concentrated within those restrictions, and still less of the idleness and sloth of its guardians. It is only where they should be a protection against the arbitrary will of those in power that those boundaries are sternly and vigilantly guarded. When the men in power step beyond their rightful limits, all England rises like a single man, and arrogance is repulsed. In fact, the English people do not wait till liberty has been wronged, but whenever it is so much as threatened they rise in force with words and guns. The French of July did not rise in rebellion till they had received the first blow with the cudgel of arbitrary will—that is to say, the Ordinances—on their heads. The English of this month of May did not wait for the first blow; it was enough for them that the sword had been put into the hands of the far-famed executioner who had in other lands put Liberty to death.

Strange fellows are these Englishmen indeed! I cannot bear them, for I find them bores, most uncompanionable, and egoists; and as they croak

and quack like frogs, they are to all good music natural enemies. They go with gilded prayer-books to their church, and despise us Germans because we eat sauer-kraut.[1] But when the English aristocracy succeeded by means of

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[1] For some reason, which absolutely defies all rational explanation, the ordinary German has an antipathy beyond expression for people who go to church bearing prayer-books. I once at a political German meeting in Philadelphia (where I indeed was one of the speakers) heard one of the orators, after attributing everything horrible to an opponent, such as democracy, temperance, and a belief in God, came to a climax by darkly hinting that he had been seen entering a church bearing a book of devotion. I took from this the idea embodied in Hans Breitmann as a politician:—

"I hear an confounded rumour dat der Schmitz believe in Gott,
Und also dat he go to shoorsh mit a prayer-buch for salvation."

The susceptibility as to sauer-kraut is not less remarkable. The only abusively severe attack on the Breitmann ballads which I ever read was by a German editor who most erroneously thought he had detected in them a sneer at this great national esculent. I had spoken of *stinging* sauer-kraut, and the good fellow thought I meant "stinking," not knowing, in all probability, much English. Truly no such thing ever occurred to me, one of whose earliest literary exploits was the translation into English of Uhland's beautiful poem on "Sauer-kraut mit Speck." It is said that there are in the lunatic asylum of Boston several modern Athenians who have been driven mad by sneers at pork and beans, but this is as nothing compared to what the *stock-Deutscher* feels when sauer-kraut is insulted.—*Translator.*

court bastards in drawing "the German woman" ("*the nasty German frow*") into their interests; when King William, who had promised in the evening to Lord Grey to make as many new peers as would be necessary to pass the Reform Bill, and, influenced to the contrary by the Queen in the night, broke his word in the morning; when Wellington and his Tories laid their libertiicidal hands on the power of the state—then the English were all at once no longer tiresome, but very interesting; they even ceased to be unsociable, and, united by hundreds of thousands, they became men of one mind; their words were no longer croaking and quacking, but full of boldest euphony, they uttered things which rang more winsomely than the melodies of Rossini or of Meyerbeer, and they spoke no more with prayer-book piety of the priests of the Church, but took counsel quite free-thinkingly "whether they should not hunt the bishops to the hangman, and send King William with his sauerkraut kith and kin back to Hanover."

I laughed at many things while I was in England, but most heartily at the Lord Mayor, the real master of the precincts or limits of London, who has maintained himself as a ruin of mediæval communalty, in all his majesty of full peruke and broad spreading dignity of guilds and companies. I saw him in the society of his alder-

men, who are the grave chiefs and elders of the *bourgeoisie*, daddy tailors, and uncle glovemakers,[1] mostly plump tradesmen, with red beefsteak faces and living pots of porter, but sober and very rich through industry and economy, so that I was assured that many of them had more than a million pounds sterling lying in the Bank of England. This is a great building in Threadneedle Street, and if a revolution were to break out in England, the Bank might be in great danger, and the rich citizens of London lose their property and become beggars in an hour. Nevertheless when King William broke his word, and the freedom of England was in danger, the Lord Mayor of London put on his mighty wig, and set forth on his way with the fat aldermen, and they all seemed as serene and secure and officially calm as if they were going to a glorious banquet in Guildhall; but they went to the House of Commons, and there protested most vigorously against the new Government, declaring themselves against the King in case he did not dismiss it, and would rather set life and property at stake by a re-

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[1] *Gevatter Schneider*. *Gevatter*, in the time of Elizabeth, was closely approached as "gossip" or "gaffer," but the latter word has now lost much of its old meaning. *Gevatter* implies in German, familiarity, a bourgeois common-life position, not devoid necessarily of respect and age.—*Translator*.

volution than permit the overthrow of English freedom. Strange fellows, truly, are these Englishmen!

I shall never forget a man whom I saw sitting at the left side of the Speaker in the English House of Commons, for never did a man displease me more. He is always there. He is a stout short figure with a great square head covered with repulsively-bristling reddish hair. His excessively red full-cheeked face is commonplacely and regularly ignoble, he has expressionless and cheap-looking eyes, a short pattern nose, far below which is a mouth which can never utter three words consecutively, unless there is a number among them or the subject is money. There is in his whole being a something niggardly, sordid, and shabby—in short, he is the true son of Scotland, Mr. Joseph Hume.[1] One should place an engraving of this head in the beginning of every account-book. He belongs to the Opposition, and the Ministers have all sore dread of him when sums of money are in question. Even when Canning was Minister he continued to sit

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[1] "Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Cobbett will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will ere long be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of eighteenpence."
—*Praed's Poems.*

on the bench on the Opposition, and if Canning had to cite a figure in his speech, he asked in a low voice from Huskisson who sat near, "How much?" and when it was whispered, he repeated it aloud, whilst looking almost laughingly at Hume. Truly, no man ever displeased me as did this one. But when King William broke his word, Joseph Hume rose high and heroic as a god of freedom, and spoke words which rang as powerfully and solemnly as the great bell of St. Paul's; though the question here too was of money, but it was to say that the people would pay no more taxes—and Parliament adopted the proposal of its great citizen.

That settled the question. The legal refusal to pay the taxes alarmed the enemies of freedom. They dared not war with a people which set its life and fortune at stake. It is true they had their soldiers and their guineas. But they could no longer trust in the red-coated retainers, although they had, with faith well thrashed into them, been hitherto so obedient to Wellington's baton.[1] Nor did they rely any more on the devotion of purchased orators, for even the nobility

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[1] "Obgleich sie bisher dem Wellington'schen Stocke so prügeltreu gehorcht." French version—"Quoi qu'ils eussent jusque-là obéi sans murmure au batôn de Wellington."—*Translator.*

of England now saw "that everything in the world is not for sale, and that eventually there will not be money enough to buy everything." So the Tories yielded. It was really the basest, but still the most prudent course to follow. But how did it come to pass that they perceived it? Did they perhaps find among the stones with which their windows were broken the stone of wisdom?[1]

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[1] "Haben sie etwa unter den Steinen womit man ihnen die Fenster einwarf, zufällig den Stein der Weisen gefunden." French version—"la pierre philosophale."

IX.

PARIS, *June 16, 1832.*

JOHN BULL now demands *a cheap government and cheap religion*, and will no longer give away all the fruits of his labour so that the whole crew of those gentlemen who administer his public affairs or who preach to him Christ and humility, shall revel in the most arrogant excess. He has no longer that awe of their power which once influenced him, and John has also observed that *la force des grands n'est que dans la tête des petits.* The spell is broken since the English nobility have shown their weakness. They are no longer feared, since it has been seen that they are only weak mortals like the rest of us. When the first Spaniard fell, and the Mexicans observed that the white gods whom they saw armed with thunder and lightning were also subject to death, it might have gone badly with the latter, had not their firearms given them a balance of power. But our enemies have not this advantage. Barthold Schwarz invented gunpowder for us all. In vain the clergy cry gaily, "Render unto Cæsar the

things which are Cæsar's."[1] Our reply is, "We have for eighteen hundred years been giving Cæsar far too much; what remains shall now be for us."

Since the Reform Bill has become a law, the aristocrats have grown of a sudden so magnanimous, that they declare that not only the man who pays ten pounds in annual taxes, but that every Englishman, even the poorest, should have the right to vote in electing members of Parliament. They would rather be dependents on the lowest mob of beggars and blackguards (*Bettler und Lumpengesindel*) than on the prosperous middle-class, which is not so easy to bribe or corrupt, and which has not so great a sympathy for them as it has for the populace. The latter has indeed an affinity of feeling with the highly born; for they both, nobs and snobs (*der Adel und der Pöbel*), have the greatest detestation of work, the extremest loathing for common industrial activity: they prefer stealing the goods of another, or the presents and "tips" for occasional menial service; making debts is not beneath their dignity. The beggar and the lord

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[1] "Vergebens *scherzt* die Klerisei." French version—"C'est en vain que le clergé nous crie en soupirant." This hints at *schmerzen*, which I cannot, however, regard as an appropriate word in this connection.—*Translator.*

both despise middle-class honour; they have equal shamelessness when hungry, and they both agree in hating the prosperous citizen.[1] There is a fable which tells us that the upper rounds of a ladder once said scornfully to the lowest, "Do not believe that ye are like to us: ye stick in the mud, while we rise high above it. The hierarchy of the rounds was established by Nature and rendered holy by time—it is legitimate." But a philosopher who was passing by heard this highly aristocratic speech, and reversed the ladder. This often happens in life, and then it is seen that the highest and lowest rounds of the social ladder show similar sentiments in the same circumstances. The noblest *émigrés* who fell into misery in foreign countries became utterly vulgar beggars in feelings and tastes, while the idle and vulgar Corsican wretches who took their place in France spread themselves as auda-

[1] It is hardly worth while to remark to any intelligent unprejudiced English reader, be he Conservative, Liberal, or even Radical, that our author here sinks to the level of a low pothouse orator, abusing what he does not understand. But there may be a few in other countries who may be reminded that the *great* majority of Englishmen even in Heine's time, who were below paying ten pounds taxes, were far from being all "beggars and blackguards," preferring occasional tips to steady wages, and that then, and still more now, that was a very trifling minority of the nobility who *despised* work or could be classed as mere arrogant idlers.—*Translator.*

ciously, with upturned noses, and as court-like as if they were the *plus ancienne noblesse.*

How dangerous for the friends of freedom the alliance between the *noblesse* and the mob may be has been shown most repulsively in the Iberian (*pyrenaïschen Halbinsel*) peninsula. Here, as in certain provinces in Western France and Southern Germany, the Catholic priesthood blessed the Holy Alliance; and the clergy of the Protestant Church have busied themselves everywhere in promoting the beautiful alliance between the people and the men in power—that is to say, between the populace and the aristocracy—in order that the ungodly—*i.e.*, the Liberals—may not get the upper hand. For as they very correctly perceive, he who recklessly uses his own reasoning powers and denies the privileges of the aristocracy will end by doubting the holiest doctrines of religion, and will no longer believe in original sin or Satan, or redemption or the Ascension; he will no longer seek the table of the Lord—in which case he will not bestow on the servants of the Lord any of the Lord's-supper *pour-boires*, or other fees and tips on which their subsistence—and of course the salvation of the world—depends. The aristocrats have, on their side, seen that Christianity is a very profitable religion; that he who believes in original hereditary sin will not deny hereditary privileges; that hell is a very good institution to keep men

in fear, and that any man who can eat his god can swallow and digest anything. All of these noble people were, it is true, once very impious themselves, and contributed much by the dissolution of their manners towards the overthrow of the *ancien régime*. But they have now amended their manners, and at the last perceive that they must set the multitude a good example. After the old orgie had such a shameful end, and the bitterest penance succeeded the sweetest intoxication of sin, the noble gentlemen exchanged their nasty novels for books of devotion, and became very devout and chaste—for they would fain set the folk a good example. And the noble ladies, with the rouge wiped from their faces,[1] have risen from the floor of sin, and arranged their dishevelled locks and rumpled skirts, and preach virtue and decency and Christianity, and will also give the people a good example.[2]

I love the memories of the battles of the first Revolution and of the heroes who sustained them,

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[1] In the French version—"Les nobles dames aussi, la figure rouge se sont relevées du sol du péché."

[2] Heine here adds the following note, which is omitted in the latest French edition :—

"I have here been obliged to cut out several passages (*Stücke*) which favour too much that *Moderatism* which in time of reaction is no longer creditable nor expedient. In their place I give a subsequently written note, which I append to the end of this letter."

and honour the latter as much as even the young men of France can do—yes, even before the days of July I admired Robespierre, Sanctum Justum,[1] and the great Mountain—and yet I would not like to live under the *régime* of such great souls. I could never endure being guillotined every day —and nobody ever did endure it—and the French Revolution could only conquer, and, conquering, bleed to death (*Siegend verbluten*). It is no contradiction that I enthusiastically love this Republic without desiring in the least the restoration of this form of government in France, and still less a German version of it. [2] Yes, one can, without being illogical, wish the Republic might be introduced to France, and, at the same time, monarchism be maintained in Germany. In fact, he to whom the securing the victory for which the democratic principle is to be fought lies nearer to the heart than any other interest, may easily find himself in such case.

Here I touch the great controversy which is now waged in such a bloody and bitter spirit in France, and I must give the reasons why so many friends of freedom still adhere to the present Government, and why so many more desire its

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[1] Saint Just, here Latinised to more emphatically mark the Saint.

[2] The following sentence is wanting in the latest French version.—*German Editor.*

overthrow and the restoration of the Republic. The former, or the Philippists, say, "France, which can only be governed monarchically, has its fittest king in Louis Philippe; he will more certainly secure the freedom and equality which has been attained, because he is in manners and sentiments reasonable and citizen-like; he cannot have, like those of the previous dynasty, a grudge in his heart against the Revolution, because his father, like himself, took part in it; he cannot, like a traitor, betray the people to this old dynasty, since he as a relative must hate them more sincerely than any others; he can live at peace with other kings, because he, in regard to his high birth, may be pardoned his illegitimacy, whereas a war would have been promptly proclaimed if a mere *roturier* had been placed on the French throne, or the Republic had been proclaimed; and peace is, after all, necessary for the prosperity of France."

To which the Republicans reply, that the tranquil happiness of peace is doubtless a great blessing, but that it is worth nothing without freedom. It was inspired with this feeling that their fathers stormed the Bastile, beheaded Louis Capet, and waged war with the whole aristocracy of Europe; that this war is not yet at an end, that there is only a truce; that the European aristocracy has still the deepest hatred of France, and that it is a hatred unto death, which can only end with the

destruction of one power or another. But Louis Philippe is a king whose chief care is to keep his crown: he has an understanding with and allies himself by marriage with kings, and that, pulled hither and thither by various private interests, and condemned to the most pitiful, shillyshallying, half-way course,[1] he is incompetent to represent those holiest interests which the Republic only could once set forth so vigorously, and that in consequence the re-establishment of the Republic is a necessity.

He who has not in France those precious possessions which war may destroy, may easily sympathise with those warriors, eager for battle, who sacrifice peaceful prosperity to the victory of democratic principles, who set fortune and life at stake, and who will fight till all European aristocracy is destroyed. And as Germany belongs to Europe, there are many Germans who sympathise with the French Republicans; but as men often go too far, it takes the form among them of a prepossession for the Republican form itself, from which results something almost unintelligible—German Republicans. That Poles and Italians, who, like the German friends of freedom, expect more benefit from the French Republicans

[1] "Und zur leidigsten Halbheit verdammt." French version —"Condamné à une intolérable duplicité."—*Translator.*

than from the *juste-milieu*, and therefore like them more, should also think well of the Republican form of government, which is not quite unknown to them, is natural enough. But German Republicans! one can hardly trust his eyes or ears, and yet we see them both here and in Germany.

And still, when I behold my German Republicans, I rub my eyes, and say to myself, "Dost thou dream?" And when I read the German *Tribune* or similar publications, I ask myself, "Who was, then, the great poet who imagined all this? Does Dr. Wirth, with his shining sword of honour, really exist? Or is he only a fantastic image by Tieck or Immermann?" But then I feel that poetry cannot rise so high, that our great bards cannot conceive such remarkable and significant characters, and that Doctor Wirth really has body and soul (*wirklich leibt und lebt*), a wandering but brave knight of freedom, of such as Germany has seen but few since the days of Ulrich von Hütten.

Can it be true that the silent land of dreams has begun to live and act? Who could have imagined it before July 1830? Goethe with his nursery songs, the Pietists with their tiresome prayer-book tones, the Mystics with their magnetism, had completely lulled Germany to sleep, and spreading far and wide over the immense surface, everything was quiet. But the bodies

were only sleep-bound, the souls prisoned in them still had strange consciousness of their existence. The writer of these pages wandered once as a young man through the German land, and looked at the sleeping men. I saw pain on their faces; I studied their physiognomies, I laid my hand on their hearts; they began to speak in somnambulic condition in strange broken phrase, revealing their inmost thoughts. The guardians of the people, with their gold nightcaps drawn down deeply over their ears and well wrapped in ermine, in dressing-robes of ermine, sat on red-cushioned chairs of velvet, slept, and snored also; and as I wandered on with sack and staff, I spoke or sang aloud what I had heard, and what I saw on the sleeping faces, or had heard from their sighing hearts. All was very still around me then, and I heard nothing but the echo of my own words. Since then, Germany, startled by the cannon of the great week, is now awake, and now every one who has hitherto been silent would fain make up for lost time, and there is a chatter of tongues and a riot, and there is a great smoking of tobacco, and from the dark clouds threatens a dreadful storm. It is like a raging sea, and on the high cliffs stand the orators. Some are blowing with puffed-out cheeks at the waves, and really believe they caused the storm, and that the more they blow the wilder howls the

gale;[1] others, in fear, hear the ship of state creaking, and gaze on the wild waves with terror, and having learned from their school-books that one may calm the sea with oil, pour the contents of their study-lamps into the howling flood of humanity—or, to speak more prosaically, they write a conciliatory pamphlet, and are amazed that 'tis of no effect, and murmur sadly, "*Oleum perdidi!*"

It is easy to foresee that the idea of a German republic, as so many German minds now conceive it, is by no means a fleeting fancy. Doctors Wirth and Siebenpfeiffer, and Messrs. Scharff and George Fein of Brunswick, and Grosse and Schüler and Savoye, may and will be imprisoned, but their thoughts will be free and sweep free as birds through the air. They will nest like birds in the summit of German oaks, and perhaps for half a century nothing more will be heard of them.

Then, some fine summer morning, they will appear all at once in the public square, grown to be great as the eagle of the god supreme, with lightnings in their claws. For what is fifty years, or even a whole century? Races have time enough, for they are eternal—only kings are mortal.

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[1] *Windsbraut*, given in dictionaries as a gust of wind, &c., but properly the breeze or puff of air which precedes a storm. In legend it is the storm-hunter chasing his bride.—*Translator.*

I do not believe that there will be a German revolution very soon, still less a German republic, and come what may, I shall never see the latter; but I am certain that when we shall long have decayed in our graves there will be strife in Germany, with word and sword, for the Republic. For the Republic is an *idea*, and Germans never yet abandoned one till they had fought it out to its last consequences. Can we Germans, who in our Art era fundamentally fought out the smallest æsthetic questions—as, for example, the sonnet—now that our political period is beginning, leave that far weightier problem unresolved?

For such strife the French have supplied us with special arms, as we, both French and Germans, have of late learned much of one another—the former having received much German philosophy and poetry, and we, in turn, the political experiences and practical sense of the French. Both races are like the Homeric heroes who exchanged weapons and armour on the field of battle in sign of friendship. Thence came especially the mighty change which is now progressing among German writers. In earlier times they were either learned professional men[1] or poets, who troubled them-

[1] *Fakultätsgelehrte*, implying connection with or education at an university; "members of the learned professions;" *savants des facultés*.

selves little as to the people, for whom neither wrote, and in philosophic, poetic Germany the multitude were crusted with the mire of ignorance, and when they quarrelled with authority the question was of rough practical facts, actual needs, burdens of taxes, customs, injuries by game, tolls, and so forth; while in practical France the people, educated and trained by writers, fought much more for ideal interests and philosophic principles.

In the War of Freedom (*lucus a non lucendo*)[1] the Government employed a couple of university[2] learned and poetic gentlemen to work upon the people, who showed great susceptibility, read the *Mercury* of Joseph Görres, sang the songs of E. M. Arndt, bedecked themselves with the leaves of their national oaks, armed themselves, showed themselves inspired in rank and file, assumed to be addressed as "You,"[3] militia-ed and stormed

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[1] "Light, from not shining." Our author here intimates that there was no principle of freedom at stake in the earlier German war with France.

[2] "*Koppel*," generally applied to two dogs coupled together. Hence, in the French version, *une meute*, *i.e.*, a pack of hounds. Our author refers, however, only to two authors.—*Translator.*

[3] "Liess sich *Sie* tituliren," that is, claimed to be addressed more respectfully. "He expects to be always called Mister, now he's got thirty dollars a month," said an American. In Pennsylvania-German *Sie* is unknown. In the words of an observer, "They 're always *du*-ing one another—specially in

(*landstürmte*) and fought and conquered Napoleon, for, as Schiller says, "Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain." And now the German Government would fain use that pair again, but they have meantime been lying chained together in a dark den, and become very mangy and in evil odour, and learned nothing new, and always bark in the old fashion; but the people have heard other tones since then—high and noble notes of civic equality, of rights of men—inalienable rights—so that it is with a smile of compassion, if not with contempt, that they look down on the well-known barkers, the mediæval hounds—the trusty poodle and the pious pug of 1814.[1]

Yet I would not re-echo utterly and altogether

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horse-trades." In the next clause, "as Schiller says" only occurs in the French version.—*Translator.*

[1] In the preceding passages our author sets forth strikingly one of his commonest weaknesses or follies, that of blaming or ridiculing the past because it was not like the present. If the evolutionary philosophy of the present day has had no other good result, it has at least begun to teach us that, as nature goes, we cannot have everything at once. The high and noble notes of civic equality and songs of inalienable rights were not wanted when the question was to repel French invaders, any more than a blast from the last trump is wanted to call hotel boarders to dinner. But Görres, though dead, was not "played out," even during the last French-German war, for good words for the time were even then found in the *Suabian Treasury.*—*Translator.*

the tones of 1832. I have already expressed myself as regards the least attractive of them, that is to say, our German Republicans. I have indicated the accidental circumstance to which their appearance is due. And I will not here by any means combat their opinions. That is not my office, and for such business the Governments have their special agents, who receive for such work special pay. But I cannot here refrain from the remark that the chief error of the German Republicans consists in not duly considering the difference between the two countries when they desire for Germany that republican form of Government which may perhaps be quite suitable to France. It is neither its geographical position nor the armed interpellation of neighbouring princes which must prevent Germany from becoming a republic, as the Grand Duke of Baden lately declared. On the contrary, it is those very geographical relations which would best support the German Republicans in their arguments; and as for foreign danger, an united Germany would be the most terrible power in the world, for truly a race which fought so bravely under servile influences, if it should consist of pure Republicans, would easily surpass in bravery all threatened Bashkirs and Cossacks. But Germany cannot be a republic, because it is essentially royalist. France, on the contrary, is in its very

being republican.[1] I do not here assert that the French have more republican virtues than we —by no means, for such virtues are not superabundant, even in France. I speak only of the being or of the character by which Republicanism and Royalism not only differ from each other, but also manifest and make themselves practically felt as radically different phenomena.[2]

The royalism of a race consists, according to its nature (*dem Wesen nach*), in this: that it respects authority, that it believes in the persons who represent that authority, and that in this confidence also attaches itself to the person. The *Republicanism* of a race lies really in the Republican believing in no authority, that he only esteems the laws, constantly demanding account from their representative, regards the latter with distrust, controls them, never attaches himself to persons; and, what is more, the higher they raise themselves above the people the more zealously does he seek to degrade them by contradiction, mistrust, mockery, and persecution.

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[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version, though the following directly depends on it. The omission is not noticed in the German edition.—*Translator.*

[2] "Sondern sich auch als grundverschiedene Erscheinungen kundgeben, und geltend machen." French version—"Mais le manifestent comme deux faits radicalement différents."—*Translator.*

Ostracism was from this point of view the most republican of institutions, and that Athenian who voted for the punishment of Aristides "because people were always calling him the Just" was the republican *par excellence* (*der echteste Republicaner*). He would not have virtue represented by one person, and that the person would at last be more than the law—he feared the authority of a name. This man was the greatest citizen of Athens, and it is most characteristic of him that history has not preserved his name.[1] Yes, since I have studied the French Republicans in their writings, as in their lives, I recognise everywhere as a characteristic sign that distrust of persons, that hatred of the authority of a name. It is not a petty narrow yearning for equality which makes these men hate great names—ah, no!—they fear lest those who bear them will use them against freedom, or else by weakness and yielding may allow others to misuse them.[2] For this reason so many great and popular heroes of liberty were

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[1] Not so. What was most characteristic of him was that he could neither read nor write.—*Translator.*

[2] Doubtful, to the last degree. When I, in ultra-republican far Western American villages, have heard the natives bitterly revile a stranger for wearing a chimney-pot or stove-pipe shiny hat, it struck me that the motive was great indignation that any one should be by any chance better dressed than themselves, or that they were, in fact, inspired by the most burning *kleinliche*

executed, because it was feared lest in a time of peril they might in perilous circumstances make bad use of their authority.[1] For this cause I still hear from many a mouth the Republican doctrine that we should ruin all Liberal reputations, because they *might* exercise in some decisive moment the most injurious influence, as was recently seen by Lafayette, to whom we owe thanks for the best republic.[2]

I have here, perhaps, indicated incidentally the cause why there are now so few great characters in France; they have for the most part been destroyed. From the highest to the very lowest

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Gleicheitssucht, or narrow yearning for equality—plainly envy—but were in no degree afraid lest the wearers of the hats should use them against freedom, or in an unguarded moment suffer them to be turned against "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence."

[1] "It was feared lest"—"might" and "perhaps!" And therefore, for such vague, cowardly fears and dim possibilities, all the great heroes who had caused the Revolution were justly put to death, or because they had distinguished themselves! Truly a fine way *pour encourager les autres*. This is a very thin defence. They were put to death by the coarser, viler, and more cowardly characters who had not the brains or courage to begin the Revolution, but who, when the real workmen had toiled through the heat of the day, fell on them and slew them to take their wages. It was the spirit of blood and deviltry let loose, and no transcendental-socialistic theories as to the cabalistic power of names which destroyed those great men.—*Translator.*

[2] The words after "Lafayette" are wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

persons, there are now no longer any authorities. From Louis Philippe to Alexander, the *chef des claqueurs*;[1] from the great Talleyrand to Vidocq; from Gaspard Debureau, the celebrated Pierrot of the Funambules Theatre, up to Hyacinthe de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris; from Monsieur Staub, *maître tailleur*, to Lamartine, the pious little goat; from Guizot to Paul de Kock; from Cherubini to Biffi; from Passini to the smallest gaping Ape-ino (*Maulaffi*)—no one, whatever his trade may be, has an uncontested supremacy, a sole consideration. But it is not only the faith in individualities which is contested, but in all which exists. Indeed, in most cases one does not even doubt, for doubt presupposes belief. There are no atheists here; there has not survived so much respect for the good Lord as even to deny him. The old religion is utterly dead and gone into decay; the "majority of Frenchmen" pay no attention to this corpse, and hold handkerchief to nose when Catholicism is spoken.[2] Ancient morality is likewise dead; when it appears, it is

[1] "*Auguste*" in the French version. I may be mistaken, but I think it was this same Auguste, *chef des claqueurs*, whom I met in 1847 at a small and cheap but respectable restaurant outside the Barrier. The following list of names is much abridged in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version—as usual—*Catholicism* is omitted, and *l'Eglise* substituted.

but as a ghost, which does not even walk by night. Truly, when I regard this race, how it ever and anon rages up and breaks on the table called the altar the holy playthings, and tears the crimson velvet of the chair—I mean the throne—and wants new bread and new games, and finds delight in seeing the bold blood of life spirt from wounds in its own heart—then it seems to me as if it did not e'en believe in death!

Among such unbelievers royalty is only rooted in the little wants of vanity; but a far greater power impels it, despite itself, to a republic. Those men whose desires for distinction and display agree only with a monarchical form of government are still, by the incompatibility of their natures with the conditions of royalty, condemned to endure a republic.[1] But the Germans are not yet in this state; the faith in authority is not yet extinct emong them, and nothing essential (*nichts Wesentliches*) impels them to a republican form of

[1] This was something more than a merely safe prediction or guess. Even in Louis Philippe's reign the rapid growth of bankers, capitalists, and *nouveaux riches*, with their love of ostentation, which afterwards increased to such extravagance under the Empire, was such as to indicate to a thinker that a *régime* based on the Bourse would in time create a republic. From one point of view it may be said, that where there are the most exchanges or the greatest passing of money from hand to hand, there is not only the most prosperity, but the greatest freedom and equality.—*Translator.*

government. They have not outgrown royalty; respect for princes has not been forcibly destroyed; they have not lived through the misfortune of a twenty-first of January; they still believe in persons, in authorities, in a high command,[1] in the police, in the Holy Trinity, in the *Literary Gazette* of Halle, in blotting-paper and packing-paper, but most of all in parchment. Poor Wirth! you reckoned without your guests.[2]

The author or writer who would prepare a social revolution must be a century in advance of his time, but the *tribune*, on the contrary, who schemes a political revolution, must keep close to the masses. Before all, in politics, as in life, one must only aim at what is practically attainable.

When I previously spoke of the republicanism of the French, I had in my mind, as I mentioned, rather the involuntary tendency of the people than its formally expressed will. The events of the fifth and sixth of June showed how little, for the moment, the expressed will of the people is favourable to the Republicans. I have already written enough sorrowful news on these remarkable days to render any further details unneces-

[1] "An eine hohe Obigkeit." French version—"à la très-haute diète."

[2] Wirth, in allusion to a famed republican of that name, means landlord. "Behold! he hath made a pun!"—*Translator.*

sary. Nor are the legal proceedings relative to the affair at an end: it may be that the military tribunal will give us more disclosures than we have thus far obtained. We do not know as yet anything about the real beginning of the fray, and still less the number of the combatants. The Philippistes are interested in representing the affair as a conspiracy which had been long prepared, and to exaggerate the number of their enemies. Thereby they justify the violent measures of the Government, and gain the reputation of a military victory. The Opposition maintain that, on the contrary, there was not the least preparation for the revolt, that the Republicans were quite without leaders, and that their number was very small. This seems to be the truth. In any case, it is a great misfortune for the Opposition that while they were assembled *in corpore*, and stood in rank and file, that the unsuccessful attempt at a revolution took place. But if the Opposition lost credit by this event, the Government suffered still more by its heedless declaration of a state of siege.[1] It looks as if it would show that if it came to a test, it could show itself more grandly absurd than even the Opposition. I really believe that the days of the fifth and sixth

[1] French version—"Le gouvernement en a perdu davantage par ses mesures étourdies."

of June are to be considered as a mere event which was not specially prepared. The Lamarque funeral was only meant to be a grand review of the Opposition. But the assembling of so many men, ready and willing to fight, all at once broke forth into irresistible enthusiasm; but the Holy Ghost descended on them at the wrong time. They began at the wrong time, too, to prophesy, and the sight of the red flag must, like a magic spell, have turned their senses.

There was indeed some mysterious influence in this red flag with black-fringed border, in which were in black the words "*La Liberté ou la Mort!*" and which rose like a banner of consecration to death above all heads on the Pont d'Austerlitz. Many people who closely beheld the mysterious bearer of this standard declare that he was a very tall, lean, and haggard man, with a long corpse-like face, staring eyes, a firmly-closed mouth, above which a black Old-Spanish moustache[1] stuck forth its tips far out on

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[1] It may be worth noting here that the wearing the moustache, the frock-coat, and also the smoking cigars, all date from the year 1830. That is to say, it was about that time they all became fashionable in Paris, and spread thence over Europe. The Havannah cigar had, however, been for a long time well known in the United States. The earliest use of them in the latter, according to advertisements, appears to have been in Philadelphia about a century ago, when they were announced

either side—an uncanny figure, which sat like a moveless spectre on a great black pony while the battle raged furiously round him.

The rumours relative to Lafayette connecting him with this red flag are denied by his friends in the most emphatic manner. It seems that he neither wreathed the red flag nor the red cap—*le bonnet rouge*. The poor General sits retired in his house, and weeps over the mournful end of that *fête* in which he again played a part, as he has done at most popular risings ever since the beginning of the Revolution, always strangely drawn into the popular movement, and with the best intention to keep the people by his presence from too great excesses. He is like the tutor[1] who accompanied his pupil to the bawdy-houses, to see that he at least did not get drunk there; to the taverns, to keep him from gambling; to the gambling-houses, to guard him from duelling; but when a duel was unavoidable—why then the good old gentleman served as his second.

Though some disturbances were to be expected at the burial of Lamarque, where an army of discontented men assembled, still no one really believed in the outbreak of a real insurrection.

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as a novelty. When Heine wrote in 1832, the moustache was, however, remarkable among any save "swells."—*Translator.*

[1] "Er gleicht dem Hofmeister." The French version adds—"de ma connaissance."—*Translator.*

It was perhaps the thought that all were so happily come together and so *àpropos*, which suggested to some Republicans the idea of improvising a revolution.[1] The instant was certainly not badly chosen to bring out a general excitement and fire even the timid. It was an instant which at least powerfully stirred up the soul, and banished commonplace, every-day feelings, and all little petty cares. This funeral must have made a deep impression, even on the calmest spectator, as much by the number of the mourners—of whom there were more than a hundred thousand—as well as by the dark and bold spirit which was expressed in their mien and gestures. There was something animating yet disquieting in the sight of the youth of all the high schools, of the *Amis du Peuple*, and of so many other Republicans of all

[1] Heine is here, I think, quite mistaken. I have been far deeper in the practical preparation for and execution of a French revolution than he ever was, for I knew a month before the Prefect ever found it out, or before it came off, the coming of that of February 1848; and when I re-entered Paris in 1869, it was also with full foreknowledge of the *émeute* of the Plébiscite, in which I was offered a position. The truth is that though, as Heine surmised, there were never more than a very few indeed practically engaged in the Republican attempts, there was always in his time—as now—a revolution organised and ready, only waiting for something to turn up. Had there been no preparation before the Lamarque funeral, where did the man on the black horse get his red flag with "Liberty or death!" Such figures are not common at funerals.—*Translator.*

classes, who, filling the air with terrible acclamations, swept by like Bacchanals of freedom, bearing in their hands leafy staves, which they swung like thyrses. They wore garlands of willow round their small hats, their garb was all of brotherly simplicity, their eyes expressed the intoxication of desire to *do*, with flushed necks and cheeks—ah! on many of these faces I saw the melancholy shadow of coming death—as may be full easily prophesied of young heroes. He who had seen these youths in their proud delirium of freedom would indeed have felt that many of them had not long to live. And it was a full sad omen that the chariot of victory, followed by the acclamations of that Bacchantic youth, did not bear a living but a dead *triumphator!*

Unfortunate Lamarque! how much blood did this funeral cost! And those were not forced or bribed gladiators, who massacred one another to exalt the idle display of mourning by combats. It was a blooming and inspired youth which sacrificed its blood for the holiest feelings, for the most generous dream of its soul. It was the best blood of France which ran in the Rue Saint-Martin, and I do not believe that there was better fighting at Thermopylæ than at the mouth of the Alley of Saint-Méry and Aubry-des-Bouchers, where at the last a handful of some sixty Republicans fought against sixty thousand troops of the line and



National Guards, and twice beat them back! The old soldiers of Napoleon, who understand fighting as well as we do—perhaps—Christian dogmatics, mediation of extremes, or acting (*Kunstleistungen einer Mimin*), declared that the fight in the Rue Saint-Martin was one of the most heroic events of modern history. The Republicans did marvels of bravery, and the few who remained alive in no wise asked for mercy. All the researches which my occupation exacted, and which were conscientiously executed, confirm this. They were for the greater part bayonetted by the National Guard. Some Republicans, seeing that all resistance was useless, rushed with bared breasts before the enemy, offering themselves to be shot. When the corner-house of the Rue Saint-Méry was taken, a pupil of the Ecole d'Alfort climbed with a flag on the roof, cried *Vive la République!* and fell down drilled through with bullets. To a house, of which the first storey was held by Republicans, there came the soldiers, who prevented retreat by breaking away the stairs, and as the insurgents would not fall alive into the hands of their enemies, they all committed suicide, so that all which was taken was a room full of corpses. This was related to me in the Church of Saint-Méry, and I was obliged to lean against the image of Saint Sebastian to prevent my falling to the ground from deep inward emotion, and

I wept like a child.[1] All the tales of heroes over which I, as a boy, had already wept so much, came into my memory, but I especially thought of Cleomenes, King of Sparta, and his twelve companions, who ran through the streets of Alexandria calling on the people to fight for their liberty, but finding none to respond, slew themselves to escape the tyrant's followers. The last of them was the beautiful Antäos, who first bent over his friend the dead Cleomenes, kissed his dear lips, then fell upon his sword.

Nothing is as yet exactly known of the number of those who fought in the Rue Saint-Martin. I believe there were at the beginning about two hundred Republicans, who were at last, during the sixth of June, reduced to sixty. There was not one among them of well-known name, or who had been recognised as a distinguished champion (*Kämpen*) of Republicanism—another proof that if there are not now many heroic names which

[1] Even as of old men touched the image of the Delphian god to give them strength of mind. Did Heine here recall that beautiful Saint Sebastian with his arrows is known as the Christian Apollo? Our author tells in another work that once, when in great mental distress, he took refuge and fell before the Apollo Belvedere. On this later occasion, not having the classic original, he was obliged to make shift with the Catholic imitation. From his emotion on this occasion, I draw the inference that Heine, though he assures us that he was a brave soldier in the cause of freedom, would have been rather too nervous, or "weepy and fainty," for a turn under fire.—*Translator.*

ring aloud in France, it is not due to any want of heroes. But it is to be noted that that phase of history is past when the deeds of individuals stand boldly forth: races, parties, masses themselves are the heroes of the modern time: modern tragedy distinguishes itself from the ancient in this respect, that now the chorus acts and plays the leading parts, while the gods, heroes, and tyrants, who were once the true actors, are fallen to being moderate representatives of the will of parties and of popular action, and employed for mere loquacious reflection as presiders at dinners, deputies, ministers, tribunes, and so forth.[1] The

[1] As Heine was perhaps the first to set before the public or to make popular this idea of the "devoutly-to-be-wished-for disappearance" of all leaders in everything, and as it continually recurs in his writings, I may be permitted to remark, that while no one knows into what undreamed-of conditions human nature *may* be evoluted, it is simply impossible to now conceive of any work dependent on organised labour being done at all without a foreman, who must necessarily be the cleverest of all; nor is it possible to conceive this foreman as assisting or acting unless he be better paid and more highly esteemed than the others. Nor, unless honour and reward—*i.e.*, *pre-eminence*—be in some form the payment for exertion, would any man devote himself to art, letters, or invention, or anything beyond merely making a living. One author has already spoken with approbation of what was effectively the Venetian system—that is, the putting out of the way all very prominent persons who had distinguished themselves for virtue and patriotism, for *fear* (cowardice being prominent in this principle) lest they *might* take the lead. According to this doctrine, which forms the corner-stone of extreme Socialism, man is to be reduced to a level far below

round-table of the great Louis Philippe, the whole Opposition with its *comptes rendus*, with Messieurs Odilon-Barrot, Lafitte, and Arago—how passive and miserably small do all these threshed-out men of note and sham notabilities seem compared to the heroes of the Rue Saint-Martin, whose names were all unknown, and who died anonymously together.[1]

The modest death of these great unknown should not only inspire in us mournful emotions, but also inspire our souls with courage, as a proof that many thousand men whom we do not know are ready to sacrifice their lives for the holy cause of freedom. But despots should be seized with secret terror at the thought that such an unknown

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that of bees or ants in his instinctive working for the common weal; for even these insects have their overseers and superiors in intelligence, who enjoy special privileges. One practical result of this system or theory is to be seen in many trades unions, in which ambitious and excellent workmen are kept down, or even excluded, while half-taught bunglers are allowed full wages. As regards Heine himself, it may be just as well to remember that on this, as on all other earthly subjects, there are numerous passages in his works which eloquently set forth the contrary unto extremes—inconsistency being the only thing to which he was always perfectly consistent.—*Translator.*

[1] The French version is here far superior to the German, if brevity be the soul of wit:—"Toutes ces réputations rebattues, toutes ces notabilités apparentes, tout cela nous apparait bien passif et bien mince, comparé aux heros de la rue Saint-Martin tous morts anonymes." The information in the original, that the heroes were "all unknown and died anonymously," is exquisitely Heine-like.—*Translator.*

host of men, daring and seeking death, ever surrounds them, like the masked servants of a Holy Vehm. They are right in fearing France, the red soil of liberty.

It is a mistake to suppose that the heroes of the Rue Saint-Martin belonged to the *lower classes*, or even to the mob, as they are called.[2] No, they were mostly students, beautiful youths from the Ecole d'Alfort, artists, journalists, chiefly aspiring men; among them also a few workmen (*einige*), who under coarse jackets bore noble

[1] The jurisdiction of the Vehmgericht was known as *der rothe Erde*, or the red earth, *i.e.*, Westphalia.

[2] This reminds me of the American negro song, in which we are informed that "de reason why dey called him so was kase dat was his name." If there be such a thing as *pöbel*, *plebs*, or *people*, there must be some name for it, and while there are "lower orders," the awful fact *must* be mentioned in some kind of descriptive English, although I have known the proprietor of an American newspaper (who was a great scamp, by the way, and ground down and cheated all his employés), who forbade any writer in his office to use the term. It is very amusing to observe here how our author endeavours to prove that the martyrs did not belong to, and were much superior to, his darling *Pöbel*. And here our opinions differ, for the squad of about fifty whom I led at the barricades in 1848 were as thorough a set of roughs and finished specimens of "the lower orders" as I have ever beheld, and such was the character of the vast majority of the insurgents *everywhere*. I did not see any "beautiful youths" or "Mollies," or apparent literary men or artists; in fact, gentlemen were remarkably conspicuous by their absence from the barricades, though I saw some pretty girls at them of the she-devil class, who are never wanting in any French row.—*Translator*.

hearts. It would appear that those who fought by the Cloister Saint-Méry were all young men, but among the prisoners who were led through the streets there were grey-bearded men, and very striking to me was the appearance of an old man who was being conducted with some scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique to the Conciergerie. His companions walked along with bowed heads, gloomy and sad, their souls torn with grief as their garments were by other causes; the old fellow, however, marched along, clad, it is true, rather poorly, and in very old-fashioned (*altfränkisch*) but well-cared-for clothes, a much-worn straw-coloured dress-coat (*Frack*) and ditto waistcoat and trousers, cut according to the latest fashion of 1793, with a great three-cornered hat on his old powdered head, with an expression on his face as void of trouble and almost as gay as if going to a wedding.[1] Behind him ran an old woman with an umbrella, which she seemed to be keeping for him, and with a terrible fear (*Todesangst*) in every wrinkle of her face, such as one may feel when any one dear to us is to go before a military tribunal, and perhaps be shot within twenty-four hours. I can never forget the face of that old man. In the Morgue I also

[1] Our author here sketches with a master-hand in a few strokes a type which may not be known to all readers. I knew his counterpart in an old soldier named Rumberg, a German,

saw on the eighth of June the corpse of an old man covered with wounds, who, as a *Garde National* who stood by assured me, was "very much committed as a Republican." But he lay on the marble slabs of *la Morgue*. This is a building where the bodies which are found in the streets or in the Seine are brought and laid out, and where people seek for friends who are missing.

On that day, the eighth of June, so many people thronged to the Morgue that there was as long a queue formed as when "Robert le Diable" is to be given at the Opera. I had to wait an hour ere I could enter, and so had time enough to look at that melancholy building, which looks like a great pile of stones. I do not know what is the meaning of a yellow tablet of wood with a blue centre like a Brazilian cockade, which hangs before the door.[1] The number of the house is twenty-one. It was

who seemed to live only for revolutions and beer. My brother always called him Cartouche, from the character in *La Fille du Regiment*. Whenever an *émeute* took place in Europe, he was always there, not as leader, but as a reckless fighter. When the great insurrection of the *coup d'état* took place in Paris, he left Philadelphia, fought at the barricades, and returned, all within six weeks. I never could imagine how he lived. Fighting, imprisonment, and subordinate plotting and conspiring seemed to make up his whole life. He was an old man, full of life, with glittering and fierce, yet almost laughing eyes, and enormous white moustaches, like reversed horns; a type of the old Revolutionaries of 1798.—*Translator.*

[1] I believe that this indicates a hospital, or that the place is under civic sanitary control.—*Translator.*

sad enough when within to see how anxiously some people looked at the corpses, seeking what they feared to find. There were indeed two agonising scenes. A boy found his dead brother, and stood silent in grief, as if rooted to the spot. A young girl discovered her dead lover, screamed, and swooned. As I knew her, I had the sad task to carry the poor disconsolate creature home. She was employed in a *magasin de modes* in my neighbourhood, where eight young ladies are employed, all of whom are *républicaines*. Their lovers are all young Republicans. I am in this establishment the only Royalist.

Appendix to Letter IX.[1]

(*Written October* 1, 1832.)

The passages suppressed in the preceding letter referred chiefly to the German nobility. The more I reflect on the most recent events of the day, the more important does the subject seem, and I must soon make up my mind to a fundamental discussion of it. This indeed is no result of private feelings. I believe that I have fully proved of late that my conflict (*Befehdung*) concerns only the principles, and not directly the

[1] This appendix or *Zwischenote*, as Heine terms it, is wanting in the French version.

persons of the opponents. The *enragés* of the day have recently cried out against me as a secret ally of the aristocracy, and if the insurrection of the fifth of June had not come to grief, they could easily have inflicted on me the death which they had schemed. I willingly forgive them this folly, and only a word in reference to it escaped me in my letter of the seventh of June. Party spirit is as blind as is a raging beast.

As regards the German aristocracy, we have a bad business to deal with. All constitutions, even the best, cannot help us until the whole nobility (*Adelthum*) is torn up to the last root. The poor princes or kings are themselves in the utmost distress; their best intentions are fruitless, they must act contrary to their holiest oaths, they are compelled to act contrary to the cause of the people; in a word, they cannot remain true to the constitution as they have sworn, until they shall be freed from that older constitution which the nobility when it did penance for its armed independence gained by the silken arts of courtiership. These are constitutions which, as unwritten laws of custom, are far more deeply grounded than the most absolutely printed blotting-paper documents of the kind — constitutions whose codex is known by heart to every rustic nobleman, and whose maintenance is under the special care of every old court-tabby,—constitutions from

which the most absolute king dare not remove the smallest tittle—I refer to etiquette.

Through etiquette the princes are entirely in the power of the nobility; they are not free, they are not responsible; and the want of truth which some of them manifested at the latest ordinance of the Diet is to be ascribed, if we judge them fairly, not to their will, but to their circumstances. No constitution secures the rights of the people so long as their rulers lie bound in the etiquette of nobility, for so soon as caste-interests are concerned all private enmities are set aside, and all unite in a body. What can the only one, the prince, do against that body which is practised in intrigue, which knows every princely weakness, which counts among its members even the prince's nearest relatives, who have exclusively the right to be about his person, so that the prince, even when he hates them, must endure their presence; must bear their charming glances, let them clothe him, wash and lick his hands; must eat, drink, and converse with them because they are qualified to appear at court (*hoffähig*), privileged by right of birth to those court charges and duties; and all the ladies of the court would rise and make his own home uninhabitable should he act as his heart desired, and not according to the laws of etiquette? So it happened that William of England, a noble, excellent king, was compelled by the tricks

of his surrounding to break his word in the most miserable manner, and lose for ever the respect and confidence of his people. And so, too, it came to pass that one of the noblest and most intelligent princes who ever adorned a throne, King Louis of Bavaria, who three years ago was so devoted to the popular cause, and who so firmly resisted all the tyrannical efforts of his nobility, and who so heroically endured their provoking insolence and slanders—even he at last, wearied and weak, sank into their traitorous arms and became untrue to himself! Poor heart, which was once so ambitious and proud! how sadly must thy courage have been broken since thou, not to be annoyed longer by the retorts of a few stubborn subjects, didst resign thy own independent supremacy, and become thyself a subordinate vassal—the vassal of thy natural enemy—vassal of thy brother-in-law!

I repeat it, that all written constitutions can avail naught so long as we do not destroy the nobility utterly. It is not abolished when we, by discussed, voted, sanctioned, and promulgated laws, annul the privileges of the nobility. This has been done in several places, yet the interests of the nobles still prevail there. We must destroy the traditional abuses in royal householding, introduce a new system of service for the rabble of court-retainers, break up the "etiquette," and,

to be free ourselves, begin the work with freeing the princes and emancipating the kings. The old dragon must be driven away from the fountain of power; and, when this shall have been done, beware lest he steal back by night and poison the well. Once we belonged to kings, now they belong to us; therefore, we must ourselves educate them, and not leave them any longer to those high-born royal court-tutors (*Prinzenhofmeistern*), who train them to the aims of their own caste, and dwarf or deform body and soul. Nothing is so dangerous to the people as that early surrounding a crown-prince with young noblemen's ideas.[1] The best citizen should be, by choice, of the people, the educator of princes; and he who has an evil reputation, or is in the least of evil fame, should be legally removed from the person of the heir-apparent; but, should he press with that shameless forwardness which is characteristic of the nobility in such cases, then let him be scourged in the market-place in the most perfect measure, and let the measure be marked with red iron on his shoulder. But if he should declare that he intruded on the young King to be regarded as clever and witty, and should he have a big belly like Sir John, then put him in

[1] *Umjunkerung.* A *junker* is a young nobleman, but the term is often applied to any nobles when speaking of them as in court dependency.—*Translator.*

the House of Correction, but where the women are kept.[1]

However, there are occasionally white ravens.

I will discuss this subject more fully, as I have already done, in the preface to Kahldorf's Letters to Count Moltke. A statistic of the diplomatic body to whom the interests of the people are confided would therewith be extremely interesting. Tables can be added with catalogues of their different virtues in the various capitals—it being shown, for instance, how in one of the latter

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[1] Heine is here supremely silly on a subject which easily afforded great opportunity to be nobly edifying or grandly sarcastic. The immensely demoralising influence which a prince or sovereign can exert, at first directly, in a court, and then over society and the whole people, has never been realised, nor fully set forth by any writer, and it might have been well done here. In childishly describing how he would whip and brand and imprison courtiers, our author talks like a schoolboy. He leaves out of sight altogether that the heir-apparent, whatever court influences may have been, is supposed to have some small allowance of common-sense, and to learn from the world, of which he really sees a great deal, enough to teach him a proper sense of duties and dignity. Courtiers, however vile and demoralising they may be—and there are, unfortunately, always too many of this kind—are never utterly and *entirely* responsible for a prince's conduct, as Heine would have us believe. History abounds in examples of kings who grew up deeply respected, though they had been exposed to every evil influence from infancy. In the cases of Charles II. and George IV. there were far worse influences at work than those of surrounding men or circumstances—there was a poison of imbecility in their blood, and, as we have been told, against this the gods themselves fight in vain.—*Translator.*

every third man is either a gambler or a homeless hireling, an *escroc* or the *ruffiano*[1] of his own wife or that of his groom, or a general spy, or some such noble good-for-nothing. I have on behalf of this statistic made very fundamental studies—in fact, at the tables of King Pharaoh[2] and other monarchs of the East, in the soirees of the most beautiful goddesses of dance and song, in the temples of gourmandise and gallantry—in short, in the most distinguished houses of Europe.

I must here by way of supplement mention, as regards Count Moltke, that he was here in the July of last year in Paris, and wished to engage me in a literary dispute (*Federkrieg*) on the nobility, to convince the public that I had misunderstood his principles, or voluntarily misrepresented them. But it seemed to me to be a seriously doubtful matter whether I should then discuss in my usual manner and publicly a subject which appealed so terribly to the passions of the day. I communicated this apprehension to the Count, and he was reasonable enough not to attack me. As I first attacked him, I could not have ignored his reply, and a rejoinder must have come from me. The Count deserves the highest praise,

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[1] *Escroc.* Heine gives it as *escroque*, a sharper or swindler. *Ruffiano* (Italian), a pander.

[2] The reference being to faro-tables. This game was originally called *Pharaoh.—Translator.*

which I hereby award him, for his insight, and I give it the more willingly since I have found in him personally a brilliant (*geistreichen*), and, what is much more, a correctly-thinking man, who had well deserved in the preface to the Kahldorf Letters to be treated otherwise than as a common nobleman. Since then I have read his monograph on trade freedom (*Gewerbefreiheit*), in which he, among many other subjects, expresses the most liberal principles.

It is a strange thing as regards these nobles! The best among them cannot free themselves from the interests of blood. They can in most cases think liberally—perhaps more unselfishly liberally than common people (*Roturiers*), they can even love freedom better and devote offerings to it, but they are very insensible to citizen-like equality. At heart no man is perfectly liberal; only mankind is quite so; some one has a bit of liberalism which the other wants, while the people as a whole possess them all. Count Moltke is certainly of the deepest conviction that the slave-trade is something illegal and infamous, and he would doubtless vote for its abolition. But Mynheer van der Null, a slave-dealer whose acquaintance I made under the Bohmchen in Rotterdam, is perfectly convinced that the slave-trade is perfectly natural and proper, but that the privilege of birth is something unjust and

unnatural, which every honest state should sweep away.

That I in July 1831 was unwilling to have a controversy with Count Moltke, the champion of the nobility, will be appreciated by every reasonably feeling man when he considers the nature of the fearful and threatening circumstances which were then developing in Germany.

Passions were raging more wildly than ever before, and it was as necessary to show as bold a front to Jacobinism as to absolutism. Immovably fixed in my principles, even the wiles of Jacobinism have never been able here in Paris to tear me away into the dark stream where German stupidity rivalled French frivolity. I have taken no part in the German associations here, beyond contributing a few francs to a collection for supporting a free press; and long before the days of June I notified the directors of that association in the most explicit manner that I was no longer in any connection with them. I can therefore only shrug my shoulders in pity, when I hear that the Jesuit-aristocratic party in Germany gave themselves at that time the greatest pains to represent me as one of the *enragés* of the day, in order to cast on me by their excesses a compromising authority.[1]

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[1] "Um mir beiderer Excessen eine kompromittierende Solidarität aufzubürden." *Solidarität*, a joint liability. Germans are

It was a mad time, and I had sad trouble even with my best friends, and I was in sorrow sore for my worst enemies. Yes, ye dear enemies, ye do not know how much trouble I endured for you! People talked of doing up in one bundle all the treacherous nobles, slanderous priests, and similar scamps in Germany. How could I endure that? If the question had only been one of punishing you a little—whipping you on the Schlossplatz in Berlin or on the Schrannenmarkt in Munich in gentle time, or nailing the tri-coloured cockade on your tonsure, or having with you some joke of that kind!—that I might have let pass; but to really make away with you, that I never could endure. Your death to me had been the saddest loss. In that case I should have had to make new enemies, perhaps among honest, decent folk, which is always a bad thing for an author. Nothing is so profitable for us as to have really bad fellows for enemies. The Lord hath made me immeasurably rich with this kind, and I am glad that they are now in safety. Yes, let us sing *Te Metternich Laudamus!* ye dear enemies! Ye were in the greatest danger of being hung,

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of opinion that most words in their language are more expressive than any in English, and it certainly cannot be denied that *solid* is indeed "worked for all it is worth." There are "solid maidens" who advertise for solid husbands to enter into *solidarisch* marriage relations in *solid* society.—*Translator.*

and then I should have lost ye for ever! Now all is still once more; everything will be set aside or firmly fixed by law. The Act of Confederacy will be dismissed and the patriots imprisoned, and we look forward to a long, sweet, and safe repose. Now we can once more, undisturbed, resume our old delightful relations; I can scourge you as of old, and you can slander me. How glad I am to see you as yet unhung! Your life is dearer to me than ever. I cannot resist a certain feeling of emotion in seeing you. I beg you, take good care of your health—do not swallow your own poison; rather lie and slander when you can, a little more than usual—that lightens the pious heart. Do not go about so bent over and bowed —that is bad for the breast. Go sometimes to the theatre when a tragedy by Raupach is to be played—that exhilarates one. Try a change in your private pleasures; visit a pretty girl now and then — but beware of the rope-maker's daughter!

Now you are playing with the end of a long rope; but who knows, perhaps some fine morning early you will hang at the end of a short cord.

DAILY BULLETINS.[1]

PREFACE.

THERE is not much which is true or accurate which will ever be published relative to the unsuccessful insurrection of the fifth and sixth of

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[1] Only ten pages of these *Bulletins, &c.* (which occupy seventy-nine in the German original), are given in the French version. Of this omission the French editor remarks as follows:—

"L'auteur avait écrit sur les événements des 5 et 6 juin et sur les mesures qui en furent la conséquence, des bulletins jour par jour, heure par heure. Ces récits n'auraient rien de nouveau pour nous. D'ailleurs le sens poétique de l'ingénieux et spirituel ecrivain ne sait où se prendre au milieu de ces descriptions écourtées, matérielles, et de l'incessante fluctuation du commérage des places publiques. Nous avons donc pensé que nous ne ferions tort à personne en les supprimant, et que l'auteur même, qui écrivait pour instruire des Allemands, nous saurait gré d'alléger son bagage et de lui rendre l'allure plus facile en le présentant devant les Français. Nous n'avons pu cependant nous résoudre à sacrifier le passage suivant, auquel nous ajoutons d'autres fragments de lettres écrites de Normandie."

I can only say, and I sincerely believe that my readers in England and America will agree with me, that these fragmentary bulletins seem to be far more interesting than they appear to have been to the French editor.—*Translator.*

June 1832, because both parties are deeply interested in distorting such facts as are known, and in concealing those which are not. The following bulletins, written in the face of events, in the roar of party strife, and always just before the departure of the post, as hastily as possible, in order that the correspondents of the *Juste-Milieu* should not be first in the field—these fleeting leaves I here give unchanged, so far as they refer to the insurrection of the fifth of June. The writer of history may perhaps use them the more conscientiously, since he may at least be sure that they were not prepared for or adapted to later interests.

And though no special contradiction is needed for many erroneous conjectures which may be found in these pages, I cannot here refrain from giving one. General Lafayette has recently declared that he was not the man who, on the fifth of June, draped the red flag and the Jacobin cap. Our old general showed himself on that day, as I have since learned, fully worthy of himself. A discretion, which will be readily appreciated, forbids my communicating at present certain details in reference to this, which would inspire the most incarnate Jacobin with emotion and respect for Lafayette.

And some may find in these pages, as in the whole book, many contradictory assertions, but

they never concern things, but always persons.[1] Over the first we must have settled opinions, as to the latter they may change every day. Even so I, as regards the evil system in which Louis Philippe sticks as in a bog, have always said the same thing; but as regards his person, I have not always expressed myself in the same tone. At first I disliked him, because I thought him an aristocrat; later, when I was convinced of his sound citizen feeling (*Bürgerlichkeit*), I spoke much better of him; when he frightened us with the *état de siège*, I was again angered, but this was allayed after the first days, when it appeared that the poor Louis Philippe only in the stupefaction of his own terror had made that mistake. And since then the Carlists by their slanders have inspired in me a true fondness for the person of this monarch, and this would still increase in my heart if I could compare him to —— —— —— ——

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[1] Heine here recalls a certain Western citizen of refined feelings who once remarked of a small mishap:—"I hev sometimes, Mrs. Jones, inadvertently committed murders, and in moments of forgetfulness hev stolen hosses, but I assure you on the honour of a gentleman that I never before broke a sasser at a lady's tea-table." Our author really had a reporter's conscience.—*Translator.*

PARIS, *June* 5, 1832.

The funeral of General Lamarque, *un convoi d'opposition*, as the Philippistes say, has just passed from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastile. There were many more mourners and spectators than at the burial of Casimir Perier. The people themselves drew the hearse. A very striking sight in the procession was that of foreign patriots, whose national flags were carried in a row. I remarked among them one whose colours were black, carmine-red, and gold. At one o'clock there fell a heavy rain, which lasted half-an-hour or more, yet in spite of it there remained an immense crowd on the Boulevards, mostly bareheaded. When the procession came to the Variétés Theatre, and just as it passed the column of the Amis du Peuple, and many called "Vive la République!" a police sergeant attempted to interfere, but the mob fell on him, broke his sword, and a terrible tumult ensued, which was subdued with great difficulty. The sight of such a disturbance, which set several hundred thousands of men into motion, was both remarkable and significant.

It is said to have been known yesterday in the Tuileries that the Duchesse de Berry had been captured in Nantes. Should this be the case,

Louis Philippe must be in a sad dilemma, since he cannot really hand over the niece of the Queen —who made such piteous appeal to him—to the tribunals, and yet must avert from himself suspicion of maintaining intimate relations with his family in Holyrood. It is positively known that Marshal Bourmont has been taken. If delivered to a military court he will die like Ney, but less famous and less lamented.

PARIS, *June 6*, 1832.

I do not know whether I mentioned in my letter of yesterday that an *émeute* was announced in the evening. As Lamarque's funeral passed along the Boulevards and appeared at the Théâtre des Variétés, trouble was already perceptible.

It is difficult to determine on which side lay the blame that passion broke out so terribly. The most contradictory rumours are current as regards the beginning of hostilities, the events of the night, and the whole situation of things. I will here mention only one incident which has reached me from many directions, and which has been confirmed by most credible authority. When Lafayette, whose presence at the funeral awoke universal enthusiasm, had ended his address on the place by the Bridge of Austerlitz, where the ceremonies took place, a wreath of *immortelles* was

placed upon his head. At the same time a red Phrygian cap was put on an entirely red flag which had previously attracted much attention, and a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, raised on the shoulders of bystanders, waved his shining sword over the red cap and cried, "Vive la Liberté!" or, as others say, "Vive la République!" Then Lafayette, it is said, placed his wreath of *immortelles* on the red cap of freedom, as is declared by many credible people who saw it with their own eyes. It is possible that he executed this symbolic deed by compulsion or surprise, but it is also possible that a third hand was in the game which played without being remarked in the great crowd. After this manifestation, according to some, an attempt was made to carry the red flag and wreath in triumph through the city, and as the municipal guards and *sergeants de ville* opposed this with arms, the fight begun. This is at least certain, that when Lafayette, wearied with a four hours' drive, got into a fiacre, the mob took out the horses and dragged their old and truest friend with their own hands, amid tremendous cheers, along the Boulevards. Many of the working-class had torn up young trees from the ground and ran with them like wild creatures beside the carriage, which seemed at one time to be in danger of being upset by the unmanageable crowd. It is said that two bullets (*Schüsse*) struck

the carriage. I can give no details relative to this singular occurrence.

Many whom I questioned as to the beginning of the hostilities declare that they broke out by the Bridge of Austerlitz, on account of the corpse of the hero; that while a portion of the "patriots" bore the coffin to the Pantheon, another portion would carry it farther to the next village, and that the *sergeants de ville* and municipal guards opposed such plans. So they fought with great bitterness, even as men fought of yore before the Skaic gate about the body of Patroclus. Much blood was spilt on the Place de la Bastile. At half-past six battle had begun at the Porte Saint-Denis, where the people built barricades. Many posts of importance were taken, for the National Guards who defended them made but feeble resistance and gave up their arms. And so the people got many guns. I found on the Place Notre Dame des Victoires a great noise of fighting; the "patriots" had occupied three positions by the Bank. As I turned to the Boulevards, all the shops were closed, and few people, amongst them very few women, who are, however, generally accustomed to very boldly gratify their curiosity on such occasions; every one looked very serious. Troops of the line and cuirassiers moved hither and thither; orderlies with anxious countenances rushed about bearing orders; in the distance firing of guns and powder-smoke. The

weather was now clear, and towards evening very favourable. Matters seemed to be looking very serious for the Government when it was made known that the National Guards had declared for the insurgents. The error originated in this, that many of the patriots yesterday assumed the dress of the National Guards, and the guards were really for some time in doubt as to which party they should support. During the night the wives probably proved to their husbands that that party should be supported which offered the best guarantees for personal safety and property, and that this was to be expected far more from Louis Philippe than from the Republicans, who are very poor and very detrimental to trade or business. Therefore the National Guard is to-day altogether against the Republicans, and the affair is decided. "C'est un coup manqué," say the people. Troops of the line are coming from every direction to Paris. On the Place de la Concorde as well as on the other side of the Tuileries and the Place de Carousel are many cannon. The bourgeois king is surrounded by bourgeois cannon—*où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*

Now it is four o'clock and raining heavily, which is very unfavourable for the patriots, who have mostly barricaded themselves in the Quartier Saint-Martin and receive little aid. They are surrounded on all sides, and I hear at this instant the

most terrible roar of cannon. I am told that two hours ago the people had great hope of victory, but now their only hope is to die heroically. And there will be many of them. As I live by the Porte Saint-Denis, I have hardly slept all night, for the discharge of arms was without cessation. The roar of the cannon has in my heart the saddest echo. It is an unfortunate event, which will have still sadder consequences.

PARIS, *June* 7, 1832.

When I went yesterday to the Bourse to throw my letter into the post-box, there stood the whole race of speculators between the columns and before the broad stairs. And as the news had just been received that the defeat of the patriots was certain, the sweetest content was seen in every face, —one might say that the whole Bourse smiled. Amid the roar of cannon the funds shot up ten per cent. That is to say, they fired at five o'clock —at six the Revolution had been quelled. Then the newspapers could communicate as much information as they pleased. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Débats* seem to a certain degree to have correctly understood or hit what has happened, but the colour and measurements are incorrect. I have just come from the theatre of the strife of yesterday, where I convinced myself how difficult

it would be to get at the whole real truth. This theatre (*Schauplatz*) is one of the greatest and most densely inhabited streets of Paris, *i.e.*, the Rue Saint-Martin, which, beginning at the gate of that name on the Boulevards, ends on the Seine at the Bridge Notre Dame. At both ends of the street I heard the number of the patriots, or, as they are called to-day, the rebels, who fought there, esteemed at from five hundred to a thousand; but in the middle of the street the sum became less, and in the very centre it was reduced to fifty. "What is truth?" said Pontius Pilate.[1]

The number of troops of the line is easier to give. Yesterday even the *Journal des Débats* declares there were forty thousand men ready for action in Paris. Add to these at least twenty

[1] The late Mr. Chadband also put the same question to as much purpose. The truth as regards all insurrections is that the number of the defeated is always reduced to the smallest credible dimensions, like that of the native American party in the United States, of which it was perfectly proved that "nobody whatever had ever belonged to it at any time." There was, by the way, something pathetic—not to say romantic—in the last appearance of this latter party on earth. There was but one Lodge of them left in Pennsylvania, and it was accustomed to meet in a cavern or hole in the ground in a secluded spot. After the defeat of their candidate, Fillmore, they once more assembled and *drew the hole in after them*, and so disappeared for ever. It would almost seem that but for the unwearied efforts of Heine the patriots of 1832 must also have been reduced in number even unto total evaporation.—*Translator.*

thousand National Guards, and we find that a mere handful of insurgents fought with sixty thousand men! The heroism of these insanely brave men is unanimously praised; they indeed achieved miracles of bravery. They cried continually, "Vive la République!" but it found no echo in the breasts of the people. Had they instead cried "Vive Napoléon!" then (as is generally declared to-day in all groups of the people) the line would hardly have fired on them, and the great masses of workmen would have joined them. But they scorned a lie, for they were the purest, though not the craftiest, friends of freedom. And yet people are stupid enough to declare to-day that they were acting in intelligence with the Carlists! Verily, he who fights unto death for the holy delusion of his heart and for the beautiful error of an ideal future, will never ally himself to that cowardly filth which the past has left us under the name of "Carlists." I am, by God! no Republican. I know that if the Republicans conquer they will cut my throat[1]—and that because I will not admire what they

[1] An apprehension which was not borne out by facts. All that the Republicans did when they came to power was to find out and publish the facts relative to the little pension—which pension, by the way, casts innumerable dark-lantern side-lights on all that Heine ever wrote in Paris—and which (to change the image) may be heard like the drone of a bagpipe in every melody

admire; but still the tears rose in my eyes to-day when I trod the place which was still wet with their blood. It would have pleased me more had I, and all my fellow moderates, died in place of those Republicans.

The National Guards rejoice greatly over their victory. In the intoxication of victory they came yesterday evening very near sending a most insanitary bullet through my body, although I belong to their party—for they shot heroically at everybody who came near their post. It was a rainy, starless, repulsive evening, with little light in the streets, since almost all the shops were closed as they had been all day. To-day, however, all is in gay movement, and one would hardly believe that anything had taken place. Even in the Rue Saint-Martin all the shops are open. Though it is difficult to walk there on account of the turned-up pavement and the remains of the barricades, still a great multitude whirls on through the street, which is very long and narrow, the houses being built extremely high. Nearly all the windows there were broken by the sound of the cannon, and we everywhere behold the marks of balls; for cannon were discharged into

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which he played. But, metaphorically speaking, his throat was very badly cut by this exposure, so that he may be said to have saved his credit as a prophet, after all.—*Translator.*

the street from both sides, so that the Republicans were driven into the middle. It is said that yesterday they were at last shut in on every side in the Church Saint-Méry, but this I heard denied upon the spot. A somewhat prominent house called the Café Leclerque, which is situated on the corner of the Alley Saint-Méry, seems to have been the headquarter of the Republicans. Here they held out longest, here they made their final stand. They asked for no mercy, and were mostly slain by the bayonet. Here fell the pupils of the Ecole d'Alfort, and here the warmest blood in France ran. It is, however, a mistake to believe that the Republicans consisted entirely of young madcaps or fire-eaters (*Brausekōpfen*). Many old men fought among them. A young woman with whom I conversed near the Church Saint-Méry bewailed the death of her grandfather. He had always lived very peaceably, but when he saw the red flag and heard "Vive la République" cried, he ran with an old pike to the young people, and died with them. Poor old man! he heard the *ranche des vaches* of "the Mountain," and the memory of his first love of freedom awoke, and he would fain dream once more the dream of his youth. Sleep well!

The consequences of this wrecked revolution may be seen in advance. More than a thousand men have been arrested, among them, as is re-

ported, a deputy, Garnier Pagès. The Liberal journals are suppressed. The shopkeeper world rejoices, egoism flourishes, and many of the best men must needs go into mourning. The system of terror will require many more victims. The National Guard is already frightened at its own force; these heroes are terrified when they see themselves in a mirror. The King, the great, strong Louis Philippe, will bestow many crosses of honour. The hired wit (*Witzbold*) will ridicule the friends of freedom though in their graves; even the latter are now called enemies of public peace and assassins.

A tailor who dared this morning in the Place Vendôme to allude to the good intentions of the Republicans was beaten by a powerful woman, who was probably his wife. That is the counter-revolution.

PARIS, *June* 8, 1832.

It appears that it was not an entirely red, but a red-black golden banner which Lafayette crowned with *immortelles* at the funeral of Lamarque. This fabulous flag, which was unknown to everybody, was supposed by many to be a Republican standard. I knew it very well, and thought at once: "Great heaven! why, these are our old Burschenschaft colours; to-day there will be either a disaster or something stupid!" Unfortunately both came to pass. When the

dragoons in the beginning of the hostilities also attacked the Germans who followed that flag, they barricaded themselves behind the great beams of a carpenter's shop. After a while they retreated to the Jardin des Plantes, and the flag was rescued, though in a very tattered condition. To the Frenchmen who have asked of me the meaning of this black-red-golden banner, I have conscientiously replied that the Emperor Barbarossa, who has lived for many centuries in Kyffhäuser, sent us that flag as a sign that the ancient land of dreams still exists, and that he himself is to come with sword and sceptre. As for me, I do not believe that it will so soon come to pass; there are as yet too many black ravens flying round the mountain.

Here in Paris affairs look less dream-like. There are bayonets and watchful military faces in every street. I regarded it at first as a mere unmeaning sign of alarm (*Schreckschuss*) that people declared that Paris was in a state of siege. It was supposed that this declaration would be promptly recalled; but as I yesterday afternoon saw more and more cannon passing along the Rue Richelieu, I observed that the overthrow of the Republicans would be turned to profit against other enemies of the Government or the journalists. It is now the question as to whether the "good-will" is coupled with the requisite strength. They are now turn-

ing to profit the amazement at their victory of the National Guards, who, as regards the Republicans, have taken part in most vigorous measures, and whose hands Louis Philippe is now shaking as intimately as ever. Since people hate the Carlists and distrust the Republicans, they support the King as the maintainer of order, and he is as popular as a delightful necessity. Yes, I have heard "Vive le Roi!" cried as the King rode along the Boulevards, but I also saw a tall man near the Faubourg Montmartre who advanced to the King and boldly cried, "À bas Louis Philippe!" Several riders in the King's suite at once descended from their horses and carried the intruder away.

I have never known Paris to be so sultry as it was yesterday evening. Despite the bad weather the public places were crowded. The groups of politicians assembled closely in the garden of the Palais Royal, and conversed in subdued tones—in fact, very much subdued—for one may now be brought before a military tribunal and shot within twenty-four hours. I began to long again for the slow and lazy course of law in my Germany. The lawless condition in which we find ourselves here is repulsive. That is a greater evil than the cholera. As people were tormented when the disease raged by the successive numbers of deaths, so they are now terrified by the fearful amount of

arrests, or when they hear the secret fusillades, and while a thousand dark rumours spread in obscurity, as was the case yesterday. To-day by sunlight there is more confidence and calm. The world admits that it was alarmed yesterday, and now we are more vexed than frightened. There prevails at present a *Juste-milieu* terror.

The journals are more moderate in their protests, yet are far from being subdued. The *National* and the *Temps* speak out fearlessly, as becomes free men. I cannot communicate more as regards recent events than is to be found in the newspapers. People are quiet, and let matters come quietly. The Government is perhaps alarmed at the tremendous power which it finds that it really possesses. It has raised itself above the law—a serious position; for it is justly said, "Qui est au-dessus de la loi est hors de la loi." The only argument with which many true friends of freedom defend the present powerful measures is the necessity which the *royauté démocratique* feels of strengthening itself at home in order to take hold more powerfully abroad.

PARIS, *June* 10, 1832.

Yesterday Paris was perfectly quiet. The rumours of many military executions (*Füsilladen*), which were still believed in, the evening before

yesterday, by most credible authority, have been contradicted in the most reassuring manner by those who are nearest to the Government. A great number of arrests are, however, admitted. Of this it is easy enough to convince oneself by personal observation, since yesterday, and much more on the day before, arrested persons were seen being conducted by soldiers of the line or communal guards in every part of the city. It seemed sometimes like a procession, old and young men in wretched garments, and accompanied by lamenting friends, being among the prisoners. The report was that every one would be at once brought to a military trial, and shot within four-and-twenty hours at Vincennes. Groups were to be seen everywhere standing before houses where searches were being made. This was chiefly the case in the streets where fighting had taken place, and where many of the combatants, despairing of their cause, concealed themselves until some betrayer traced them out. The greatest crowding (*Volksgewimmel*) was along the quais where they pressed on, staring and gossipping, especially near the Rue Saint-Martin, which is still full of curious lookers-on, and about the Palais de Justice, to which many prisoners were brought. There was also much thronging to La Morgue to see the dead there laid out; there were the most painful scenes of

recognition. The city had indeed a sorrowful aspect, everywhere were seen groups of people with grief plainly marked in their faces, patrolling troops, and funerals of National Guards who had fallen.

But in society, since the day before yesterday no one is the least concerned; they know their people and also that the *Juste-milieu* feels very uncomfortable in its present plenitude of power. It holds the great sword of justice, but wants the strong hand which it requires. It is afraid of wounding itself at the least blow. Intoxicated at the victory, which was at first ascribed to Marshal Soult, Government let itself be led astray to military measures, proposed by that old soldier, who is still full of the whims (*velleitäten*) of the Empire. Now this man actually stands at the head of the ministerial council, and his colleagues and the rest of the *Juste-milieu* fear lest the Presidency, which he so ardently desired, may devolve upon him. Therefore they would like to turn round again and extricate themselves completely from heroism; and it was for this that milder interpretations (*Definitionen*) of the decree as to the state of siege followed its publication. One can see how the *Juste-milieu* is now alarmed at its own power, and in alarm hold it as if in convulsive terror tightly in its hands, and will not give it up until assured of forgiveness. There

may be in the desperate confusion a few unimportant victims. Government may lie itself into a ridiculous rage to frighten its enemies, it may commit frightfully stupid errors; it may—— But it is impossible to foretell what apprehension may do when it is barricaded in the hearts of those in power, and sees itself surrounded by death and mockery. The deeds of a frightened man, like those of a genius, lie out of the sphere of conjecture. Meantime the higher public fully understand that the extra-legal condition in which matters are now misplaced is only a formula. Where laws *live* in the conscience of the people, a Government cannot annul them by a sudden edict. Every one is here *de facto* more secure as to his life and property than anywhere else in Europe, excepting in England and Holland. Though military tribunals are instituted, there prevails here continually more practical freedom of the press, and journalists write here more freely on the measures of government than in many states of the Continent where freedom of the press is sanctioned by paper laws.

As the post leaves by noon on Sunday, I can give no news of to-day. I can only refer you to the newspapers. Their tone is more significant than what they say. *Au reste*, they are certainly again abundant in lies.

There has been incessant drumming since

morning. To-day there is a grand review. My servant says that on the Boulevards the whole extent from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile is covered with troops of the line and National Guards. Louis Philippe, the father of his native land, the conqueror of Catiline of June 5, the Cicero on horseback, the enemy of the guillotine and of paper-money, the preserver of life and of shops, the Citizen-King, will in a few hours show himself to his people. He will be greeted with loud applause; he will press many men's hands, and the police will see that there are especial precautions taken to ensure safety and an extra enthusiasm.

PARIS, *June* 11, 1832.

The review of yesterday was favoured by very fine weather. There were on the Boulevards from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile perhaps fifty thousand National Guards and troops of the line, and a countless multitude of spectators on their feet or at the windows, eagerly waiting to see the King, and note how he would be received after such remarkable occurrences. About one o'clock His Majesty with his general staff passed by the Porte Saint-Denis, where I stood on a reversed bath-tub in order to observe him more closely. The King did not ride in the centre, but at the right side, where the National Guards

were ranged, and all along the whole route he was continually bending over sideways from his horse to shake hands with these soldiers. When he returned, two hours later, by the same road, he was on the left side, where he continued the same manœuvre, so that I should not wonder if in consequence of this oblique position he had to-day the greatest pain in his heart, if not a dislocated rib.[1] This extraordinary patience of the King was really incomprehensible. And he was obliged to maintain a constant smile, but I think that under the impervious friendliness of that face there lay hidden much trouble and sorrow. His appearance inspired in me deep compassion. He has changed greatly since I saw him last winter at a ball in the Tuileries. His features, then so plump and rosy, were yesterday yellow and flabby, his black side whiskers were quite grey, so that it seemed as if his very face had meantime grown anxious over present or future blows of fate; it certainly was a sign of grief that he had never thought of dyeing

[1] American politicians sometimes suffer terribly for several days in consequence of severe and long-continued hand-shaking. A mechanical genius is said to have invented an artificial arm with a grasping hand for the use of Presidents and other victims. In the Letters of Jack Downing that clever humourist tells us that when General Jackson was once completely exhausted in this manner, he, Downing, passed his arm under the General's, and for a long time shook hands for him, the eager crowd not observing the substitution.—*Translator.*

his beard. The three-cornered hat, of which the whole front flap was thrown deeply over his forehead, gave him, moreover, a very unfortunate appearance. He seemed to look about as if seeking with his eyes for sympathy and forgiveness. In truth, he had not the appearance of one who had declared us to be all in a state of siege. Accordingly there was not the slightest manifestation of ill-will towards him, and I must bear witness that great applause greeted him everywhere; those especially with whom he shook hands raised a roaring hurrah, and there rang from a thousand women's throats a piercing "Vive le Roi!" I saw an old woman who punched her husband in the ribs because he did not cry loud enough. A bitter feeling seized me when I reflected that this mob which now exulted round the poor hand-shaking Louis Philippe, are the same Frenchmen who so often saw Napoleon ride by with his marble face as of Cæsar, and his immovable eyes and his "unapproachable" (ruler's) hands.[1]

After Louis Philippe had held the review, or rather felt the army to make sure that it really existed, the noise of the military continued for several hours. The different corps continually shouted compliments to one another as they

[1] *Und "unnahbaren" [Herrscher] Händen.* So given in the original text.

marched by. "Vive la ligne!" cried the guards, and "Vive la garde nationale!" replied the line. They fraternised. Some of them would be seen in symbolical embraces; others as symbolically exchanged with their allies their sausage, bread, and wine. There was not the slightest disturbance.

I must mention that the cry "Vive la liberté" was the one most frequently heard; and when these words were thundered forth in joy from the full hearts of so many thousands of armed men, one must needs feel cheerful despite a condition of military occupation and the court-martials. But there we have it; Louis Philippe will never, of free accord, oppose public opinion; he will always find out by crafty means what are its most urgent desires and act accordingly. That is the important meaning of yesterday's review. Louis Philippe felt the necessity of assembling the people *en masse* to convince himself that his cannon-shots and proclamations had not been ill received; that he is not regarded as a harsh tyrant, and that there is no other misunderstanding. The people also wished to see its Louis Philippe, to convince itself that he is always the subject-courtier to its sovereign will, and ever obedient and devoted.[1] One

[1] "Subject to, obedient, and devoted." Heine reminds us very often of the conscientious village architect, who, when he built a house—whatever his other sins may have been—"always

could therefore say that the people permitted the King his review; there was a king-show held, and it expressed its sublime satisfaction at the manœuvres.

PARIS, *June* 12, 1832.

The great review was yesterday the general subject of conversation. The Moderates saw in it the best understanding between the King and the citizens. But many men of experience will not put faith in this fine alliance, and predict a quarrel between the King and the citizens should the interests of the throne ever clash with those of the shops. Now of course they give mutual aid, and King and citizens are contented with one another. I heard that the Place Vendôme was yesterday afternoon the spot where this beautiful harmony could be best seen, the King being exhilarated by the joyous applause with which he had been received on the Boulevard; and as the columns of the National Guard swept by, some men, without ceremony, stepped from the ranks, offered him their hands, spoke a friendly word to him, concisely expressed to him their opinions of the late events, or unceremoniously declared that they would support him so

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put in all the nails he could afford, whether they were wanted or not."—*Translator.*

long as he did not abuse his power. That this should never come to pass, that he would only repress the disorderly, that he would defend the freedom and equality of France more vigorously than ever, was averred by Louis Philippe in the most solemn manner, and his word gave strength to faith. I have, for the sake of being quite impartial, mentioned these additional facts, and I confess that my doubting heart was thereby much relieved.

The Opposition journals almost seem to desire to ignore the events of yesterday. Their tone is indeed very remarkable; it indicates a kind of self-restraint such as generally precedes a terrible outbreak. They seem to simply await the recall of the decree as to a state of siege. The tone of every journal manifests the degree in which it is compromised by late events. The *Tribune* must be altogether silent, for it is in the greatest danger. The *National* is implicated to a less degree, and can speak more fully and boldly. The *Temps*, which spoke out most strongly against the proclamation of a state of siege, is on good terms with certain ringleaders (*Rädelsführern*) of the *Juste-milieu*, and is much more screened than Sarrut or Carrel; but we will not permit such considerations to hinder us from praising M. Coste as one of the best citizens of France, on account of the manly and great words which he,

in a time of utmost danger, uttered against the illegal and arbitrary conduct of the Government.[1] M. Sarrut has been arrested, and M. Carrel is being sought for. Carrel is the one against whom the greatest irritation exists, and it is possible that he was especially thought of when exceptional courts were instituted. Yes; if it be true, as is declared, that M. Thiers originated this stroke of genius, we may be sure that he did so, thinking of his old colleague Carrel, for he must have greatly feared the latter. He accurately knew his power, and he knows, too, that every party, when it comes to power, first of all punishes its renegades. The little head of Thiers, still full of the *charivaris* of the Marseilles kitchen-pots and

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[1] It is impossible for any impartial person to perceive wherein this "illegal and arbitrary conduct" consisted. The Republican party was immensely strong in France, with an influential press, had already caused two terrible revolutions; and no man living knew but that the Government was in the greatest peril during the events of June. Our writer, with his frequent incredible inconsistency, has already declared that if the Republicans had appealed to the Bonapartists the Government must have collapsed at once. Yet, despite this fearfully critical situation, the very simple and most natural means of securing peace, which evidently caused no one any inconvenience, is decried by him as a great crime. But Heine throughout runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds, to see how much the hounds will give him—making, however, a very brilliant run withal—as I have seen a gipsy on foot accompanying a hunt—to beg—whose exploits in running and leaping were the most amusing part of the whole performance.—*Translator.*

Binnet's eulogistic verses, must have been utterly bewildered when the thunder of cannons and the name of Carrel rang in his ears; for it was generally believed that Carrel stood at the head of the *émeute* of June 5. The great building in the Rue du Croissant, where were the printing-office and bureaux of the *National*, was believed to be their headquarters, and about two thousand persons, many of them of great importance, went there to offer their allegiance and that of their friends to the cause. It is, however, quite certain that Carrel declined all such offers, and it was sure in advance that the proposed revolution would fail, because there was not sufficient preparation, because the sympathy of the people had not been secured, because all that was most necessary was wanting, because no one knew who were the managing agents, and so forth; and, in fact, there never was an uprising which was so badly managed, and to this hour no one knows how it originated and who planned it. A man who fought in the Rue Saint-Martin declared that, as the Republicans who were shut up together there first beheld one another, all were strangers, and it was only a mere chance which had brought them together. But they soon became acquainted as they fought together, and most of them died as most cordial and trusted brothers in arms (*als herzinnig vertraute Waffenbrüder*).

In like manner, it has never been discovered to this hour what occurred at the escorting homeward of Lafayette. One who is well informed assured me yesterday that the Government, which mistrusted the Lamarque funeral, and in accordance with its suspicions kept the dragoons ready, had given order to the police, in case of any signs of outbreak, to at once seize Lafayette, lest he might fall into the hands of the insurgents, who would use his name as a support. Therefore, when the first shots were fired, several police agents, disguised as workmen, placed Lafayette by force in a carriage, while others, also in disguise, dragged it along, and crying "Vive Lafayette!" bore him in triumph away.

When the Republicans speak, they declare that on the fifth of June the misfortune of their friends greatly injured them, but that the folly of the enemy the day after in declaring Paris to be in a state of siege greatly profited them. They declare that the fighting of the fifth and sixth of June was only to be regarded as a preparatory skirmish —that none of the noted men of the Republican party were in it,[1] and that from the blood spilt

[1] Noted men are in Paris generally as conspicuous for their absence from barricades as for their presence at the sharing of the spoils. In the Revolution of February 1848, as before remarked, I was particularly impressed with the fact that there were so *very* few gentlemen among the insurgents.—*Translator.*

there have risen many new champions. What I before mentioned seems to somewhat support this assertion. The party which the *National* represents, and which is represented by the treacherous *Gazette de France*, as *doctrinaire* Republicans, took no part in the demonstration, nor did the chiefs of the party of the *Tribune* or the *Montagnards* appear in it.

PARIS, *June* 17, 1832.

Doubtless those who are at a distance make strange conjectures as to our affairs when they think of the latest events, the still-existing state of siege, and the threatening aspect of opposed parties. And yet we have so little change that the want of aught to surprise us is what occasions the greatest surprise. This remark is the chief thing which I have to communicate, and this negative context of my letter will unquestionably correct many erroneous suppositions.

All here is quiet. The military events direct and proceed (*instruiren*) with grim mien, but as yet not a cat has been shot. People laugh, joke,

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[1] I doubt whether the most ingenious and voluble of New York reporters ever contrived to spin out the simple fact that he had nothing to say, or "no news," into so many words as Heine has here done.—*Translator.*

and are witty over the state of siege, and the bravery of the National Guard, and the wisdom of Government. What I at once predicted has come to pass; the *Juste-milieu* does not know how to get out of its heroism, and the beleaguered behold with mocking merriment this ambiguous predicament of the beleaguerers. The latter would fain appear as barbaric as possible; they grope in the archives of the most barbarous times to call the cruellest laws again to life, and they only succeed in making themselves laughable. They would fain be tyrants, but nature has meant them for something entirely different.

The gaily-dressed groups which promenade the gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and of the Luxembourg, to breathe the silent summer coolness and see the idyllic games of little children, and otherwise amuse themselves in peaceful repose, form unconsciously the bitterest satire on the state of siege, which, however, legally exists. As the public seem to distrust its existence, there are searches in houses most ingeniously carried on everywhere. The sick are dragged out of their beds, wherein there is poking and groping to find if there be not concealed a gun, or perhaps a powder-horn. The unfortunate foreigners are the most afflicted, as they, on account of the military occupation, must all go to the *préfecture de police* to take out fresh *cartes-de-séjour* or per-

missions to remain. There they must, *pro forma*, endure all kinds of questions. Many French—especially students—must write on the back of their passports a promise to the effect that they during their stay in Paris will take no part in aught against the government of Louis Philippe. Many have preferred leaving the city to subscribing to such a condition.[1] Others merely declared in signing it, as they were permitted, that they were Republicans. It is certain that such police-like measures of prevention were introduced by the *doctrinaires* from the example of German universities.

Arrests are continually being made, occasionally of the most heterogeneous kind under the most heterogeneous pretences; some for taking part in the Republican revolt, and others because of a newly-discovered Bonapartist conspiracy. Yesterday they even seized on three Carlistic peers, among whom was Don Chateaubriand, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, the best writer and

[1] This condition was more onerous than would at first appear, because in case of the Government being superseded by any revolution or change, those who had signed it could be represented by the police, which never changes, as Philippistes. Its expediency was more than doubtful, because it sent into the provinces a number of young men of decided character, who henceforth became Republican propagandists. This and many other petty, short-sighted police whims eventually frittered away the power of the *Juste-milieu*.—*Translator*.

the greatest fool in France. The prisons are crammed. There are in Sainte Pélagie alone more than six hundred accused of political offences. From one of my friends who is confined there for debt, and who is engaged in writing a great book, in which he proves that Sainte Pélagie was founded by the Pelasgii, I yesterday received a letter in which he complains very much of the noise which now prevails there, and which greatly disturbs him in his learned investigations. The greatest pride prevails among the prisoners in the place. They have drawn on the wall of the court a great pear, and over it an axe.

Speaking of the pear, I would mention that the picture-shops have taken no notice whatever of the siege. But the pear, and always the pear, is to be seen in every caricature. The most striking is one representing the Place de la Concorde, with the monument dedicated to *La Charte*, which is represented as an altar, and on it lies an immense pear with the features of the king. To a German this at last becomes wearisome and repulsive. These endless mockeries, painted and printed, rather awake in me a sympathy for Louis Philippe. He is to be pitied, now more than ever. He is by nature good and gentle, and is assuredly now obliged by the laws to be severe. And he feels that executions neither help nor frighten, especially as it is but a few weeks since the cholera

put to death thirty-five thousand people amid the greatest suffering. But the powers that be would sooner forgive the greatest cruelties than the infringement of the inherited ideas of law, as they are expressed in the reactionary power of the declaration of a state of war. Whence it has resulted that the threats of military-legal severity have inspired in the Republicans such a lofty tone and caused their enemies to seem so small.

PARIS, *July* 7, 1832.

A lassitude such as generally sets in after periods of great excitement is now very perceptible in Paris. One sees everywhere grey and grim discontent, weary wailing woe, opening mouths, half-yawning yet half-shivering teeth, without power to bite. The decision of the Court of Cassation has brought our marvellous military occupation almost merrily to an end. There has been so much laughter over this unforeseen catastrophe, that the Government has almost been forgiven its *coup d'état* failure. With what delight did we all read at the street-corners the proclamation of M. Montalivet, in which he thanked the Parisians for having taken so little notice of the state of siege as not to even allow themselves to be disturbed in their amusements! I do not believe

that Beaumarchais could have written this formal public decree any better. The present Government indeed does a great deal to amuse the people!

At the same time the French are amusing themselves with a curious game or puzzle. This, as is well known, is a Chinese pastime, and the object of it is to put together certain angular or oblique pieces of wood so as to make a certain figure.[1] According to the rules of this game, people occupy themselves in salons with forming a new Ministry, and no one can imagine what angular and oblique characters were grouped together, and how all these wooden combinations, after all, did not make one single honest figure. Talleyrand and Dupin the elder were mostly

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[1] These puzzles were immensely popular in the Thirties, but they have long since sunk to the level of children's toys. There was another trifle of the same sort at the same time which was to be found in every fancy-shop. This consisted of a picture, *e.g.*, of a dragon, of which when the upper half was turned up the half of a human body took its place, and so with the lower moiety. Sometimes they had four divisions. Fast youths delighted themselves with the full-length portrait of a celebrated dancer, which, in the unfolding, eventually set her forth as Eve before the Fall. Some of the applications of this toy to political changes and persons were extremely amusing and ingenious. I have often seen the principle of late years applied to Christmas and Easter cards, but always with the utter lack of anything like *ésprit* which seems to characterise all such articles.—*Translator.*

experimented on in this way. As regards the former, the newspapers have not failed to publish all possible falsehoods. A leading error was to attribute such extraordinary importance to him in the founding a new Ministry. He is now old[1] and used-up, and has probably come hither only on account of the most personal considerations. It is also declared that he is very ill and weak, because he assures every one continually that he never felt so strong and robust as at present. He intends, he says, to journey to some bathing-place to improve his strength and health. So one listens to this ancient who has hardly learned anything of the world from its good side, running on with the *étourderie* or recklessness of a boy who has never had a suspicion of the bad one, about all the variegated complications and threatening events of the day in the most light-hearted manner. By this well-known device of taking heavy things lightly he assumes an air of confidence and infallibility, and he is in fact the Pope of the unbelievers or of that wretched Church which neither believes in the Holy Ghost of the people, nor in the incarnation (*Menschenwerdung*) of the Divine Word.

The newspapers have gossipped much over

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[1] Heine in this instance goes so far as to say that *der alte Mann ist alt und abgenutzt*—"The old man is old!"—*Translator.*

Dupin's perplexities and perils in forming a Ministry, and not altogether without reason. It is true that he came into rather hard collision with the King, and that they parted with mutual irritation. And it is also true that Lord Granville was the cause; but thus the matter stood: M. Dupin had previously promised to His Majesty Louis Philippe that when it might be required by the latter he would accept the Presidency of the Council. But Lord Granville, to whom it was not agreeable to see such a *bourgeois* at the head of the Government, and who in the spirit of his caste wished for a nobler Prime Minister, addressed, it would appear, to Louis Philippe serious remonstrances as to the capacity of M. Dupin. When the King repeated these remarks to M. Dupin, the latter became so angry,[1] and burst out into such unbecoming expressions, that discord ensued between him and the King. This occurrence is traversed by a number of minor intrigues. Had Dupin become President of the Council, most of the members of the present Ministry must have resigned, and a number of high officials must have been set aside. The former editor of the *National*, M. Thiers, would necessarily have taken another direction, while, on the contrary, the present editor of

[1] *Unwirsch*, adverse; *wirsch*, angry. From Anglo-Saxon or other root; *vyrs*, perhaps Latin *versus*.

Le Temps, M. Coste, would have retained that important office which was once occupied by M. Kessner, that is, the chief control of the State Treasury. However, the power of events will settle many dissensions. Dupin being, as soon as the Chamber shall again begin its debates, the only possible Minister of the *Juste-milieu*, he alone can offer parliamentary resistance to the Opposition, and indeed the Government will have talking enough to do.[1]

Hitherto Louis Philippe has always been his own Prime Minister. This is shown in the fact that all Government measures are ascribed to him alone, and not to M. Montalivet, who is hardly ever mentioned, and who is not so much as hated. The change which seems to have shown itself in the views of the King since the revolt of the fifth and sixth of June is remarkable. He now thinks that he is emphatically strong; he believes that he can really count with certainty on the support of the great mass of the nation; he believes that he is the necessary man,[2] whom the nation would

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[1] *Rede stehen mussen.* To stand talk in German is not to endure, but to inflict it, as we in English stand treat.

[2] "Man der Nothwendigkeit," the man of the necessity, the only one who in a great and generally felt need can fill the place —the man for the time. It may here be remarked that especially in Italy when style was much studied, books in Latin abounded which gave in abundance not merely the literal synonyms,

unconditionally choose to guide in case of foreign hostilities, and he consequently does not seem to dread war with such anxiety as before. The patriotic party is of course in the minority, and this inspires in him distrust, for it fears, and justly, that he is less inimical to foreigners than to those at home. The former threaten only his crown, the latter his life; and the King is well aware that the latter is really possible. And indeed, when we consider that Louis Philippe is convinced to the depths of his soul of the bloodiest evil-will of his adversaries, we cannot fail to be amazed at his moderation. He has actually, by the declaration of a state of siege, been guilty of an irresponsibly illegal act, but no one can say that he abused his power in an unworthy manner. He has rather, in a magnanimous manner, spared all who personally injured him, while he endeavoured to restrain or disarm only those who as foes opposed his Government.

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such as those of Crabbe and Roget in English, but also of a great variety of forms in which an idea can be expressed, as, for example, in the "Specchio della Lingua Latina" of Giovanni da Pesaro, "Useful for every one who desires as soon as possible to be a true Latinist, and not a barbarian," Venice, 1572. It is however, true that such culture, while it induced formal elegance, also resulted in much second-hand grace of expression Many of Heine's most felicitous terms are in like manner borrowed from old writers and popular phrases, though he also excelled in inventing them.—*Translator.*

In spite of all ill-feeling which may be cherished against Louis Philippe, I cannot repress the conviction that the man Louis Philippe is uncommonly noble-hearted and great-minded. His chief passion seems to be a love of architecture. I was yesterday in the Tuileries, where building was going on everywhere, above ground and below. Walls are being torn away, great cellars dug—a constant crash and clatter. The King, who now lives with all his family in Saint Cloud, visits Paris every day, and first of all looks at the progress of the building in the Tuileries. This palace is now empty; only the Ministerial Council is held there. Oh! if every drop of blood could speak, as happens in nursery tales, one could there listen to much edifying counsel, for in every room of that tragical house wise blood has run.

PARIS, *July* 15, 1832.

The fourteenth of July has passed by quietly without any *émeute* being signalised by the police. But then it was such a burning hot day, and there was such an oppressive sultriness in all Paris, that even such an announcement would not have attracted the required number of curious lookers-on to the usual haunts of disturbance and *émeutes*. It was only on the great inaugural Place

of the Revolution, where the Bastile was destroyed on this same day, that many groups of men appeared, who quietly endured the fiercest noonday heat and let themselves be broiled like martyrs to freedom in the sun of July. It was previously reported that on this fourteenth of July the old stormers of the Bastile, who are still alive receiving pensions, would be publicly laurelled on this spot. A leading part in this ceremony was assigned to Lafayette. But probably owing to the events of the fifth and sixth of June this project has apparently failed, nor does Lafayette seem this year to long for any more triumphal processions. It is possible that there were among the groups on the Place de la Bastile more police than people,[1] for bitter bad remarks were uttered in tones so loud that only disguised mouchards would have dared to use them. Louis Philippe, they cried, was a traitor, the National Guards were traitors, the deputies were traitors; only the sun of July seemed to be honest. And indeed it did its best, and warmed us through with his rays until it was well-nigh beyond endurance. As for myself, I

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[1] *Menschen.* Heine does not here regard the police as human beings, and it must be fairly admitted that when they act as *provocateurs* by inciting in every way to crime and disorder the poor wretches whom they afterwards punish, that they are hardly to be classed with other men.—*Translator.*

made the remark in the terrible heat, that the Bastile must have been a very cool building, and certainly threw out a cooling shade in summer. When it was destroyed there were in it only five prisoners. Now there are ten state-prisons, and there are more than six hundred confined in Sainte Pélagie. This latter is very unhealthy, being very closely built. Yet men are very jolly there, and the Republicans or Carlists, though separated, cry out all manner of jests at one another, and laugh and rejoice. The Republicans wear red Jacobin caps, the Carlists green, with a white lily-tassel. The former cry "Vive la République!" and the latter "Vive Henri Cinq!" But they shout as in a common cause when some one storms in wild rage at Louis Philippe. This takes place the more freely, because in Sainte Pélagie no prisoner can be personally confined (*weder arretirt noch festgesetzt werden kann*). The greater portion of the fiery spirits who generally burst on every possible occasion into tumult, there restrain themselves so that the police cannot manage to get up a possible riot. The Republicans will for the present strictly avoid violent measures. Nor have they any weapons, disarming having been very thorough.

This is the birthday of the youthful Henry, and some excesses are expected of the Carlists. A proclamation in favour of Henry the Fifth was

yesterday evening distributed by ragmen and disguised priests. In it he promises to make France happy, and to protect it from foreign invasion. Next year he will be of age, for the French monarchs attain majority at their teens, having then reached their highest possible stage of mental development. On this proclamation the young Henry is for the first time represented with crown and sceptre; hitherto we have always seen him depicted as a pilgrim or as a Scotch Highlander, climbing mountains, or placing his purse in the hand of a poor beggar woman. But there is little that is dangerous to be expected from this miserable affair. The Carlists are now in a deeply depressed condition, the insane boldness of the Duke de Berry having greatly injured them. In vain did the leaders of the Carlist party in Paris send M. Berryer to the Duchess to persuade her to return to Holyrood, and in vain did Louis Philippe attempt to do the same. In vain was she implored by foreign legations for the love of God to relinquish her efforts for the present. No reasoning, threats, or prayers could persuade her to return. She is still in La Vendée. Though utterly devoid of means, nor longer finding support, she still will not yield. The solution of the enigma is that stupid or crafty priests have inspired her with fanaticism, and persuaded her that she will bring blessings and fortune to her

child if she will die for him; and so she seeks death with the religious zeal of a martyr, and the most visionary and enthusiastic maternal love.

If there are here no public manifestations, there is all the more disquiet in society. This is principally caused by German topics or the decisions of the Diet, which excite every one. So the most ridiculous opinions as to Germany are uttered, the French thinking—frivolously and erroneously—that our princes suppress liberty, not seeing that an end should be put to anarchy among the German Liberals, and that the unity and welfare of the German people will be thereby promoted. So early as the 5th June the *Temps* gave an abridgment of the six articles of the decisions of the Diet. A well-known Pietist had already carried extracts from those decisions about in his pocket, and by imparting them edified many hearts.

Next to the German, people are here most occupied with the Belgic-Dutch affairs, which become more complicated every hour, yet which must be settled as soon as possible. It is believed that England intends to clear the confusion by determined measures of some kind, and it is this, and not any interest in Poland, which is the real aim of the journey of Lord Durham to St. Petersburg. In any case, the mere appointment

of the messenger is a sign of a decided determination, for Lord Durham is one of the most grimly pugnacious sharp-cornered sons of Albion, and one who withal personally hates the Russian *camarilla* because it on the occasion of the Reform Bill (of which he was the most zealous supporter) intrigued very inimically against him and his father-in-law, Lord Grey, and employed every means to cause his fall. The friends of peace hope that he and the Emperor Nicholas will not confer much together personally, since the latter, on account of the very improper and contemptible manner in which he has been spoken of in Parliament, cannot be of friendly inclination; and it is also possible that from quite natural grounds there can be no intercourse of any significance, and that all will depend on intermediate interpreters.

Louis Philippe[1] is still of the opinion that he is strong. "See how strong we are!" is the refrain of every speech on the Tuileries. Even as an invalid talks continually of his own health,

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[1] The following passage of twenty-one lines is given in the French version, and is the beginning of the fragments. Why it should have been selected from among scores of better observations I know not. Something very like the same comparison to an invalid who would appear strong had already been written by Heine regarding Talleyrand.—*Translator.*

and cannot boast enough how well he can digest, and stand upon his legs without a cramp, and inhale great lungfuls of air, so these people hold forth without cessation on the strength and power which they have developed in many threatening circumstances, and which they can still display. Then the diplomatists come every day to the château, and feel the sick man's pulse, look at his tongue, and then his water, with great care, and send to their respective courts the political bulletins of health. Therefore the foreign Ministers never cease putting the question, "Is Louis Philippe strong or weak?" In the first case, their masters may calmly determine on and carry out any measure, but, on the other hand, when an overthrow of the French Government and war are to be apprehended, they must undertake nothing severe at home.

This great question whether Louis be strong or weak may be hard to decide, but it is easy to see that the French themselves at this time are anything but feeble. They have found new allies in the hearts of other races, while their foes are not really on the pinnacle of popularity. They have invisible hosts of spirits for fellow combatants, while their bodily armies are in a most flourishing condition. The youth of France are as ardent for war and as enthusiastic as they were in 1792. The young conscripts march with merry

music through the town, bearing on their hats fluttering ribbons and flowers, and the numbers they have drawn, which are their great prizes, and all round them are sung songs of freedom, while the marches of 1790 are drummed.

FROM NORMANDY.

HAVRE, *August* 1, 1832.

WHETHER Louis Philippe be strong or weak, seems to be the great question in whose solution so many peoples as well as potentates are interested. I always bore this in mind during my excursion in the northern provinces of France. Yet, as regards public opinion, there is so much which is contradictory, that I cannot communicate anything more fundamental than what is told by those who draw their wisdom from the Tuileries, or even from Saint Cloud. The North French, or the crafty Normans, are not so lightly bent to loosely speak as the people in the land of *Oc*. Or is it a sign of discontent that those of the citizens in the land of *Oui*, who only care for local interests, generally keep silent when the latter are discussed? Only the young men who are inspired with the interests of ideas express themselves openly as to what they believe to be the unavoidable approach of a republic; or the Carlists, who, being devoted to a personal interest, insinuate in

every manner possible their hatred of the present rulers, whom they depict in the most extravagant colours, and whose fall they predict as certain almost unto the day and hour thereof. The Carlists are tolerably abundant here. This is due to the fact that there is about Havre a peculiar interest in the cause, owing to a prepossession for certain members of the fallen dynasty who are accustomed to pass the summers here where they have made friends. This was specially done by the Duchesse de Berry. Her adventures are therefore matters of daily discussion in this province, and the priests of the Catholic Church find out in addition the divinest legends for glorifying the political Madonna and the blessed fruit of her body. In earlier times the priests were by no means so well satisfied with the churchly devotion of the Duchess, yet, though she often awakened priestly displeasure, she won thereby the favour of the people, for it was said, "The nice little lady is not at all so bigoted as the rest. See how coquettishly, like a worldling, she strolls along, holding her prayer-book so negligently in her hand, and in jest holds her taper so low that the wax drops on the satin train of her sister-in-law —of the grimly pious Angoulême!" Those times are past; the rosy merriment has faded from the cheeks of poor Caroline; she has become as pious as the others, and carries the wax candle as faith-

fully and properly as the priests desire, and with it she lights up the flame of civil war in France, as the priests also wish.

And here I may remark that the influence of the Catholic clergy is greater in this province than is supposed in Paris. We see them here at funerals in their ecclesiastical garments, with crosses and banners, chanting in melancholy tones as they pass along the street—a sight which is startling when one comes from Paris, where such ceremonies are strictly forbidden by the police, and much more by the people. Since I have been in Paris I have never seen a priest in his official dress in the street, nor among the many thousand funerals which passed me during the cholera season did I see the Church represented either by its servants or its symbols. Yet many still assert that the religion still exists, even in Paris, and it is true that the French Catholic congregation of the Abbé Chatel increases every day; their hall in the Rue Clichy has become too small for the multitude of believers, and for some time they have held their service in the great building on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, where M. Martin once exhibited his beasts, and on which may now be read, inscribed in great letters, "Église Catholique et Apostolique."

Those of the Northern French who will not even hear anything regarding either the Republic

or the miraculous boy, and who only desire the welfare of France, are not, for all that, by any means zealous adherents of Louis Philippe, nor do they praise him for open-heartedness or straightforwardness; on the contrary, they complain *qu'il n'est pas franc;* but they are penetrated by the conviction that he is the man for the occasion (*Mann der Nothwendigkeit*), that his authority must be supported, since public peace is thereby maintained, that the suppression of *émeutes* is good for trade, and that, above all things, to prevent stoppage (*Stocken*) of trade, every new revolution, and even war, must be avoided. They fear the latter only on account of trade, which is now in a languishing condition, but they do not fear war itself, for they are French; therefore they are fond of fame, having the love of battle in their blood, and are, moreover, larger and more strongly built than the Southern French, and surpass them perhaps where firmness and stubborn endurance are required. Is this a result of mixture with the Germanic race? They are like their great and powerful horses, which are as admirable at a brave trot as at carrying burdens and overcoming all the weariness of storm or rough roads. These men fear neither Austrians nor Russians, Prussians nor Bashkirs. They are neither dependents on, nor foes of Louis Philippe. Should there be war, they will follow

the tricolour flag, no matter by whom it may be borne.[1]

I indeed believe that if war should be declared, all the domestic difficulties of the French would be very promptly smoothed over[2] by concessions or force, and France become a mighty and single power which could defy the world. The strength or weakness of Louis Philippe is therefore no subject for controversy. He must in such case either become strong or not exist at all. The question whether he is strong or weak only holds for the maintenance of a state of peace, and it is only in this respect that it is of importance for foreign powers. I have heard from many sides the answer, "Le parti du roi est très nombreux, mais il n'est pas fort." I think that these words give much subject for reflection. For, firstly, they suggest the painful thought that the Government is but a party, and subject to all party interest. The King is not here a sublime superior power, who from the height of his throne calmly looks down on the strife of parties, and is able to keep them in a proper balance; no, he himself

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[1] The remainder of this letter from this point is also given in the French version.

[2] German, *geschlichtet*. French, "étouffées de manière ou d'autre par conciliation ou par la force." To strangle or suffocate by conciliation is admirable, reminding one of the dog who was choked to death with butter.—*Translator*.

has descended into the arena. Odilon Barrot, Mauguin, Carrel, Pagès, Cavaignac perhaps think there is no difference between themselves and him save the mere chance of momentary power.[1] This is the melancholy result of the King's reserving for himself the Presidency of the Council. And now Louis Philippe cannot change the prevailing system of government without falling into contradiction with himself and his party. So it came to pass that the press, treating him as the first *chef* of a party, find fault with him personally for all the mistakes in government, attribute to him every ministerial word, and see in him only the citizen-king or the king-minister. When the figures of the gods descend from their high pedestals to earth, the holy awe we once felt disappears, and we judge them according to their deeds and words, as if they were our like.

As for the assertion that the party of the King is numerous but not strong, there is certainly nothing new in it, for it is a long known truth; but it is remarkable that the people have also found it out, and that it does not now count merely the heads, as usual, but the hands, and that it accurately distinguishes those who clap with their hands and those who grasp the sword.

[1] No great wonder. In 1848 M. Garnier Pagès and family occupied the royal apartments, or the rooms of Marie Antoinette.—*Translator.*

The people have studied their world very carefully, and found that the party of the King consists of three classes. Firstly, of the commercial and proprietary class, who are concerned for their shops and possessions; of people tired of war, who long for rest; and finally, of the timid, who dread a reign of terror. This royal party, loaded with property, dreading any disturbance of their comfort, this majority is opposed by a minority which has but little baggage to carry, which is disorderly beyond all discipline, and which in the wild unrestrained rush of its ideas sees in terror only an ally.

So that, despite the great number of heads and the great victory of the sixth of June, the people doubt the strength of the *Juste-milieu*. But it is very serious when a Government does not seem to be strong in the eyes of the people. It then incites every one to try his strength on it; a dark and demoniac impulse inspires the world to shake it, and that is the secret of revolutions.

DIEPPE, *August* 20, 1832.[1]

One can have no idea what an impression the death of the young Napoleon made upon the lower

[1] This letter, with the exception of the last two passages, is given in the French version.

class of the French people. The sentimental bulletin which the *Temps* published six weeks ago, in relation to his gradually dying, and which was reprinted and sold in Paris for a sous, had begun to excite in every *carrefour* or at every corner the greatest distress. I even saw young Republicans weep; the elder did not seem to be so moved;[1] and from one I heard with displeasure the peevish expression, "Ne pleurez pas; c'était le fils de l'homme qui a fait mitrailler le peuple le 13 Vendémiaire." It is strange that, when a disaster befalls any one, we unconsciously recall some old wrong from him of which we have not thought for a long time. There is no limit to the veneration of the country people for the Emperor. There hangs in every hut a portrait of "the man;" and indeed, as the *Quotidienne* remarked, on the same wall where the portrait of the eldest son would have hung, had he not been sacrificed by that man in one of his hundred fields of battle. Anger sometimes extracts from the *Quotidienne* the most honourably candid remarks, which give offence to the Jesuitical and subtler *Gazette*. That is their chief political difference.

I journeyed over the greater portion of the northern French coast while the news of the death of young Napoleon was there being dis-

[1] The conclusion of this sentence and the following paragraph are wanting in the French version.

seminated. I found, wherever I went, a marvellous grief among the people. They felt a sincere sorrow, not connected with the interests of the day,[1] but in the dearest memories of a glorious past. And specially among the beautiful Norman women was there great wailing for the early death of the young son of the hero.

Yes, the portrait of the Emperor hangs in every hut. I found it everywhere crowned with mourning flowers, like images of Christ in Passion-w[illegible]. Many soldiers wore crape. A veteran, with a wooden leg, mournfully took my hand, saying, "À présent tout est fini."

Yes, for those Bonapartists who believed in an Imperial resurrection in the flesh, all is at an end. Napoleon is now for them only a name, like that of Alexander of Macedon,[2] or Charlemagne, whose direct heirs died early in like manner. But for the Bonapartists who believe in a resurrection of the spirit, there now blooms the best hope. Bonapartism is not for them a transferral of power by begetting and primogeniture; no, their Bonapartism is now free from all animal admixture;

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[1] "Sie fuhlten einen reinen Schmerz, der nicht in dem Eigennütze des Tages würzelte." French version :—"Et n'avait pas sa source dans l'egoïsme du moment."

[2] The ten words after Macedon are omitted in the French version.

it is for them the idea of an autocracy (*Alleinherrschaft*) of the highest power, applied to the best condition of the people, and he who shall have this power, and will so apply it, him they will call Napoleon the Second. As Cæsar gave his name to absolute rule, so the name of Napoleon will be bestowed on a new Cæsardom, to whom he alone has the right who possesses the highest ability and the strongest will.

In a certain respect Napoleon was a Saint-Simonian emperor, for as he reached the highest power by his intellectual superiority, so he contributed only to the advancement of men of capacity, and aimed at the physical and moral well-being of the more numerous and poorer classes. He reigned less to benefit the *Tiers-état*, the middle class, the *Juste-milieu*, than the men whose means consisted of hearts and hands alone; and even his army was a hierarchy whose grades of honour were gained solely by desert and capacity. Under him the humblest son of a peasant could attain to the highest dignities, or win wealth and orders as easily as any nobleman of the most ancient family.[1] For this reason the

[1] This recalls an anecdote of Abraham Lincoln, to whom some foreign adventurer of noble extraction once applied for a commission in the army, which he obtained. Speaking of his own qualifications, he mentioned his title. "Oh," replied Lin-

portrait of the Emperor hangs in the hut of every peasant, on the same wall where the portrait of the man's own son would hang had the latter not fallen on some battlefield ere he became a general, or it may be a duke or king, as happened to many a poor fellow who had the spirit and talent to raise himself so high while the Emperor as yet reigned. In whose image many a one mourns perhaps only the faded hope of his own pre-eminence.

I found most frequently in peasants' homes the picture of the Emperor visiting the hospital at Jaffa or as lying at St. Helena on his deathbed. Both of these bear a striking likeness to the pictures of that Catholic religion which is now dead in France. In one of these, Napoleon resembles a Saviour who seems to cure the afflicted with the pest by a touch; in the other, he is himself dying the death of expiation.

We who have adopted a different symbolism see in the martyrdom of Napoleon at St. Helena no expiation in the sense here indicated, for the Emperor there did penance for his most fatal error, or for his truthlessness to his mother, the Revolution. History had long before shown that

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coln naïvely and encouragingly, "don't mind that. If you only show yourself brave and capable, you'll get on just as well as if you hadn't it."—*Translator.*

the alliance between the son of the Revolution and the daughter of the past would never lead to any good, and we now see how the only fruit of that marriage had not long to live, and so died deplorably.

As regards the inheritance of the deceased, opinion is divided. The friends of Louis Philippe believe that now the orphaned Bonapartists will join with them, but I doubt whether the men of war and of fame will pass so rapidly into the peaceful *Juste-milieu*. The Carlists think that the Bonapartists will now pay homage to the only pretender, Henri the Fifth; and in this I do not know whether to be most astonished at their folly or their insolence. The Republicans seem to be in the best condition to attract the Bonapartists; but though it was once easy to make the most brilliant Imperialists out of the most uncombed Sans-culottes, it may be difficult to effect to-day the opposite miracle.

We regret that the dearly-beloved relics,[1] such as the sword of the Emperor, the cloak of Marengo, the world-famous three-cornered hat, and the rest, which, according to the will made at St. Helena, should pass to the young Reichstadt, did not return home to France. Every party in France could turn a part of this inheritance to

[1] *Die theuren Reliquien.* French version—*les saintes reliques.*

good account. And indeed, had I the disposal of them, it should be thus effected: I would give the Republicans the sword, since they alone know how to use it. The gentlemen of the *Juste-milieu*, the cloak of Marengo; and truly they need one to cover their pitiable (*ruhmlose*) nakedness. And to the Carlists I would give the Emperor's hat, which, it must be admitted, is not very suitable for such heads, but it may some day be useful when those heads or chiefs are knocked in; yes, I would also bestow on them the imperial boots, which they may use when compelled to run away.[1] But as for the stick with which the Emperor walked at Jena, I doubt whether it is to be found among the relics of the Duke de Reichstadt, and I believe that the French hold it still in their hands.[2]

After the death of the young Napoleon I heard principally in these provinces of the journey of the Duchesse de Berry. The adventures of this lady are here told so poetically that one might suppose that the descendants of the old Trouvers (*Fabliauxdichter*) had invented them at leisure. The wedding of Compiègne also afforded much material for amusement. I could contribute an

[1] French version—"Qui leur facilité sont les enjambées de sept lieues," &c.

[2] Here the French version of this series of letters ends.—*Translator.*

insect-collection of bad jokes which I heard set forth in a Carlist château, as, for instance, when a table orator in Compiègne remarked that there the Maid of Orleans had been captured, and that it was now quite befitting that fetters should be bound in Compiègne on another Maid of Orleans.

Though it is set forth most pompously in all the French papers that the crowd of strangers here is very great, and especially that the bathing season is this year in Dieppe very brilliant, I find in town or country the contrary. There are not here actually fifty summer visitors; all is adrift and sad, and the bathing which the Duchesse de Berry made so flourishing when she came here every summer is now gone to nothing. As many people thereby in the town have sunk into bitterest poverty, and as they attribute all their trouble to the fall of the Bourbons, it is intelligible that there are here many of the most raging Carlists. Yet it would be slandering Dieppe to say that more than a fourth of its inhabitants cling to the last dynasty. In no place do the National Guards show more patriotism; all assemble at the first tap of the drum when parade is held, and all are here in full uniform, which indeed indicates unusual zeal. The festival of Napoleon was here recently celebrated with striking enthusiasm.

Louis Philippe is here generally neither loved nor hated. His maintenance in power is regarded

as essential to the prosperity of France, but as regards his system of government (*régiment*) there is no special inspiration. The French are so well informed by their free press as to the true state of affairs, and are so politically enlightened, that they bear small troubles with patience, lest greater befall them. Little is said against the personal character of the King; he is believed to be an honourable man.

ROUEN, *September* 17, 1832.

I write these lines in the former residence of the Duke of Normandy, in the ancient town where there yet remain so many monuments which remind us of the history of that race once so renowned for its heroic wanderings and love of knightly adventure, and now so notorious for its love of litigation and craftiness in trade. In yon castle once dwelt Robert the Devil, whom Meyerbeer has set to music; on that market-place the Maid of Orleans was burnt—that great-hearted girl whom Schiller and Voltaire have sung; in that cathedral lies the heart of Richard, the brave king who was called *Cœur de Lion*, for his lion heart; from this soil sprung the conquerors of Hastings, the sons of Tancred, and so many other flowers of Norman chivalry; but it all concerns us but little now, when we are more busied with the question, "Has the peaceful system of Louis Philippe taken

root in the warlike soil of Normandy? Is the new citizen-kingdom well or ill couched in the old heroic cradle of the English and Italian aristocracy, or in the land of the Normans? This I can now briefly answer. The great landed proprietors, chiefly noble, are Carlists; the well-to-do workers and farmers are Philippistes; while the lower classes despite and hate the Bourbons, loving, in the minority, the gigantic memories of the Republic, but for the greater part the brilliant heroism of the Empire. The Carlists, like every suppressed party, are more active than the Philippistes, who feel secure, and it may be said to the credit of the former that they make greater offerings—that is, of money. The Carlists, who have no doubt of their ultimate victory, and who are convinced that the future will repay a thousandfold all their sacrifices, contribute their last sou when party interests seem to require it. It is markedly characteristic of this class that they care less for their own property than for that of others—*sui profusus, alieni appetens.* Greed and extravagance are twins. The *roturier* who earns his earthly goods by hard and bitter work, and not by court service, fawning on mistresses, sweet speech, and easy gambling, holds more firmly to what he gains.

Meanwhile the good citizens of Normandy have taken the view that the newspapers by means of

which the Carlists strive to influence public opinion are dangerous both as regards public security and that of their own property, and that something should be done by the same means, that is, the press, to counteract their intrigues. With this view there was recently founded the *Estafette du Havre*, a mild, soft *Juste-milieu* daily, on which the honourable shopkeepers of Havre spend a great deal of money, and on which several Parisians are employed, especially Monsieur de Salvandy, a little, supple, watery soul in a long, stiff, meagre body. He was once praised by Goethe.[1] Thus far this journal is the only counter-mine which has been dug against the Carlists in Normandy. The latter, however, are unwearied, and establish everywhere their newspapers or citadels of falsehood, on which the spirit of freedom may wreak its powers till succour shall come from the East. These journals are more or less in the spirit of the *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidienne*, and the latter is the most actively disseminated among the people. Both are attractive in appearance, and wittily and attractively written, but therewith they are intensely spiteful, perfidious, full of useful information and delightful malice; and their noble

[1] Heine has declared that praise from Goethe was a sure sign of mediocrity ("Germany").—*Translator.*

colporteurs, who often give them away gratis, and perhaps money with them, naturally find a greater demand than there is for the tame *Juste-milieu* journals. I cannot praise too highly these two publications, since, from a higher point of view, I do not think they injure in the least the cause of freedom, but rather aid it by stimulating the champions, who now and then grow weary, to new exertion. The two journals are the real representatives of those people who, when their cause droops, revenge themselves on the individual,—it is an old relation,—we tread on their heads, and they sting us in the heel. But it must be said in praise of the *Quotidienne*, that while it is quite as much of a serpent as the *Gazette*, it does not so much conceal its ill-will; that its real cause of complaint shows itself in every word—in short, it is a kind of rattlesnake, which, while it comes creeping on, gives warning with its rattle. The *Gazette* has, unfortunately, no such rattle. The latter sometimes attacks its own principles in order to thereby indirectly aid in their victory; while the *Quotidienne* in the heat of excitement will rather sacrifice victory than degrade itself by such cold self-abnegation. The *Gazette* has the calmness of Jesuitism, which does not let itself be led astray from the passion of opinion, which is all the easier because Jesuitism is really no opinion or principle, but only a trade;

while in the *Quotidienne*, on the contrary, there are, brooding or raging, high-trotting knights and vindictive monks badly disguised in knightly loyalty and Christian love. This is also the character of the Carlist journal which appears here in Rouen under the title of *Gazette de Normandie*. We find in it a sweetly-toned lament for the good old time which has disappeared—more's the pity! —with its chivalric forms, its crusades, tournamenting, heralds-at-arms, honourable burghers, pious nuns, lively and winsome dames, troubadours, and similar comforts of soul and sentiment, so that one is strangely reminded of the feudalistic romances of a celebrated German poet in whose head there bloomed more blossoms than brains, yet whose heart was full of love; but with the editor of the *Gazette de Normandie* the head, on the contrary, is full of the thickest reactionary darkness (*Obskurantismus*), and his heart of gall and poison. This editor is a certain Viscount Walsh, a long grey light-haired man of perhaps sixty years. I saw him in Dieppe, where he was invited to a Carlist council, and very much fêted by the whole noble society. Yet, gossippy as they all are, a little Carlist whispered in my ear, "C'est un fameux compêre. He is really not of good French noble family. His father, an Irishman, was in the French military service when the Revolution broke out, and when he was obliged

to emigrate, in order to prevent his estates from being confiscated, he nominally sold them to his son; but the latter denied that it was a sale for mere form (*Scheinkauf*), maintained that the transfer was complete, and so kept the property of his cheated father and of his poor sister. The latter became a lady of the court of Madame the Duchess de Berry, and her brother's enthusiasm for this lady is based on personal advantage as well as vanity for ——" I had heard enough.

It is difficult to fully understand with what a perfidious consistency the present Government is being undermined by the Carlists. Whether they will succeed, time alone can show. There is no man and no means so vile but what they gladly turn them to advantage. In addition to the canonic journals already described, they make great use of oral and personal report of all kinds, of scandal, or by *tradition*. This black propaganda endeavours to destroy fundamentally the fair fame of those who are now in power, that is to say, of the King. The falsehoods which are circulated with this intent are sometimes as abominable as they are absurd. "Always abuse, always—something will stick," was long ago the motto of these nice teachers.[1]

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[1] "Calumniare fortiter, aliquid semper hærebit," calumniate boldly, something will be sure to stick. A saying attributed to

A young priest once said to me in a Carlist assembly at Dieppe, "If you give your fellow-countrymen information as to our affairs, you should help the truth a little, so that when the war breaks out, should Louis Philippe still remain at the head of the French Government, the Germans may hate him all the more and fight with greater enthusiasm against him." In reply to my question as to whether victory was well assured for us, he smiled almost pityingly, and assured me that the Germans were the bravest race, and that only a trifling and feigned opposition would be made to them; that the North as well as the South was devoted to the right and just dynasty; that Henry V. and Madame were everywhere worshipped like a small Saviour and a mother of God—that was the religion of the people, and sooner or later this legitimate zeal of piety would burst out in Normandy into open manifestation.

While the young man of God spoke thus, there suddenly resounded in the street before the house in which we were, a tremendous noise, drums were beaten, trumpets pealed, the Marseilles hymn rang so loudly that the windows shook, and there came

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the Jesuits. The remainder of this letter is given in the earlier, but not the latest French version, which work is, in fact, a mere selection of extracts from the complete text.—*Translator.*

with tremendous force the cry, "Vive Louis Philippe! À bas les Carlistes! Les Carlistes à la lanterne!" This was at one o'clock in the morning, and the whole assembly was in dire alarm. I also was frightened and thought of the proverb, "Mitgefangen, mitgehangen—"Caught with the gang, with it you hang."[1] But it was only a joke by the National Guard of Dieppe. The latter having learned that Louis Philippe had arrived at the Chateau d'Eu, determined at the instant to march thither and greet his Majesty. But thinking it well to combine pleasure with business, they resolved first, while on the way, to give the poor Carlists a good scare, and so made the most horrible noises before their houses, also singing as if mad the Marseilles hymn—that *Dies iræ, dies illa* of the new Church, which announces to the Carlists their day of judgment and doom.

As I myself went immediately to Eu, I can as eye-witness testify that it was no prearranged inspiration to order with which the National Guards joyously greeted the King. He had them pass in review, and was much pleased with their open delight as they smiled on him; and I cannot deny that in these days of dissension and of mistrust

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[1] Or "Caught with bad fellows, you go to the gallows." In its full form in German this proverb is "Mitgegangen, mitgefangen, mitgehangen."—*Translator.*

such a picture of harmony was most edifying and comforting. They were free and armed citizens, who without fear looked their King in the face, showing their respect with weapons in their hands, and now and then according him faith and obedience with a manly grasp of the hand. For Louis Philippe, as may be understood, offered his hand to every one. The Carlists make the utmost in mockery of this hand-shaking, and I confess that hate occasionally makes them witty, as when they jest on that "*messéante popularité des poignées de main.*" So I saw in the chateau already mentioned a dramatic joke *en petit comité*, wherein it was most delightfully set forth how Fip I., king of the Philistines (*épiciers*), gives his son High-Cockalorum [1] (*Grand Poulot*) instruction in diplomatic or state science, and paternally teaches him that he must not let himself be led astray by theorists, nor to see the citizen-kingdom in popular sovereignty, much less in maintaining the Charte; that he shall not heed the gabble of the Left nor of the Right; it is of no consequence that France be free within and honoured without, much less whether the throne is barricaded with Republican institutions or supported by hereditary peers, since neither chartered words nor heroic deeds are of much importance, and that the citizen-kingdom

[1] *Grosskücken.* In Americanese, "big he-biddy."

and the whole act of reigning consists in shaking hands with every blackguard. Then he teaches him the different shakes, and how to squeeze men's hands in all kinds of positions, when afoot or on horseback, when galloping through rows and ranks, or as soldiers come parading past. High-Cockalorum is ready to learn, and goes through all the motions accurately; yes, he declares that he will improve on this invention of the citizen-kingdom, and every time when he presses a burgher's hand also exclaim, "How are you, *mon vieux cochon?*"[1] or what amounts to the same thing, "How are you, *citoyen?*" "Yes, that is synonymous," the king adds drily, and the Carlists laughed. After this High-Cockalorum will practise hand-shaking, first with a *grisette*, then with Baron Louis, but he does it all too clumsily, and cramps people's fingers; in all of which there is no lack of scorn and slander of those well-known people whom we exalted before the Revolution of July as lights of Liberalism, and have since then decried as "servile." And though I am not so very much inclined to the *Juste-milieu*, I still felt in my heart a certain respectful regard (*Pietät*) for men once so highly honoured, and the old feelings awoke as I saw them mocked by far worse men. Yes, even as he

[1] *Monsieur lapin* in the French version.—*German editor.*

who is at the bottom of a deep well can see at clear noonday the stars of heaven, so could I, sunk in the depth of an obscure Carlist assembly, again perceive clearly the merits of the men of the *Juste-milieu*, and again feel a late regard for the late Duke of Orleans, for the Doctrinaires, for a Guizot, a Thiers, a Royer-Collard, a Dupin, and other stars who have lost their glory by the excess of daylight of the sun of July.

It is now and then of great advantage to see things from such a deep, instead of from an elevated point of view. For, incidentally, we learn to judge men more impartially, even if we hate the cause which they represent, and how to distinguish the men of the *Juste-milieu* from its system. This latter is in itself bad according to our views, but its *persons* deserve our regard, especially the man whose position is the most trying in Europe, and who now sees only in the thoughts of March 13th the possibility of his existence, a motive for self-preservation which is very human. And if we come among Carlists, and hear this man continually reviled, he naturally rises in our esteem, since we remark that they ridicule in Louis Philippe what we best like in him, and that in him is deeply to their taste which of all things most displeases us. For that he has in the eyes of the Carlists the merit of being a Bourbon, such advantage seems to us a *levis nota*.

But it would be most unjust if we did not distinguish him and his family most favourably and famously from the elder line of the Bourbons. The House of Orleans has attached itself so firmly to the French people that has been regenerated in common with it, so that both it and they have come out of the terrible blood-bath of the Revolution purified and ameliorated, healed and citizened; while the older Bourbons, who took no part in that rejuvenation, belong as yet altogether to that ancient, sickly generation which Crebillon, Laclos, and Louvet sketched so admirably in their gayest gleams of sin and most radiant rottenness. France grown young again, can never attach itself to this dynasty, or to these spectres of the past; its sham-life becomes more repulsive every day; its conversion after death was a disgusting sight; its perfumed decay offended every honest nose, so that one fine morning in July, when the Gallic cock crowed, the ghosts must need vanish.

But Louis Philippe and his own are hearty and healthy, they are the blooming children of young France, chaste of soul, sound in body, and of good bourgeois manners. Indeed, it is just that citizenness or civility which the Carlists dislike so much in Louis Philippe which causes us to respect him. Yet I cannot, with the best will, so entirely free myself from party spirit as to be able to

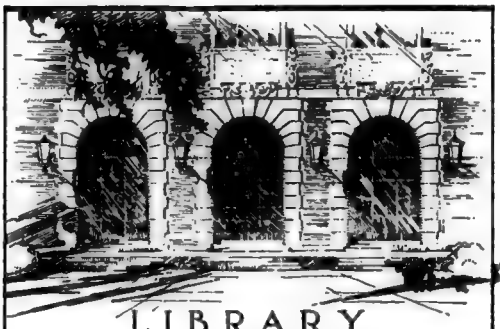
accurately decide how far he is seriously in earnest as regards the citizen-kingdom. The great jury of history will bring in a verdict whether his intentions were all honourable. In such a case the *poignées de main* are not at all laughable, and the manly grasp of the hand may become a symbol of the new citizen-kingdom, just as servile kneeling was that of feudal sovereignty. Louis Philippe, should he keep the throne with an honourable mind, and transmit them to his children, may leave a great name behind him in history—not only as the founder of a new dynasty, but as that of a new sovereignty which shall give unto the world a new form; that of the first citizen-king —— —— of Louis Philippe *if* he keeps the throne and to honourable intentions —— —— and that is just the great question!

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HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

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FRENCH AFFAIRS

II

VOLUME FIFTEEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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LUTETIA.

PREFACE TO THE FRENCH VERSION.

THIS book contains a series of Letters which I wrote from 1840 to 1843 for the *Augsburger Zeitung*. For important reasons, I had them published some months ago by Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe as a special book under the title *Lutetia*, and for reasons not less important I am determined to give them to the public in French. The causes and reasons are as follows.

As the Letters in question to the *Augsburger Zeitung* appeared anonymously, and had undergone many omissions and alterations, I had reason to apprehend that they might be published after my death in this mangled form, and perhaps mingled with other letters not by me at all. To avoid such a posthumous disaster, I have preferred to prepare myself an authentic

edition of the Letters. But though I, while living, have at least vindicated the good name of my style, I have at the same time unfortunately given to malice the means of assailing the good reputation of my ideas, since the linguistic deficiencies in the knowledge of the German language, which are occasionally found among the best-informed Frenchmen, have rendered it possible for some of my compatriots of either sex to persuade many people that I, in my book *Lutetia*, slander all Paris, and that I degrade the most honourable and respected men and things in France by malignant mockery. It therefore became a moral necessity for me to publish, as soon as possible, a French version of my work, and so enable my most beautiful and admirable friend Lutetia to judge for herself how I treated her in the book which bears her name. And if I, all unwittingly, now and then by a harsh expression or erroneous remark have given her offence, I trust that she will not accuse me of a want of sympathy, but simply of defects in culture and tact. Fairest Lutetia! do not forget my nationality. Even if I am one of the most smoothly licked among my fellow-countrymen,[1] I still cannot entirely contradict my nature;

[1] *Einer der Geleckteten.* In reference to a bear-cub being licked into shape by its mother.—*Translator.*

the petting and patting of my German bear's paws may have sometimes scratched you, and I sometimes threw more than one paving-stone at your head, only meaning to frighten away the flies. And let it, moreover, be remembered that I at this instant, when I am unusually ill, cannot expend much care nor much serene cheerfulness on the artistic construction of my sentences; in fact, the German edition of my work is much less careless and clumsy than the French version. In the former, style has everywhere softened the ruggedness of the matter. It is to the last degree painful to be compelled to see an elegant goddess, and to bring to her an offering in such an inappropriate dress, when one has at home in his German wardrobe the finest clothes, and more than *one* magnificently embroidered waistcoat.

No, fair Lutetia, I have never meant to injure thee, and if evil tongues do their utmost to assure thee of the contrary, believe it not. Never doubt, my dearest and loveliest, the integrity of my tenderness, which is thoroughly unselfish. Certainly thou art young enough to have no fear from any other cause of being loved save for thy beautiful eyes.

I have above remarked that the Letters which form my book *Lutetia* appeared anonymously in the *Augsburger Zeitung*. They were distinguished by a cipher, but this did not distinctly indicate

that I was the author. I have fully explained this in a note which I added to the German edition of my book, and I here cite the principal passage.

"The editor of the *Augsburger Zeitung* was accustomed to indicate my articles, like those of other anonymous contributors, by a cipher, in order to satisfy official requisitions, as, for instance, to relieve responsibility, but not at all to whisper *sub rosa* to the honourable public, like the answer to an easy charade, the name of the author. And as the editor, and not the true author, is responsible for every anonymous article, and as the former is compelled to appear as representative to the thousand-headed world of readers, as well as to the many headless or brainless Government officials, and as he has to struggle with innumerable hindrances, material or moral, the privilege may well be allowed him to shape every article which he accepts to suit the requirements of the day, according to his own will, by clipping out, separating, adding to, or changing in every way, to make it print-worthy, although the best personal opinions, and still better style, of the author should be thereby fearfully diminished. Any one who is in every respect a political writer must, for the sake of the cause which he defends, make many a bitter sacrifice to harsh necessity. There are indeed many obscure small journals (*obscure*

Winkelblätter) in which we might empty out our whole heart with all its hot coals of wrath; but they have only a very scanty public, devoid of influence, and it would amount to no more than if we were to swagger and rant in beer-houses or cafés before the regular guests —as other great politicians and patriots are wont to do. We act far more wisely when we moderate our zeal and utter our opinions with sober words, if not altogether anonymously, in a journal which is justly called "a general newspaper for the world" (*eine allgemeine Welt Zeitung*), and which instructs many hundreds of thousands of readers in every country. Even though most mournfully mutilated, the Word can here work to good effect; the scantiest hint will ever and anon spring up to bear profitable seed in unknown fields. If this reflection did not inspire me, I certainly had never undergone the self-torture of writing for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. But as I for more than twenty-eight years had been well convinced of the truth and honesty of that deeply loved friend of my youth and brother in arms who is chief editor of that publication, I was willing to tolerate many a terrible after-pang caused by amending and idly altering;[1] for when thus vexed, I seemed

[1] *Verballhornung. Vide* "Germany," Heinemann, 1892, p. 129, for a full explanation of this word.—*Translator.*

to behold the honourable eyes of my friend, who seemed to say to the sufferer "Am I too on a bed of roses?"[1]

And since I have now published under my own name the correspondence which was so long unacknowledged by me, I feel that I have the right on this occasion to claim the *beneficium inventarii* as is done by a doubtful inheritance. I hope from the kindness of the reader that he will consider the difficulties of time and place with which the author had to contend when he first sent these Letters to the press. I assume full responsibility for the truth of everything I have said, but not for the manner and form in which it is expressed. He who sticks to the mere letter may very easily cull from my correspondence a great collection of contradictions, careless errors, and even many instances of a want of earnest conviction; but he who grasps the spirit of my words will recognise in them everywhere the strongest unity of thought and an inviolable adherence to the cause of humanity and the democratic ideas of the Revolution. The local difficulties which I have mentioned were in the censorship, for that which was exercised by the editorship of the *Augsburger Zeitung* was more severe than the official surveillance of the Bavarian officials. I

[1] The remark of the Mexican Guatemozin to his friend while stretched by the Spaniards on hot coals.

was often obliged to hoist a flag over my boat of thought, which very inaccurately expressed my true political or social views. But the journalistic smuggler does not concern himself much as to the colour of the bit of bunting which he puts on the mast of his vessel, and with which the winds play as they will, and I thought only of the good cargo which I had on board, and which I wished to land in the harbour of public opinion. I can boast that such enterprise often succeeded, and no one should blame me for the means which I employed to secure success. As I knew the traditions of the *Augsburger Zeitung*, I was aware that it always aimed at not only publishing all current events as promptly as possible, but also to register them perfectly in its columns as in historic archives. It therefore became my duty to ascertain what I would give the public, put it into the form of a fact, the incident itself as well as my opinion of it—in short, all that I thought and felt; and to effect this I did not hesitate to put my own opinions in the mouths of others or to set them forth in parables. So it happens that my Letters contain many historiettes and arabesques, the symbolical meaning of which is not intelligible to every one, and which to the eye of the superficial reader may possibly seem like a mixture of wretched gossip and retailing of trifles. In my

efforts to thoroughly give the form of every fact, it became important for me to use a manner of expression (*für meine sprache eine Ton zu wählen*) which permitted me to discuss the most critical and delicate subjects. The most favourable tone for such intent was that of indifferentism, and I used it without reflection. There was in it a means to give more than one good counsel and many a wholesome hint. The Republicans, who grieve over a want of good-will in me, have not reflected that I for twenty years have in case of need always defended them earnestly enough, and that in my book *Lutetia* I commented in detail on their moral superiority, while I as constantly laid bare the ignoble and ridiculous arrogance and complete worthlessness of the ruling *bourgeoisie*. They are rather slow to comprehend, these brave Republicans, of whom I once had a better opinion. As regards their intelligence, I believed that their intellectual narrow-mindedness was assumed, and that the Republic played the part of a Junius Brutus that it might by this feigned simplicity make royalty (*das Königthum*) more careless and incautious, so as to catch it some day in a trap. But after the Revolution of February I found out my mistake; I saw that the Republicans were really very honourable folk, who did not know how to disguise themselves, and that they really were what they appeared to be.

But if the Republicans gave the correspondent of the *Augsburger Zeitung* very doubtful stuff wherewith to deal, this was to a far greater degree the case with the Socialists, or, to call the monster by his real name, with the Communists. Yet I succeeded in discussing even this theme in the journal referred to. Many of my Letters were indeed suppressed by the editor, who bore in mind the old proverb, *Man soll den Teufel nicht an die Wand malen*—"You should not paint the devil on the wall." But they could not white-wash out all my communications, and, as I have said, I found means to set forth in their prudent blank columns a subject whose terrible significance was utterly unknown to the time.[1] I painted the devil on the wall of my newspaper, or, as a witty man of note expressed it, I gave him a good puff (*réclame*). The Communists, who in isolated condition were to be found in every country, and who had no clear consciousness of their common tendencies,

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[1] It must in fairness be admitted that Heine here speaks the exact truth in declaring that he fully explained and understood Communism, and the part which it was destined to play in the future, at a time when, as it would seem, no other man in Europe had any idea of it, any more than of the electric telephone. Nor was it with him one of those casual inspirations of genius, or mere guesses, which are often paraded as prophecies. The subject had been deeply studied by him, and he saw very clearly indeed how it was destined to work into the relations of Labour and Capital.—*Translator.*

learned from the *Augsburger Zeitung* that they really existed, and also to know their real name, which hitherto had been unknown to more than one of these poor foundlings of the old society. From the *Augsburger Zeitung* these scattered communities obtained authentic information as to the unceasing progress of their cause; they learned, to their great astonishment, that they were not at all a weak little body, but the strongest of all parties; that their time had truly not yet come, but that patient waiting would be no loss of time for those to whom the future belongs.

This confession that the future belongs to the Communists was made in a tone of care and deepest anxiety, and ah! it was indeed not disguised. In very truth it is only with dread and horror that I think of the time when these gloomy iconoclasts will attain power; when their heavy hands will break without pity all the marble statues of beauty which are so dear to my heart. They will crush into dust all the fantastic play and baubles of Art which are so dear to the poet; they will fell my groves of laurel and plant potatoes in their place, and the lilies of the field, which toil not neither do they spin, and yet are more magnificently arrayed than was King Solomon in all his glory, will be rooted up from the soil of society, unless they will take distaff in hand; the roses, those idle brides of the nightin-

gales, must suffer the same fate; the nightingales themselves will be driven away as useless singers, and ah! my book of songs will be used by the grocers to make paper cornets in which to put coffee or snuff for the old women of the future.

Yes, I foresee all this, and nameless grief comes over me when I think of the destruction with which the victorious common multitude (*Proletariat*) threatens my verses, which will sink into the grave with the whole ancient romantic world.[1] Yet, despite this, I publicly confess that this Communism, which is so inimical to all my interests and inclinations, exerts a magic influence on my soul from which I cannot defend myself. Two voices in its favour move my heart—two voices which will not be silenced, and which in their depths may be diabolical; but however that may be, they govern me, and no power of exorcism can bid them hence away.

For the first voice is that of logic. "The devil is a logician," says Dante.[2] A terrible syllogism holds me in a mesh, and if I cannot controvert

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[1] "What an artist you destroy!" said Nero. The quotation is here impressive, for—*pace* Archdeacon Farrar—there was really an extraordinary likeness in some respects between the lyrics of the Roman Emperor and many of Heine's.

[2] "Tu non pensavi qu' io loico fossi."—*Dante, Inferno*, c. 28. Heine gives the incident in full in "Germany," vol. ii. p. 199. —*Translator.*

the proposition that "all men have the right to eat," I am compelled to accept all its consequences.

Thinking on it, I am in danger of losing my intellect. I behold all the devils of truth dancing round me in triumph, until at last a great and proud despair masters my heart, and I cry aloud: "It has long been judged and condemned, this ancient society! Let it suffer what it deserves! Let it be crushed, this old world, where innocence perished, where selfishness flourished so mightily, where man was as a prey and plunder to man! Let them be radically destroyed, these whitened sepulchres, where falsehood and raging wrong were enthroned!" And blessed be the grocer who will make cornets of my poems for snuff or coffee for the poor honest old women who perhaps in this our present unjust world must do altogether without such comforts. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.*

The second imperative voice which ensnares me is far mightier and more demonic than the first, for it is the voice of *hate*—of the hate which I feel for a party whose most deadly enemy is Communism, and which from this common ground is our common foe. I speak of the party of the so-called representatives of nationality in Germany, of those false patriots whose love for their native land consists only of idiotic aversion to all foreign or neighbouring races, and who day by day pour

out their hatred for France. Yes, this relic or these successors of the Teutomaniacs of 1815, who have only modernised their old costume of ultra-Germanic fools and shortened their ears a little, I have detested and fought them all my life, and now, as the sword falls from the hand of the dying man, I feel myself consoled by the conviction that Communism, when it meets them in its way, will give them the *coup de grâce*, though it will be no blow with a club, but a crushing under the giant's foot, as one treads on a vile worm.[1] That will be his *début*. Out of hatred to the champions of Nationalism I could almost love the Communists. They are at least no hypocrites, who always have religion and Christianity on their lips. The Communists have, it is true, no religion (no man is perfect), they are even atheists (which is certainly a great sin), but they as a leading dogma acknowledge the most absolute cosmopolitanism, a world-wide love for all races, an equality of worldly goods and fraternity among all mankind, who are the free citizens of this earth. This fundamental dogma is the same which was taught in the New Testament, so that in spirit and in truth the Communists are far more Christian than our

[1] French version—"Ainsi qu'on écrase un crapaud." German—*dendes Gewürm.*

so-called German patriots, those narrow-minded defenders of an exclusive nationality.

I utter too much—certainly much more than wisdom and the spinal complaint[1] with which I now suffer permit, and I have only a few words to add ere I conclude. I believe that I have given sufficient information as to the unfavourable circumstances under which the letters from Lutetia were written. Beyond local difficulties, I had also to struggle with impediments of the time. As for these latter, caused by the time in which they were written, an intelligent reader will readily comprehend them; he need only look at the date of my correspondence, and remember that at that epoch the national or so-called patriotic party was triumphant in Germany. The Revolution of July had pushed them a little into the background of the political stage, but the warlike trumpet-calls of the French press in 1840 gave these Gallophobes the best of opportunities to come forward again; and they sang in those days the song of the free Rhine.

In the time of the Revolution of February this yelping died away amid more sensible shouts, but these in turn were silenced when the great European reaction set in. At present, the nationality men and the whole evil train and

[1] French version—*mal de gorge*. German—*Rückenübel*.

tone of 1815 rule once more in Germany, and they howl by special permission of the Herr Burgomaster and other high officials. Howl away! the time will come when the crushing tread of the giant's foot will grind ye to dust.—With this conviction I can calmly leave the world.

And now, dear reader, I have enabled you, so far as was possible, to judge of the unity of the conception (*des Gedankens*) and the true spirit of this book, which I confidently offer to all honourable men.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *March* 30, 1855.

I would remark that while this Preface was originally translated from the German version, it is as nearly word for word in accordance with the French original as it is possible for any version to be.—TRANSLATOR.

LETTER OF DEDICATION

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU

TRAVELLERS who visit any place celebrated by art or historical memories are wont to inscribe their names there on wall or window, more or less legibly according to the surface which they find. Sentimental souls scribble in addition a few pathetic lines of rhymed or prosed sensations. In this wilderness of writing, our attention is suddenly attracted by two names scratched close together; the year and month are below, and around names and date winds serpent-like an oval line, which may be supposed to represent a wreath of oak or laurel. Should those who come after be acquainted with the two thus indicated, they will certainly exclaim gaily, "See there!" making the shrewd remark that the couple were doubtless well known to one another, that they had certainly for once at least stood closely side by side, and that they who matched so well had

found one another in space as well as in time—to which are added glosses which all may lightly guess but need not tell.

And while I, with my celebrated and sympathetic contemporary, by the dedication of this book inscribe as it were in like manner our two names on the façade of the work, I do but follow a fantastic freak, and if any determined motive inspires me, it is at all events the above-mentioned tourist's custom. Yes, tourists or travellers were we on this earthly ball—that was our worldly speciality, and those who come after us, and who will see the wreath which I have twined around our two names, will thereby learn at least the date of our timely meeting, and they may at their own sweet will pass their comments as to how far the author of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* ("Letters of a Dead Man") and the reporter of Paris agreed together.

The master to whom I dedicate this book understands the trade, and knows the unfavourable circumstances under which the author wrote. He knows the bed in which the children of my soul first saw the light, that Augsburg bed of Procrustes, where legs which were too long were cut away, and not unfrequently the head itself. To speak without simile, the book here in hand consists chiefly of daily reports which I for a long time past published in the *Augsburger Allgemeine*

Zeitung. Of many of these I had made rough notes (*brouillons*), which having been kept, aided me in restoring suppressed or changed passages. Unfortunately the condition of my eyes did not permit much of this repairing, and I could not see my way through this waste-paper wilderness. So with these, as well as with messages which I had sent without having made a preparatory sketch, I filled the gaps and improved the alterations as well as I could from memory, and where I found passages where the style seemed strange and the sense still stranger, I endeavoured to rescue artistic honour and the beautiful forms by erasing the suspicious paragraphs altogether. But this expunging in places where the insane red pencil had raged most freely, only concerned insignificant matters, and in no wise the opinions of men and things, which indeed might often be erroneous, yet which should be very faithfully reproduced, lest the original colour of the time be lost. And by adding to the work a goodly collection of as yet unpublished reports—which had not been submitted to any censorship—without any change whatever, I was enabled to supply by an artistic arrangement of all these monographs a whole which forms an accurate picture of a period which was as important as it was interesting.

I speak of that period which, during the reign

of Louis Philippe, was known as "the Parliamentary," which was a very descriptive term, and whose significance impressed me from the first. As may be read in the first portion of this book, I wrote on the 9th of April 1840 the following words: "It is very characteristic that for some time the State government of France is no longer constitutional but parliamentary. The Ministry of the 1st of March received this name at once in baptism." The Parliament or the Chamber of Deputies had at that time assumed the most important prerogatives of the crown, and the whole power of the State gradually fell into its hands. The King, it cannot be denied, incited on his side by desire of usurpation, would reign by himself, independent of Chambers or Ministerial caprices, and in this striving for unlimited sovereignty he always endeavoured to preserve legal forms. Louis Philippe can therefore declare with reason that he never infringed on legality, and he will assuredly be acquitted before the assizes of history from the indictment of having broken the law; he will at the worst only be found guilty of extreme craftiness. The Chambers, who disguised their attacks on the royal prerogatives far less shrewdly as to legal form, would incur a far more severe verdict were there not some ground of mitigation in the fact that

they were provoked by the King's passion for absolute power. They can declare that they made war on him in order to disarm him, and even to assume the dictatorship, which in his hands might become ruinous to the State and to freedom. This combat between the King and the Chamber forms the content of the Parliamentary period, and both parties at the end were so wearied and weakened that they sank to the ground utterly exhausted, when a new pretender appeared in the lists. It was on the 24th February 1848 that they fell—the King in the Tuileries, and a few hours later the Parliament in the neighbouring Palais Bourbon. The victors—that exulting mob of blackguards of those February days—really had no occasion to make any expenditure of heroism, and they could hardly boast that they had seen their foes.[1]

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[1] This is all simply as false as it is malicious. The combatants of February 1848 were not more of a *Lumpengesindel* than those of June 1832, whom Heine praises as if they were miracles of refinement, grace, and nobility. And had our author been himself fighting at the barricades, or at the taking of the Tuileries, as the writer was, he had not dared to declare that the insurgents hardly saw the faces of their foes. Heine bore them great ill-will because they discovered in the Tuileries, and published, the papers which proved that he was in the pay of the French Government. Louis Philippe himself was not more effectively ruined on the 24th February than was Heine, for the King, like his predecessor Francis, at least kept his honour. It is very characteristic of our almost insanely inconsistent

They did not kill the old Government—they only put an end to its sham-life; King and Chamber died because they had long been dead. These two champions of the Parliamentary period put me in mind of a sculpture which I once saw in Münster in the great hall of the Council House, where the Peace of Westphalia was concluded; for there passes along the wall, like benches in a choir, a row of wooden seats on whose backs are all kinds of humorous carvings. On one of these wooden chairs there are two figures of men fighting; they are armed like knights, and hold their immense swords raised as if to slay; but, strangely enough, both want the most important thing of all—that is, a *head*, and it seems as if they in the heat of conflict had decapitated one another, and not observing their mutual headlessness, fight on unheeding.

The full bloom of the Parliamentary period was during the Ministry of March 1, 1840,

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author that in the letter on the Revolution of February with which this work, *Lutetia*, concludes, he exalts to the skies the incredible courage displayed by those whom he here calls a mob of blackguards who could hardly boast that they had seen the enemy. He declares, on the contrary, that their heroic deeds fill him with amazement, and speaks with eloquent admiration of the utter and unselfish fear of death shown by the *ouvriers*, which was certainly true; while as regards their being blackguards, he asserts that their incredible integrity and honour surpassed even their bravery.—*Translator.*

and the first year of the Ministry of the 29th November 1840. The former should be peculiarly interesting to Germans, since then Thiers drummed our native land into the great movement which awoke the political life of Germany. Thiers brought us up again, as a race, upon our feet, and German history for this service should do him high honour.[1] The Eris apple of the Eastern question also appears during this Ministry, and we see in harshest light the egoism of that British oligarchy which in those days hounded us on against the French. These agents slipped into the German press to profit by the political inexperience of my fellow-countrymen, who thought in all seriousness that the French wanted not only the crowns of the German duodecimo-princes, but also the potatoes of their subjects, and that they yearned for the possession of the Rhine provinces in order to drink our good Rhine-wine.[2] Oh, not at all!

[1] The reference here is to the foolish, or rather mad proposal of Thiers that France should take back the Rhine. The result was indeed a tremendous outburst of wounded national feeling, which did much to promote German unity, and contributed greatly to the defeat of France thirty years later. How very little of a German Heine was at heart, is plainly shown by his ridicule of this excitement and Becker's song. He would have been deeply gratified at seeing Germany invaded and conquered by his beloved France.—*Translator.*

[2] Which they certainly did. The concluding line of Victor Hugo's "Rhine" was, "France, take back the Rhine!" and the

The French will gladly leave us our potatoes since they possess the truffles of Perigord, and they can well dispense with our Rhine wine since they have Champagne. France need not envy us anything, and the warlike yearnings with which we believed we were threatened were all of English manufacture. That the upright and great-hearted, and even unto fanfaronading magnanimous France is our natural and really safest ally, was the conviction of all my life, and the patriotic necessity to enlighten my deluded fellow-countrymen as to the false-hearted stupidity of the French-eaters and Rhine-ballad bards has perhaps often given a much too vivid colour to my reports of the Thiers Ministry, especially as regards the English; but the times were perilous and silence was half treason. My animosity against "perfidious Albion," as it was then called, exists no longer when so much has changed. I am now anything but an enemy of that great English race, which has since then won my heartiest sympathy, if not my confidence. But just so much as the English are trustworthy friends, as individuals, even so far must they be mistrusted as a nation, or, to express it better, as a Government. I will here willingly offer an

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cry was taken up and re-echoed through all the current French literature of the time, as Heine must have known.—*Translator.*

apology in the English sense of the word,[1] and, so to speak, deprecate and excuse all the harsh and hard sallies with which I have regaled the English people while I wrote these reports; but I dare not suppress them now, for the passionate passages which I reprint in their original vehemence serve to evoke before the eyes of the reader those great emotions of which he could form no conception since the mighty changes themselves are strangled and extinguished in our memories.

My reports from Paris do not extend to the catastrophe of the 24th of February, but one may see on every side their necessity, and they are continually spoken of before-hand with that prophetic pain which we find in old heroic songs, where the burning of Troy does not form the conclusion, though it mysteriously nestles in every verse. I have not described the storm, but the storm-clouds which bore it in their breast and came sweeping on in terrible gloom. Many a time and oft did I depict the demons who

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[1] *Apologie* in German, as it formerly did in English, meant a vindication and defence, not an excuse. Thus the "Apology for Christianity" has to us of the present day a ludicrous sound. As regards this apology, it may be observed that Heine was always extremely ready to express the deepest sorrow and regret for having abused people, but he never manifested his repentance by subsequently suppressing his abuse, unless it was to his advantage to do so. *Vide* Heine's "Germany," Heinemann, vol. i. p. 369.—*Translator.*

lurked in the lower depths of society, and who would come bursting up out of their darkness when the destined day should come.[1] These monsters, to whom the future belongs, were then only studied through the little end of an opera-glass (*durch ein Verkleinerungsglas*), and then they looked like crazy fleas; but *I* showed them in their true life-size, and they seemed far more like the most fearful crocodiles which ever rose from mud.

To render the doleful accounts more gay, I wove into them sketches from the realm of Art and Learning, from the dancing-saloons of good and bad society; and if I, among such arabesques, drew too many caricatures of *virtuosi*, it was not done to deeply grieve some long-vanished honest man of the pianoforte or Jew's-harp, but to give a picture of the time in its minutest shades. An honest daguerréotype must truly repeat a fly as accurately as the proudest horse, and my

[1] One would like to know what Heine, with his keen sense of humour, would have said could he have foreseen that one of those crocodile demons who burst up from the lowest depths—*i.e.*, the insurgents of February—would at a future day translate his works. But it may be here observed that our author falls into a grave error or utters a serious untruth when he asserts that the Revolutionists of February were Communists or "Reds." The great majority of them were nothing of the kind. When June came, the Socialists separated utterly from the men who had made the *gouvernement provisoire* and fought them to the death. —*Translator.*

reports are a daguerréotyped book of history, in which every day depicts itself, and, by giving such pictures collectively, the co-ordinating spirit of the artist has contributed a work in which that which is represented authenticates itself. My book is therefore at once a product of Nature and of Art, and while it now, perhaps, satisfies the popular wants of the reading world, it can assuredly be of use to later writers as a source of history, which, as I have said, bears inner witness of its daily truth. In this respect the highest recognition has already been awarded to my "French Affairs," which bear the same character, and the French version of it was extensively used by French historiographers.[1] I declare all this that I may vindicate the claim of my book to be of substantial merit, and the reader may be the more lenient should he again detect in it that frivolous *esprit* with which our core-Germans or Germans to the core—I may say our acorn German fellow-countrymen[2]—have also reproached

[1] These tremendous puffs of the self-praising Heine's trumpet are judiciously omitted—as are several other passages of the kind—from the French version. The Letters on Art, which were originally scattered through this work, have also been very judiciously withdrawn, and published collectively in the volume called the *Salon*, which will follow *Lutetia*.—*Translator.*

[2] "Unsere kerndeutschen, ich möchte sagen unsere eicheldeutschen." In allusion to the symbol of the German oak. The next sentence is omitted from the French version, "Owls to Athens," a Latin proverb equivalent to "coals to Newcastle."—*Translator.*

the author of "Letters of a Dead Man." But in dedicating my book to him, I may well say, as regards any *esprit* therein, that I bring owls to Athens.

But where on earth is wandering as I write the deeply honoured, deeply dear departed? Where shall I send my book—for where is *he?* Where does he linger, or, more likely far, where is he galoping or trotting on?—he, the romantic Anacharsis—he, most fashionable of eccentric men—Diogenes on horseback, before whom an elegant groom carries the lantern wherewith he seeks a man. And does he look for him in Sandomir or Sandomich, where the great wind which sweeps through the Brandenburger gate extinguishes his light? Or does he trot on the humped back of a camel through the Arabian sandy desert, where the long-legged Hut-Hut, whom German dragomans call the secretary of legation to the hoopoo, runs on before to announce to his sovereign, the Queen of Sheba, the coming of the lordly guest?—for it is said that fabulous dame of ancient days waits for the world-renowned tourist in a beautiful oasis in Ethiopia, where she will breakfast and coquette with him under waving fan-palms by plashing fountains, as once did the late Lady Hester Stanhope, who also knew many clever enigmatic sayings. *Apropos* of which I read, not without amazement, in the memoirs which an Englishman published

after the death of this far-famed sultana of the desert, that the great lady, when your Serene Highness visited her on Mount Lebanon, spoke among other things of me, and believed that I was the founder of a new religion! Great heaven! I the founder of a new religion!—I, for whom the religions which we have already on hand are enough, and more than enough! By which I perceive how badly people are informed in Asia concerning me!

Yes, where is now the wonder-loving Everywhere and Nowhere.[1] Correspondents of a Mongolian newspaper declare that he is on the way to China to see the Chinese ere it be too late, and this race of porcelain be utterly broken in the clumsy hands of red-haired barbarians.[2] Ah! their head-shaking porcelain emperor has already broken his heart with grief. The *Cal-*

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[1] In allusion to an old German ghost-story novel entitled "Der Alte Überall und Nirgends."

[2] From this passage the French version concludes as follows:—"Oui, le Céleste Empire se brise en morceaux, et ses petites clochettes argentines, qui résonnaient si drôlement, tintent aujourd'hui comme un glas funèbre. Bientôt il n'y aura plus des Chinois et de chinoiseries que sur nos tasses à thé, sur nos paravents, sur nos éventails, et sur nos étagères: les mandarines à longue queue qui ornaient nos cheminées et qui balançaient si joyeusement leur grosse bedaine, en tirant parfois de leur bouche riante une langue rouge et pointue, ces pauvres magots semblent connaître le malheur de leur patrie, ils ont l'air triste, et on dirait que leur cœur se fond de chagrin. Cette agonie de

cutta Advertiser appears, however, to discredit the above-mentioned extract from the Mongolian newspaper, declaring that Englishmen who lately ascended the Himalaya saw the Prince Piukler Miuskau flying through the air on the wings of a griffin.[1] That journal remarks that the Serene traveller was probably travelling to Mount Kaf, to visit the Trid Simurgh, who dwells there, and discuss with him antediluvian politics. But

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porcelaine est effroyable. Mais ce ne sont pas seulement les magots de Chine qui s'en vont. Tout le vieux monde se meurt, et hélas ! aussi les magots s'en vont !

"En songeant sérieusement, mon prince, aux moyens de vous faire parvenir ce livre, il me vient l'idée de l'addresser poste restante à Tombouctou. On m'a dit que vous vous rendez souvent à cette ville, qui doit être une espèce de Berlin nègre ; comme elle n'est pas encore entièrement dècouverte, je comprends très bien qu'elle vous procure tous les agréments d'un incognito complet, et que vous pouvez vous désennuyer à votre aise, quand vous êtes fatigué de ce Tombouctou blanc qui s'appelle Berlin.

"Mais, que vous soyez dans l'Orient ou dans l'Occident, au bords du Sénégal ou de la Sprée, à Pékin ou dans la Lausitz, n'importe ! partout où vous trotterez ou galoperez, mes pensées trotteront et galoperent derrière vous et chuchoteront à vos oreilles des choses qui vous faut rire. Elles vous diront aussi combien je vous aime et je vous admire, combien de bons souhaits je fais pour vous, en quelque endroit que vous soyez ! Sur ce, mon prince, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde ! HEINRI HEINE.

"PARIS, 23 *Aout* 1854."

[1] An immense fabulous bird-like monster, sometimes described as a kind of griffin in Persian legends. An English gipsy once

the old Simurgh, the deacon of diplomats, the ex-vizier of so many pre-Adamite sultans, who all wore white coats and red trousers, does he not reside during the summer months in his castle of Johannesberg on the Rhine? I have always considered the wine which grows there as the very best, and regarded the Lord of the Schloss as a crafty old bird, but my respect has greatly increased since I knew how highly he esteems my poems, and that he once told your Highness that while reading them he had at times shed tears. I should be pleased if he would by way of a change sometimes read the poems of my Parnassus-contemporaries, the sentimental poets (*Gesinnungspoeten*) of the present day; though, of course, he would not then weep, but rather laugh heartily.

However, I still do not know exactly the resting-place of the deceased—the liveliest of all dead men—who has outlived so many so-called survivors. Where is he now? In the Evening or in the Morning Land? In the West or in the East? In China or in England? In trousers of Nankin or Manchester? In Further Asia or

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astonished me very much by declaring that an image of a Chinese dragon or griffin which I showed him was called in Romany a *seemor* or *semorus*. Where he could have got the word I cannot imagine, as I doubt very much whether it came by transmission from his own people.—*Translator.*

Back Pomerania? Shall I send my book to Kyritz or to Timbuctoo *poste restante?* It is all one, I ween, where he may be; he will be everywhere followed by the cordial, cheerful, sorrowfully mad greeting of his devoted

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *August* 23, 1854.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PERIOD

OF THE

CITIZEN KINGDOM.

1840–1843.

I

PARIS, *February* 25, 1840.

THE nearer one is to the person of the King, and observes with his own eyes the monarch's acts, the more easily will he be deceived as to the motives of his deeds, his secret intentions, his will and his way. He has learned in the school of the men of the Revolution that modern craftiness, that political Jesuitism, in which the Jacobins often outdid the disciples of Loyola. To these acquisitions are added a wealth of hereditary arts of dissimulation, the traditions of his ancestors the French kings, those eldest sons of the Church, who were always made more supple and pliant

by the holy oil of Rheims than other princes; who were always more fox than lion, and who displayed a more or less priestly character. To this studied and transmitted *simulatio et dissimulatio* of Louis Philippe we may add a natural crafty disposition or instinct, so that it is almost impossible to see through the amiably thick husk or through the smiling flesh what are his secret thoughts. And even if we can cast a glance into the depths of the royal heart, we are not aided much thereby, since, after all, personal antipathy or sympathy is never a determinative basis of the actions of Louis Philippe; he only obeys the force of circumstances (*die Macht der Dinge*) or necessity. He rejects, almost with a shudder, all subjective influences; he is severe to himself; and if he is no autocrat, he is at least a despot to himself, for he is a very objective king. Therefore, it is of very little political significance whether he likes Guizot more or less than Thiers; he will use the one or the other as he may need him, neither earlier nor later. Therefore I cannot say with certainty which of these two men is most attractive or repulsive to the King. I believe that both displease him, simply because two of a trade do never agree (*aus Metierneid*); for he, being Minister himself, sees in them his constant rivals, and in fact fears lest people may believe that they have more political capacity

than he possesses. People say that Guizot is more to his liking than Thiers, because the former has a certain unpopularity which pleases the King; but the puritan cut, the lurking pride, the doctrinaire teacher's tone, the sharp-cornered Calvinistic nature of Guizot cannot be attractive to the sovereign. In Thiers the latter strikes against the most contrary peculiarities, on an unbridled frivolity, a bold capriciousness, a daring frankness, which contrasts almost insolently with his own secret, crooked, boxed-up character, and which cannot accordingly suit him. And to this add that the King likes to talk, in fact, often loses himself in an endless prattling, which is very remarkable, since natures given to disguise are generally taciturn. Therefore a Guizot must decidedly displease him, since the former does not discourse, but always teaches, and when he has proved his thesis, earnestly attends seriously to the King's reply, and now and then nods approbation as if he had before him a schoolboy who recites his lesson well. But with Thiers it is still worse; for, lost in the current of his own oratory, he admits of no reply. It rushes out like a flood from a cask without a faucet; but it is always excellent wine. No other man can then get in a word, and it is only while he is shaving himself that any one can be listened to by M. Thiers. It is only

while the razor is at his throat that he is silent and grants a hearing to others.[1]

There can be no doubt that the King finally determined, in deference to the desire of the Chamber, to commission M. Thiers to form a new Ministry, and at the same time constitute him President of the Council and bestow on him the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. That is easy to foresee. But one may with certainty predict that the new Ministry will not last long, and that M. Thiers will himself some fine morning give the King an opportunity to dismiss him again and summon M. Guizot in his place. Thiers, with his activity and suppleness, always shows great talent when climbing the greased pole (*mât de Cocaigne*) of power is in question and in gliding up, but he shows still more remarkable ability in sliding down. So when we see him safely at the summit of his power, he suddenly slips earthward, and that so cleverly, so neatly, so smilingly, so genially, that we must needs applaud the new *tour de force* with all our hearts.

M. Guizot is not so clever at climbing the

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[1] Heine here confuses shaving one's self with being shaved, as is very evident from fear of the razor while wielded by another. The same idea occurs in the "Pictures of Travel," vol. ii. p. 448, where the author assents to all that the barber says "while the razor is at his throat."—*Translator.*

smooth mast. He toddles and wabbles up with anxious pains, and when there, holds on like a bear with strong claws. He would like to be at the height of power as long as possible, or much longer than his rival; in fact, we may say that he cannot descend from sheer clumsy inability, and a good shaking is needed to start him down. It may be that at this minute the despatches are on the way in which Louis Philippe explains to foreign Cabinets how he, compelled by the power of circumstances, must take the ever-to-him-terrible Thiers (*fatalen*) as Minister, instead of Guizot, whom he so much prefers.

And now the King will be hard put to it to allay the antipathy which foreign Powers have for Thiers. This wooing for the favour of the latter is a foolish idiosyncrasy. He thinks that peace at home depends on peace abroad, and pays unto it little attention. He, before whose eyelashes all the Trojans, Tituses, Marcus Aureliuses, and Antonines of this earth, the Great Mogul himself included, must tremble, humbles himself to these powers like a schoolboy and wails: "Spare me, forgive me that I, so to speak, have ascended the French throne, and that thirty-six millions of the bravest and most intelligent people—I mean thirty-six millions of rioters and godless blasphemers—have chosen me for their king. Pardon me that I suffered myself to be led

astray into accepting from the infamous hands of rebels the crown, and also the jewels thereunto appertaining. I was an inexperienced soul. I had been badly brought up from my youth, when Madame de Genlis taught me how to spell out man's rights,[1] and among the Jacobins, who confided to me the honourable post of a door-keeper, I learned little good. I was led astray by evil company, especially by the Marquis de la Fayette, who wanted to make out of me the best republic. But I have grown better since then, indeed I have. I repent my youthful errors, and I beg you forgive me out of Christian pity and grant me peace!" No, Louis Philippe did *not* utter such *words*, for he is proud and noble and shrewd, but that was always the short sense and brief abstract of his long speeches and longer letters, the chirography of which, as I lately saw a specimen, seemed to me to be extremely original. For as certain kinds of writing are called fly-tracks (*pattes de mouche*), so may that of Louis Philippe be named spider-legs, so much does it resemble the meagre and shadowy limbs of the so-called Daddy Long-legs (*Schneiderspinne*), and the high rising and at the same

[1] In allusion to the belief, of which so much was said during the reign of Louis Philippe, that Madame de Genlis had "completed his education" in a double sense, of mistress as well as governess.—*Translator.*

time exceedingly attenuated letters make an incredibly droll impression.[1]

Even among those who are in the most intimate personal relation to the King his disposition to yield to foreign Powers is greatly blamed; but no one dares utter a complaint aloud. This mild, good-natured, home-fatherly Louis Philippe exacts in the home circle as blind an obedience as ever the most raging tyrant sought to secure by the greatest cruelties. Respect and love chain the tongues of his family and friends, yet it is a great pity, and cases might well occur when a query, and perhaps an open contradiction, would be very beneficial for the royal self-will. Even the Crown Prince, the intelligent Duke of Orleans, bows his head in silence before his father, though he sees into his errors, and seems to forebode sad conflicts, and even a terrible catastrophe. He once said to an intimate friend that he longed for a war, because he would rather lose his life in the Rhine than in a muddy

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[1] *Machen einen fabelhaft drolligen Eindruck.* One can hardly help feeling here, with Mr. Pickwick, a sense of envy at the extreme facility with which the friends of Heine, and the writer himself, were amused. I have seen the writing of Louis Philippe without being at all moved to "incredible hilarity." What would Heine have said could he have seen the manuscripts of Horace Greeley or Rufus Choate, of which latter it was said that if everything else should fail him, he could make a living by marking Chinese tea-boxes.—*Translator.*

gutter of Paris. The noble and knightly hero has melancholy moments, and tells how his aunt, Madame d'Angoulême, the unguillotined daughter of Louis XVI., once, with her hoarse raven voice, prophesied for him an early death, as she met him returning home to Paris, while she was on her last flight during the days of July. Singularly enough, a few hours afterwards the Prince came very near being shot by the Republicans, who captured him, and only escaped as if by a miracle. The Hereditary Prince is generally loved; he has won all hearts, and his loss would be more than ruinous to the present dynasty. His popularity is perhaps their only guarantee. But he is one of the noblest and dearest flowers which have grown from that "beautiful garden of mankind," the soil of France.

[In the concluding passages of this letter Heine touches with marvellous insight the deepest secret of the true cause of the fall of Louis Philippe. It was his exacting personally a blind deference to his views, and invariably carrying out, under a great outward show of affability, whatever policy *he* had once resolved on, which led to his fall. The greatest test of a *great* mind is to subdue egoism, and not to care for or exercise power for its own sake. The determination to be obeyed, and the desire to make his influence felt, was as directly the cause of the overthrow of Louis Philippe as it was that of Nero. It

may be observed that it is the Philistine *paterfamilias* who generally as a Mr. Dombey sets the example of "Home or the Iron Rule," causing thereby so much suffering that it is even becoming a more serious question as to whether children would not, on the whole, be better off if brought up by the State. Even so Louis Philippe was the ideal *bourgeois* who exacted obedience or slavishness so successfully on the domestic circle plan that he finally utterly ruined himself. Few indeed are the men in this world in whom the arbitrary exercise of power does not result in the greatest evil for the greatest number. The day always comes at last when the over-governed children grow up or escape, and amaze all by their want of "gratitude!"]

II.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1840.

THIERS is now in the full glory of his day. I say to-day, and give no pledge for to-morrow. That Thiers is now Minister—the only true Minister of power, cannot be doubted, albeit many people, more from roguery than from conviction, will not believe it till they see the ordinances signed in white and black in the *Moniteur*.[1] They say that according to the delaying fashion of the Fabius Cunctator of the kingdom all things are possible, and that last May the bargain was annulled, even while Thiers held the pen ready to sign it. But this time I am persuaded: Thiers is Minister. "I'll swear to it, though I'll not *bet* on it," as Fox once said under similar circumstances. I am curious to know how long it will be before his popularity will be demolished. The Republicans see in him a new bulwark of the kingdom, and they assuredly will not spare him. Magna-

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the volume of Elegant Extracts, miscalled the French translation of Heine's "Franca." —*Translator.*

nimity is not at all in their line, and Republican virtue does not disdain to ally itself to falsehood. To-morrow the old slanders will put forth their serpent-heads from the mustiest mouldering holes and corners, and kiss and lick with loving tongues. The poor colleagues, of course, must bear the brunt. "A Ministry for the Carnival!" was cried yesterday evening, when the name of the Minister of Public Instruction was announced. There is, however, a certain truth in the expression. It is possible that but for the preparation for the three days of Carnival there would not have been such haste in forming a Ministry. But to-day is Carnival Sunday; at this instant the procession of the *bœuf gras* is rolling through the streets of Paris, and to-morrow and the day following are the most dangerous days for public peace. For then the mob gives itself up to wild and almost desperate amusement; all madness is horribly unbridled, and the intoxication of freedom easily drinks to paternity with the drunkenness of the usual wine. Masquerade against masquerade, and the new Ministry is perhaps a new mask of the King for the Carnival.

III.

PARIS, *April* 9, 1840.

SINCE the excitement has somewhat diminished, and calm reflection has gradually made itself felt, every one owns that the peace of France would have been in the utmost peril had the so-called Conservatives succeeded in overthrowing the present Ministry. The leaders of the latter are certainly at this instant the fittest to guide the coach of state. The King and Thiers, the one inside the carriage and the other on the box, must pull together, for, despite their different positions, they are both exposed to the same danger in case of an upset. The monarch and his man have no secret enmity between them, as is generally supposed. Both were personally reconciled some time ago. The difference between them is only of a political nature. But with all their present unity and with the best will on the part of the King to maintain the Ministry, that political difference will not quite disappear, for the King is a representative of the crown, whose interests and rights are in constant conflict with the usurped aims of the Chamber. And we must,

in fact, to speak the plain truth, characterise the whole action of the Chamber as a desire for usurpation. It was always the attacking body, and sought every opportunity to diminish the privileges of the crown, to undermine its interests, and the King acted entirely in self-defence. Thus, for example, the Charter gave the King the right to choose his Ministers, and now this prerogative is only a mere sham, an ironical formula, which mocks royalty, since in reality it is the Chamber which chooses or dismisses the Ministry; and it is therefore very characteristic of this, that for some time past the French State Government is no longer called Constitutional but Parliamentary. The Ministry of the 1st of March received this name at once in baptism; and so in deed as in word a legal robbery of the throne was publicly proclaimed in favour of the Chamber.

Thiers is the representative of the Chamber, he is its chosen Minister, and as such can never be quite acceptable to the King. The chief antipathy, therefore, is not to the person of the Minister, but the principle that is realised by his election. We believe that the Chamber will not further urge the victory of that principle, for it is at bottom the same with that of election which the Republic offers as its last conclusion. The dynastic heroes of the Opposition observe to what

these Chamber victories tend quite as closely as those Conservatives who, out of personal ill-feeling, on the occasion of the question of the endowment were guilty of the most laughable blunders.

The rejection of the endowment (*dotation*), and the arrogant scorn with which it was rejected, was not only an insult to the King, but also an unjust folly; for while all real power is being gradually conquered from the crown, this should at least be compensated for by external show, and its moral appearance be rather exalted than diminished in the eyes of the people. What a want of consistency! You would have a King, and haggle at the expense of ermine and gold embroidery. You are afraid of the Republic, and yet openly insult your King, as you did when you voted down the *dotation!* And they really do not want a republic, these noble knights of cash, these barons of industry, these chosen ones of property, these enthusiasts for quiet possession, who form the majority in the French Chamber. They have a far greater horror of the Republic than the King himself; they tremble more before it than does Louis Philippe, who was accustomed to it in his youth when he was a little Jacobin.

Will the Ministry of Thiers last long? That is now the question. This man is playing a terrible part. It takes precedence (*verfügt*) not only over all the warring powers of the most powerful

kingdom, but also over all the military might of the Revolution, over all the fire and madness of the age. Goad him not out of his wise joyousness into the fatalistic labyrinths of passion; put nothing in his way, neither golden apples nor rough logs. The whole party of the crown should rejoice that the Chamber has elected Thiers, the statesman who in the latest debates revealed all his political greatness. Yes, while others are only orators, or administrators, or scholars, or diplomatists, or heroes of virtue, Thiers is all this together—even the last; only that all these faculties do not appear prominently in him as rugged specialties, but are absorbed in and overtopped by his genius as a statesman. Thiers is indeed a statesman, and one of those spirits in whom the talent for ruling is innate. Nature makes statesmen as she does poets,—two very unlike species of beings, and yet of equal necessity, for mankind must be inspired and governed. The men in whom poetry or statesmanship is born are also impelled by nature to make their talent available, and this impulse is not to be confounded with the petty vanity which goads the less gifted to weary the world with their elegiac rhyming rubbish or with prosaic declamation.[1]

[1] This passage concludes in the French version as follows: "Leurs discours politiques et sentimentals, ou bien par tous les deux à la fois." The next sentence is omitted.

Thiers is not an ambitious man, any more than is Victor Hugo. Monsieur de Lamartine is one both in a political as well as a poetical sense.

I have hinted that Thiers proclaimed his greatness as a statesman by his last speech. Berryer perhaps exercised a more splendid and pompous (*pomphaftere*) effect on the multitude, but this latter orator compares with the statesman as Cicero to Demosthenes. When Cicero pleaded on the platform, his hearers said that no one could speak so beautifully as Marcus Tullius; but when Demosthenes gave utterance the Athenians cried, "War with Philip!" And the deputies after Thiers had spoken, instead of bestowing praise, opened their bag and gave him the money required.

Culminating in that speech of Thiers was the word "transaction," a word which our daily politicians have but little understood, yet which in my opinion is of the deepest meaning. Is it true, then, that from all time the problem of all great statesmen has only been a "transaction," a compromise between principles and parties? When one must govern and finds himself between two warring factions, he must undertake a transaction. How could the world progress, how could it rest in peace, unless the ruling men came after wild revolutions—those men who again restored among

the weary and wounded warriors a "peace of God" in the realm of thought as well as in that of outward things? Yes, even in the realm of thought transactions are necessary. What else was it but a transaction between Roman Catholic tradition and human divine reason which came to life in Germany three hundred years ago as the Reformation and the Protestant Church? Or what was it but a transaction which Napoleon attempted when he endeavoured to reconcile the men and interests of the old régime with the new men and new interests of the Revolution? He gave to this transaction the name of *fusion*, which was also a very significant word, revealing a whole system. Two thousand years before Napoleon, another great statesman, Alexander of Macedon, planned a similar scheme of fusion where he would blend the East with the West by mutual marriage between victors and vanquished, exchange of manners and melting together ideas. No; to such a height of the fusion system Napoleon could not rise; he could only *intermediate* persons and interests, not ideas, and that was his great defect and the cause of his fall. Will M. Thiers commit the same mistake? We almost apprehend it. M. Thiers can speak from morning to midnight unwearied, ever sparkling forth new lightnings of intellect, delighting his hearers, instructing and amazing, as one may say,

like an oral firework; and still he understands the material wants of men better than the ideal; he does not know the last ring wherewith earthly phenomena are bound to heaven; he has no mind for great social institutions.

IV.

PARIS, *April* 30, 1840.

"TELL me what thou hast sown to-day, and I will tell thee what thou shalt reap to-morrow." I thought of this proverb of the pithy Sancho when I to-day visited certain workrooms on the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, and there discovered what works were read among the workmen who are the most vigorous portion of the lower class. There I found, for instance, several new editions of the speeches of old Robespierre, also Marat's pamphlets in two-sous form, the "History of the Revolution" by Cabet, the venomous libels of Cormenin, Babœuf's Teachings, and Conspiracy of Buonarotti—writings which smell of blood, and heard songs sung which seemed to have been composed in hell, the refrains of which caused the wildest excitement. No; in our delicate and tender sphere we can form no conception of the demon-tones which ring in those songs. One should hear them with his own ears, for instance, in the immense workrooms where metal is founded, and the half-naked defiant

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forms during the singing beat time with great iron hammers on the droning anvil. Such an accompaniment is of the greatest effect, as is the illumination when the angry sparks flew from the forge. Then there was naught but passion and flame.

As a fruit of this seed, the Republic threatens to burst forth, sooner or later, from the soil of France. We must indeed make room for such a fear, but we are also convinced that such a Republican Government can never last long in the land of coquetry and vanity. And even admitting that the national character of the French could be reconciled with Republicanism, the Republic, as our Radicals imagine it, could never long endure. In the vital principle of such a republic lies the germ of its early death—it must die in the blossom. Let a state be of what constitution it will, it cannot be maintained simply and alone by communal feeling and popular patriotism, as is commonly believed, but by the intellectual power of the great individuals who direct it. But we know that in such a republic there prevails a zealous sense of equality, which casts backward all distinguished individualities, or even makes them impossible, and that in the time of need only Uncle Brewer and Old Man Sausage-Maker would rise to the high responsible offices. Owing to this fundamental error of their nature, such a

republic must perish when it enters into strife with energetic oligarchies and autocracies represented by great individuals. And that this will come to pass as soon as the Republic shall be proclaimed in France admits of no doubt.

The leading organ of the Republicans is the *Revue du Progrès.* Louis Blanc, its editor in chief, is unquestionably a distinguished head, or rather little head (*Köpfchen*). He is very small of stature, and looks almost like a schoolboy, with little red cheeks and almost no beard, but he rises in intellect far above his party companions, and his glance pierces deeply into the abysses where social questions nestle and lurk. He is a man who has a great future, for he understands the past.[1] He is, as I said, a man of distinguished ability, and I was not very much astonished when I heard this week of the difference which has sprung up between him and his Republican associate editors. For Louis Blanc had plainly declared, in reference to the *Vautrin* of Balzac, that a theatrical censorship is indispensable. Therefore Felix Pyat and Auguste Luchet, being

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[1] Louis Blanc afterwards became a member of the Gouvernement Provisoire of 1848, at which time I first saw him. His appearance then corresponded accurately to that given so graphically by Heine. I became acquainted with him long after in London in 1870 at the house of the late N. Trübner, where he was a constant visitor.—*Translator.*

greatly angered at such a horrible doctrine and such anti-Jacobinical heresy, have departed from the editorial duties of the *Revue du Progrès*. Both are not only men of honourable character, but also writers of great talent. A few years ago they wrote together a drama which was suppressed by the theatrical censorship.

While the time of peace which we are now enjoying is very favourable for the dissemination of Republican doctrines, it still weakens among the Republicans themselves all the bonds of unity; for the distrustful spirit of these people must be occupied with deeds, else it would find vent in sharp discussions and quarrelsome debates which degenerate into bitter enmities. They have little love for their friends, and much hate for those who by the power of progressive reflection seem to be opposed to them. They are extremely liberal with accusations of ambition, if not of corruption. In their narrow limits they do not seem to understand that their former allies were often compelled by differences of opinion to separate from them. Incapable of understanding the rational grounds of such alienation, they at once raise an outcry of pecuniary motives. This cry is characteristic. The Republicans have got to quarrelling madly with money; everything which goes wrong with them is attributed to the influence of money; and

in truth money does serve their opponents as barricades, protection, and arms. Yes, money is perhaps their only foe, the present Pitt, the present Coburg, and they curse it in the old *sans-culotte* style. In reality they are guided by a correct instinct. Our Republicans have little to fear from that new doctrine which regards all social questions from a lofty point of view, and distinguishes itself as brilliantly from superficial Republicanism as an Imperial purple mantle from a grey blouse of equality (*Gleichheitskittel*); for like itself, so is the majority still far distant from that doctrine. The great multitude, the higher and lower *plebs*, the noble *bourgeoisie*, the citizen-nobility, the collectively honoured ones of our blessed middle-classicality, perfectly understand Republicanism—a doctrine which requires very little previous knowledge, which corresponds to all their petty feelings and shallow thoughts, and which they would profess if they could do so without getting into a tempest of tremble—with money. Every dollar is a valiant enemy of Republicanism, and every ducat an Achilles. Therefore a Republican with great justice hates money, and when he conquers and secures it, then alas! the victory is worse than a defeat—for the Republican who has money is no longer a Republican. Then he is like the Austrian soldier who cried aloud, "Herr Corporal, I have

taken a prisoner!" but who, when he was told to bring him in, replied, "I cannot, for he will not let me go!"[1]

How much the sympathy which Republicanism excites is always restrained by pecuniary interests was manifested lately in conversation with a very intelligent banker, who said to me very earnestly, "Who disputes the merits or advantages of a republican form of government? I myself am very often quite a Republican. Mind you, when I put my hand into my right-hand trousers-pocket, where I keep my money, the touch of the cold metal makes me shiver. I am concerned for my property, and I feel inclined to a monarchy; but when I put the other into the left-hand pocket, which is empty, then all fear vanishes, and I vote for a republic."

The enlightened banker who said this is neither the great Baron von Rothschild nor the little Baron Königswarter (attendant on the King), for it hardly needs the remark that the first, as every one knows, has so much money that both his pockets are full, while the other has too little sense to be able to explain why he is twenty times in a day by turns Royalist or Republican.

The Legitimists are also busied like the Re-

[1] *Vide* vol. i., "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women," note, p. 330. The two following sentences are omitted in the French version.

publicans, in turning the present time of peace into a profitable harvest, and it is especially in the quiet soil of the provinces that they sow the seed from which their advantage is to grow. They expect the most from the propaganda which endeavours to restore the authority of the Church by educational institutions and influencing the agricultural class. The rights of the fathers are to be restored with their faith. We therefore see ladies of noblest birth who display for show their devout feelings, like *lady patronesses* of religion, soliciting souls everywhere for heaven, and attracting by their elegant example the whole fashionable world into the churches. Nor were the churches ever so full as at last Eastertide. Elegantly bedecked piety crowded especially to Saint-Roche and Notre Dame de Lorette. Here the most beautiful dream-like toilettes glittered; here the pious dandy offered, with kid-gloved fingers, holy water; here the Graces prayed. Will this last long? Will not this piety, though it become all the fashion, also be subject to the sudden caprice and change of fashion? Is this ruddy colour a sign of health? "The good Lord has many visitors," I said last Sunday to a friend as we saw the crowding to the churches. "They are parting calls," replied the unbeliever.

The dragon's teeth which were sown by Republicans and Legitimists are now known to us,

and it need not astonish us should they come storming up out of the earth as armed knights and slay one another—or fraternise. Yes, the last is possible; for there is here a terrible priest, who hopes by his bloodthirsty words of doctrine (*Glaubensworte*) to unite the men of the death-pyre to those of the guillotine.

Meanwhile every eye is attracted to the drama which is being played on the surface of France by more or less superficial actors. I speak of the Chamber and of the Ministry. The disposition of the first, as well as the demeanour (*Erhaltung*) of the last, is certainly of the greatest importance, for strife in the Chamber might hasten a catastrophe which seems to be approaching, now near at hand, and then afar. The problem of our present pilots of state is to delay such an outbreak as long as possible. That they wish and hope for nothing more, and that they foresee the final twilight of the gods, is manifested in all their words and deeds. It was with an almost naïve candour that Thiers in one of his late speeches confessed how little he trusted to the near future, and how one must, day by day, measure the respite. He has a fine ear, and already hears the howl of the wolf Fenris which announces the realm of Hela.[1] Will not despair

[1] Here this letter ends in the French version.

at the inevitable suddenly inspire him to some all too rash act? His enemies whisper this to one another. On the other hand, his friends observe in him every day increasing mildness. The man lives in the sense of serious duty, or of his responsibilities to the present as well as the future, and he will ever oppose the shrewd calm of the statesman to the tumult of the passions of the day.

V.

PARIS, *May* 7, 1840.

THE Paris newspapers of to-day give a communication from the Imperial-Royal Austrian consul in Damascus to the Imperial-Royal general consul in Alexandria in relation to the Jews of Damascus, whose martyrdom recalls the darkest times of the Middle Ages. While we in Europe use such tales as material for poetry, and delight ourselves with such terribly naïve stories, with which our forefathers tormented themselves not a little; while we only know from poems and romances of those witches, were-wolves, and Jews who need the blood of pious Christian children for their satanic rites; while we laugh and forget, they begin in the East to very sadly recall the ancient superstition, and make very serious faces—faces of gloomy anger and the despairing agony of death! Meanwhile the executioner tortures, and on the bench of martyrdom the Jew confesses that as he needed some Christian blood wherein to dip his dry Easter bread at the approaching Passover festival, he had for this

purpose slaughtered an old Capucin! The Turk is stupid and vile, and gladly places his apparatus of bastinado and torture at the service of Christians against the accursed Jews; for he hates both sects, regarding them as dogs, and calls them by such honourable name, and he doubtless rejoices when the Christian Giaour gives him an opportunity with some pretence of justice for maltreating the Jewish Giaour. Wait till it shall be to the Pasha's advantage, when he need no longer fear the armed intervention of Europeans, and then he will listen to the circumcised dogs,[1] and then these will accuse our Christian brethren,—the Lord knows who or which,—to-day anvil, to-morrow hammer!

But for the friend of humanity such deeds must ever be a bitter pain. Events of this kind are disasters whose consequences are beyond computation. Fanaticism is an infectious evil, which spreads under the most varied forms, and finally rages against them all. The French consul in Damascus, Count Ratti-Menton, has brought evil things to pass, which have here excited a general cry of horror. He it is who inoculated the East with the Western superstition,

[1] Our author would hardly have written this passage had he known that the Turks and all Mahometans are also circumstantially placed by their religion in the same condition.—*Translator.*

and disseminated among the mob of Damascus a work in which Jews were accused of murdering Christians. This writing, which snorts with hatred (*hasschnaufende Schrift*), which Count Menton received from his spiritual friends for dissemination, was originally taken from the *Bibliotheca Prompta a Lucio Ferrario*, and it is distinctly asserted in it that the Jews in celebrating the feast of the Passover used the blood of a Christian. The noble Count, however, guarded against repeating the story connected with it in the Middle Ages, that the Jews for the same purpose stole the consecrated wafers and pierced them with needles till blood ran from them,—an evil deed, which came to light not only through sworn witnesses, but also by a clear flame being seen over the house in which the stolen host was thus crucified by the Jews. No; the unbelievers, the Mahometans, would never have believed that, so that Count Menton must, in the interests of his mission (*Sendung*), take refuge in less miraculous tales. I say in the interests of his *mission*, and submit these words to the fullest consideration. The Count has not been long in Damascus; six months ago he was seen here in Paris, the workshop of all progressive, but also of all retrograde associations. The present Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Thiers, who lately attempted to appear

not only as a man of humanity but also as a son of the Revolution, has shown as regards the occurrences in Damascus a singular indifference. According to the *Moniteur* of to-day a vice-consul has already gone to Damascus to investigate the conduct of the French consul there. A vice-consul! Certainly some subordinate person from a neighbouring place, a man without name and without any guarantee of impartial independence.

VI.

PARIS, *May* 14, 1840.[1]

THE official announcement as to the mortal remains of Napoleon has here caused an effect surpassing all the expectations of the Ministry. National feeling has been stirred up to its most abysmal (*abgründlichsten*) depths, and the great act of justice and satisfaction due to the giant of our century, and which must cheer all noble hearts on this earthly ball, appears to the French [2] as the beginning of a rehabilitation of their wounded popular pride. Napoleon is their *point d'honneur*.

Ye err. It was not France who was evilly treated in the person late of St. Helena, but mankind; just as the funeral ceremonies which are now about to take place are by no means to be regarded as a defeat of foreign powers, but as

[1] This letter is omitted in the French version.

[2] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this is given "as a local private affair, as a rehabilitation of their wounded national vanity, as a supplementary plaster for the wound of Waterloo."

a victory of humanity. The strife is for the living, not the dead, and that the latter was not long ago delivered to the French is not the fault of European Powers, but of a little coterie of British fox-hunters and grooms, who, meanwhile, have broken their necks or cut their throats, as, for instance, the noble Londonderry, or else went to destruction by the power of time and of port-wine. We, in Germany, many years ago, paid the great Emperor the tribute of admiration due, and now we have the right to behold the exaltation of the homage of to-day with a certain calmness of mind. Candidly confessed, the French are behaving on this occasion like children from whom a toy has been taken away and then restored; as soon as they get it into their hands they break it to pieces, and perhaps tread it under foot, while laughing, and I already foresee how many wretched jokes will be uttered when the great procession goes by with the relics from St. Helena. Now they dream fancifully enough, the good-natured, frivolous Frenchmen. They are so discontented with the living that they hope for—God knows what—from the dead! Ye err—you'll find he is a very silent man.[1]

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[1] In amusing contrast to this enthusiasm for Napoleon in 1840, when the Parisians seemed to think they had revenged

But while the shrewd President of the Council shows that he knows how to tickle and make profit by the national vanity of our dear Kechenäer the gaping gossips of the Seine, he shows himself very indifferent, and more than indifferent, in a matter where, not merely the interests of a country or of a race, but those of humanity itself are concerned. Was it a want of liberal feeling or of shrewd sense which induced him to publicly take the part of the French consul who played the most shameful part in the tragedy at Damascus? No; M. Thiers is a man of great insight and humanity, but he is also a statesman; he has need not only of revolutionary sympathy, he wants aids of every kind; he must *transact;* he wants a majority in the Chamber of Peers; he can use the clergy as a Government aid, that is to say, that branch of clericals who, as they have no longer any hope of anything from the old Bourbon line, have wisely linked themselves unto the new. To this body of the religious, who are called the *Clergé rallié,* there belong many Ultramontanes, whose organ is called the *Univers.* These last

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Waterloo by getting back the body of its defeated hero, was the fury excited against everything bearing his name, "thirty years later," when, during the cruelest trials of the siege, people for two days forgot the Germans, their hunger and bomb-shells, in the wild joy of destroying every relic or souvenir of Napoleon which they could find. At that time all the *Idées Napoléoniennes* had become decidedly unpopular.—*Translator.*

hope the best for the Church from M. Thiers, and he in turn expects from them support. Count Montalembert, the calmest member of the pious crew, and who has also been, since the first of March, the running attendant (*Seïde*) of M. Thiers, is the visible mediator between the son of the Revolution and the fathers of the Faith, between the former editor of the *National* and the present editor of the *Univers*, which does all things possible to persuade the world in its volumes that the Jews ate old Capucins and that the Count Ratti-Menton is an honourable man. This Count Ratti-Menton, a friend, and perhaps only a tool of the friends, of Count Montalembert, was formerly French consul in Sicily, where he was twice bankrupt, and was driven away. Then he was consul in Tiflis, where he also had to leave the field, and that indeed for things not over-honourable. This only will I remark, that, at the time, the Russian Minister to Paris, Count Pahlen, gave Count Molé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, significant notice that unless Count Ratti-Menton were recalled from Tiflis, the Imperial Prussian Government would know how to drive him out disgracefully. The stick with which men fain would poke a fire should not be made of such vile, rotten wood.

Between the *Univers* and the *Quotidienne*—which distinguishes itself from the former by a

rather more chivalric tone—a fierce discussion has arisen relative to the doings in Damascus, which is of a very remarkable and almost delightful nature. The *Quotidienne*, an organ of the pure Legitimists, or the adherents to the older line, is naturally at feud with that portion of the clergy which is attached to the younger branch of the Bourbons, or the present ruling dynasty.

VII.

PARIS, *May* 20, 1840.

M. THIERS has, by the convincing clearness with which he has treated in the Chamber the dryest and most confused subjects, again won fresh laurels. The affairs of the Bank were completely reviewed in his speech, as were the Algerine affairs and the Sugar Question. The man understands everything; it is only a pity that he never applied himself to German philosophy; had he done so, he might have also cleared that up a little! But who knows! Should the current of political events ever set that way, and he be obliged to busy himself with Germany, he will doubtless discourse as admirably on Hegel and Schelling as he now does on sugar-cane and beet-root!

But far more important for the interests of Europe than all commercial, financial, and colonial affairs discussed in the Chamber, is the celebration of the return of the earthly relics of Napoleon. This event now busies every soul, from the highest to the lowest. While there is among

the people jubilation, hurrahing, glow and flame, they are grubbing away, far above, in the colder regions of society, over the dangers which are slowly gathering over us from St. Helena, threatening Paris with a very significant funeral celebration. Yes; if one could only place the ashes of the Emperor to-morrow morning under the cupola of the palace of the Invalids, one might confide sufficiently in the power of the present Ministry to guard against any unmanageable outbreak of passion at this funeral. But will it possess this power six months hence when the triumphal coffin floats on the Seine? In France, the bustling land of movement, the strangest things may come to pass within six months—Thiers perhaps retired to private life (which we greatly desire), or meantime become very unpopular as Minister (which we greatly fear), or France might be at war—and then there might spring from the ashes of Napoleon sparks of fire close to the chair which is covered with red tinder!

"Did M. Thiers," say many, "did he create this danger to make himself indispensable, since he is credited with the power to fortunately conquer all self-made dangers?" or does he, as others think, seek in Bonapartism a brilliant refuge in case he must break with Orleanism? M. Thiers knows very well that should he, sinking into the Opposition, help to overthrow

the present throne, the Republicans in control would give him only the worst thanks for the best services; in the most favourable case they would shove him gently aside. Stumbling over those rough logs of virtue, he could easily break his neck, and be laughed at into the bargain. But he would have nothing of this to fear from Bonapartism,[1] should he aid in such a restoration, and it would be easier to re-establish a Bonapartist government than a republic.

The French, apart from all republican peculiarities, are by nature altogether Bonapartist. They are wanting in simplicity, in self-content, in inner and external repose; they love war for its own sake; even in peace their life is all battle and noise; old and young are gay and happy in the roll of drums and gunpowder-smoke and explosions of every kind.

And since he has flattered their inborn Bona-

[1] Instead of the following lines, there is given in the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage:—"A restored Bonaparte would persist in touching thankfulness; the wearied creature would more highly honour its strong creator the more occasion it had for his aid. Hence it happens that it would be easier to found in France a Bonapartist *régime* than a republic, for neither the *bourgeoisie* nor the army would oppose the former so much as the latter. The *bourgeoisie* relies only on a safe guardian of property. And even the army—in the cry '*Vive l'Empereur*' lie so many sparkling epaulettes, so many ducal uniforms, so many contributions—in short, the most brilliant line to avarice (*Raubsucht*) and vanity."

partism, M. Thiers has won from the French an extraordinary popularity. Or did he become popular because he himself is a little Napoleon, as a German correspondent lately called him? A *little* Napoleon! A little Gothic cathedral! A Gothic minster awakens our admiration because it is so great, so colossal. In diminished proportions it would lose all its meaning. M. Thiers is certainly something more than such a tiny churchlet. His mind rises far above all other intellects around, though there are many among them of no mean size. No man can measure with him, and in such a strife craft itself would draw the shorter straw. His is the shrewdest head in France, though he himself, as it is said, asserts it. It is reported that he in his rattling manner (*schnellzungigen Weise*) said last year, during the Ministerial crisis, to the King, "Your Majesty believes that you are the cleverest person in this country, but I know one here who is cleverer, and I'm the man!" The crafty Philippe replied to this: "You are mistaken, Monsieur Thiers, for if you were, you would never have said it." Be this as it may, Monsieur Thiers now strolls through the Tuileries with the consciousness of his greatness, like the Maire du Palais of the Orleans dynasty.

How long will he maintain this power? Is he not, though invisibly, yet secretly broken down

in consequence of his mighty exertions? His head is bleached by Time; there is certainly not a black hair left on it; and the longer he rules, the more the bold health of his nature disappears. The lightness with which he moves has in it something uncanny. And yet this lightness and ease is always extraordinary and marvellous, and light and easy as other Frenchmen are, they seem in comparison to him as mere plump and heavy Germans.

VIII.

PARIS, *May* 27, 1840.

THE North-German journals contain several contributions as to the bloody question of Damascus, which are dated partly from Paris and partly from Leipzig, but they are all apparently from the same pen, and written in the interest of a certain clique in order to lead the German public astray. We leave the personality and the motives of that contribution without casting light on them, but as regards what may be said of the Jews and press of Paris, we allow ourselves a few remarks. And in doing this, we are more guided by an interest for the truth than in any persons; and as for the Hebrews here, it may be that our witness will rather be against than for them. In fact, we would rather praise than blame the Jews of Paris *if* they, as the North German journals referred to declare, showed such great zeal and pity for their unfortunate brothers in the faith in Damascus, and shunned no pecuniary sacrifice for the honourable rescue of their slandered religion. But such is not the case. The Jews in France

have been too long emancipated for the bond of their race not to have become loose and slack; they have all been sunk in—or to express it more correctly—have been raised to French nationality; they are Frenchmen like the rest, and have fits of enthusiasm which last for twenty-four hours, and, when the sun is warm, for even three days—and this refers to the better class!

Many among them still observe the Jewish ceremonial service, as the external cult, in a mechanical way, without knowing why, out of old custom, but without a trace of inner faith, for the witty leaven of Voltairian criticism has worked as destructively in the synagogue as in the Christian Church. Among the French Jews, as with other Frenchmen, gold is the god of the time, and industry is the prevailing religion. As regards this, the Jews here may be divided into two sects, that of the *rive droite* and the *rive gauche*, these names being those of the two railways which run, one along the right bank of the Seine, the other on the left, to Versailles, and which are managed by two distinguished rabbis of finance, who quarrel and brawl in as strong opposition to one another[1] as did once

[1] "Eben so *divergierend* hadern." There is everywhere in Heine's works, but especially in the "French Affairs," an excessive use of such French-German terms, a habit which has

Rabbi Samai and Rabbi Hillel in the older city Babylon.

We must in justice admit as regards the great Rabbi of the *rive droite*, Baron Rothschild, that he has shown a greater sympathy for the house of Israel than his scripturally-learned antagonist, the great rabbi of the *rive gauche*, M. Benoit Fould, who—while his brethren in the faith are tortured and strangled in Syria at the instigation of a French consul—made with all the imperturbable calmness of a Hillel a beautiful speech in the French Chamber of Deputies as to the conversion of *rentes* and discount rates at the Bank.

The interest which the Jews here take in the tragedy of Damascus reduces itself to very minute manifestations. The Israelitic *Consistorium* assembled and deliberated in the lukewarm fashion of all such bodies, and the only result of its deliberations was the opinion that the legal documents of the trial should be published. M. Cremieux, the celebrated lawyer, who devotes his magnanimous eloquence not only to Jews but to the oppressed of every faith, and all doctrines of every age, undertook the publication in question; and, with the exception of one beau-

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long been regarded in Germany as extremely vulgar. It is characteristic that he here ridicules Jews for becoming Frenchmen, while he was himself their very leader in affecting Frenchiness in every respect.—*Translator.*

tiful woman and a few young literary men, M. Cremieux is the only person in Paris who actively busied himself with the affairs of Israel. At a great sacrifice of his personal interests, and scorning every lurking fraud, he boldly met the vilest insinuations, and even offered to go to Egypt, should the trial of the Damascene Jews be there held before the Pacha Mehemet Ali. The false and faithless contributor to the North German newspapers already referred to, insinuates to the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* the sly and slanderous remark that the reply in which M. Cremieux crushed the false report of the (French) mission in the newspapers here was published as an advertisement (*inserat*) and duly paid for as such. We know from a perfectly trustworthy source that the management of the journal declared themselves quite willing to print the article in question gratis, if it could be deferred for a few days, and it was because *immediate* publication was requested that certain editors required the cost of an extra, which really was no great expense when we consider the wealth of the Jewish community. The money power of the Jews is indeed great, but experience teaches us that their greed (*Geiz*) is still greater. One of the most highly prized members of the religious community here—in fact, he is esteemed or estimated at about thirty million francs—M.

Wilhelm de Romilly, would not give a hundred francs should any one ask him to contribute to a fund for rescuing his great race.[1] It is an old, a lamentable, and yet not a worn-out discovery, that the meanest and most sordid motives are ascribed to every one who raises his voice in vindication of the Jews; but I do not believe that Israel ever gave money, save when its teeth were drawn by force, as happened in the days of the Valois. When I, not long ago, turned over the *Histoire des Juifs* by Basnage, I must needs laugh heartily at the naïveté with which the author replied to his enemies who accused him of having been paid by the Jews, utterly denying it, and sadly adding: "Le peuple juif est le peuple le plus ingrat qu'il y ait au monde!" There are, of course, now and then examples that vanity can open the obdurate pockets of the Jews, but then their liberality is more repulsive than their meanness.[2]

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[1] Instead of this passage the French version has the following: "Les Israëlites de la nouvelle génération sont encore plus chiches que leurs pères; je suis porté à croire que parmi la jeunesse dorée d'Israël, il se trouve plus d'un millionaire qui hésiterait peut-être de donner cent francs s'il peut à ce prix sauver de la bastonnade toute une tribu de Bédouins coreligionaires!"

[2] Heine would certainly appear to have been born, as the Philadelphia darkey said of his clergyman, "to sass human nature all roun'," and here he gives it to his own race without stint, going in this remark beyond the truth. What would he have said of a bequest by a Jew, of which I read the other day in

A former Prussian contractor, who, punning on his own Hebrew name *Moses* (Moses means in German "drawn from the water," or, in Italian, *del mare*), having assumed the latter corresponding more grandly sounding name of a Baron Delmar, founded here some time ago an educational institute for poor young noblemen, which he endowed with one and a half million francs,—a noble deed, which exalted him so highly in the Faubourg Saint-Germain that there even the proudly oldest dowagers and pert and saucy young damsels no longer ridiculed him aloud. But did this nobleman of the race of David ever give a farthing to any collection in the interests of Jews? And I will be bound that another Baron, drawn up from the water, who plays in the noble Faubourg the *gentilhomme catholique* and great writer, never did anything with his money or with his pen for his fellows by race (*Stammesgenossen*). And here I must make a remark, perhaps the bitterest of all. Among the baptized Jews are many who, out of cowardly hypocrisy, abuse Israel more vilely than do its born foes. And in the same fashion, certain authors, in order not to recall their origin, express themselves badly as to Jews, or are silent. That is a well-known,

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the *Times*, who left his whole fortune of £200,000 to be expended for the benefit of Liverpool and Manchester, *i.e.* for Christians, Jews, and all others without distinction!—*Translator.*

sadly laughable fact. But it may be just as well to call the attention of the public to it, since not only in the North German newspapers referred to, but also in a far more important journal, the insinuation appeared that all which was written in favour of the Jews of Damascus came from Jewish sources, as if the Austrian consul in Damascus was a Jew, as well as every other consul there, except the French. We know this game (*Taktik*); we experienced it before as regards Young Germany. No; all the consuls in Damascus are Christians; and that the Austrian consul there is not a Jew appears from the reckless and public manner in which he protected the Jews against the French consul. What the latter is time will show.

IX.

PARIS, *May* 30, 1840.

TOUJOURS LUI! Napoleon, and Napoleon yet again! He has been the constant subject of daily discourse since his posthumous return was announced and especially since the Chamber came to such a pitiful conclusion as regards the necessary expenses. This was an inconsiderate act, which may be classed with the refusal of the dotation to the Duke de Nemours. By that vote the Chamber has placed itself in significant opposition to the sympathies of the French people. God knows whether it was not the result rather of a petty, mean spirit, than of ill-will. The majority of the Chamber was at first as enthusiastic for the transfer of Napoleon's remains as were the rest of the people, but, little by little, they came to a contrary opinion when they took account of all the dangers and listened to the threatening rejoicings of the Bonapartists, which indeed did not sound reassuringly. Now they give a more attentive ear to the enemies of the Emperor, and not only the true Legitimists, but Royalists of loose observance, avail themselves of

the discordance, as they come forth more or less adroitly with their old, deeply rooted, bitter feelings against Napoleon. So the *Gazette de France* lately gave us a series of elegant extracts (*eine Blumenlese*) of abuse of Napoleon, or extracts from the works of Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, and others. We who in Germany are accustomed to tougher food, would laugh at it. It would be delightful if any one, parodying the fine with the coarse, would place by those French citations as many parallel passages from German authors of the vulgarian period. Father Jahn carried a dung-fork, with which he rushed far more ragingly at the Corsican, than did a Chateaubriand with his light and sparkling court-rapier. Chateaubriand and Father Jahn! What contrast, yet what similarity![1]

But if Chateaubriand was much inspired by party-spirit in judging of the Emperor, the latter showed himself far more so by the contemptuous manner in which he at St. Helena spoke of the Pilgrim of Jerusalem. He remarked, "C'est une âme rampante qui a la manie d'écrire des livres,"—a crawling, cringing soul, who has a mania for writing books. No; Chateaubriand is

[1] To which the French version adds: "Et pourtant quelle ressemblance entre ces deux fous!"

not a base being, but only a fool, and a sorrowful fool at that, while the others are gay and entertaining. He always reminds me of the melancholy merry-maker of Louis XIII. I believe that he was called Angeli, wore a black jerkin, cap and bells, and made sorrowful jests. The pathos of Chauteaubriand has always for me something comic; at times I hear in it the ring of the black bells. But finally the feigned melancholy, the affected musings on death, become as repulsive as monotonous. It is said that he is now busied with a monograph on the funeral of Napoleon. It would be indeed an admirable opportunity for him to show off his oratorical crape drapery and immortelles, with the whole pomp of his graveyard fancies; his pamphlet will be a written tomb of state (*Katafalk*), and there will be no want of silver tears and funeral tapers, for he mourns the Emperor—since he is dead.

Madame de Staël would also mourn for the Emperor were she still walking in the salons of the living. Even at the return of the Emperor from the island of Elba, during the Hundred Days, she was not disinclined to sing the praise of the tyrant, and only made the condition that she should first be paid the two millions which, it was pretended, were due to her late father. But as the Emperor did not give her the money,

the inspiration needed for the prize poem was wanting, and Corinne improvised those tirades which were to-day so amiably repeated by the *Gazette de France*.[1] "Point d'argent, point de Suisses!" It is unfortunately too well known to us that these words are also applicable to her fellow-countryman, Benjamin Constant. Even this republican from Switzerland took money, money from Louis Philippe, some time after the Revolution of July.[2] But let us no longer throw light on the persons who slandered the Emperor. Enough! Madame de Staël is dead like Benjamin Constant, and Chateaubriand is, so to speak, also dead; at least, as he has assured us for years, he busies himself exclusively with his interment;

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[1] As Necker was a very honest man, the debt was fully due to him despite Heine's "*pretended*," which is a subtle accusation of fraud. But the latter never forgave Mme. de Staël for having written "L'Allemagne," and thus forestalled his new work. Instead of this passage the French version gives the following: "We have not the heart to speak of poor Benjamin Constant, whose slanders which he spit out at the Emperor the *Gazette* also republished. But these persons no longer exist—enough." The *point d'argent*, &c., is very amusing as coming from Heine. Mme. de Staël was mercenary because she did not sing the praises of her fraudulent debtor!—*Translator.*

[2] The disgust and horror of our author at this act of baseness are very finely expressed. There was also a German poet—one Heinrich Heine—who took *money*, money from Louis Philippe, some time after the Revolution of July, and who probably had some of it in his pocket when the above was written.—*Translator.*

and his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, which he publishes in fragments, are nothing but a funeral which he has arranged before his definite departure, like the Emperor Charles V. Enough! he is to be looked upon as dead, and therefore has the right to treat Napoleon as his equal.

But not only the before-mentioned excerpts from older writers, but also the speeches which M. de Lamartine delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, have been repulsive to me, although these speeches only spoke the truth. The reserved thoughts in them are dishonourable, and the orator tells the truth in the interest of falsehood. It is true—a thousand times true—that Napoleon was a foe to freedom, a despot or crowned Selfishness, and that his glorification was a bad and dangerous example. It is true that he had not the bourgeois virtues of a Bailly or a Lafayette, and that he trod the laws under foot, and sometimes the makers of the laws, of which there are still some living examples in the Hospital de Luxembourg. But it is not to the liberticide Napoleon, not the hero of the 18th of Brumaire, not the thunder-god of ambition to whom ye should dedicate the most magnificent funeral obsequies and monuments! No; it is to the man who represented Young France against Old Europe whose glorification is in question, in whose person the French race conquered, in whose person it

honours and celebrates itself—which is all felt by every Frenchman; for which reason they forget all the darker shades of the departed, and pay homage to him *quand même;* and the Chamber committed a great blunder by its untimely, petty stinginess. The speech of M. de Lamartine was a masterpiece, full of perfidious flowers, whose fine poison benumbed many a weak head; but the want of honour and integrity was scantly disguised by the beautiful words, and the Ministry should rather joy than grieve that its enemies have so maladroitly betrayed their anti-national feelings.

X.

PARIS, *June* 3, 1840.

THE daily newspapers of Paris are read on the other side of the Rhine, as they are everywhere, and people there are accustomed to deny all merit to their own newspapers in comparison with those of the French. It is true that the journals here are swarming with passages which the most careless censor in Germany would expunge; it is true that the articles in the French publications are better written and more logically conceived or composed than in the German, where the author must first make his political language and wearily fight his way through the primeval forests of his ideas; it is true that the Frenchman knows better how to shape and set forth (*redigiren*) his thoughts, and he disrobes them before the eyes of the public even unto the most significant nakedness, while the German journalist, inspired far more by innate bashfulness than by fear of the deadly red pencil, tries to drape his thoughts with all possible coverings of modesty and

humility. Yet, in spite of all this, when we judge the French press, not by its externals, but in its real self, in its *bureaux*, one must confess that it suffers from a certain kind of un-freedom, which is quite unknown to the German press, and is perhaps more injurious than our trans-Rhenish censorship. We must therefore confess that the clearness and ease with which the Frenchman arranges and treats his thoughts comes from a barren one-sidedness and a mechanical limitation which is far worse than the blooming confusion and clumsy superfluity of German journalists. To which a brief reference.

The French daily press is, to a certain degree, an oligarchy, not a democracy, for the establishment of a French journal is connected with so much expenditure and trouble, that only those persons who are in a position to spend or stake enormous sums can establish one. These are accordingly capitalists, or similar industrials, who cast out the money to found a newspaper; they therefore speculate on the profits which shall accrue when it succeeds in becoming an established party-organ, or entertain a secret idea of selling it to greater advantage to Government when it shall have gained a sufficiently large circulation. In this manner, with strict reference to the subsidy of a certain party or

of a Ministry, the journals fall into a limited dependence, and, what is worse, into an exclusiveness and reserve (*Exklusivität, eine Ausschliesslichkeit*), in all which they publish, compared to which the impediments of German censorship are as mere charming chains of roses. The *redacteur en chef* of a French journal is a condottiero, who fights for, and defends by means of his columns, the interests and passions of the party which supports him by subscriptions or a subsidy. His sub-editors, his lieutenants, and soldiers behave with military subordination, giving to their articles the required tone and colour, and from this the journal receives that unity and precision which we, afar, cannot sufficiently admire. Here there prevails the strictest discipline of thought, and even of expression. Should it chance that some heedless collaborateur fails to hear the command, or if he has not written exactly according to order, the *redacteur en chef* cuts into the flesh of his article with a military unmercifulness, such as we should find in no German censor. A German censor is still a German, and in his good-natured many-sidedness he willingly listens to reason, but the *redacteur en chef* of a French journal is a practical, one-sided Frenchman, having a set of opinions which he has formulised once for all, in determined

words, or which has been delivered to him in distinct terms by his employers. Should any one come to him with an article which would be of no direct advantage to the professed aim of his journal, treating some theme of no direct interest to the special public for which the sheet is an organ, it would be firmly refused with the sacramental words, "Cela n'entre pas dans l'idée de notre journal." Now, as every one of the newspapers here has its own peculiar political shade and its own determined range of ideas, it is easy to understand that any one who has anything to say which goes beyond this range, and has nothing of the party colour, will certainly find no organ for his contributions. Yes, so soon as any one departs from the discussion of current subjects of the day, or so-called actualities, so soon as he would develop ideas apart from trifling party questions, so soon as one would advocate the cause of humanity, the editors of the journals here would reject such an article with ironic politeness; and as one can only address the public here through the journals, or by their advertising medium, it results that the *Charte* which permits every Frenchman to publish his ideas in print is a bitter mockery for genial thinkers and cosmopolites, for there practically exists for them no freedom

of the press. "Cela n'entre pas dans l'idée de notre journal."

The foregoing remarks will perhaps throw light on many unintelligible subjects, and I leave it to the German reader to draw from them all the profitable inferences possible. They may also serve to explain why the French press have not spoken altogether in favour of the Jews of Damascus, as one would have certainly spoken in Germany.[1] The informant of the Leipzig *Zeitung* and the smaller North German sheets did not tell any direct untruths in joyfully declaring that the French press, on this occasion, showed no special sympathy for Israel. But the honourable souls wisely took care not to lay bare the ground of this fact, which simply consisted in this, that the President of the Ministerial Council, M. Thiers, took the part from the beginning of Count Ratti-Menton, the French consul at Damascus, and the editors of all the sheets which are under his control in this matter simply express his views. There are, it is true, many honest, and very honest, people among these journalists, but they now obey with military discipline the command of that generalissimo of public opinion, in whose ante-cabinet the order for the day is given out every morning, and certainly they cannot

[1] All the preceding portion of this letter was omitted in the French version.

look one another in the face without laughing for French *haruspices* or augurs cannot restrain their risible muscles as did the Roman of whom Cicero speaks. In his morning audiences M. Thiers assures his hearers with the air of deepest conviction that it is perfectly settled that the Jews drank Christian blood at the Passover feast, *chacun à son goût;* all the reports of witnesses confirm the fact that the Rabbis of Damascus butchered *pater* Thomas and drank his blood,—his flesh was probably eaten by the minor officials of the synagogue;—in which we could behold a sad superstition, a religious fanaticism which still prevails in the East, while the Jews of the West have become much more humane and enlightened, and many of them distinguish themselves by freedom from prejudice and good taste, as, for instance, M. de Rothschild, who, it is true, has not gone over to the Christian Church, but all the more zealously to the Christian kitchen, and taken into his service the greatest cook in Christendom, the favourite of Talleyrand, once the Bishop of Autun. It is about in such terms as these that one may hear the son of the Revolution speak, to the great anger of his mother, who becomes red with rage when she hears such things from her spoiled child, or when she sees how he intrigues with her bitterest foes, as, for example, with Count Montalembert, a young Jesuit, who is known as

the most efficient tool of the Ultramontane faction. This leader of the so-called Neo-Catholics directs that zealot's daily, the *Univers*, a sheet conducted with as much cleverness as treachery, for the Count himself has both *esprit* and talent, but is a strange epicene nature combined of noble pride and romantic bigotry, and this mixture showed itself in his legend of St. Elizabeth, a Hungarian princess, whom he, by the way, declares is his cousin, and was inspired with a most horrible Christian humility.[1]

From these hints one may readily understand the illiberal language of those Opposition sheets, which, at another time, would have screamed death and murder over the fanaticism which has recently been fanned into a flame in the East, and as regards the miserable wretch who there, as French consul, disgraces the name of France.

A few days since, M. Benoit Fould raised an inquiry as to the conduct of the French consul at Damascus. I therefore withdraw the reproach which escaped me in my last letter regarding that deputy. I never doubted the intelligence or the intellectual powers of M. Fould, and I regard him as

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[1] Heine here exhibits the real vulgarity which lurked deeply in his nature (and of which a lady biographer declares there is no trace in his writings), by a passage of astounding and unparalleled nastiness.—*Translator.*

one of the greatest minds of the French Chamber, but I did doubt his disposition (*Gemüthe*) or feeling. I very willingly let myself be put to shame when I have done people wrong and contradict it. The question (*interpellation*) of M. Fould manifested great shrewdness and dignity. Very few journals have given extracts from his speech; the Ministerial sheets have suppressed even these, but published all the more in detail the opposing ideas of Thiers.[1] In the *Moniteur* I have read them all. The expression, "La religion à laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'appartenir," must vividly strike a German. The reply of M. Thiers was a masterpiece of malice and deceit. By evasion and suppressing what he knew, and by apparently reserving with pain other items, he succeeded most admirably in making his adversary appear to be in a suspicious position. To hear him speak, one could really believe that Capucins' flesh was the standing dish among Jews. But no, O great writer of history, but very small theologian, as little in the East as in the West does the Old Testament allow its believers such dirty food. The disgust of the Jews for such bloody relish is altogether peculiar to them; it shows itself in the first dogmas of their religion, in all their sanitary laws, in their ceremonies of purification,

[1] The two following passages are wanting in the French version.

in their fundamental views of what is clean and unclean, in the profoundly cosmogonic revelation as to material purity in the animal world, which also forms a physical ethic, and which was not in the least understood by Paul, who rejected them as a fable.[1] No; the descendants of Israel, the pure, chosen priestly race, ate no flesh of pigs nor of old Franciscans, and drank no blood.

What strikes us most disagreeably regarding this Damascus blood question is the want of knowledge of Oriental affairs shown by the President of the Council, a brilliant ignorance which might lead to the most serious misunderstandings, if not to such as this small Syrian blood question, perhaps to that far greater question, terrible and dark with destiny, which we call the Oriental, and for which we would fain have a solution, or the beginning of one. The judgment of M. Thiers is generally right,

[1] With all due respect to Moses as a great lawgiver, it would be but fair to state that his hygiene was taken from the Egyptians, who far surpassed any race of any time in enforcing laws of cleanliness and health. They went so far in this as to have days appointed on which every one must take certain medicines—reminding us of the town in Maryland where the church-bell was rung every day at twelve o'clock to notify the inhabitants to take their quinine against fever and ague. It was said that the Jews were driven from Egypt because they would not conform to these laws. However this may be, Moses seems to have been determined to put his followers in the right way.—*Translator.*

but his premises are often quite false, and drawn from mere air-phantasms, hatched in the fanatical sun-glow of the cloisters of Lebanon, and similar caves of superstition. The Ultramontane party lent him its emissaries, and these told him marvellous things of the power of the Roman Catholic Christians in the East, while, in fact, a general rally of those miserable Latins would not bring a Turkish dog out of his fatalistic hole in the oven. They are as weak as they are despised. M. Thiers thinks that France, the traditional guardian of the faith of those Latins, will yet by means of them get the upper hand in the East. The English are far better informed as to this; they know that these pitiable stragglers of the Middle Ages, who are several centuries behind the age of civilisation, are lower than the Turks, their masters, and that in case of the downfall of the Turkish power, those who profess the Greek faith would be more likely to give the finishing stroke. The chief of these Greek Christians is not the poor scamp who bears the title of Patriarch of Constantinople, whose predecessor was there disgracefully hung between two dogs. No; their leader is the all-powerful Czar of Russia, the Emperor and Pope of all who recognise the only holy, orthodox Greek faith; he is its Messias in armour, who is to free it from the yoke of the unbelievers, the

canon-thunder god, who will some day plant his banner of victory on the towers of the great mosque of Byzantium. Yes, that is their political as well as religious faith, and they dream of a Russian-Greek-Orthodox world-supremacy which shall spread forth its arms from the Bosphorus over Europe, Asia, and Africa. And what is most terrible, this dream is no soap-bubble which a puff of air may destroy; there lurks within it a possibility which grimly grins at us while it petrifies like the head of a Medusa.

The words of Napoleon at St. Helena, that very soon in the future the world will be an American republic or a Russian autocracy, are a very discouraging prophecy. What a prospect! In the most favourable case, to die as Republicans of monotonous ennui! Poor posterity!

I have already mentioned how much better informed the English are as to all Oriental matters than the French. The Levant swarms more than ever with British agents, who extract information from every Bedouin, or, in fact, from every camel[1] wandering through the wilderness. How many sequins Mehemet Ali has in his pocket, how many guts (*Gedärme*)[2] this vice-

[1] *Kamel*, in German, means an ass, metaphorically speaking, *i.e.*, a stupid fellow.

[2] I fancy that a ghostly shadow of a semblance to *gendarmes* was here in Heine's fancy.

king of Egypt hath in his belly, is known with perfect accuracy in the bureaux of Downing Street. Here they put no faith in the miraculous histories of pious visionaries, but only in facts and figures. But England has in the West, as well as in the East, its most confidential agents, and here we often encounter people who unite to secret missions also the duty of correspondence for London aristocratic or Ministerial journals, and the latter are thereby notably well informed. Owing to the taciturnity of the British, the public seldom learns the real occupation of those secret reporters, who remain unknown to the highest state-officials in England; only the actual Minister of Foreign Affairs knows them, and transmits the knowledge to his successor. The banker abroad who has to pay a sum to an English agent does not even have his name; he only receives the order to give to a certain person a given sum, which is certified by simply showing a card on which there is a certain number.

LATER NOTICE TO LETTER X.[1]

May, 1854.

THE preceding article was not accepted by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and we publish it from the original rough notes, which were kept by chance. And while it appears from this paper how undeserved was the reproach which a previous letter had cast on the Deputy Benoit Fould, we testified how little it occurred to us to commit therein an injustice. It truly never came into my mind to depreciate the personal appearance of the said deputy, and to use in this intent a mocking jest from the *National*. Enthusiastic visionary friends of M. Benoit Fould (and what rich man does not possess a swarm of friends who fancy all things for him?[2]) truly affirm that, at the same

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[1] This notice or comment is wanting in the French version, with the exception of passages given in the preface.—*German Editor.*

[2] German—"Welcher reiche Mann besässe nicht einen Schwarm von Freunden, die für ihn schwärmen." A pun on *schwarm*, a

time, at the end of an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* which bore my cipher, and must therefore be ascribed to my authorship, they had read an ill-natured citation from the *National* concerning the general advocate Hebert and M. Benoit Fould, to the effect that the latter was the only one in the Chamber who offered his hand to the general advocate in the Chamber, and that he himself looked like the discourse of an *accusateur publique!* Truly those good people have a very poor opinion of my wit or sense who can believe that when I would attack a man like Benoit Fould, I had to borrow my arrows from the foolish quiver of the *National!*[1] Such a supposition would be really slanderous applied to the author of the "Pictures of Travel." No; that quotation, that *misère*, that wretched thing, came not from my pen, nor would I for easily intelligible reasons have allowed myself to speak rudely of M. Hebert. I would not come into conflict with the terrible personality of a general advocate, whose discretionary authority

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swarm, and *schwärmen*, to imagine in reverie, to rove in wild fancy or dream while awake, to transcendentalise. It suggests the "buzzy bee" and a droning sound appropriate to visions and sleep.

[1] "Dem albernen Köcher." An appalling simile, unless we may suppose that Heine had in his head the Yiddish *cocher* or *cocumer*, meaning sense or wit. But a stupid *quiver* would be a curiosity.—*Translator.*

transcends even that of a Minister. There are people who must not be mentioned, unless one specially carries on the trade of a demagogue and longs for the fame of having been locked up. I say this now, that such a declaration may not be misinterpreted by my courageous and pugnacious fellow-combatants. At the time when the foolish citation from the *National* appeared, I refrained from all explanation; I would allow no one to call me to account for an article which appeared anonymously, and bore only a cipher on its brow, which was placed there not by me, but by the editor, for special administrative reasons, as, for instance, in settling accounts, but not at all to whisper to the honourable public, like an easily guessed charade, the name of the writer *sub rosa*. Now, as the editor, and not the real author, is responsible for every anonymous article, and as the former is obliged to represent it to the thousand-headed reading world, as well as to many quite headless or brainless public officials, and has to contend daily with innumerable hindrances, material and moral, he may well be permitted to model every article which he accepts according to the requisitions of the day, by expunging, separating, adding, and changing, at will, to make the article worthy of print, although the admirable meaning and still better style of the composer is thereby shrunk away to wretchedness.

Any one who is in any respect a political writer must, for the sake of the cause which he defends, make many a bitter sacrifice to harsh necessity. There are, indeed, many obscure small journals in which we might empty out our whole heart with all its hot coals of wrath, but they have only a very scanty public, devoid of influence, and it would amount to no more than if we were to swagger and rant in beer-houses or cafés before the regular guests—as other great politicians and patriots are wont to do. We act far more wisely when we moderate our zeal and utter our opinions with sober words only in a journal which is justly called a general newspaper for the world, and which instructs many hundreds of thousands of readers in every country. Even though most mournfully mutilated, the Word here works to good effect; the scantiest hint will ever and anon spring up to be profitable seed in unknown fields. If this reflection did not inspire me, I certainly had never undergone the self-torture of writing for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. But as I for more than twenty-eight years had been well convinced of the truth and honesty of that deeply-loved friend of my youth and brother-in-arms who is chief editor of that publication, I was willing to tolerate many a terrible after-pang, caused by amending and idly altering my articles; for I saw before me always the honour-

able eyes of my friend, who seemed to say to the sufferer, "Am I too on a bed of roses?"[1]

This brave champion of the German press, who even in his youth endured privation and imprisonment for his liberal convictions, and who has done so much for the dissemination of generally useful knowledge, for the best means of emancipation, and especially for the political benefit of his fellow-citizens—far more than thousands of braggart heroes of mere talk (*bramarbasierende Maulhelden*)—was decried by such as servile, and "The Augsburger Harlot" was the abusive name with which the rabble of the Radicals entitled the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.[2]

But as I fall here into a current which may carry me too far, I content myself with having in a fleeting manner indicated of what kind the restraint (*Unfreiheit*) was which I endured on account of higher national views, when I wrote for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In this respect I met with much misunderstanding, even in spheres where intelligence was wont to rule. Such was the above-mentioned citation

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[1] All of the preceding from the words, "I would allow no one to call me to account," was published, as the reader is aware, in the Preface. But as the author and the editor of the last German edition give both, I follow their example.—*Translator.*

[2] The name *Allgemeine* also bears the meaning of generally common or vulgar.—*Translator.*

from the *National*, which was falsely attributed to me. And as I do not willingly suffer when innocent, I conceived at last the unhappy thought of really being guilty for once of the crime of *lèse-majesté*, which I was charged with, and on the occasion of the election at Tarbes the deputy of the *Hautes Pyrenées* had to pay for my ill-temper.[1] But as I confess every unjust deed at last, I will here say, to my own shame, that the man to whom I denied all capacity soon after distinguished himself as a statesman of the highest order. At which I rejoiced.

[1] The passage referred to may be found in the last letter of the tenth volume (German edition of 1876), p. 276.—*German Editor.*

XI.

PARIS, *June* 12, 1840.

"IT is fourteen days since the editorial department as well as the proprietorship of the *Commerce* passed into other hands." This information is indeed of little importance, but I will add to it a few comments. Firstly, I will remark that this renewed sheet lately contained an attack on my correspondence in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which was as boorish as it was silly. The accusation which it involves I have met with visor down in the *Constitutionnel*. Another observation of a common kind is forced by the question: What colour will the *Commerce* now assume? The answer which I have heard is:—This paper will not declare for the kingdom, nor for the democratic party, and for the time being it will be Bonapartist. In this apparently shifting, undecided reply, we detect a confession which

[1] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* the greater portion of this letter was devoted to an account of an interview with Spontini. In the French version the latter is all that appears. The German editor has wisely transferred this to the volume (11th) containing musical information from Paris, or the *Salon.—Translator.*

affords much information and conclusion as to the whole political action of the French. For, in this era of hesitation, when no one knows what the immediate future may have in store for him; where many, discontented with the present, are still afraid to break with the powers that be; where the majority prefer to take a place in the Opposition, as binding them to less and as also less compromising, but which will permit them, without making any too harsh retractation, to pass according to the fortune of war either into the camp of the victorious republic or of the invincible monarchy—for such a time as this, Bonapartism is a very convenient transition-party. On this basis I explain to myself why every one who does not know exactly what he will or what he may do, or what he can, rallies round the Imperial standard. Here no one need have an idea of swearing true allegiance, and perjury is no sin against the Holy Ghost. Conscience, the better honour, here permits every desertion and change of flag. And, indeed, the Napoleonic empire was itself nothing else but a neutral ground for men of the most contradictory opinions; it was a useful bridge for people who saved themselves on it from the torrent of the Revolution, and for twenty years they ran up and down on it, undecided as to whether to take the right or left bank of the river of the time and its views. The Napoleonic

empire was little else save a romantic daring interregnum, without great minds gifted with spiritual genius (*ohne geistige Notabilitäten*), and all its ideal bloom and life is contained in a single man, who, after all, is nothing but a brilliant deed, whose real significance is as yet at least half a secret. This material intermediate kingdom was exactly adapted to the wants of the time. How easy it was for the French Sansculottes to leap into the gallooned and splendid military trousers of the Empire, with what facility they afterwards hung up the feathered hat and golden jacket of fame on the peg, and again assume the red cap and the rights of mankind! And the starved emigrants, the nobly proud Royalists, they were not obliged to renounce their courtier instincts when they served Napoleon I. instead of Louis XVI., or when they again turned their backs on the first to pay homage to the legitimate ruler, Louis XVI.

But though Bonapartism has deep sympathies among the people, and also includes the great majority of the ambitious, who will not decide for an idea, despite all this, I do not believe that it will so easily walk away with victory. If it attained supremacy, this would not last long, and it would, like the earlier Napoleonic government, only form a short intermediary period. Meantime all kinds of birds of prey flock round the

dead eagle, and the clear-sighted among the French are not a little alarmed at it. The majority in the Chamber was not so far in the wrong when it refused the second million for the funeral ceremonies, and thereby somewhat damped the high flaming lust of conquest. The Chamber has the instinct of national preservation, and it had perhaps a dark foreboding that this Bonapartism without a Bonaparte, this passion for war without great military leaders, would all lead the French people to destruction.

"And who told you that we did not know all that when we voted over the two millions for the funeral celebration?" These words escaped yesterday from one of my friends, a deputy, with whom I, after strolling through the gallery of the Palais Royal, conversed as to that vote. A significant and pleasing confession; all the more so as coming from the mouth of a man who does not belong to the timid, trembling souls. Perhaps as to this subject his name is of significance on account of the glorious memories allied to it, for he is the son of that virtuous warrior who sat in the Committee of Safety and organised victory—I mean Hyppolite Carnot. Committee of Safety! *Comité du Salut publique!* The word rings far more startlingly than the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was but a tame god of Olympus in comparison to that wild meeting of Titans.

XII.

PARIS, *July* 3, 1840.

WE have rest for a time at least from the deputies and pianoforte-players, those two terrible national pests, from whom we have had to endure so much all the winter to far into spring. The Palais Bourbon and the salons of Messrs. Erard and Herz are fast with triple locks. God be praised! the political and musical virtuosi are silent! The few grey-headed old men who sit in the Luxembourg murmur always softer and softer, or half lost in sleep nod their assent to the decisions of the younger Chamber. A few times, a few weeks ago, the old gentlemen gave negative nods which were regarded as threatening to the Ministry; but they meant nothing so serious. M. Thiers has anything but a determined opposition to expect on the side of the Chamber of Peers. He can rely with more security on these than on his squires (*Schildhalter*) in the Chamber of Deputies, although he has fettered the latter with strong bands and ribbands, or rhetorical

chains of flowers and gold links of full weight, to his person.[1]

The great battle will, however, break out next winter, when M. Odilon Barrot shall have entered the Ministry, and M. Guizot, who will resign his embassy, returns from London and renews his opposition to M. Thiers. These two rivals have promptly understood that they indeed conclude a short truce, but can never quite give up their feud. With the termination of that, the whole parliamentary government in France will probably come to an end.[2]

M. Guizot committed a great fault when he took part in the coalition. He afterwards confessed that it was a fault, and it was to a degree with a view of re-establishing himself that he went to London; he wished to regain in his diplomatic career that confidence of foreign Powers which he had lost in his position as a man of the Opposition, for he believes that at last, by the

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[1] "Bien qu'il se soit attaché aussi cette dernière avec des liens assez solides, avec de séduisants petits rubans rouges, et des guirlandes de fleurs de rhétorique."—French version.

[2] French version—"Quelle sera la fin de ce duel oratoire? Il me paraît très-probable qu'avec la lutte entre les deux fameux maîtres d'armes de la tribune et leurs jeux d'escrime, finira en même temps tout le régime parlementaire de France, et qu'il sera remplacé par les vulgaires assauts d'un sans-culottisme qui ne connait que la savate, ou par ceux d'une soldatesque traînant le sabre et battant le tambour."

election of the President of the Council, foreign influence will be again re-established. He perhaps also counts on certain national (*einheimische*) sympathies which M. Thiers may lose little by little, and which may come to him, the loved Guizot. Evil tongues tell me that the Doctrinaires imagine that they are now beloved—so much can self-deception blind the shrewdest men! No, M. Guizot, we are not yet so far advanced as to love you, but we have not ceased to honour you. Despite all our fancy for the active and brilliant rival, we have never failed to appreciate the heavy, gloomy Guizot; for there is something certain, trustworthy, and solid in the man, and I believe that he has the interests of mankind at heart.

At this moment nothing more is said of Napoleon; his remains are not thought of, and that is very remarkable, for the inspiration which, by dint of constant noisy repetition, had at last passed into a state of great lukewarmness, will in five months' time, when the Imperial convoy of remains shall arrive, burst out with renewed force. Will the sparks which may then play forth cause great damage? It all depends upon the weather. Perhaps, should winter's cold come on apace, and snow fall round us very heavily, the dead will have but a cold funeral!

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XIII.

PARIS, *July* 25, 1840.

THERE is now being played at the theatres of the Boulevards here in Paris the story of Bürger, the German poet. We see how he, composing *Leonora*, sits in the moonshine and sings—

> "Hurrah! the dead ride swift, my love!
> Dost fear the dead or me?"

It is really a good refrain, and we will place it as motto at the beginning of this letter, and, in fact, in direct reference to the French Ministry. From afar the corpse of the giant from St. Helena comes on step by step, nearer and more threateningly, and in a few days the graves will open here in Paris, and the disappointed dead heroes of July will come forth and march to the Place de la Bastile, the fearful place haunted by the spectres of '89—"Les morts vont vite, mon amour; crains-tu les morts?"

In fact, we are very much disturbed by the coming days of July, which will be this year very magnificently celebrated, but, as people think,

for the last time; because Government cannot annually assume such a terrible burden. The agitation will be on this occasion the greater, the more sympathetic the tones are which are heard ringing from Spain, and the harsher are the details of the rising in Barcelona, where so-called wretched sufferers went so far as to grievously outrage royalty itself.

While in the West (Spain) the War of the Succession is coming to an end, the real Revolutionary war begins, the affairs of the East grow more and more hopelessly entangled. The revolt in Syria has greatly embarrassed the French Ministry. On one side it would gladly sustain with all its influence the Pacha of Egypt, while on the other it cannot quite disavow the Maronites, the Christians of Mount Lebanon, who raised the flag of rebellion, for this flag is the French tricolor, the rebels wishing to show by this that they belong to France, and that the latter only nominally supports Mehemet Ali, and that, in secret, we are exciting the Syrian Christians against their Egyptian rulers. To what degree are they justified in this belief? Is it really true, as is asserted, that certain leaders of the Catholic party, without the knowledge of the French Government, have plotted a rebellion of the Maronites against the Pacha in the hope that by the weakness of the Turks a Christian govern-

ment may be established in Syria after the Egyptians shall be expelled from it? This effort, as untimely as it is pious, will cause much mischief there. Mehemet Ali was so angered at the outbreak of the Syrian revolt that he raged like a wild beast, and thought of nothing less than exterminating all the Christians on Mount Lebanon. It was only the bold remonstrance of the Austrian consul which dissuaded him from this inhuman purpose; and it is to this great-hearted man that many thousands of Christians owe their lives, while the Pacha owes him still more for having rescued his name from endless shame. Mehemet Ali is not insensible as to what the civilised world thinks of him, and Herr von Laurin disarmed his wrath, especially by depicting the antipathy which the murder of the Maronites would attract to him throughout all Europe, to the greatest injury of his power and his fame.[1]

The old system of extirpating races is gradually becoming extinct in the East, through European influence. The right of individuals to exist is also receiving there a higher recognition, and the cruelties of torture are slowly vanishing before a milder system of criminal jurisprudence. The bloody story of Damascus will conduce to

[1] The remainder of this letter is omitted in the French version, the improvements of which on the German seem to have been effected chiefly with scissors.

this result; and in reference to this, the journey of M. Cremieux to Alexandria is one of the most important events in the annals of humanity. This famous lawyer, who is one of the most celebrated men in France, and whom I have already mentioned in these letters, has already begun his truly pious journey, accompanied by his wife, who insisted on sharing all the dangers with which her husband was threatened. May these dangers, which were meant to terrify him from his noble undertaking, prove to be as trifling as those people who create them.[1] In fact, this advocate of the Jews is really pleading the cause of all humanity. For the question is nothing less than introducing to the East European procedure in criminal cases. The suit against the Jews in Damascus began with torture, which was left unfinished because an Austrian subject was inculpated, and the Austrian consul interposed to prevent it. Now the proceedings are to be again instituted, and, in fact, without

[1] It is amusing to observe how the almost quite untravelled Heine manifests here, as in many places, a naïve feeling as regards travel even to Egypt and Syria, which was quite like those with which the same places were thought of in the twelfth century. Alexandria and Damascus sounded to him like the Old Testament and "Arabian Nights," or "things and places fabulously far." But even in 1840 there were no dangers to be encountered in going to Alexandria, nor had Mme. Cremieux anything worse to anticipate than sea-sickness.—*Translator.*

the *obligato* rack or any instruments of torture, which extract from the accused the insanest assertions and intimidate the witnesses. The French chief consul in Alexandria is setting heaven and earth in motion to avert this renewal of the trial, because thereby a strong light may be cast on his own conduct, and the disgrace of its representative may greatly injure the authority of France in Syria. And France has wide-grasping plans connected with this country —plans which date from the time of the Crusades, and which were not given up by the Revolution, which Napoleon afterwards kept in mind, and on which M. Thiers also thinks, in case Algiers should be lost, in which case French ambition must seek elsewhere in the East its aliment. The Syrian Christians expect their deliverance from the French, while the latter, however free-thinking they may be at home, pass for pious protectors of the Catholic faith in the East, and there flatter the zeal of the monks. Thus it is we explain why not only M. Cochelet in Alexandria, but our President of the Council and son of the Revolution in Paris, protect the consul of Damascus. The question really is not of the high virtue of a Ratti-Menton or the wickedness of the Jews of Damascus—there is perhaps no great difference between the two; and as the former is too petty for our hate, the latter are

too little for our love; but the question is to do away with the system of torture by a startling example in the East. The consuls of the great European Powers, that is, of Austria and England, have instituted a renewal of the trial of the Damascene Jews without torture, and it may some time be a source of vexation that M. Cochelet, the representative of the Revolution and its son, opposes this renewal of the trial and takes sides with torture!

XIV.

PARIS, *July* 27, 1840.

JOB'S messengers come tumbling in headlong over one another,[1] but the last and worst, the convention between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia against the Pacha of Egypt, awakes far more joyous enthusiasm for combat than affliction, with the Government as among the people. The *Constitutionnel* of yesterday plainly declared that France had been vilely cheated and insulted, even to assuming its cowardly subjection. This Ministerial proclamation of the treason hatched in London acted here like a trumpet-call; one seemed to hear the cry of wrath of Achilles, and the deeply wounded national feelings and interests have caused a suspension of arms between political belligerent parties. With the exception of the Legitimists, who expect their salvation only from abroad, all the French rally round the tricoloured flag, and

[1] French version—"Les malheurs voyagent en troupes, dit le proverbe; ici les mauvaises nouvelles arrivent coup en coup."

war with "*la perfide Albion*" is their common cry.

If I have just written that the rage for war has flashed up in the Government, I mean thereby the actual Ministry, and especially our bold President of the Council, who has already written the Life of Napoleon to the end of the Consulate, and, with all the glow of a Southern imagination, has followed his hero through as many victorious marches and fields of battle. It is perhaps a pity that he did not take part, at least in the spirit, in the Russian campaign and the great retreat. Had M. Thiers advanced his book so far as to Waterloo, his passion for war would perhaps have been a little cooled. But what is far weightier and better worth observing than the martial passion of the Prime Minister is the limitless confidence which he has in his own military talents. Yes, it is a fact which I can substantiate by many years' observation, that M. Thiers believes, hard and fast (*steif und fest*), that it is not parliamentary skirmishing, but real war, the ringing play of weapons, that is his born vocation. It is not for us to here decide or seek whether this inward monitor speaks the truth, or whether he is only flattered by vain self-deceit. But to one thing will we call attention, which is, that from this imagined call to be a hero M. Thiers will not

be specially afraid of the cannon of the new coalition of sovereigns, and that he rejoices in his heart at being compelled by most pressing necessity to display to an astonished world his military talents; and even at this moment the French admirals have no doubt received the most positive orders to protect the Egyptian fleet against any attack.

I have no doubt as to the result of this protection, however terrible the moral power of England may be. I recently saw Toulon, and I have a great respect for the French marine. This is far more extensive than is generally supposed in Europe, for besides the ships of war, which are registered in the regular naval service, and which France officially possesses, there has been since 1814 almost double the number gradually built, which could be put into service in six weeks' time. But would a bombarding engagement of the French and English fleets in the Mediterranean imperil the peace of Europe and cause a general war? I do not believe it. The Continental Powers will think twice before they engage with France in a deadly strife. As for John Bull, this portly personage knows very well that a war with France, even if the latter stood all alone, would cost him dear; in one word, the English House of Commons would in no case grant the costs

of war, and that is the main thing. But if a war should arise between the two nations, it would be, speaking mythologically, a mischievous prank of the gods, who, to revenge their late colleague, Napoleon, have perhaps the intention to send Wellington again into the field, to be conquered by the General Field-Marshal Thiers!

XV.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1840.

M. GUIZOT has proved that he is an honest man; he has neither seen through the secret treachery of England, nor been able to baffle it by counter-plots. He returns to Paris as an honest man; and the annual prize for virtue, *le prix Monthyon* of this year, will be awarded him without a rival. Be calm, O Roundhead Puritan; the false Cavaliers have "put you behind the light," and made a fool of you; but there remains to thee the proud consciousness of thy own dignity, and all the consolations of the *charte verité*—the consciousness that thou art ever *Thou* thyself! As a Christian and as a doctrinaire, thou wilt hear thy misfortune with patience, and since we laugh at you heartily, our heart expands with kindness. Thou art again our dear old schoolmaster, and we rejoice that worldly éclat and splendour have not deprived thee of thy good magisterial naïveté; that thou hast been bored

and chaffed and sold,[1] but thou hast remained an honourable man! We begin to love thee, but will never again trust thee with the Ministry to London; for that there is needed a vulture-eye to spy betimes the tricks of treacherous Albion, or an altogether unlearned, rough and tough fellow, who has no literary sympathy with the British form of government, who cannot make polite *speeches* in English, but who replies in French when one will take him in with double meaning. I advise the French to send to London as ambassador the first grenadier of the Old Guard whom they can find, and with him certainly Vidocq, as the acting private secretary of legation.

But are the English really such clever heads in diplomacy? In what consists their superiority in this field? I believe it lies in this, that they are fundamentally prosaic creatures, whom no poetic illusions lead astray, whom no glowing idealism bewilders, who see everything in its most sober light, grasp the bare facts with a true eye, calculate accurately the conditions of time and place, and in this calculation are not disturbed by the beating of their own hearts nor that of the pinions of great thoughts. Yes;

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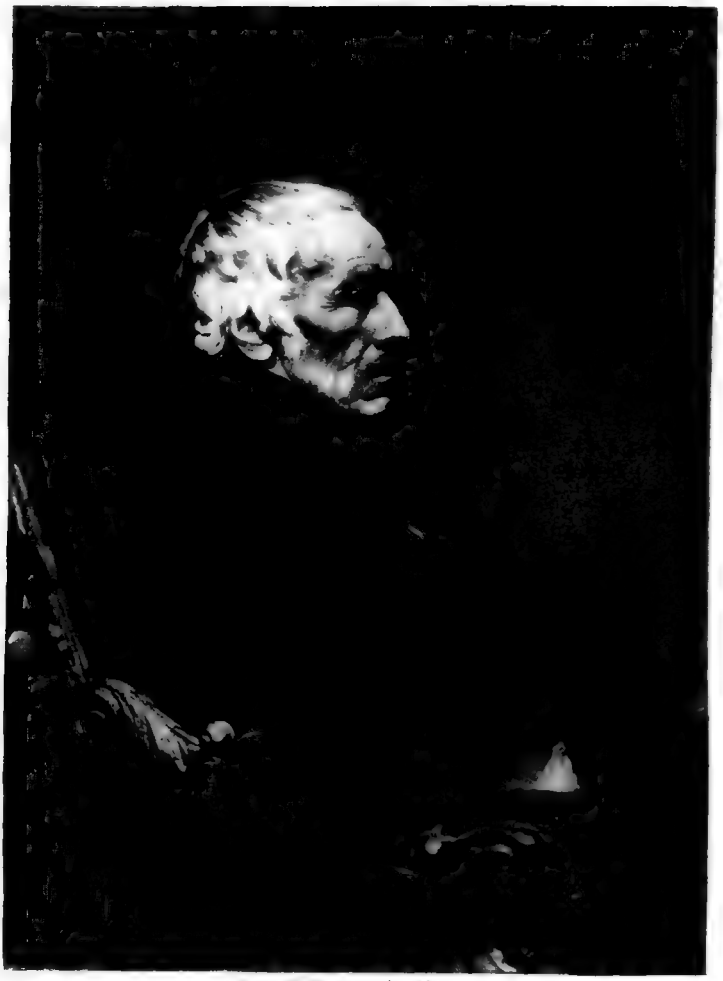
[1] *Gefoppt und gedrillt worden. Drillen*, from the High German *durihil* (in which *dur*, "through"), is interesting as the probable original of our *bore*. French, *Narqué, berné, et turlupiné.—Translator.*

their superiority consists in this, that they have no imagination. This want is the whole *force* of the English, and the final cause (*letzte Grund*) why they succeed in all realistic undertakings, in industry, in making machines, &c. They have no imagination (*Phantasie*). That is the whole secret. Their poets are only brilliant exceptions; hence they are in opposition to their own kind, the snub-nosed, low-browed, and back-of-the-headless (*hinterkopflosen*) race, the "peculiar people" of prose, which remains in India and in Italy just as commonplace, cool, and calculating as in Threadneedle Street. The perfume of the lotus intoxicates them just as little as Vesuvius warms them. They drag their tea-kettle to the edge of its crater, and there drink tea seasoned with *cant*.

As I hear, Taglioni had last year no applause in London,[1] and that is her greatest merit. If she had pleased the people there, I should have begun to doubt the poetry of her feet. They themselves, the sons of Albion, are the most dreadful of all dancers, and Strauss declares

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[1] Perhaps the English changed their opinions, for when I saw Taglioni at Drury Lane in London in 1848, the applause was tremendous. But Heine had the miraculous power of always hearing from mysterious sources something to illustrate what he was writing, especially if it was to anybody's detriment or discredit.—*Translator.*



that there is not one among them all who can keep time. He was made sick unto death in the county of Middlesex when he saw Old England dance. These beings have no ear, neither for time nor music in any form, and their unnatural passion for piano-playing and singing is therefore all the more repulsive. There is really nothing so horrible on earth as English music (*Tonkunst*), unless it be English painting. The people have neither hearing nor a sense of colour, and I often incline to suspect that their sense of smell is as blunted and catarrhed (*verschnupft*). It is very possible that they cannot distinguish horse-apples (*Rossäpfel*) from oranges by the smell alone.[1]

But have they courage?[2] That is at present

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[1] These beautiful and refined compliments conclude with the following parting shot in the French version:—"C'est aux Anglais que s'addressent les paroles de la Bible: Ils ont des yeux et ne voient pas, ils ont des oreilles et n'entendent guère, ils ont des nez camus et ils ne sentent rien." Heine appears to have been hard to please as regards noses, since he ridicules the short Celtic-Irish feature, which he mistook for the English (which latter is, as a rule, bold and straight or aquiline, and *not* snubbed), and also the Shemitic.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version these comments on the unfortunate and pitiful Anglo-Saxon race are varied as follows, "to suit the piano" by our grand *maestro*:—

"Mais sont ils forts? Voila à présent la question importante. Non, leur force est très-équivoque. Quelque banale que soit la comparaison de l'Angleterre avec Carthage, il n'en est pas moins vrai que c'est toujours la vielle Carthage, mais

the important question. Are the English as brave as they have always been described on the Continent? The far famed high-mindedness of *My lords* at present exists only in our theatres, and it is quite as possible that the belief in the cold-blooded courage of Englishmen will also pass away with time. A strange doubt seizes on us when we see that a few troops are sufficient to disperse a raging meeting of one hundred thousand. And though the English may have much courage as individuals, the masses are still so enervated by the habits and comforts of a peace of more than a century, since for so long a time they have been without internal dissension;

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sans un Annibal. Ses troupes sont des mercenaires. Il est vrai que le soldat anglais est brave, il est d'une bravoure à toute épreuve, et il méprise le feu de l'ennemi autant qu'il doit se mépriser lui-même, ce pauvre instrument qui s'est vendu pour un morceau de *beef*, et qu'on fustige publiquement; le point d'honneur est incompatible avec le fouet. Les officiers sont courageux, mais peu militaires; ils ont acheté leur grade, et la guerre est pour eux une affaire dans laquelle; ils ont mis de l'argent, et qu'ils poursuivent avec cet imperturbable sang-froid qu'on trouve chez touts les négociants anglais. La noblesse d'Angleterre est vaillante, et celle qui sert dans la marine à même hérité de l'heroïsme de leurs ancêtres. Mais que dis ai-je de la masse du peuple et de cette bourgeoisie qui forme pour aussi dire, la nation officielle!"

As regards the next remark, it is worth observing how ignorant our author seems to be that true bravery and great self-respect are innately combined with a respect for the law of the land, whatever it may be.—*Translator.*

while as for wars abroad, they did not wage them in person (*eigenhändig*), but by mercenaries, hired brigands, and people paid for. It would never occur to a burgher of the city or to the Lord Mayor to let himself be shot for national interests, since men are paid for that. Owing to this by far too long protracted condition of peace, by too great wealth and too great wretchedness, by political corruption which is a result of the representative constitution, by the enervating system of manufactures, by religious hypocrisy and by pietism more pernicious than opium, the English have become as unwarlike a race as the Chinese, and ere they conquer the latter the French are perhaps fully able—should they succeed in landing—to conquer all England with less than one hundred thousand men. In the time of Napoleon the English were ever in such a danger, and the land was not protected by its inhabitants, but by the sea. Had France then possessed a navy such as she now owns, or had we known how to turn steam navigation to account so terribly as to-day, Napoleon would have landed as certainly as William the Conqueror once did; and he would have met with no great resistance, for he would have destroyed the rights of conquest of the Norman nobility, have protected the property of citizens, and wedded British freedom to French equality.

These thoughts rose in me yesterday far more strikingly in looking at the procession which followed the hearses of the heroes of July. There was an immense multitude, which, grave and proud, took part in the ceremony. It was an imposing sight, and at this time inspired with deep significance. Are the French afraid of their new allies? Certainly during these three days of July they betrayed no sign of fear, and I can even assure you that about one hundred and fifty deputies who are still in Paris have declared themselves in the most determined manner for war, in case the insulted national honour demands this sacrifice. But, what is most important, Louis Philippe seems to have bid farewell to the patient endurance of every wrong, and to have taken the most energetic resolutions, in case of need. At least he says so, and M. Thiers assures us that he often finds it difficult to appease the over-boiling rage of the King—or is such yearning for war only a *ruse de guerre* of the divinely-enduring Odysseus?[1]

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[1] French version—"Ou bien cette ardeur guerrière n'est ce qu'une ruse de guerre de l'Ulysse moderne?"

XVI.

PARIS, *July* 30, 1840.

THE Bourse was closed yesterday, as it had been the day before, and the rate of funds had time to recover a little from the great agitation. Paris has, like Sparta, its Temple of Fear, and that is the Bourse, in whose halls men tremble the more anxiously the more stormily courage rages without.

I expressed myself very bitterly yesterday as to the English. From more accurate information it appears that their guilt is not so great as I at first believed. A fat Briton who comes here every year on the 29th of June to show his daughters the fireworks on the Pont de la Concorde, assured me that there prevails in England the greatest discontent with the *coxcomb* Palmerston, who should have foreseen the degree to which the coalition against Egypt would offend the French. It was, the Englishman admitted, an offence (*Beleidigung*) on the part of England, but not treachery or deceit; for France has long known that Mehemet Ali was to be driven by force from Syria, that the

French Ministry had assented to this, and that it had played, as regards that province, a very ambiguous part. The secret chiefs of the Syrian revolt, he declared, are those Frenchmen whose Catholic fanaticism finds an encouraging sympathy, not in Downing Street, but on the Boulevard des Capucines. Already in the history of the Jews tortured in Damascus the French Ministry showed itself much compromised in favour of the Catholic party, and on this occasion Lord Palmerston significantly manifested his slight esteem for the French Prime Minister, since he had publicly contradicted his assertions —*et cætera.*

However this may be,[1] Lord Palmerston might have foreseen that the *coalition* could not be carried out, and that the French would be needlessly put under arms, which certainly would lead to bad results. The more we think of it, the more we are astonished at the whole affair. There are in it motives which are as yet concealed, it may be very delicate and subtle diplomatic motives—or perhaps very stupid!

I have already mentioned the history of the Jews of Damascus. This is here still much discussed, and it forms a standing article in the *Univers*, the organ of the Ultramontane priestly

[1] Here the French version adds—"disent encore les Anglais."

party. For a long time past, this journal has published every day a letter from the East. As the steamboat from the Levant arrives only once in eight days, we are here inclined to believe in a miracle, and all the more so because the events in Damascus have carried us back into the marvellous times of the Middle Age.[1] But is it not a miracle, to begin with, that the news from the air, which is given by the *Univers*, finds any belief in France? Yes, it is not to be denied that a great part of the French people are inclined to believe that the Jews of Damascus, at their Passover feast, drank blood (out of politeness they do not believe this of the Jews of the West), and they put faith in the bloody cruelty, and the most obscure inventions of priestly cunning here strike on very feeble contradiction. Amazed, we ask, Is this France, the home of enlightenment, the land where Voltaire laughed and Rousseau wept? Are these the French who once paid homage to the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame,[2] abjuring all priestly

[1] This is disingenuous. Heine, as a newspaper man, must have known that correspondents often send accumulated letters, and that long communications, written from day to day, may be honestly divided and printed from day to day when received.—*Translator.*

[2] The rest of this passage is omitted in the French version, which ends with the words:—"Le culte de cette divinité a passé bien vite."

deceit, and who proclaimed themselves to be the national enemies of fanaticism through all the world? We will not do them injustice, since a blind wrath against all superstitions inspired them, and because they, old children of the eighteenth century, believed that all religions were defiled with vilest deeds, and that the professors of Judaism were capable of such things, and their frivolous views as to the things done in Damascus did not proceed from anti-Jewish fanaticism, but from hatred to fanaticism itself. That no such narrow-minded views as to these proceedings could prevail in Germany only proves our more extensive erudition. Historical knowledge is so widely disseminated among the German people that even the fiercest hatred would not avail itself of the bloody old legends.

How strangely credulity is associated among common people in France, with its opposite extreme, appeared to me a few evenings ago on the Place de la Bourse, where a man had stationed himself with a great telescope, and showed the moon for two sous. He related meanwhile to the gaping crowd how large the moon was, how many thousands of square miles in extent, how there were on it mountains and rivers, how immensely far it was from the earth, and other wonderful things, which so irresistibly attracted an old porter who was passing by with

his wife, that he took out two sous to see the moon. But his better half opposed this with rationalistic zeal, and advised him to rather keep his two sous for tobacco, declaring that was all superstitious rubbish which the man was telling about the moon, and its mountains, and rivers, and its immense size. All of that was only invented to get money out of people.[1]

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[1] Perhaps it was the mention of *rivers* in the moon, in which Heine himself evidently believed, which excited the woman's suspicions.—*Translator.*

XVII.

GRANVILLE (DEPARTMENT DE LA MANCHE),
August 25, 1840.

FOR three weeks I have traversed Normandy right and left, and I can inform you from personal observation of the last events as to the state of public opinion. All minds were generally agitated by the warlike trumpet peals of the French press, when the landing of Prince Louis gave scope to all possible fears. People tormented themselves with the most despairing hypotheses.[1] To this hour the people here believe that the distinguished adventurer relied on an extensive conspiracy, and that his long delay by the Column of Boulogne indicated a rendezvous which failed through treachery or accident. Two-thirds of the numerous English families who live in Boulogne took to flight, seized by panic terror when they heard a few

[1] In the original Augsburg edition this sentence is thus given: "Public intelligence sought in this act of madness to extract some reasonable cause and tormented themselves," &c.—*German Editor.*

dangerous reports of guns, and saw battle from their own doors in the quiet little town. These fugitives, to justify their fright, bore the most terrible rumours to the English coast, and the chalk cliffs of Albion grew yet whiter for terror. By the change of events the English who dwell in Normandy are recalled by their home-retainers back to the happy island which will long be secure from the depredations of war—that is, until the French shall have equipped a sufficient number of steam vessels wherewith to manage a descent on England.

At Boulogne, such a fleet of steamers would be protected till the day of sailing by innumerable small forts. These latter which surrounded the whole northern coast and De la Manche are built on rocks, which, rising from the sea, look like stone ships of war lying at anchor. They have, owing to a long peace, become somewhat dilapidated, but now they are being repaired and equipped with great zeal. I saw on every side many new and shining cannon brought for this purpose, which laughed at me very merrily; for these intelligent creatures share my antipathy for the English, and will announce it doubtlessly more thunderingly and strikingly. By the way, I would here remark, that the cannon of the French coast shoot to one-third greater distance than the English ship-cannon,

which are indeed of as great a calibre, but not of the same length.[1]

Here in Normandy the rumours of war have stirred up all national feelings and remembrances, and as I yesterday, during the table-talk in the tavern of St. Valery, heard a plan discussed for the invasion of England, I found it by no means ridiculous, for from that very place William the Conqueror had embarked, and his comrades in that time were just such Normans as the good people whom I now heard talking over a similar attack. Let the proud English nobility never forget that there are burghers and peasants in Normandy who can prove by documents their ties of blood with the noblest houses in England, and who would like very well to pay a visit to their dear cousins and connections.[2]

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[1] It is amusing to hear poor Heine, who knew not one end of a gun from another, nor a ship's stem from its stern, talking *en connoisseur* of cannon as if they were his intimate friends, and discussing the chances of war as if he had been brought up in camps from childhood. One thing seems never to have occurred to him as to battles, any more than it does to most Paris *badauds*, which was once thus succinctly put during the American war to certain inexperienced boasters who were explaining how their forces would march from city to city as victors:—"What the d—l do you suppose the *enemy* will be doing all that time?"—*Translator.*

[2] Heine here develops a great sympathy for the friends of the Conqueror. He should have mentioned that one of them,

The English nobility is, in fact, the latest in Europe, in spite of the high-sounding names, which seldom show a sign of high birth, but are generally borrowed. The excessive pride of these lordships and ladyships is perhaps a trick of their *parvenu* youth, since, as ever, the younger the tree the more greenly bitter the fruit. That pride once drove the English chivalry into ruinous strife with the democratic tendencies and demands of France, and it is very possible that their late arrogance originated in similar causes, for, to our great amazement, we found that on that occasion Tories voted with Whigs.

But whence comes it that such an outburst of all the aristocratic interests which Lord Palmerston ever wove into the web of the English people found so much sympathy among them? The cause is that, firstly, the whole English people, the gentry as well as the high nobility, and the mob like the latter, are very aristocratically inclined, and that, secondly, there is always in the English heart a secret envy, which, like an evil ulcer, teases and festers so soon as comfortable prosperity blooms in

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Bussli, burnt alive in the tower of York about a thousand of his —Heine's—cousins and connections or ancestors. The following remark that the English nobility is the latest created in Europe is quite untrue, as our author, of all men, should have known and reflected!—*Translator.*

France, as soon as French industry flourishes through peace, and the French marine develops itself considerably.

It is especially in relation to the navy that the most vindictive envy is attributed to the English, and there is really in the French ports a development of strength which may readily induce the belief that the English maritime power will soon be surpassed by that of France. The former has been stationary for twenty years, while the latter progresses most vigorously.

I have already remarked in an earlier letter how the building of men-of-war is so energetically carried on that, in case of a war, there could in a short time be twice as many ships afloat as France possessed in 1814. A Leipzig journal denied this assertion in a tolerably harsh fashion, whereat I merely shrug my shoulders, for I have not derived my statements from mere hearsay evidence, but from direct personal observation.[1]

In Cherbourg, where I was eight days ago, and where a good number of the French fleet plashes in the harbour, I was assured that at Brest there are twice as many ships of war as formerly; that is, more than fifteen ships of the line, frigates, and brigs, some finished to within one-twentieth and equipped. In four

[1] In the French version—"Dans des conversations avec des personnes compétentes." Which is hearsay evidence.

weeks I shall have an opportunity to become personally acquainted with them. Till then I will content myself with remarking that, as here in Lower Normandy, so there prevails on the Breton coast the most warlike excitement, and that the most serious preparations are being made for war.

As for me, I do not believe in war,[1] and, as you know, I never doubted the continuance of peace. But it is always important to know with what feelings people greet an outbreak of hostilities. And as regards this, I observed among the multitude a marvellous shrewdness. The French do not deceive themselves as to the dangers which threaten them from within as well as from without. But as they know exactly their real condition, and what they want, they will act with the greatest rapidity. I am convinced that they will first of all free themselves from that party of the past which, as an irreconcilable foe of new France, cannot be disarmed either by magnanimity or reason, and which at the least hint of a foreign invasion plays its old tricks, and, as people say, stirs up the Chouans in La Vendée to civil war. Travellers assure me that a few slight skirmishes

[1] All that follows to "Ah God!" or forty-two lines, is omitted in the French edition, an omission not noted by the German editor.

have already taken place there, but that these premature attempts were soon suppressed. It was important to me to ascertain what the people here think of the King, and I remarked with pleasure that there is attributed to him the truest feeling for his people, and that there is not the least suspicion of anti-national sympathy in him. It is well known that he loves peace—and what honourable man does not?—but it is also known that he does not fear war unto cowardice.

In fact, Louis Philippe is a hero, but one after the fashion of Ulysses, who never fought willingly when he could help himself through a trouble with the diplomacy of oratory, yet who fought as bravely as any Ajax or Achilles when words were no longer of avail, and he was forced to seize sword or bow. Public opinion even has it that, even in the worst case, he would take refuge in a very terroristic defence.

Ah God! anything but war! I am afraid lest the whole French people, when hard beset, should again bring out the red cap, which will heat its head much more than the three-cornered Bonaparte wishing-hat![1] I would here put the

[1] *Wünschelhütchen*—the wishing-cap of the dwarfs. This is omitted in the French version, nor is its applicability very evident in German, or the fitness of calling it a demonic talisman.—*Translator.*

question as to how far the diabolical powers of destruction, which obey that old talisman in France, could make themselves felt abroad. It would be important to investigate the meaning of the powers ascribed to a magic means of which the French press has whispered and hissed so mysteriously and threateningly of late by the name of "propaganda." I must, for reasons readily intelligible, refrain from all such researches, and as regards the greatly discussed propaganda I permit myself to speak only in a parable.

It is well known that in Lapland there still prevails much heathenism, and that the Lapps who would go to sea, first, to buy the favourable winds, needed go to a wizard. He gives them a handkerchief in which there are three knots. When one is at sea and unbinds the first knot, the air stirs and there comes a good breeze, when the second is unfastened there is increased strength and a hard blow. But with the third, rises a roaring storm which lashes the raging sea, and the ship crashes and sinks with men and mice.[1] When the Lapp goes to his wizard,

[1] I have seen this tried in a dead calm in 1846 on a sailing vessel. The knot was tied loosely, so that it could be "flapped out," not untied, and the ceremony was accompanied by whistling. As I was the scholar or magician, it devolved on me to tie the knots which the captain flapped out. The wished-

he of course declares that he only wants one knot, a single breeze, that he wants no stronger wind, and least of all a roaring storm. But it is useless, the wind is only sold by wholesale; he must pay for all three kinds; and then woe to him should he afterwards, when on the high sea, being drunk with *branntewein*, in his folly untie the more dangerous knots! The French are not so lapsed in folly as the Lapps (*nicht so läppisch wie die Lappen*), though they might be frivolous enough to unbridle the storm by which they might perish.[1] Thus far they are far away enough from it all. As I was assured with sorrowful mien, the French Ministry did not show any marked disposition to buy when certain Prussian and revolutionary Polish wind-makers who are, however, no conjurors or wizards—offered their ware for sale.

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for wind came in due time. According to the original sources, it is not a wizard but a Lapland witch who sells the wind to Swedish or Norse sailors. The Lapps are not a seafaring race. —*Translator.*

[1] This is magniloquently rendered in French as "Les tempêtes qui les entraîneraient immanquablement eux-mêmes dans l'abîme." In Pennsylvania a silly fellow is called a *loppus*, from the German *Lappes*, or *Laffe*.

XVIII.

PARIS, *September* 21, 1840.

I HAVE returned without much booty from a late journey through Brittany. It is a wretched, desolate land, where mankind is stupid and dirty. Nor did I hear a note of the beautiful popular songs which I expected to collect; such ballads are only to be found in old song-books, of which I bought several, but as they are written in Breton dialects, I must first have them translated into French before I can communicate anything regarding them. The only song (*Lied*) which I heard on my journey was German. It was while I sat in a barber's shop in Rennes that I heard some one in the street bleating the "Maiden's Wreath" from "Der Freyschutz" in German. I did not see the singer himself, but his violet-blue silk rang for days after in my memory.[1] France

[1] "Wir winden Dir den Jungfernkranz"—

"We wind the virgin wreath for thee,
Of silk of violet blue;
We lead thee forth to dances free:
To joy and fortune too!
O fair green virgin wreath!"

is now swarming with German beggars, who live by singing, and do not much advance thereby the fame of German music.

I cannot communicate much as to the political feelings of Brittany, for the people do not speak so freely here as in Normandy; passions are as taciturn as deep, and the friend as well as the enemy of the present Government broods over it in silent wrath. As at the beginning of the Revolution, there are still in Brittany the greatest enthusiastics for it, and their zeal has been exalted to the most sanginary rage by the terrors with which the opposite party threatens them. It is an error to believe that the peasants in Brittany, out of love for the *ci-devant* aristocratic rule, flew to arms at every Legitimist outbreak. On the contrary, the horrors of the *ancien régime* are still impressed in most vivid colours on their memories, and the noble gentlemen put things to rights with a high hand, and carried on terribly enough (*entsetzlich genug gewirthschaftet*) in Brittany. You recall, perhaps, the passage in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné where she relates how, when the discontented serfs and *roturiers* had broken in the windows of the General Governor, those who were guilty were put to death in the cruellest manner. The number of those who were broken on the wheel must have been very great, for, when they afterwards

used the halter, Madame de Sévigné observed naïvely, that after so many executions by the wheel, hanging seemed to them as a change really refreshing—*les pendaisons lui semblaient un vrai rafraîchissement!* The want of love for the nobility is made up for by expectation from the promises of the latter, and a poor Breton who had taken an active part in every Legitimist *émeute*, and got nothing by it all save wounds and wretchedness, told me that he was this time sure of his reward, for that Henry V. when restored would pay to every one who had fought for him an annual life-pension of five hundred francs.[1]

But if the people of Brittany have very lukewarm and very disinterested sympathies for the old *noblesse*, it follows all the more blindly all the inspirations and suggestions of the clergy in whose spiritual and personal service it is born, lives, and dies. The Breton of to-day belongs to his priest, and obeys him even as did in the old Celtic time the Druid, and it is only by his intermission that he serves the nobleman. Georges Cadoudal was certainly no servile lackey of the nobility, even as little as was Charette, who spoke of the latter with bitterest contempt, and who wrote bluntly to Louis XVIII., "La lâcheté de vos

[1] About the income from two acres and a cow.—*Translator.*

gentilshommes a perdu votre cause." But before their tonsured chiefs these poor peasants humbly bowed their knees. Even the Breton Jacobins could never quite free themselves from churchly follies, and there was always a cleft in their feelings when freedom in their minds fought with their faith.

But now there have been many changes as regards all this. Lamennais is himself a Breton, and his doctrine is perhaps a product of his soil. The clergy must all reconcile themselves with the new dynasty of thought, since they can never hope to raise the old again. Let us do them no injustice; to benefit mankind, we must guide them, and we can only attain the means to this serious aim by alliance with ruling powers. The doctrine of Lamennais is, however, of the most terrible significance, not only for France, but for all Europe, and especially in case of a war against the Quadruple Alliance will it play an important part. I long since called your attention to the fact that the French Ministry agrees admirably with that party, and not only spares it, but now and then flatters it. Say what we may, M. Thiers is a great statesman, and, with his religious indifference, it may easily occur to him to use religion, the holy embassy of peace, as a means of destruction or disturbance. And especially during a war all kinds of events might

take place, of which we have now no foreboding, and the present moment is terrible, wherein the peace of the world depends on the least misunderstanding.[1]

But will there be war? Not now; but the evil spirit is again unchained and is haunting men's souls. Who was it waked this fiend? I believe that in this the greed of the English was as much to blame as the folly of the French. In fact, a leading statesman assured me about six weeks since that the crafty Brunnow lured the English by showing them in the background the destruction of the French marine as a natural result of the coming complications and collisions. And, strangely enough, in all Normandy, as I already wrote to you from Granville, and also in Brittany, I found the idea current everywhere like a popular legend, that England had made alliance with Russian interests out of treacherous envy of the blooming development of the French navy. What the daintiest diplomatic nose has scented, the people have seen through with their marvellous clairvoyance.

The French Ministry has acted very imprudently by blowing so suddenly with all its power the trump of war and rattling up all Europe

[1] The foregoing passage or page is omitted in the French version, with about one half of what follows in this chapter.—*Translator.*

with its drum. M. Thiers, like the fisherman in the Arabian tale, has opened the bottle from which rose high in air the terrible demon. "And didst thou really come out of so small a receptacle?" asked the fisherman of the giant, and asked him, in proof thereof, to creep back again into the flask, and when the great fool did it, the fisher closed the flask for evermore. . . . . The post is about to leave, and I break off our discourse, relying on to-morrow, where we shall not, however, bring it to an end, because of the many intervening episodes.

XIX.

PARIS, *October* 1, 1840.

"HAVE you read the Book of Baruch?" With this question La Fontaine ran one day through all the streets of Paris, stopping every acquaintance to tell him the great news that the Book of Baruch in the Old Testament was admirably beautiful—in fact, one of the best things which had ever been written. People looked at him with amazement and laughed, perhaps even as I see you smile when you receive by post the letter in which I give the important news that the "Thousand and One Nights" is one of the best of books, and especially profitable and edifying in these our times. For we can learn the East better from it than from all the descriptions of Lamartine, Poujoulat, and Co.; and though this knowledge will not positively suffice to solve the Eastern question, it will at least cheer us up a little in our Western misery. One feels so happy while reading this book! Even its very frame is more precious than the best of our Western pictures. What a glorious fellow is

Sultan Schahriar, who promptly has all his brides executed the morning after his nuptials! What a depth of feeling, what a terrible chastity of soul, what tenderness of matrimonial consciousness is revealed in that naïve deed of love, which has been hitherto calumniated as cruel, barbarous, despotic! The man had an antipathy against every defilement of his feelings, and it seemed to him that they were stained by the bare thought that the bride who to-day lay on his mighty heart, might to-morrow be on that of another—perhaps of some common vulgar fellow; therefore he rather had her slain next day! And since it is now the fashion to rehabilitate into honour many noble beings whom the stupid public has long defamed and libelled, so should we rehabilitate in public opinion brave Sultan Schahriar. I myself cannot just at this moment undertake it, being busy with an apology for King Procrustes, wherein I propose to prove that this monarch has been hitherto so falsely judged because he was in advance of his age, and sought to realise in a heroic aristocratic period the most modern of popular ideas. No one understood why he be-littled the great, and drew out the small to make them fit his iron bed of equality.

Republicanism makes every day more important strides in France, and Robespierre and

Marat are thoroughly rehabilitated. Oh, noble Schahriar and truly democratic Procrustes! ye too shall not long remain misunderstood. Now it is that men first know you. Truth conquers in the end.[1]

Madame Lafarge, since her condemnation, is discussed more vehemently than she was before it. Public opinion is entirely in her favour, since M. Raspail (the most blameless man in France)

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[1] Instead of this passage, the following is given in the original letter to the *Augsburg Journal*:—

"Republicanism makes every day more important strides in France. The overthrow of the Bonapartists is perhaps as great a gain for France as it is a loss for the adherents of the Orleans dynasty; there is now no transition party between them, and both will in consequence come into more violent collision. The Legitimists rejoice exceedingly over the Bonapartist mischance, for they hate Napoleon even more than the Republic and Louis Philippe, and they also think that Henry V. is now the only pretender. Prince Louis Bonaparte is, in fact, for ever lost, not only by the fool's business which he undertook at Boulogne, but also by choosing M. Berryer, the crafty head-steward of the Carlists, for his defender.

"Here in Paris prevails at present a discontented brooding feeling. Many troops are marching through the city with dull beating of drums, while the telegraph plays in the air with anxious inquieting haste. The trial of Prince Louis will be at an end in a few days, and it does not excite much interest in the multitude. The poor Prince makes a failure (*Fiasko*), while Madame Lafarge since her condemnation is discussed more vehemently than before."

Of which prediction in reference to "the poor Prince," it may be said, as Brummel said of his cravats: "One of our failures."—*Translator.*

has thrown his good opinion in the scale. If we consider that on one side a firm Republican appears and compromises by his assertions, against the interests of his own party, one of the most popular institutions of France, or the jury, while, on the other, the one on whose opinion the jury based their condemnation is a notorious intriguer and charlatan, a burr on the garments of the great, a thorn in the flesh of the oppressed, flattering above, slanderous below, false in speech as in singing:—O Heaven! one then doubts no longer that Marie Capelle is innocent, and that the famous toxicologist who is dean of the medical faculty of Paris, namely, M. Orfila, should be put in her place on the scaffold in the market-square of Tulle! Those who knew from nearer observation the machinations of that vain and selfish man to any degree, must be convinced to his very soul that no means are too vile for him if he can only find an opportunity to make himself known in his scientific specialty, and above all to enhance the splendour of his renown. In fact, this wretched singer, who when he bleats his miserable romances in the soirées of Paris, spares no human ear, and would fain kill all who laugh at him, would never hesitate to take a human life if it were to make the public believe that no one is so skilled as he in bringing every secret poison

to light! Public opinion declares that there was no poison in the body of Madame Lafarge, but a great deal in the heart of M. Orfila. Those who approve the verdict of the jury of Tulle are in a very small minority, and no longer speak with the same assurance as before. There are, however, people among them who believe indeed that there was poisoning, but who regard the crime as a species of self-defence, and so relatively defend it. Lafarge, they say, was guilty of a great misdemeanour; in order to save himself from bankruptcy by means of a dowry, he had, as it were, stolen the noble woman by means of false representations, carried her into his robber's den, where, surrounded by the rudest associates, amid moral martyrdom and deadly privations, the poor petted and spoiled Parisienne, accustomed to a thousand intellectual refined wants, had necessarily to fade, die away, and decay miserably like a fish out of water, like a bird among bats, or a flower among Limousin brutes. Was not that murder, and was not defence of desperate nature (*Nothwehr*) excusable? This is what her defenders say, adding that when the wretched woman saw that she was imprisoned, incarcerated in the desolate charterhouse (*Chartreuse*) called Glandier, watched by the old thief-mother, without legal aid, or rather fettered by the law itself, she lost her head, and

among the mad means of deliverance which she at first attempted, was that famous letter in which she falsely represented to her husband that, as she loved another, she could never love him; that he should in consequence let her go free; that she would fly to Asia, and that he might keep her dowry.

The poor dear fool! In her delusion, she believed that a man could not live with a wife who did not love him—that he would die of it—it must be death. But when she saw that the man *could* live without being loved, and that want of love did not kill him,[1] she flew to pure arsenic—rat poison for a rat! The jurymen of Tulle seem to have felt something of all this, otherwise it would not be intelligible why they should have spoken in their verdict of extenuating circumstances. But this much is certain, that the trial of the lady of Glandier is a most important legal precedent, on the solution of which depends the whole social life of France. The extraordinary interest which this trial has awakened in the public is the result of a con-

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[1] It would be difficult to find in any English writer such instances of idle repetition as abound in these letters.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version these words follow: "Cette naïve prière date du moyen âge, où les Juifs avaient tant à souffrir, et où ils n'étaient nullement heureux."

sciousness of suffering. Poor women! you are truly to be pitied! Jews in their daily prayers thank God that he did not create them to be women here. A naïve prayer for men who are hardly to be called lucky in having been born, but who regard being a female creature as the most terrible disaster! They are quite right even in France, where woman's misery is covered with so many roses.

XX.

PARIS, *October* 3, 1840.

SINCE yesterday evening there prevails here an excitement beyond belief. The thunder of the cannon of Beyrout is re-echoed in the hearts of all Frenchmen. I am as if stunned; terrible fears thrill through my soul. War is the least of the evils which I fear. There may yet pass in Paris scenes compared to which all those of the former earlier Revolution would seem to be a Midsummer Night's Dream! The former Revolution? No; the Revolution is ever one and the same; we have as yet only seen the beginning, and many of us will not survive the middle of it. The French would be in evil case should the majority of bayonets decide here. But it is not iron which kills, but the hand, and that obeys the soul. So all depends on how many souls there will be in either scale. Trains are being formed before the *bureaux de recrutement* as before the theatres when a good play is given, and a countless number of young men enrol themselves as volunteers for military service. The

Palais Royal swarms with workmen reading newspapers and seeming very serious. The seriousness which now manifests itself in taciturnity is far more a cause of anxiety than was the loquacious anger shown two months ago. It is said that the Chambers are to be assembled, which will be perhaps a new misfortune. Deliberating bodies paralyse all force of action in a government, unless they themselves exercise the governmental power, as did, for instance, the Convention of 1792. In those days the French were in a much worse condition than at present.[1]

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[1] To this the French version adds: "Et cependant ils en sont sortis victorieux. Il ne faut pas l'oublier.

XXI.

PARIS, *October* 7, 1840.

POPULAR agitation increases every hour. With the fiery impatience of the French, it is hardly to be conceived how they can remain in this state of uncertainty. "Decision—a determination at any price!" is the cry of the whole people, who believe that their honour is wounded. Whether this wound is real or imagined, I cannot decide. The declaration of the English and Russians that what they do is all for public peace sounds very ironically when at the same time the thunder of cannon at Beyrout proclaims the contrary. It provokes the utmost exasperation that the firing was especially directed at the tricoloured flag of the French consul. Yesterday evening the occupants of the *parterre* in the Grand Opera cried to the orchestra to play the Marseillaise; but as a police officer forbade this, it was sung without accompaniment, but with such angry excitement that the words were stifled in the singers' throats and growled out unintelligibly. Or have the words of that terrible song been

forgotten by the French, and do they only remember the air?[1] The commissaire of police, who advanced on the stage to speak to the public, stammered out, among many bows, that the orchestra could not play the Marseillaise because it was not on the bill of the play. "Messieurs, l'orchestre ne peut jouer la Marseillaise parceque ce morceau de musique n'est pas marqué sur l'affiche." A voice in the *parterre* replied, "Monsieur, that is no reason; for you are not down in the bill yourself." To-day the prefect of police has given leave to all the theatres to play the Marseilles Hymn, and I do not regard this circumstance as a trifle. I see therein a symptom and sign of war which is more significant than all the warlike declarations of the Ministerial press. These have been blowing of late so terribly on the trumpet of Bellona that war seems inevitable. The Ministers of war and of the navy were the most pacific; the most belligerent of all was the Minister of Public Instruction, a worthy man, who, since he has been in office, has won the esteem even of

[1] Very few people know more than a few lines of any national melody. In 1861, in a private assembly of ardent Republicans in New York, some one spoke of the vast influence of patriotic songs, when Mr. afterwards General Birney remarked that he did not believe there was a person present who could repeat more than the first lines of the "Star-spangled Banner." All who were present confessed that this was true.—*Translator.*

his enemies, and who is now developing as much practical power as enthusiasm, but who certainly is not so well qualified to judge of the military force of France as the Ministers of War and of Marine. Thiers counterbalances them all, and is really the man of the nationality (*der Mann die Nationalität*). The latter is a great lever in his hands, he having learned from Napoleon that the French can be far more effectively moved by it than by ideas, or that one by it can protect ideas. Despite his nationalism, France remains the representative of the Revolution, and the French only fight for this,[1] even when they fight from vanity, selfishness, and folly. Thiers has imperial longings in him, and, as I wrote to you at the end of July, war is the joy of his heart. Now the floor of his study is covered with maps, and there he lies, *sur le ventre*, sticking black and green pins into the paper, just like Napoleon. It is as infamous as ridiculous a calumny that he has ever speculated on the Bourse. A man can obey only one passion, and ambition seldom thinks of wealth. By his familiarity with unprincipled *chevaliers d'industrie*, Thiers has attracted all the slanders which defile his fame. These people,

[1] The French version here adds: "Pour cette cause commune de tous les peuples." This addition or variation, like many others, is not given in the German edition.—*Translator.*

when he turns his back on them, slander him even more than his political foes. But why does he keep company with such blackguards? He who lies down with dogs will rise with fleas.

I admire the King's courage. Every hour of delay by him in satisfying the wounded national feeling increases the danger which threatens his throne more terribly than all the cannon of the Allies. [What a hand that must be which has the power to rein raging passions, and does not fear to be a sacrifice.[1]] To-morrow, it is said, the orders will be published which assemble the Chambers and declare France to be in a state of war. Yesterday evening at the *Bourse de Nuit* or night-exchange at Tortoni's it was said that Lalande had received orders to hasten to the Strait of Gibraltar in order to defend the entry to the Mediterranean from the Russian fleet, should the latter attempt a junction with that of the English. The *rentes*, which had the day before already fallen two per cent., tumbled down two more. M. de Rothschild, it is declared, had the toothache—others say the colic.[2] What will

[1] This extraordinary figure of the hand holding the reins, which does not fear, &c., is wisely omitted from the French version. It is worthy of Sir Boyle Roche.—*Translator.*

[2] Instead of this passage the following was given in the first letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung:* "And it is also said that a

come of it all? The storm draws on apace, and in the air we hear the flapping of the wings of the Valkyrie, the sorceress goddesses who guide the fate of battles. It is no shame to any man to tremble at such a time.

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terribly highly peppered ultimatum, equivalent to a declaration of war, has been sent to London. There are to-day contradictory reports afloat. An article in the *Courier Français*, which is aimed full at the King and speaks of him as an impediment, bewilders everybody."

In the French version this passage follows:—"Je viens de parler à un agent de change dont l'odorat est très-fin, et qui a eu l'honneur de pouvoir s'approcher un moment de M. de Rothschild; il m'assure que la Baron est atteint d'une colique très-prononcée, et que les rentes fléchiront davantage aussitôt que cette nouvelle sera connue à la Bourse."

XXII.

PARIS, *October* 29, 1840.

THIERS goes out and Guizot comes in. But it is the same play, only the actors change. This change of parts was effected by the particular request of many very distinguished, and indeed most distinguished, individuals, and not at all by that of the public, which was very well contented with the play of its first hero. The latter, it is true, played a little too much to the pit; his successor looks more for applause to the boxes, especially the *loges d'ambassadeurs*.

We have in these columns always freely expressed our liking for Thiers, and never concealed a prejudice against Guizot, but we have always unconditionally praised the private character of the latter, and we willingly pay him the tribute of our respect, while our reproaches were only directed at the statesman. Shall we be able to exercise the extremest impartiality towards the latter? We will honourably attempt it. At this hour it is our greatest duty.[1]

[1] The preceding passage, from the words "We have," is omitted in the French version.

At this present time we will not refuse our pity to the man who, under present circumstances, enters the Hotel des Capucines; he is much more to be pitied than he who leaves this house of torture or of ennui (*Martyrhaus oder Drillhaus*). He is almost as much to be pitied as the King himself:—people shoot at the one and slander the other. How much mud was thrown at Thiers during his Ministry? To-day he will return again to his little house on the Place Saint-George, and I advise him to at once take a bath. There he will again show himself to his friends in unsullied greatness, and, as happened four years ago, when he in the same sudden manner left the Ministry, every one will see that his hands have remained clean, and that his heart has not shrunk. He has only grown a little graver, though true seriousness was never wanting to him, and concealed itself under light forms of life, as was the case with Cæsar.[1] The accusation of *forfanterie*, of boasting and arrogance, which was of late so often urged against him, he refuted justly by leaving the Ministry; justly, because he was not a boaster, since he made great preparation for war; for that reason he was compelled to retire. And now every one sees to-day that his cry to arms was no braggadocio sham-fighting. The sum expended for the army,

[1] The French version adds *et le Cardinal de Retz.*

the marine, and the fortifications already exceeds four hundred millions of francs, and in a few months there will be six hundred thousand soldiers in marching order. More formidable preparations for war were projected, and that is the reason why the King, before the meeting of the Chambers, must rid himself at any cost of the great military Minister—of this chief of all the drums—(I avoid the expression *tambour-major*, for reasons easily guessed). He must, as I said, get rid of this chief of drummers, who beat the *reveille* which called to war in a manner as reckless as it was rattling (*d'un façon aussi étourdie qu'étourdissant*). Some very narrow heads of deputies will of course cry out at the useless expenses, never reflecting that it is just these preparations for war which will assure us peace. One sword doth keep another in its sheath. The great question as to whether France was or was not insulted by the proceedings before the Treaty of London will now be debated in the Chambers. It is an entangled question, the reply to which involves attention to the difference of nationalities.[1] But just at present we have peace, and praise is due to King Louis Philippe for having shown as much courage in maintaining peace as Napoleon did in making war. Do not laugh; he is the Napoleon of peace.

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

XXIII.

PARIS, *November* 4, 1840.

MARSHAL SOULT, the man of the sword, takes care of the internal peace of France, and this is his exclusive task. The external tranquillity is the business of Louis Philippe, the king of craftiness, who with patient hands, and not with the sword, tries to disentangle the meshes of diplomacy in its Gordian knot. Will he succeed? We hope so, and that in the interests of the princes as well as of the peoples of Europe. The last by war gain death and misery. The former, or the princes, may, in the most favourable case, by a victory over France make real the dangers which perhaps now exist only in the imagination of certain statesmen as serious apprehensions. The terrible turning of the wheel which took place in France fifty years ago is now, if not ended, at least checked, unless some power from without shall set it to whirling again. By the threats of a war with the new coalition, not only the throne will be endangered, but also the rule of that *bourgeoisie* which Louis Philippe

rightly or certainly actually represents. The *bourgeoisie*, not the people, began the Revolution of 1789, and ended that of 1830; it is that which now governs, although many of its representatives are of aristocratic blood, and it is *that* which holds in check the urgent multitude, which demands not only equality of laws, but also of enjoyments. The *bourgeoisie*, which has to defend its painfully achieved work, the new constitution of the state, against the pressure of the people, which cries for a radical overthrow of society, is certainly too weak, should foreign foes attack them four to one. Ere it came to invasion the *bourgeoisie* would abdicate; the lower classes would assume their place as in the terrible time of 1790, but better organised, with clearer consciousness of what they need, with new doctrines, new divinities, new earthly and heavenly powers; so that the stranger must fight with a social instead of with a political revolution. Prudence would then suggest to the allied Powers to support the present Government, lest far more dangerous and contagious elements should be set loose and act with power. Divinity itself gives its earthly representatives such an edifying example; the latest attempt at murder shows how Providence peculiarly protects the head of Louis Philippe; it protects the great master of the fire-brigade, who extinguishes the

fire and prevents a general conflagration of the world.[1]

I do not doubt that Marshal Soult will succeed in establishing internal peace. Thiers by his military preparations has left him enough soldiers, who, of course, are deeply discontented with their change of destination. Will he be able to count on these when the people with armed impatience cry for war? Will the soldiers be able to resist the passion for war in their own hearts, and rather fight their brothers than the foe? Will they calmly endure the reproach of cowardice? Will they not lose their heads altogether when all at once the dead field-marshal from St. Helena arrives? I would that the man now lay at peace under the cupola of the Invalides, and we had happily survived the funeral procession.

I will subsequently discuss the relation of Guizot to the two above-mentioned supporters of the state.[2] Therefore it is not certain how far he intends to shield both with the ægis of his word. His talent as orator will be in full requisition within a few weeks, and if the Chamber, as it is declared, shall establish a principle of the

[1] The sixteen lines which follow are omitted from the French version.

[2] In the French version this passage is thus given: "Je parlerais plus tard des rapports entre Guizot et le président titulaire du conseil qui s'appele Soult, tandis que le véritable président se nomme Louis Philippe."

casus belli, then the learned man may set forth his political erudition in the most brilliant manner. The Chamber will take particularly into consideration the declaration of the Powers in coalition that they intend by pacification in the East no increase of their territories or similar private advantages, and to determine absolutely as a *casus belli* any infraction of this. Such declarations are always deceptive, and greed always gets before honesty where there is a good booty to divide. Such will be the case at the fall of the Ottoman Empire, whose prolonged death-struggle is a terrible thing. The crowned vultures fly about the dying to tear away later every one his strip of flesh. Who will get the fattest morsel?—Russia, England, or France? France will have for its part only disgust at the sight. This is called the Oriental Question.

What part M. Thiers will play on this occasion, and whether he means to oppose his old antagonist Guizot with all the force of his eloquence, I can only let you know at a later date.

Guizot is in a difficult position, and I have often said to you that I feel great pity for him. He is a brave man of firm convictions, and Calumatta has truly depicted his noble exterior in an admirable portrait—a stiff Puritan head leaned against a stone wall; should he move his head hastily backwards, he might hurt himself

badly. I cannot praise this portrait sufficiently; it was published some time ago by Rittner, the German art-dealer on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence a number of beautiful works have come —for instance, the "Fisher" of Leopold Robert. When Herr Rittner lately showed me this masterwork of the graver, now almost finished, he remarked that his customers in the provinces, as in foreign countries, require fifteen portraits of Thiers to one of any other distinguished man.[1]

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[1] The words from "I cannot praise" appear in the original Augsburg letter, but only in a foot-note in the later German edition. The French version is a little varied: "Une dédaigneuse figure de Puritain, le front élevé et obstiné. . . . Le portrait est exposé aux vitraux de Goupil et Rittner. Bien du monde s'arrête pour le regarder, et M. Guizot a déjà en effigie beaucoup à supporter les lazzis moqueurs des Parisiens."

XXIV.

PARIS, *November* 6, 1840.

A BOOK has just been published on the Revolution of July and the part which Louis Philippe took therein, which excites general attention and is everywhere discussed. It is the first part of Louis Blanc's *Histoire de Dix Ans.* I have not as yet seen the work; when I shall have read it I will endeavour to give an independent opinion as to its merits. To-day I only inform you what I may say in advance as to the author and his position, that you may have the true point of view from which to exactly decide how much party-spirit is in the book, and how much faith or distrust you may accord to it.

The author, M. Louis Blanc, is a man as yet young, at the most not over thirty, though from his appearance he might be taken for a small boy of thirteen. In fact, his really tiny form, his rosy-cheeked, beardless little face, and his delicate, tender treble of a voice, as yet unformed, all give him the appearance of a nice little boy just escaped from the third class of some college,

and wearing his first dress-coat;[1] and yet he is a notable of the Republican party, and in his reasoning there is a moderation such as is only heard from grey-haired men. His physiognomy, especially the lively eyes, indicate a South of France origin. Louis Blanc was born at Madrid of French parents. His mother is from Corsica and a Pozzo di Borgo. He was educated at Rodez. I do not know how long he has been in Paris, but six years ago I met him here as the editor of a Republican journal called *Le Monde*, and since then he founded the *Revue de Progrès*, now the most important Republican organ. His cousin, Pozzo di Borgo, the former Russian ambassador, has not been much pleased, it is said, with the direction which the talents of the young man have taken, and not unfrequently complained of it. [I may mention, by the way, that very sad news has been received regarding that distinguished diplomat. His mental malady appears to be incurable, he often becomes raging mad, and then imagines that Napoleon wishes to have him shot.]

The mother of Louis Blanc, and all her family, live in Corsica; but that is consanguinity of body, not of soul. Spiritually, Louis Blanc is most nearly akin to Jean Jacques Rousseau,

[1] French version—"Portant encore l'habit de sa première communion."

whose works are the departing-point of all his thought and style. His warm, simple, truthful prose recalls that first father of the Church of the Revolution. *L'Organisation du Travail* is a work by Louis Blanc which has for some time directed attention to him. We find in every line of the little book, if not thorough knowledge, a glowing sympathy for the people, and there is manifest in it[1] both a predilection for absolute authority and a profound aversion for eminently gifted individuality (*gegen genialen Personalismus*), by which Louis Blanc distinguishes himself markedly from several of his Republican contemporaries—as, for example, the *spirituel* Pyot. This difference some time ago came near causing dissension when Louis Blanc refused to assent to the absolute freedom of the press, which was claimed by the Republicans.[2] Here it is evident enough that the latter love freedom only for freedom's sake, but that Louis

[1] In the French version—"Il s'y manifeste en même temps la plus grande prédilection pour l'autorité absolue, et une profonde aversion pour toute individualisme éminent, aversion qui pourrait bien avoir sa source cachée dans une jalousie contre toute superiorité d'esprit et même de corps ; oui, on dit que le petit bonhomme jalouse même ceux qui sont d'une taille qui dépasse la sienne. Cette disposition hostile contre l'individualisme le distingue," &c.

[2] To which the French version adds—"Comme le palladium de la liberté, comme un droit imprescriptible." The next passage is wanting.

Blanc regards it as a means of advancing philanthropic aims, so that to him, from this point of view, governmental authority, without which no government can greatly benefit the people, is of far greater avail than all authority or privilege of individual power or greatness. Yes, it may be that on account of his small stature every great personality is repulsive to him, and he regards them with an antipathy which he has in common with another pupil of Rousseau, the late Maximilian Robespierre. I believe that this mannikin (*Knirps*) would like to cut off every head which rises above the prescribed recruiting measure—of course in the interests of public welfare, universal equality, and of social popular happiness. He himself is sober, appears to refuse all enjoyment to his small body, and will therefore introduce a general equality of cookery, wherein the same Spartan black broth shall be boiled for us all, and, what is more terrible, where the giant shall get the same allowance as his brother dwarf.[1] No, none of that

[1] The reader will find these bits or hints from Heine expanded into genial and vigorous chapters in the work *Sozialdemokratische Zukunftsbilder von Eugen Richter.* It does not seem to have occurred to either writer that while the tremendous problem of individualism *versus* general communistic laws, and of human nature against theory is as yet unsolved, such objections as these of the general kitchen, blacking boots, and servants, &c., amount to little or nothing, and, in fact, *aid*

for me, if you please, my new Lycurgus! It is true that we are all brothers, but "I'm the big brother, while you're the little one, and therefore I must have the biggest piece."[1] Louis Blanc is a comical compound of Lilliputian and Spartan. In any case, I believe that he has a great future, and that he will play a part, though it may be brief. He is peculiarly well adapted to be the great man among the small, who can easily carry such as he on their shoulders, while men of a colossal stature—I would almost say minds of great corpulence—would be for them far too heavy a load.

Though Louis Blanc yearns for Republican austerity (*Strenge*), he is nevertheless afflicted with that childish vanity which is almost always

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the Communists. Yet it would appear that this vast majority, including even the most cultivated minds, can at present only understand the *personal* argument, or what would be inconvenient in a *transition* state. Louis Blanc had every opportunity given him to test his theories in 1848, and they signally failed.—*Translator.*

[1] To which is added in the French version—"Et il y en a qui ont des goûts-aristocratiques, et qui préfèrent les truffes aux pommes de terre les plus vertueuses." Which is very contradictory; Heine himself having twice declared with emphasis in "Germany" that he anticipated a commune where everybody was to enjoy every luxury, even to perfumes. The prediction that Louis Blanc would play a part, though brief, was marvellously fulfilled in 1848, when he became a member of the Provisional Government, and was generally regarded as the man who was to re-model society.—*Translator.*

found among men of very small stature. He would like to shine among women, but these frivolous creatures, these vicious wretches, laugh in his face; let him march round them as he may on the stilts of conversation, the ladies do not take it in earnest, and prefer some idiot with long mustachios to the beardless tribune. This tribune, however, devotes to his reputation as a great patriot and to his popularity the same care which his rivals give to their mustachios; he nurses them, oils them, clips them, curls them, strokes them again and again, and courts the favour of the smallest humbug (*Strolch*) of a journalist who may put two lines of puff of him into his journal. The most agreeable compliment which can be paid to him is to compare him to M. Thiers, whose own stature is not, in fact, that of a giant, but who is still far too great physically or morally to be compared to M. Blanc, unless it be in malice and spite (*Bosheit*). A Republican who does not devote himself overmuch to politeness,—as becomes men with great convictions,—said one day coarsely enough to Louis Blanc, "Do not flatter yourself that you resemble M. Thiers; there is a great difference between you. M. Thiers, citizen, resembles you as a little piece of ten sous resembles a smaller one of five sous."[1]

[1] This was the reverse of what was said sometime during the Twenties of a Doctor H. of Philadelphia, who was only three

The new book of Louis Blanc is said to be admirably written, and as it contains a mass of perfectly new and very malicious anecdotes, it has a great interest of substantial kind (*ein stoffartiges Interesse*) for the great and mischief-loving multitude. The Republican will revel in it with rapture, for the wretched meanness (*misère*), the pettiness of the dominant *bourgeoisie*, who would overthrow them, is here delightfully depicted. But to the Legitimists the book is real caviare, for the author, who is merciful to them, scoffs at their *bourgeois* conquerors, and throws poisoned mud on the royal

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feet high, yet a very distinguished physician. Being one day among half-a-dozen of his calling who were all six-footers, the little doctor was asked "how he felt" in such society. "Feel," replied the minim, "I feel like a fippeny-bit among six cents—worth the whole of you." The fippeny-bit, or Spanish half-real (now no longer in circulation), was a silver coin worth six and a quarter cents. It is a remarkable indication of eccentricity, if not of folly and weakness in Heine, that he attached such undue importance to such characteristics as good looks, great height of stature—in short, to mere *personal* attractions or peculiarities, the real basis of it all being that as he firmly believed himself to be the best-looking and cleverest man in the world, it must follow that genius in all human beings necessarily included good looks. It cannot have escaped the reader that all Heine's descriptions of geniuses include their personal portraits, especially when he deals with an antipathy, which is a departure from higher truth, since all works of genius which are really worth anything in themselves should be judged quite independently of their producers—a view which is, of course, unintelligible to the gossip-mongering, petty biography reader of the present day.—*Translator.*

mantle of Louis Philippe.[1] Are the tales which Louis Blanc tells of him true or false? If the latter be true, the great French nation, which talks so much of its *point d'honneur*, has allowed itself to be governed during the past ten years by a common juggler or a crowned Bosco. The book narrates, for instance, the following:[2]—

The 1st of August, when Charles X. had appointed the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom, Dupin went to the latter at Neuilly, and represented to him that, to avoid the dangerous suspicion of duplicity, he should break off definitely with Charles X. and write to him a letter declaring a decided rupture. Louis Philippe heartily approved of the sage counsel of Dupin, and begged him to draw up for him or draft such a letter. This was done in the harshest form, and then Louis Philippe, on the very point of sealing up the letter, and while holding the sealing-wax at the candle, suddenly turned to Dupin with the words, "In important matters I always consult my wife. I will first read this letter to her, and if she approves of it, we will send it off at once." On this he left the room, and

[1] Louis Blanc was one of the first who effected the most in removing the opposition of the multitude from the aristocracy to the *bourgeoisie* and "exploiters" of capital.—*Translator.*

[2] It may be observed that Heine has more than once declared that he has not, at the time of writing this letter, seen the book! But it may be that Louis Blanc related the story to him.—*Translator.*

returning after a while with the letter, sealed it up quickly and sent it without delay to Charles X. But only the envelope was the same, for the royal prestidigitateur had adroitly substituted a very humble letter for the rude epistle of Dupin, in which, protesting his fidelity as subject, he accepted the appointment as lieutenant-general, and adjured the King to abdicate in favour of his grandson. The first question here is, "How was this fraud discovered?" M. Louis Blanc replied verbally to one of my friends, "M. Berryer, when he journeyed to Prague and to Charles X., most respectfully bade him observe that his Majesty had been too hasty in his abdication; upon which his Majesty, to justify himself, showed the letter which the Duke of Orleans had written to him at that time, adding that he had followed his advice the more eagerly because he had recognised in him the lieutenant-general of the kingdom." It is therefore M. Berryer who saw the letter, and on whose authority the whole story rests. This authority is all sufficient for the Legitimists, and also for the Republicans, who believe everything which Legitimist hatred invents against Louis Philippe. We recently had full proof of this in a case where an old hag of vile character forged certain well-known letters, on which occasion M. Berryer showed himself in all his glory as the advocate of falsification.

We who are neither Legitimist nor Republican,[1] we believe only in the talent of M. Berryer, in his sonorous voice, his taste for play and music, and especially in the vast sums with which the Legitimist party enrich their great steward.

As regards Louis Philippe, we have often expressed our opinion of him in these columns. He is a great king, though more like Ulysses than Ajax, the raging autocrat, who had to miserably succumb in strife to the inventive endurer.[2] But he did not juggle away the crown of France like a knave, but the bitterest necessity, I might say the disfavour of God, pressed the crown[3] on his head in an hour of terror and fraught with a dire destiny. It is true enough that he, on this occasion, played comedy a little; he had not the most honourable intentions as to his constituents, the heroes of July, who had raised him on the shield; but then, had these latter really honourable inten-

[1] Nor anything else, unless it were a private pensioner. The next sentence is as follows in the French version:—"Nous croyons à son enthusiasme pour les beaux arts, pour les lettres, pour la musique, enfin, pour tous les nobles jeux de l'ésprit et du hasard;—mais il ne nous fera pas croire aux anecdotes qu'il fait avaler à des gobe-mouches républicains." Did Heine himself believe this scandalous story? If not, why does he give it?—*Translator.*

[2] This is better given in the French version as "l'inventif et calme favori de Minerve."

[3] French version—"Cette couronne d'épines"—very little to its credit.—*Translator.*

tions as to him, the Orleans? They regarded him as a mere puppet, and they placed him on a red velvet sofa in the full belief that they could throw him down again if he did not obediently obey the wires when pulled, or should it please them to again play that old piece "The Republic." But this time it was the kingdom itself which played the part of Junius Brutus in order to cheat the Republican, and Louis Philippe was clever enough to assume a mask of the most sheep-like simplicity, and wandered through the streets of Paris with the great sentimental umbrella under his arm, like Staberle, shaking the unwashed hands of Citizen Kreti and Citizen Plethi, and to smile and be fondly touched. He played at that time a strange part, and when I came to Paris a little while after the Revolution of July, I often had an opportunity to laugh at it. I remember very well that on my arrival I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend that conducted me said that the King only appeared now at certain hours on the terrace, but that formerly and within a few weeks he could be seen at any time for five francs. "For five francs!" I cried with amazement; "does he then show himself for money?"[1] "No, but he is shown for money, and this is the

[1] French version—"Est il donc si bourgeoisement économe qu'il se montre pour de l'argent?"

way in which it is arranged: There is a society of *claqueurs*, dealers in second-hand tickets, and similar scamps, who for five francs will show you the King. For ten the monarch will raise his eyes to heaven, and press his hand to his heart, as if protesting the sincerity of his sentiments, but for twenty he would be heard to sing the Marseillaise. If one gave these fellows a five-franc piece, they would raise tremendous hurrahs under the King's windows, when his Highness appeared on the terrace, bowed and re-entered. But if ten francs had been paid, the fellows cried much louder, and behaved as if possessed, during which the King appeared, and in token of his mute emotion, raised his eyes to heaven and laid his hand devoutly on his heart. But the English sometimes expended as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch, and so soon as the King appeared on the terrace, the Marseillaise was raised and thundered out so terribly that Louis Philippe, perhaps to make an end to it, bowed, raised his eyes to heaven, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the song. Whether he really beat time with his foot, as is asserted, I do not know. Nor can I guarantee the authenticity of this anecdote. The friend who told it to me died seven years ago; therefore he has not lied for seven years. Consequently M. Berryer is not the authority to whom I refer.

XXV.

PARIS, *November 7, 1840.*

THE King has wept! He wept publicly on the throne,[1] surrounded by all the dignitaries of the realm, in the face of the whole people, whose chosen representatives stood opposite him, and there were as witnesses of the sad sight all the foreign princes, represented in the persons of their ambassadors and minor officials. The King wept! This is a sadly moving event. Many indeed distrust these royal tears, and think they are like

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[1] To this sentence the following note was appended in the *Augsburger Zeitung*:—

"We have announced that at a passage in the speech to the throne (Darmes' attempt at murder), Louis Philippe, deeply moved, checked himself with an effort while his voice quivered. Parisian correspondents and journals add that tears came into his eyes." In the next sentence, after the words, "The King wept," we have this substitute:—

"This is a terrible incident, and we own that our heart is thereby moved to its depths. Let certain people shake their heads at this softness, and even suspect it. And they would suspect even the tears of a king! As if it were not more tragic when a king is so harassed and anguished that he must take refuge in the damp relief of weeping! No, this prosaic explanation is as ridiculous as perfidious. Louis Philippe," &c.—*German Editor.*

those of Reinecke. But is it not sufficiently tragic when a king is so harassed and anguished that he must take refuge in the damp relief of weeping? No, Louis Philippe, the royal sufferer, has no occasion to violently check his lachrymal glands when he thinks of the terrors with which he, his people, and the whole world is threatened. Like all great men, he earnestly seeks to bring his own wants into harmony with those of the community; hence there rises in him the conviction that war is not only a disaster for him, but for all mankind, and so he regards as martyrdom all his contests for maintaining peace, the dangers in which they have entangled him and the attacks of illness which they have caused. Perhaps he is right—perhaps he suffers for us all; at least, do not slander his tears! It was a sorrowful fact, which meets the most melancholy interpretation.[1]

Nothing positive can be asserted as regards the disposition of the Chamber of Deputies. And yet everything—the internal and external peace of France and of the whole world—depends on it. Should a serious difference arise between the

[1] This letter, so far, can only be regarded as a clumsy and unsuccessful effort by Heine to play fast and loose with Louis Philippe, as he has done before in almost every paper. But the manifest ridicule of the King's weeping is not balanced by the thin and affected sentiment of the conclusion.—*Translator*.

bourgeois notabilities of the Chamber and the Crown, the chiefs of Radicalism would not delay with an insurrection, which is already secretly organised, and only awaits the hour when the King can no longer rely on the support of the Chamber of Deputies. While the two only squabble, but do not break the marriage contract, no overthrow of Government can succeed, as the wire-workers (*Rädelsführerer*) of the movement very well know; for which reason they for the time being swallow all their wrath, and guard against every premature uprising. The history of France shows that every important phase of the Revolution always had parliamentary beginnings, and the men of legal opposition ever gave the dread signal more or less significantly to the people. By this participation, we might almost say complicity, of a parliament, the interregnum of the strong hand or of brute force is never of long duration, and the French are much better shielded against anarchy than other races who are in a revolutionary condition—as, for instance, the Spaniards. We saw this in the days of July (as in those of the first Revolution), when the Parliament changed itself into an executive convention.[1] It is such a change which we now await, in the worst which may befall.

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the French version.

The victory which the Ministry won yesterday in the Bureaux of the Chamber is not of such importance as might be supposed from the triumphal shouts of its journals. The election of the president and vice-president indicates a certain lukewarmness, but is in the main of no significance. The French Deputies are just such Frenchmen as the rest, and will be moved like them to passionate action by the course and force of events. Just let news be received of anything which irritates national feeling, and the moderation of the most moderate will disappear, leaving no trace behind. The people on whom the Ministry relies belong chiefly to that *Marais* whose characteristic virtue is in this, that it supports the Government so long as it is not attacked by strong forces. To-day the Marais is against Thiers, to-morrow for him—but we will not anticipate events with our judgment.

XXVI.

PARIS, *November* 12, 1840.

THE birth of the Duke of Chartres is an appendix to the royal speech. "Pity, the naked child," says Shakespeare. And the little child is, moreover, a prince of the blood, and therefore destined to endure the saddest trials, even if not to bear on his head the royal crown of thorns of France. Give him a German nurse that he may suck the milk of patience. He is healthy and lively.[1] The clever child promptly understood the situation, so began at once to weep. And he is said to much resemble his grandfather. The latter shouts for joy. We do not begrudge him this comfort, this balm for the heart; he has suffered of late so much. Louis Philippe is the most admirable father of a family, and it is in fact his exaggerated care for the fortune of his family which has brought him into so many collisions with the national interests of the French. It is just because he has children and loves them that he cherishes the most decided tenderness for peace. Warrior princes are generally childless. This feeling for

[1] Wanting in the French version.

domesticity and home-happiness, as it prevails by Louis Philippe, is certainly worthy of honour, and is, in any case, the highest example of the most wholesome influence on manners. The King is virtuous in the most *bourgeois* style, his home is the honestest or most respectable in all France, and the middle class who chose him as their stateholder have all-sufficient reasons to be content with him.

And so long as the *bourgeoisie* are at the helm, the present dynasty is in no danger. But how will it be when storms arise, when stronger hands grasp the middle, and those of the *bourgeoisie*, more accustomed to counting money and keeping books, are drawn back in fear?[1] The citizen class will offer far less resistance than the former aristocracy; for even in their most pitiful weakness, in their enervation resulting from immorality, in their degeneration by courtiership, the old noblesse was still inspired by a certain *point d'honneur*, which is wanting in our *bourgeoisie* which blooms through industry, and yet must perish. Lamartine promised them another Tenth of August, but I doubt whether the citizen-knights of the throne of July will show themselves as heroic as the powdered marquises of the old *régime*, who in silken coats and with slender court-rapiers opposed the

[1] The French version adds: "et ferait défaut au roi en lui laissant à lui-même tout le soin de se tirer de affaire!"

mob bursting into the Tuileries.[1] I have spoken of the great poet Lamartine.[2] This man has also a great future in politics. I do not like him, but he shall be treated with full impartiality when he next raises his noble voice in the Chamber to speak on the Oriental question.

The news which comes from the East is sorrowful for France, for its authority is there lost, and will become the booty of England and Russia. The English have got what they wanted, the real upper hand in Syria, the security of their commercial route to India; the Euphrates, one of the four rivers of Paradise, will become an English stream, on which steamboats will run just as one goes to Ramsgate or Margate—the steamboat office is in Tower Street, where one gets his ticket —you land and take tea or porter at Bagdad, the ancient Babylon.[3] The English swore daily in

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[1] Heine elsewhere describes this same group of nobles on the same occasion as a pack of contemptible, cowardly old wretches, who had but one brave soul among them all, that is to say, Marie Antoinette.—*Translator.*

[2] All of this passage, as well as the foregoing allusion to Lamartine, are omitted in the French version. Here Heine is inspired again to one of his marvellous prophecies. Lamartine had indeed a great political future, for he became in 1848 the President of the Republic, at which time I frequently saw him, and was once presented to him as a member of a deputation.—*Translator.*

[3] Another prophecy in which Heine hits the white. But it may be observed that he speaks of the English obtaining the

their journals that they did not want war, and that the famous treaty of pacification would not in the least injure the interests of France or cast into the world the torch of war; and yet it all came to pass. The English have most bitterly wronged the French, and exposed all the world to a general conflagration to get for themselves a few wretched discreditable advantages (*Schachervortheile*) in trade! But selfishness cares only for the moment, and the future is preparing their punishment. The advantages which Russia gained by the same treaty are not so much of the money-down description; they cannot be so quickly reckoned up and classified; but they are of incalculable value for the future. Above all, the alliance between France and England was broken, which was a great advantage to Russia, which must sooner or later be at war with one of the two. Then there was destroyed the power of that Egyptian, who by putting himself at the head of the Muslim could have guarded the Turkish realm against the Russians, who consider it as their destined property. And many other advantages

security of the route to India as if it were a victory over, if not an outrage on, the French! That the French did not *ab initio* take all India, or secure the Suez Canal, or occupy Egypt, is simply due to the fact that foresight was not in them, and that they do not colonise successfully. All the abuse of *egoisme* and perfidiousness which can be invented will not supply ability in diplomacy.—*Translator.*

of this kind have the Russians gained, and that without much expenditure of danger, since in case of a war the French could not reach them any more than they could reach the English. For between England and the wrath of the French lies the sea, and between that and the Russians lies Germany; and we poor Germans, by the fate of place, must fight for things which in no way concern us—for naught and still for naught, just as if for the Emperor's beard. Ah, that it were for the beard of an Emperor![1]

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[1] In the French version this passage, from the words, "And many other advantages," is omitted, and the following termination of the letter given:

"Peu leur importe aux Russes que les Anglais devorent de plus en plus les Indes, et qu'ils finissent même par s'emparer de la Chine, le jour viendra où ils seront forcés de lâcher leur proie en faveur des Russes, qui se fortifient en Crimée, qui se sont déjà rendus les maîtres de la Mer Noire, et qui poursuivent toujours le même but: la possession du Bosphore, de Constantinople. C'est vers l'ancienne Byzance que sont dirigés les yeux avides de tous les Moscovites; la conquête de cette ville est pour eux une mission non-seulement politique, mais aussi religieuse, et c'est au haut des rives du Bosphore que leur Czar doit soumettre tous les peuples du globe à ce sceptre de cuir de Russie, qui est plus souple et plus fort que l'acier, et qu'on nomme le *knout*. Est-il vrai que Constantinople soit d'une telle importance universelle, et que la possession de cette cité porvorait décider du sort du monde? Un de mes amis me disait dernièrement: 'A Rome se trouve les clefs au royaume des cieux, mais à Constantinople se trouvent les clefs de l'empire terrestre, qui s'en empara empara régnera sur le monde entier.' Qu'elle terrible question que celle d'Orient!"

XXVII.

PARIS, *January* 6, 1841.

THE new year began like the old, with music and dancing. In the great opera resound the melodies of Donizetti, with which one fills up the time till the *Prophet* shall come—by which I mean the so-called work of Meyerbeer. The day before yesterday, Mademoiselle Heinefetter made a début with grand and brilliant success. In the Odéon, that nest of Italian nightingales, there warble, more meltingly than ever, Rubini, who is growing old, and Grisi, immortally young, the singing flower of beauty. The concerts have also already begun in the rival salons of Herz and of Erard, the two artists in wood. He who has not the opportunity to *ennuyer* himself in these public institutes of Polhymnia may gape and yawn unto his heart's content, in private soirées, where a host of young dilettanti, who have a right to the most terrible hopes, let themselves be heard in all tones on all kinds of instruments—and there M. Orfila baas and bleats his most heartless romances, which are like rat-poison made vocal and sung. After the bad music,

lukewarm *eau-sucrée* or salt-water ice-creams are handed round; then there is dancing. The *bals masqués* are also beginning to come forth, amid beat of drum and trumpet-sound, and the Parisians are hurling themselves into the roaring whirlpool of pleasure. The German drinks to free himself from care, the Frenchman waltzes in the wild galop. The goddess of thoughtless gaiety would fain banish all sad seriousness from the souls of her loved people, but in vain. In the pauses between the quadrilles Harlequin whispers in the ear of his neighbour Pierrot, "Do you believe that we must fight this spring?" Even champagne seems to have lost its power; it only clouds the senses, but the hearts are sober as before; and many a time in merriest banquets all the guests turn pale, wit dies upon their lips, glances of mutual terror pass around—for they see *Mene, Tekel, Peres!* (*Upharsin*) on the wall!

The French do not hide from themselves the danger of their situation, but courage is their national virtue. And after all, they know that the political possessions which their fathers gained with love of battle blent with bravery cannot be kept by passive yielding and idle humility.[1] Even Guizot, the so undeservedly defamed and slandered Guizot,[2] is by no means inclined to keep peace at

[1] In the French version: "une humilité chrétienne."

[2] The French text here gives the following very important

any price. This man maintains, it is true, an unterrified resistance to raging Radicalism, but I am convinced that he would oppose with the same firmness the attacks of Absolutism or the hierarchy. I do not know how great was the number of National Guards who at the Imperial funeral cried "*À bas Guizot!*" but I do know that if that Guard understood its own interests, its members would show their sense as well as their gratitude by publicly protesting against that disgraceful cry. For the National Guard is, after all, only the *bourgeoisie* under arms, and it was just this which, when assailed simultaneously by the intriguing party of the old *régime* and the preachers of a republic *à la* Babœuf, found in Guizot their natural defender, who protected them at once from above and from below. Guizot has never desired aught so much as the supremacy of the middle class, which he believes is qualified by culture and means to guide and represent state interests.

I am convinced that if Guizot had found in the French aristocracy any element of life by which they would have been made capable of governing France for the benefit of the people and of humanity, he would have become their champion with as much zeal, and certainly with

addition to the text: "Même Guizot, le ministre si décrié pour être trop indulgent envers l'étranger."

much greater unselfishness, than Berryer and similar paladins of the past. I am in like manner persuaded that he would combat for the sway of the proletariats, and that with stricter honour than Lamennais and his fellow-crusaders, if he believed the lower classes sufficiently developed in culture and in intelligence to hold the helm of government, and if he did not see that the untimely triumph of the agrarians would be of short duration and a misfortune for mankind, since they in their idiotic delirium of equality would destroy all that is beautiful and noble on earth, and would especially let loose their iconoclastic fury on art and science.[1]

The future will award to this man the most glorious justice; it may be that it will soon be awarded to him; he need only leave the Hôtel des Capucins. Would he in this case resume his post as ambassador to London? Would he, despite his sympathy for England, uphold that new Ministry which dreams of an alliance with Russia? It is possible; for in case France should be forced to war, then Guizot, scorning all revolutionary means, would strive for only political alliances. "If we cannot, in spite of all sacrifice and moderation, uphold peace, then we will wage

[1] The writings of Bebel, and indeed of most Socialists, express and urge this in the most cynical manner. The remainder of this letter is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

war like a power (*puissance*), and not as a noisy mob" (*cohue*). These words were uttered lately by Guizot in a confidential *salon*. And in this lies the main reason why all those dislike him who only expect victory from a propaganda, and would make themselves necessary implements in one. Such are the journalists who think that all possible aid and benefit should come from their pens. "The best thing in the world is a cotton nightcap," says the dealer in such caps, and the journals, "The best thing is an article in a newspaper." How mistaken they are we lately learned when the propaganda phrases of the *National*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Constitutionnel* caused so much irritation in Germany. The men of the last generation were more practical; when they saw the cosmopolite ideas of the Revolution in danger they sought for aid in national feeling. Their sons, when they see their nationality threatened, take refuge in cosmopolite ideas; but these do not impel to deeds so vigorously as those inspiring vapours from the earth which we call the love of our native land.

I doubt whether, in case of war, a Russian alliance would be better for France than the propaganda. Only the form of society for the time being can be endangered by the latter, but the former endangers the existence of society itself, its deepest principle of life, the soul of the French people.

XXVIII.

PARIS, *January* 11, 1841.

THE opinion is spreading more and more among the French that in the coming spring the trumpets of Bellona will out-thunder the song of the nightingales, and that the poor violets will exhale their dying perfume in gunpowder smoke, crushed under horses' hoofs. I cannot agree with this opinion, and the sweetest hope of peace obstinately nestles in my heart. Still it is always possible that the prophets of evil are in the right, and that the reckless spring with heedless linstock is approaching the loaded cannon. But if we escape this danger, and the hot summer passes away without a storm, I believe that Europe will be for a long time safe from the horrors of war, and that we may consider ourselves assured of a long-lasting peace. The confused perplexities which came from above will there be calmly settled, and the base brood of national hatred which has developed itself in the lower strata of society will be again trodden into its mud by the more enlightened

views of nations.[1] This is well known to the demons of destruction and subversion on this and that side of the Rhine, and just as here in France the Radical party, for fear of the definite confirmation of the Orleans dynasty and its duration assured for a long time, desire the contingencies of war in order to win the chance of a change of Government, so on the other side the corresponding faction preach a crusade against the French in the hope that unbridled passions will cause a state of disorder in which the ideas of agitation may be realised far more readily than in a tame and tamed period.[2] Yes, the fear of the somnolising and chaining power of peace brought these men to the desperate determination of *sacrificing the French people* (as they expressed it in their innocence). We say it openly, because this heroism seems to us to be as foolish as it is ungrateful, and because we feel an unspeakable compassion for the bear-like, blundering stupidity which fancies itself shrewder than all the foxes

[1] The two preceding paragraphs form an amusing comment on the marvellous beauty and clearness of style which Heine has assured us characterise this work. In the next sentence the very needless repetition relative to the Orleans dynasty is omitted in the French version.

[2] French version—"Un état désordonné qui sorte de la routine moutonnière et favorise la réalisation d'un empire allemand uni et libre." Which is what Heine expressed a hope for in Letter XXVI. of this series. Maintenant, nous avons changé tout cela.

of cunning! O ye fools! I counsel you not to attempt the dangerous trade of political craft and cunning. Be German-honourable and humanly-thankful, and do not think that *you* can stand when France—your only support on earth—falls.

But are not the sparks of discord stirred up also from above? I think not, and it occurs to me that the diplomatic entanglements are rather the result of want of tact than of evil will. But who wants war? England and Russia may now be contented; they have already gained advantages enough by fishing in troubled waters. For Germany and France the war is as needless as it is dangerous. The French would like, it is true, to possess the frontier of the Rhine, but only because without it they are not sufficiently secured from invasion,[1] and the Germans had no reason to fear the loss of the Rhine border so long as they themselves did not break the peace. Neither the Germans nor the French desire war. I need not prove that the rhodomontades of our German revivers (*Deutschthümler*), who scream for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, do not express the views of German peasants, nor of the German

[1] Which was precisely the reason why Germany took Lorraine and Alsace. The argument, however, recalls that of the Western American who justified his taking a sum of money by force from another by saying that "he did not care a darn for the cursed money; he only took it to buy a hoss, and *that* he *did* need dreadful."—*Translator.*

bourgeoisie. But neither do the French any more than the German citizens, the kernel and the mass of all the land, desire war, for the middle class desires only industrial gain after conquests of peace, and the former still remembers from the days of the Empire how dearly, as if at the very price of blood, he had to pay for the triumphs of national vanity.

The passion for war, which flamed and bubbled so storm-like in the French,[1] is gradually tolerably extinguished, and how little the military *furor francese* now prevails among them was shown at the funeral celebration of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. I cannot agree with the journals of my native country, who beheld in the drama of that wondrous burial only pomp and pageantry. They had no eye for the feelings which shook the French people to their depths. But these feelings were not those of merely soldierly ambition and pride; the victorious Emperor was not accompanied by the joyous cries of prætorians, and that roaring

[1] How a storm could at once flame and emit bubbles while boiling (*brodelten*) is not explained to us. Another specimen of the exquisitely clear style in which, Heine assures us several times, he surpassed all his contemporaries. In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this was better expressed as follows:—"It is true that the Gallic people has, in every age, been unable to suppress its warlike longings. But these are, at present, if not quite extinguished, certainly a little cooled, and the voice of the people at the obsequies of the Emperor Napoleon may serve as a fresh proof of this assertion."—*Translator.*

frenzy of glory and plunder which is still well remembered in Germany, associated with the Empire. The old conquerors have since then given their farewell benediction to their time (*das Zeitliche gesegnet*),[1] and it was an altogether new generation which beheld the funeral procession, looking not with burning wrath, but with the sorrow of deep devotion (*Pietät*) at the golden catafalque, in which all the joys, sorrows, glorious errors, and disappointed hopes of their father—the real soul of their father—lay encoffined! There were more silent tears than outcries loud. And then the whole display was so fabulous, so fairy-like, that one could scarce believe his eyes, and seemed to dream. For this Napoleon Bonaparte, whom men actually saw being borne to the grave, had long since disappeared in the realm of legends, among the shades of Alexander of Macedon and Charlemagne—when lo! all at once, on a cold winter day, he reappears to us, who are living, on a golden triumphal chariot, which rolls away, spectre-like, into the white morning mist.

But this mist vanished marvellously as soon as the funeral train arrived in the Champs Elysées. Then the sun suddenly burst forth from a dark cloud, and kissed its darling for the last time,

[1] "The Empire is as dead as the Emperor himself, and was buried with him under the cupola of the dome of the Invalids," is the beginning of this sentence in the *Augsburger Zeitung*.

casting rosy lights on the imperial eagle which was borne before him, and irradiating as if with gentle pity the poor scattered remains of the legions which once with stormy tread conquered the world, and who now in obsolete uniforms tottered with weary limbs and old-time manner behind the hearse, as if they were related mourners. (Between us, these veteran invalids of the *Grande Armée* looked like caricatures, like a satire on fame, like a Roman mocking song on the dead triumphator.)[1]

The Muse of History has inscribed this funeral train on her annals as a great memorial, but for our present time the occurrence is of less importance,[2] and only gives proof that the *soldatesca* spirit does not flourish among the French, as many a Bramarbas[3] boasts this side of the Rhine, and as many a fool your side the Rhine repeats. The Emperor is dead and buried. We

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[1] Even as this remark in itself betrays the frivolity of the author's heart. As Heine was devoid of all settled *principles* in serious questions, so his feelings in minor matters never went far below the surface, however brilliant that surface might be. When I in 1832 beheld in a procession many hundreds of old Revolutionary soldiers in their ancient Continental uniforms, I am sure that the coarsest and rudest man among the spectators would have been indignant had any one called them "old caricatures" and a satire on fame.

[2] *Ganz unwichtig*, "altogether unimportant," appears in the *Augsburger Zeitung*.—*Translator*.

[3] *Bramarbas*, the Bombastes Furioso of a Danish play.

will praise and sing him, but likewise praise God that he is dead. With him died the last hero of old-fashioned fancy, and the new Philistine world breathes more freely, as if freed from a splendid nightmare. Over his tomb rises an industrial *bourgeois* age, which admires a very different kind of hero—as, for instance, the virtuous Lafayette and James Watt the cotton-spinner.[1]

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[1] "Die neue Menschheit," our new humanity.—*Augsburger Zeitung.*

XXIX.

PARIS, *January* 31, 1841.

AMONG peoples who possess a free press, independent parliaments, and especially the institutions of public management,[1] misunderstandings plotted by the intrigues of courtiers and the demand of party-spirit cannot long endure. Only in darkness can the seed of darkness grow to irreparable discord. As on this side, so on the other side of the Channel, the noblest voices have expressed the conviction that only criminal stupidity or deliberate wickedness, fatal to liberty, would disturb the peace of the world. While the English Government, by the silence of the speech from the throne, officially continues its evil conduct towards France, the English people protest against this through its worthiest representatives, and give the French the fullest satisfaction (*die unumwundenste Genugthuung*). Lord Brougham's speech in the lately opened Parliament has here pro-

[1] "Die Institutionen des offentlichen Verfahrens." French version—"Les institutions publiques d'un gouvernement constitutionnel."

duced a very conciliatory effect, and he may justly boast that he has rendered a great service to all Europe. Other Lords, even Wellington, have uttered admirable words, and the latter was this time the organ of the true wishes and opinions of his nation. The threatened alliance of the French with Russia has opened his lordly eyes, and the great gentleman is not the only one who has received this illumination. Also in our German valleys the moderate Tories have risen to a better understanding of their own political interests, and their bull-dogs or old German wolf-hounds,[1] which had raised the most joyful howl, are again quietly leashed in couples, and our Christian Germanic Nationalists have received from the highest source injunctions not to bay any more at France. But as for the awful Alliance, it is as yet "all abroad" (*in weitem Felde*), and the ill-feeling against England, even if raised to the highest degree, would still excite in France no love for Russia.

Yet I no more believe in a speedy solution of the Oriental puzzle than I do in the Russian alliance. On the contrary, affairs in Syria become more entangled, and Mehemet Ali there plays his enemies many a dangerous trick. There are in circulation very strange, though generally con-

[1] *Rüde*, hound, male dog, fox, or wolf. Anglo-Saxon, *hrydhdha*.

tradictory rumours of the wiles by which the old Pacha seeks to regain his fallen dignity. His failing is excess of craftiness, which hinders him from seeing things in their true light. He is thus caught in nets of his own spinning—as, for example, by gaining the good graces of the press he succeeded in having all kinds of false reports as to his power trumpeted all over Europe, and so won the sympathy of the French, who overvalued his alliance; but it was his own fault that they thought he had sufficient force to resist till spring without their aid. It was that which ruined him, and not his tyranny, of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gave pictures which were overdrawn. And now the sick lion is kicked by the weakest donkey.[1] The monster is not perhaps so bad as he is represented to be by people whom he has not bribed or whom he did not care to bribe. Ocular witnesses of his great deeds declare that Mehemet Ali is personally gracious and benevolent; he loves civilisation, and only extreme necessity and the state of war in his country drove him to that system of extortion with which he afflicts the fellaheen. These unfortunate Nile peasants are indeed a mass of miserable figures, who, driven by the stick to work, are squeezed to their very blood. But that is, we are told,

[1] French version—"Le lion malade reçoit maintenant de chaque petit correspondant le coup de pied de l'âne."

the old Egyptian plan, which was the same under all the Pharaohs, and which should not be judged according to modern European standards. The poor Pacha might retort on the philanthropists with the same words which our cook excused herself when she boiled the crabs alive in gradually heated water. She wondered that we considered this proceeding cruel, and assured us that the poor creatures were always accustomed to be so treated.[1] When M. Cremieux conversed with Mehemet Ali of the judicial horrors which had been suffered in Damascus, he found him inclined to institute the soundest reforms, and had political events not intervened too stormily, the famed lawyer would have succeeded in persuading the Pacha to introduce the European system of criminal law into his kingdom.

With the fall of Mehemet Ali pass away the proud hopes with which the Mahometan imagination solaced itself as in wild dreams in the tents of the desert. There Ali was regarded as the hero destined to make a rough end to the weak Turkish Government at Stamboul, and there, by seizing the caliphate, properly protect the standard

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[1] "Our cook" seems to have also thought, on the same principle, that telling ancient jokes over again made them into new. There is a certain legend about skinning eels which was widely current long before the *cuisinière* of Heine rehashed this tale.

of the Prophet. And indeed it would be better raised in his strong fist (*Faust*) than in the weak hands of the present gonfaloniere of the Mahometan faith, who must sooner or later yield to the legions and still more dangerous policy of the Czar of all the Russias. The political and religious fanaticism which the Russian Emperor—who is also the head of the Greek Church—can control, could have been resisted by a regenerated Moslem rule under Mehemet Ali or some such new dynasty with equal power, for then a fanatical element not less impetuous would have entered the lists to uphold the latter. I speak here of the genius of the Arabs, which has never quite died, but only slept in silent Bedouin life, and often, as if dreaming, grasped the sword when some great lion without made warlike roar. These Arabs await perhaps only the right call, when, strengthened by sleep, they shall come storming forth from their burning wastes as wildly as in the time of Mahomet. But now we need not fear them as in the days of yore, when we trembled in our terror before the crescent standards, and it would be indeed most favourable for us if Constantinople could become the arena of their religious combats. This would be the best bulwark against the Muscovite covetousness, which has nothing less in its plans than to seize by craft or force the keys of universal dominion on the banks of the Bosphorus. What a tremen-

dous power is already in the hands of the Emperor of Russia, who must really be called modest when we reflect how arrogantly others would behave in his place. But far more dangerous than the pride of the lord is the service-pride of his people, who live only in his will, and with blind obedience seek to glorify themselves in the sacred omnipotence of their sovereign. The enthusiasm for the Roman Catholic dogma is worn out; the ideas of the Revolution now find only lukewarm enthusiasts, and we must seek some new and fresh fanaticism which we can oppose to the Slavonian-Greek Orthodox absolute imperial faith.

Ah! how terrible is this Eastern question, which in every political complication grins at us so mockingly![1] If we wish to forestall the danger which threatens us from this side, we have war; if, on the contrary, we would remain patient spectators of the progress of evil, we have the certainty of a foreign yoke. It is a sad dilemma. However the poor maiden Europa may conduct herself—whether she wisely watches by her lamp, or, as a very foolish virgin, goes to sleep with an extinguished light—she has no day of joy to await.

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[1] It does more in the French version, where it "présente sa face hideuse en grinçant les dentes d'un air sarcastique."

XXX.

PARIS, *February* 13, 1841.

THEY attack every question directly, and pull at it until it is either solved or else thrown aside as insoluble. That is the character of the French, and their history, for this reason, develops itself like a judicial trial. What a logical and systematic consequence do all the events of the French Revolution present! In this madness there was really method,[1] and the writers of history, who, after the example of Mignet, attaching but little importance to chance and human passions, represent the most extravagant deeds since 1789 as a result of the sternest necessity—this so-called fatalistic school is in France quite in place, and its works are as true as they are easy to understand. The methods of seeing and of representing of these writers applied to Germany would, however, result in very erroneous and ill-digested works of history; for the German, for fear of any innovation whose results cannot be clearly ascertained, avoids every

[1] To which the French version adds: "Comme disait le vieux Polonius dans la tragédie de Hamlet."

important question of politics as long as possible, or endeavours to find in detours a proper adjustment of difficulties, the questions meanwhile collecting and entangling themselves till they form an inextricable knot, which at last perhaps, like the Gordian, can only be cut by the sword. Heaven forbid that I hereby cast reproach upon the great German people! Do I not know that this embarrassment is the result of a virtue which is wanting to the French? The more ignorant a nation is, the more readily, the more recklessly it hurls itself headlong into the stream of action; but the more erudite, cultivated, and reflecting, the longer does it sound the flood, which it then wades with careful steps, if it does not delay and stay altogether on the bank for fear of hidden depths, or wet which gives colds and might cause a great national catarrh. And after all, it makes little difference that we advance slowly or by standing still, lose a few centuries, for the future belongs to the German people, and, in fact, a very long and significant future. The French act so quickly and manage the present with such haste, because they perhaps foresee that the twilight of their day is drawing near, and so they haste that their day's work may be done. But their *rôle* is still attractive and beautiful enough, and the other nations are still only the honourable public which forms the audience which beholds the

French comedy of State and People. It is true that this public has sometimes a fancy to express its approbation or dissatisfaction very energetically, and even to climb on the stage and take part in the play; but the French are always the chief actors in the great drama of the world, whether people throw laurels or rotten apples at their heads. "All is over with France!" With such words many a German correspondent here runs about prophesying the fall of the present Jerusalem, but he maintains his own pitiful existence by reporting what these fallen French daily act and do, and his own employers (*Kommittenten*), the German editors, would, without letters from Paris, be unable to fill their columns for three weeks. No, France is not yet finished, but, like all nations and humanity itself, it is not eternal; it has perhaps outlived its glorious age, and it is now undergoing a transformation which cannot be denied; wrinkles are stealing over its smooth brow; grey hairs begin to appear on its heedless head, which sinks as if full of care and busy with to-morrow—for it no longer thinks only of to-day.

The vote of the Chamber on the fortifications of Paris indicates this era of transition in the mind of the French people. Of late they have learned much, and thereby have lost the desire to go storming forth blindly into dangerous foreign soils. They prefer at present to fortify themselves

at home against the possible attacks of foreigners.[1] On the grave of the imperial eagle they have got the idea that the citizen-kingly cock is not immortal. France lives no longer in the wild intoxication of invincible power; it is sobered by the Ash Wednesday consciousness of its vulnerability, and ah! he who reflects on death is already half-dead! The fortifications of Paris are perhaps the giant-coffin which the giant, moved by gloomy foreboding, prepared for himself. Yet it may be long ere his last hour is tolled, and many a smaller being will ere then receive from him deadly blows. In any case, the crashing burden of his fall will shake the earth, and will torment his enemies more terribly than in life by his posthumous works as a night-wandering spectre.[2] I am sure that if Paris were destroyed, its inhabitants would disperse themselves all over the world, as did the Jews,

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[1] When these fortifications were being erected, it was observed that they were planned far more with a view to suppress insurrections in the city than attacks from without; and when Louis Napoleon III. Haussmanised Paris, a main object was to form radiations of streets from given points, so that cannon could command the whole. And it was all in vain for Emperor as well as King.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"En tout cas, si le jour venait où ce géant dût succomber—que les dieux ne fassent jamais arriver ce jour maudit!—le fracas de sa chute ferait trembler la terre; et bien plus terriblement que pendant la vie, le colossal fantôme du défunt tourmenterait ses ennemis par sa mission posthume."

and thereby extend still more efficaciously the seeds of social transformation.

The fortification of Paris is the most important event of our time, and the men who voted for or against it in the Chamber of Deputies have exercised the greatest influence on the future. To this *enceinte continue*, to these *forts détachés* is bound the fate of the French people. Will these erections shelter from the storm, or will they draw the lightning more terribly? Will they serve freedom or slavery? will they preserve Paris from surprise, or will they unpityingly expose it to the destructive rights of war? I know not, for I have neither seat nor voice in the councils of the gods. But this much I know, that the French will fight well when they shall be called to defend Paris against a third invasion. The two former attacks only served to increase the fury of resistance. Whether Paris, if it had been fortified, would have resisted them,[1] as was declared in the Chambers, I doubt from very good grounds;

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[1] Both in the German and French we here have "those two first times"—"jene zwei ersten male"—"les deux premières fois." All which Heine here asserts as to the resistance increased by memory of the former invasions was most carefully considered by the Germans, who made their preparations accordingly in 1870. It is very possible that many among them had in mind what Heine has here written. *Præmonitus, præmunitus*—Forewarned, forearmed.—*Translator.*

Napoleon, exhausted by all kinds of victories and defeats, was not in condition to oppose to invading Europe the magic spell of that idea which stamps armies up out of the ground; he had not strength enough left to keep the fetters with which he himself had bound that idea; it was the Allies who, at the taking of Paris, set at liberty the obtained idea. The French Liberals and Idéalognes did not behave so stupidly nor foolishly when they refused to aid the hard-pressed Emperor to resist, for he himself was far more dangerous to them [1] than all the foreign heroes who in the end would all depart with money or good words, and only leave behind them a weak regent, of whom one could in time get rid, as really happened in July 1830, since which time the ideas of the Revolution have been again installed in Paris. It is the power of those ideas which will make head (*die Stirne bieten wurde*) against a third invasion, and which now, taught by bitter experience, no longer relies on the omnipotence of enthusiasm, but also does not disdain to protect itself by material bulwarks.

[1] The beginning of this sentence is as follows in the *Augsburger Zeitung*:—"It was not the Revolution which was conquered in 1814 and 1815, but its crowned jailer, and the manifestoes which declared that war was waged only against Napoleon Bonaparte contained much more truth than their authors surmised. The French Liberals were then quite right in refusing to support the Emperor, a murderer of Liberty, for he was more dangerous," &c.—*German Editor.*

Here we strike on the split (*Spaltung*) which at this moment is found among the Radicals regarding the fortification of Paris, and which is exciting the liveliest debate. It is well known that the Republican section, represented by the *National*, defended most actively the project for the law proposing the fortifications. Another division, which I may call the Republican Left, opposes it with wildest rage, though it has but few organs of the press; hitherto the *Revue de Progrès* is the only journal in which it can express itself. The articles in it referring to this subject are from the pen of Louis Blanc, and are deserving the most careful attention.[1] I also hear that Arago occupies himself with a paper on the same theme. These Republicans resist the idea that the Revolution need seek shelter in material bulwarks; they see in it a weakening of the moral means of defence, a debilitation of the old dæmonic energy, and they would rather decree a victory, as did the mighty Convention, than establish institutions of defence against defeat. It is, in fact, the traditions of the Committee of Public Safety which occupy the thoughts of these people, while the gentlemen of the *National* have rather in their minds the traditions of the Empire. I have said the gentlemen of the *National*, for that

[1] This compliment is omitted in the French version.

is the nickname by which those who call themselves citizens call their antagonists. Both factions are in reality Terrorists, with this difference, that the gentlemen of the *National* would operate by means of cannon, while the "citizens" would work with the guillotine. It is easy to understand that the first have conceived a great sympathy for the project of a law by which the Revolution in an emergency could assume a purely military form, so that the cannon could control the guillotine. Thus, and not otherwise, do I explain the zeal with which the *National* has declared for the fortifications of Paris.

It is strange, but this time the *National*, the King, and Thiers all united in the most ardent wishes for the same object. And yet the union is a very natural one. Let us not calumniate any of the trio by suspecting them of reserved thoughts of personal interest. Whatever individual prepossessions may have been in play, all have acted before all things in the interest of France—Louis Philippe as well as Thiers and the gentlemen of the *National*. Yet, as I have said, personal considerations came into the game. Louis Philippe, the declared enemy of war and of destruction, is passionately addicted to building; he loves everything which sets a-going the hammer and trowel, and the plan for fortifying Paris flattered this inborn passion. But Louis Philippe

is also the representative of the Revolution, whether he will or no, and where this is threatened his own existence is in danger. He must maintain himself in Paris at any cost, for if foreign potentates should seize his capital, his legitimacy would not protect him so inviolably as those kings by the grace of God, who, wherever they are, form the pivot of their kingdom. Should Paris, in consequence of a revolt, fall into the hands of the Republicans, it is possible that the foreign Powers would come with their armies, but hardly to attempt a restoration in favour of Louis Philippe, who in July 1840 became King of the French, not *parceque Bourbon*, but *quoique Bourbon*.[1] The crafty ruler feels this, and so entrenches himself in his Malapartus.[2] That the fortification of Paris is a matter of safety and of necessity for him and for France is his firm belief, and in company with personal fancy and the impulse of self-

[1] The conclusion of this passage is as follows in the French version:—"Voilà ce que sent le fils de Laërte, et voilà pourquoi il se retranche dans son Ithaque. D'ailleurs la ferme croyance du roi est que ces fortifications sont nécessaires pour la France, et avant tout il est patriote comme tout roi l'est, même le plus mauvais."

Another reason may be found in the fact that Paris is France, and that France is too much centralised in Paris.—*Translator.*

[2] Malapartus, the feudal castle of Reynard the Fox or Reineke Fuchs. The whole of this passage is omitted in the French version.

preservation he is here guided by true and sincere patriotism. Every king is a natural patriot and loves his own country, in whose history his life is rooted and with whose fortunes he has grown up. Louis Philippe is such a patriot, and indeed in the citizenly, father-familiarly, new-fashioned sense, just as there developed in the Orleans branch an altogether different kind of patriotism from that in the elder line, which was more inspired with historical family pride and mediæval nobility than with real love of France.[1]

As this love of one's native land is regarded as the greatest virtue by the French, it was a very practical piece of rascality (*eine sehr wirksame Büberei*) to cause the patriotic sentiments of the king to be suspected by means of forged letters. Yes, these famous letters are partly falsified and partly false altogether, nor can I comprehend how many honest men among the Republicans have been able to believe an instant in their authenticity.[2] But these men are always the dupes of

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[1] In the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage ends as follows:—"There is not a sub-lieutenant in the army who is inspired with better patriotism (*Vaterlandsliebe*) than the present Duke of Orleans or his brothers, princes of the truest French blood. This guarantees some security for the royal future of the present dynasty, for what the French most highly prize is love of France."

[2] An infamous trick, not at all unknown to unscrupulous politicians in the United States, which consists of ferreting

the Legitimists, who forge the weapons wherewith to attack the life or the good name of the King. The Republican is always ready to set his life at stake in every dangerous misdeed, yet he is only a clumsy tool of the cleverness of some one who thinks and calculates for him. One can say, in the true sense of the word, of the Republicans, that they have not as yet invented the powder wherewith to shoot at the King.[1]

Yes, whoever in France possesses and understands national feeling exercises an irresistible magic charm on the masses, and may lead or drive them at will, and draw from them money or blood,[2] and put them into all kinds of uniforms, be it the knightly garb of fame or the livery of service. That was the secret of Napoleon, and his historian Thiers caught it craftily from him (*hat es ihm abgelauscht*); caught it with the heart, not by mere reason, for only feeling understands feeling. Thiers is truly penetrated with French national feeling, and he who has observed it understands his power and his weakness, his errors and his advantages, his great- and little-

out some old, entirely private letters, making scandalous forged additions, and circulating them in manuscript. It is described in the "Breitmann Ballads."

[1] "He did not invent gunpowder." A common German saying, meaning that a man has little sense.

[2] The rest of this sentence is wanting in the French version.

ness, and his claims on the future. This national feeling explains all the acts of his Ministry. Here we see the transfer of the imperial remains, the most glorious festival of heroism, beside the miserable justification of that wretched Consul of Damascus, who upheld mediæval judicial tortures, yet was a representative of France. Here we see the most frivolous raging and alarm-beating when the London treaty was divulged, and France was offended, and therewith the deliberate activity of arming, and the colossal scheme of fortifying Paris. Yes, it was Thiers who began the latter, and who from this beginning carried little by little the law through the Chambers. He never spoke with greater eloquence, and never bore away with finer tact a victory from any Parliament. It was a great battle, and at the last instant the issue was very doubtful; but with the piercing eye of a great general, Thiers at once saw where the danger was which threatened the law, and an improvised amendment decided the conflict. To him the honour of the day is due.

People were not wanting to attribute the zeal which Thiers showed for the project, to selfish motives. But here patriotism is really predominant, and I repeat that Thiers is penetrated by this feeling. He is altogether the Man of Nationality, and not of the Revolution, whose son he so earnestly claims to be. And in fact, the filiation

is real—the Revolution *is* his mother; but no one need infer from this that he feels any extravagant sympathies for his parent. Thiers chiefly loves his native land, and I believe that he would utterly and unconditionally sacrifice to it all maternal interests—that is to say, of *la Révolution*. His enthusiasm is greatly cooled for the whole grand spectacle of freedom, which now rings only as a dying echo in his soul.[1] As its historian, he has lived in sympathetic spirit with all its phases; as statesman, he has been obliged to daily strive and wrestle with the continued movement, and it must have often happened that to this son of the Revolution his mother has been very annoying (*fatal*),[2] for he knows very well that the old lady is quite capable of cutting his head off. She is not, in fact, what one would call an amiable person; a Berliner would say she has no *Gemüth* (feeling). When we see Messieurs her sons treating her roughly, one should not forget that she herself, the

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[1] Another of the "inimitable graces." How a *spectacle* can ring as a dying echo in the soul is incomprehensible to any save a writer who claimed to be the clearest and most intelligible of his time. In the French version *spectacle* is changed to *tohu-bohu*, the Hebrew for confusion and void (Genesis i.), but which is popularly used to signify a noisy row.—*Translator.*

[2] This word *fatal* in German means in most cases less than it looks. The French version is here given as "très incommode, très-fâcheuse."

old woman, never showed any lasting tenderness, and even killed her best children.[1]

We are inclined to do justice to every one, and not to expect of M. Thiers things which are not in his nature and are irreconcilable with his history. We have praised his patriotism, we would also recognise his inspiring genius.[2] It is strange that these heterogeneous excellences are united in this man. Yes, he is not only a patriotic Frenchman, but a man of genius, and often, when he becomes conscious of it, he forgets his limited provincial national feeling; he has the presentiment, as it were, of a temporal cosmopolitism, and in such moments he once spoke the remarkable words, "I love my country, for it is a native land which I possess in time."[3]

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[1] The French version of this letter ends with the words: "Comme il y a des enfants terribles, il y a aussi des mères terribles; et vous, maman, vous êtes de ce nombre!"

[2] *Genialität.* Not merely *genial*, as in English, implying joyous, quick, and ready sympathy, but marked with genius, gifted, ingenious. It is often limited in America to the merely joyous or strictly Bacchanalian temperament.

[3] A variation on a well-known German couplet, employed by Carlyle as a motto for "Sartor Resartus."—*Translator.*

XXXI.

PARIS, *March* 31, 1841.

THE debates in the Chamber of Deputies on literary property are very unsatisfactory. But it is in any case a significant sign of the times that society, which is based upon the rights of property, is actually willing to grant to intellects (*Geistern*) a certain share of this privilege of possession, moved by a sentiment of equity, or as a means of bribery and corruption.[1] Can thought become property? Is light the property of the flame of the candle-wick? I refrain from all judgment on such a question, and only rejoice that ye are willing to give the poor wick, which consumes itself while burning, a small recompense for great merit of disinterested illumination.

The destiny of Mehemet Ali is less discussed here than would be supposed, but it seems to me

[1] That is to say—especially in America—so far as "literature" does not in the least interfere with the profits and convenience of publishers, printers, booksellers, and others; meaning that everybody concerned in publishing a work shall be fully recompensed before the author is paid a *possible* profit.

that there prevails secretly in many hearts deep pity for the man who trusted too much to the star of France. Respect for the French is vanishing in the East, and this loss has evil effect for Oriental relations: stars in which one no longer believes grow pale. When the American business assumed such a significant form, the English undertook with great zeal the settlement of the Egyptian question. France would have then found it easy to act in favour of the Pacha,[1] but the Ministry seems to have done nothing to secure its truest ally.

[1] Instead of the preceding paragraph, we have in the *Augsburger Zeitung* the following:—

"We will see what may be done for him, and whether the full inheritance of his pachalik will be effected and secured. But even in case this inheritance should become a reality, his power has still been destroyed, and he will never counterbalance the power of the Sultan, as once when, perhaps by the equal weight of the two opponents, the peace of the Turkish provinces was maintained. The provincial governors remained faithful to the weak great rulers, because they feared the too powerful vassals, as they waited for the issue of the great struggle, undetermined as to desertion or changing sides, restrained by the respect with which they treated the once victor. The present obeys to a degree an authority of the future. Now this band of union is disturbed, every one knows that the Pacha will never attain to independent rule; and every one knows, too, that the exalted supreme authority of the Sultan is only a brilliant sham-power, an Oriental firman-hyperbola, an occidental protocol delusion, and piece by piece the whole Turkish empire will fall asunder, as did of old the Caliphate.

"But can peace in the East, under these circumstances, be so established that the conflict will not extend to us? I fear

It is not the American negotiations alone which impel the English to settle the Egyptian question of inheritance as soon as possible, and thereby to put French diplomacy into a condition to take part in the councils and conclusions of the great Powers of Europe. The question of the Dardanelles stands threateningly before the door, crying for prompt decision, and here the English rely on the support of the French Cabinet in conferences, whose interests on this occasion, as opposed to those of Russia, coincide with their own.[1]

Yes, the so-called question of the Dardanelles is of the greatest importance, not only for the great European Powers, but for all of us, for the least

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lest the greatly praised pacification, by which the Pacha is weakened and the Sultan not strengthened, may give the signal to a general breaking up of the Osmanli empire, and to the beginning of a great war of succession."

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, the following passage being in its place:—

"What result is to be expected from a war with America? Nothing brilliant in any case. Even if the whole English race were to be hanged in effigy in the person of MacLeod, John Bull would long reflect ere he undertook a serious boxing-match with Jonathan. He is before all things a calculating man of business, and an affair of honour does not irresistibly attract him when there are substantial advantages to be lost instead of gained, as is here the case. Though we do not much love these nations of egoism, still we would not wish that it should come to a war between them—war is an infectious disease."

In which last remark is the very quintessence of "egoism." —*Translator.*

as well as the greatest, for Reuss-Schleitz-Greiz and Back-Pomerania, as much as for all-mighty Austria, for the smallest cobbler as for the greatest manufacturer of leather; for the destiny of the world is here at stake, and this question must be solved on the Dardanelles, no matter how. So long as this remains in doubt, Europe will suffer with a secret malady which will permit no repose, and must finally break out in a form which will be more terrible the longer it is delayed. The Dardanelles question is only a symptom of the Eastern question itself, of the Turkish question of inheritance, of this fundamental evil with which we are tainted, of the material basis of disease which ferments in the European bodies of state, and which, unfortunately, can only be cut out—perhaps with the sword. Even when we speak of other things, all the great monarchs have an eye on the Dardanelles, on the Sublime Porte, old Byzantium, Stamboul, Constantinople—the affliction has many names. If the principle of popular sovereignty were sanctioned in European states, the collapse of the Ottoman empire would not be so dangerous for the rest of the world, since then in the separated provinces the single races would soon elect their own regents, and be governed on as well as they could. But the doctrine of absolutism prevails as yet in the greatest portion of Europe, according to which land and people

are the property of the prince—property which one can acquire by the right of the strongest, by the *ultima ratio regis*, or the cannon-law.[1] It is no wonder that none of the great Powers will permit the Russians to seize on this great inheritance, and that every one will have his slice of the Oriental cake:—every one would feel keen appetite, seeing the barbarians at their feast, and the smallest German duodecimo-prince will ask at least for a *pour-boire*. Such are human impulses, and the real reason why the fall of Turkey would endanger the world. The political reasons why England, France, and Austria cannot permit Russia to settle in Constantinople are evident to every schoolboy.

The outbreak of a war, which is in the nature of things, is, however, for the time delayed. Short-sighted politicians, who have only recourse to palliatives, feel tranquillised, and hope for undisturbed days of peace. Our financiers especially see everything in the loveliest light of hope. Even the greatest among them seems to yield to such a delusion, though not at all times. M. de Rothschild, who for some time appeared to be ill, is now quite restored and looks sound and well. The augurs of the Bourse, who perfectly understand deciphering the physiognomy of the great Baron, assure us that the swallows of peace nestle

[1] French version—"Le droit peu canonique du canon."

in his smiles, that every anxiety as to war has vanished from his face, that there are no electric sparks foreboding storm visible in his eyes, and therefore it is clear that the terrible cannon-thunder-weather (*Kanonendonnerwetter*) which threatened the world is now dissipated. He even sneezes peace. It is true that the last time when I had the honour to make my call of respect (*Aufwartung*) on Herr von Rothschild, he gleamed with enraptured delight, and his rosy humour almost burst forth into poetry; for, as I once related, in such merry moments the Herr Baron lets his stream of oratory foam and sparkle in rhymes. I found that this time he succeeded marvellously well at rhyming, but he stopped at *Constantinople*, and scratched his head, as all poets do when rhymes are wanting.[1] As I am myself something of a poet (*ein Stück Poet*), I permitted myself to ask the Herr Baron whether a Russian *Zobel* (sable) would not rhyme to Constantinople.[2]

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[1] To which it might emphatically be said, "Speak for yourself, or for your friend and kind." All poets have not the habits of Herr Heine, and there are few living writers, in English or German, who would be guilty of such extreme vulgarity and coarseness as occurs twice in the course of this letter.

[2] French version—"Etant moi-même un tant soit peu poëte, je pris la liberté de proposer à mon confrère en Apollon, M. de Rothschild, de dire *Constantinopolis* en lieu de Constantinople, et de rimer ce mot à *Métropolis*, en disant par exemple: Constantinopolis, la future métropolis des Russes."

But this rhyme seemed to greatly displease him; he declared that England would never permit it, and that from it an European war might arise, which would cost the world much blood and many tears, and himself a great deal of money.

Herr von Rothschild is, in fact, the best political thermometer; I will not say weather-frog, because the word is not sufficiently respectful. And certes! one must have respect for this man, be it only for the respect which he inspires in others. I like best to visit him in his banking-house, where I can as a philosopher observe how people, and not only God's chosen, but all other kinds, bow and duck before him. There you may behold such a twisting and bending of back-bones as the best acrobat could hardly equal. I have seen people who, when they drew near the great Baron, shrunk up as if they had touched an electric battery. Even while approaching the door of his cabinet many experience a thrill of awe such as Moses felt on Mount Horeb when he saw that he stood on holy ground, and even as Moses took off his shoes, so more than one courtier or broker would fain remove his boots before entering the private cabinet of M. de Rothschild. That private cabinet is indeed a remarkable place, which inspires sublime thoughts and feelings, as does the

The two stories being quite different, it may well be doubted whether either is true.—*Translator.*

sight of the sea or of the starry heavens. We see here how small man is and how great is God! For gold is the God of our time and Rothschild is his prophet.

Some years ago, when I was about to call on Herr von Rothschild, a servant in livery crossed the corridor carrying the chamber-pot of the latter, while a speculator on the Bourse who was passing at the instant most respectfully took off his hat before the mighty pot.[1] So far extends—with reverence be it said!—the devotion of certain people. I noted the name of that devoted man, and am sure that in time he will become a millionaire. When I one day told Monsieur —— that I had lunched (*zu Mittag gespeist*) with Baron Rothschild in the inner apartments of his bureaux, he clasped his hands in amazement, declaring that I had enjoyed an honour which had hitherto only been granted to a Rothschild of the blood or to a few sovereign princes, and that he would give half of his nose for such an honour. I will here remark that the nose of Monsieur —— would be quite large enough even if diminished by half.

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[1] This very Heine-like story is beyond question entirely a *pièce de manufacture*. Were it otherwise, it would naturally cause some wonder as to what the customs of the *ménage* could have been, or what our author supposed them to be, in certain families.

The *comptoir* of M. de Rothschild is very extensive; it is a labyrinth of halls, a barrack of wealth. The room in which the Baron works from morning to night—he has naught else to do save work—has been of late very much beautified. On the chimney-piece there is at present the marble bust of the Emperor of Austria, with whom the House of Rothschild has done the most business. The Herr Baron will, moreover, out of deep regard, have made the busts of all the European princes who have contracted loans through his firm, and this collection of marble busts will form a Valhalla which will be far greater than that of Regensburg. Whether Herr Rothschild will celebrate his Valhalla-contemporaries in rhymes or in unrhymed royal Bavarian lapidary style, I know not.

XXXII.

Paris, April 29, 1841.

The verdict of the jury, by which the editor of *La France* has been entirely acquitted from the charge of deliberate slander on his Majesty, is significant as sad. I do not know whom I should pity most. Is it the King, whose honour has been sullied by forged letters, and yet cannot vindicate himself in public opinion as others can do? What is permitted to every and any other injured person in such a strait is cruelly denied to him. Any other man who saw himself compromised in the eyes of the public by false letters accusing him of traitorous conduct could proceed by formal accusation, and in due course of trial accurately prove the falseness of those letters. But there can be no such honourable rehabilitation for the King, whom the constitution declares to be inviolable, and who cannot appear in person before a tribunal. Still less is he permitted to have recourse to the duel, "the judgment of God," which still maintains in affairs of honour a certain power of justification. Louis

Philippe must endure being shot at, but never take a pistol in his hand to seek for satisfaction from his foes. Neither can he, in the vindictive style which men are wont to use in such a case, insert a sharp denial in the press, even though it were the basest calumny, for—more's the pity!—monarchs, like great poets, dare not defend themselves in such a way,[1] and must endure in long-drawn sufferance all the base slanders which men cast on them. I feel, in fact, the deepest compassion for the royal martyr, whose crown is a target for libels, and whose sceptre is worth less for self-preservation than a common cane. Or shall I pity you still more, ye Legitimists, who attitudinise as the paladins elect of royalty, and yet have degraded the very being of royalty or respect for the King? In any case, I pity you when I think of the terrible consequences which you call down by such mad conduct on your own heads. With the fall of the monarchy what again awaits you is the guillotine at home and the beggar's staff in foreign lands. Yes, your fate would be far worse than formerly—you, the scorned and duped companions of your hangman, will not be slain with wild wrath, but extinguished with scornful laughter, and when among strangers alms will be given you, not with

[1] There are two or three, or even more, great poets in England who have shown no want of such courage on such occasions.

the respect due to undeserved misfortune, but with contempt.

But what shall I say of the good men of the jury, who in blind bewildered competition put the crowbars to the breaking up the foundations of their own homes? The foundation-stone on which your whole citizen states-shop rests—that is, royal authority—has been scandalously loosened by that slanderous and shameful verdict. The whole evil significance of this verdict is now being gradually understood; it is the constant subject of daily discourse, and people behold with terror how the fatal consequences of the trial are being systematically turned to profit. Forged letters have now a legal support, and with the absence of responsibility, audacity increases among the enemies of order as it exists. At this time there are being circulated all over France innumerable lithographed copies of these autographs, and jealous cunning rubs its hands delighted at the success of this *tour d'adresse*. The Legitimists cry "Victory!" as if they had won a battle. Truly a great victory, in which the contemporary—the widow of the *grande armée*—the infamous[1] Madame de Sainte-Elme, bore the banner! The noble Baron Larochejaquelin protected with his armorial shield this new Joan

[1] *Verrufene.* Curiously given in the French version as vertueuse.

d'Arc. He guarantees her veracity—why not also her virgin purity? But before all, thanks are due for this triumph to the great Berryer, to the citizen-servant of the Legitimist chivalry,[1] who always speaks brilliantly and well, be the cause bad as it may.

Meanwhile, here in France, the land of parties where all results are at once squeezed out of events, the evil action goes hand in hand with a more or less healthy reaction. And this shows itself in reference to that unhappy verdict. Its bitter consequences are for the nonce somewhat neutralised by the jubilation and victorious cries raised by the Legitimists; for they are so hated by the people that the latter forget all their discontent with the King when the hereditary enemy of new France triumphs too exultingly over her. The worst reproach brought against the King in later days was just that he was accused of being too eager in his reconciliation with the Legitimists, and sacrificed to it the democratic interests. So it was

[1] "Who will always fight well and be well rewarded" is the conclusion of this sentence in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. In the French version we have "dont les honoraires, quelque exorbitants qu'ils soient, seront toujours au-dessous de son inappréciable talent." With these words the letter concludes.

The letter itself is admirable, as setting forth with clear ability a principle which it is to be regretted that our author frequently violated, *i.e.*, not to wantonly attack those who are defenceless.—*Translator*.

that the slander arose which struck at the King through these censorious nobles, added to a certain mischievous tendency among the *bourgeoisie*, who, goaded on by the journals of the discontented middle-class, falsely fable the most vexatious things as to the reactionary intentions of the present Ministry.

But how has it any relation with those reactionary intentions which are especially ascribed to M. Guizot? I cannot credit it. Guizot is a man of resistance, but not of reaction. And I believe that he would long ago have been left, on account of his resistance above, had there not been great occasion for his resistance below. His real business is the practical maintenance of that *régime* of the *bourgeoisie* which is as grimly threatened by the marauding stragglers of the past as it is by the plunder-seeking *avant garde* of the future. M. Guizot has laid out a hard task for himself, and—more's the pity!—nobody thanks him for it. And truly most ungrateful of all to him are those good citizens whom his strong hand protects and guards, but to whom he never gives the hand in confidence, and with whose petty passions he never makes a common cause. They love him not at all, these stupid cits (*Spiessbürger*), for neither does he laugh with them at Voltairian witticisms, nor is he "industrial;" neither doth he dance with them round the May-

pole of *la Gloire!* He bears his head very high, and a melancholy pride shows itself in every trait, and seems to say, "I could do something better perhaps than waste my life in weary daily struggle for this blackguard pack!" That is, in fact, the man who does not woo very passionately for popularity, and has even assumed the principle that a good Minister must be unpopular. He never cared to please the multitude, not even in those days of the Restoration when he was honoured most gloriously as a learned tribune of the people. When he delivered in the Sorbonne his memorable lectures, and the approbation of the assembled youth went to extremes, he subdued the flattering tumult with the firm words, "Gentlemen, order must prevail even in enthusiasm." Love of order is a predominant trait in the character of Guizot, and even on this account his Ministry worked most advantageously in the confusion of the present. On account of this love of order he has often been accused of pedantry, and I confess that the stiff seriousness of his personal appearance is softened by a certain associated learned pedagogue mien (*Magisterhaftigkeit*) which recalls our German home-land, especially Göttingen. He is as little of a reactionary as Court Councillor Herren Tychsen or Eichhorn were; but he would never suffer the beadles to be thrashed, or that after the same fashion students should riot and ramp

in the Weender Street and break the street-lamps.

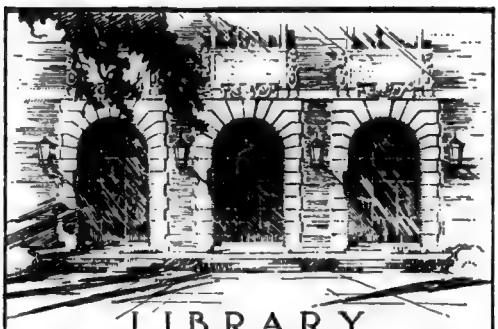
There is, in fact, something German in his nature, but German of the best kind; he is thoroughly erudite, honourable, generally humane and universal. We Germans, who would have been proud of him were he one of us, should at least do him justice where his personal worth and dignity is in question. Regarding this, I cannot sufficiently wonder how honourable people in Germany could think that the German press had aught to fear from the intervention of such a man. I know not what relation this has to the complaints of the *Oberdeutschen Zeitung*, but I do know that only error or malicious representation is shown when any one regards Guizot as the instigator of restrictions with which a German newspaper is threatened by its local censorship. I read such an accusation in the 113th number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which arrived here yesterday. I have not the honour to be personally near to M. Guizot, else I should certainly refute that undeserved reproach with more accurate information. But this much I can assert, that M. Guizot cherishes more than any man in France the greatest sympathy for the independence of German literature and journalism (*Schrifthums*) and the free development of German intellect, and in this consciousness he believes

himself so sure of our intelligent recognition of his services (*Auerkennung*) that he lately paid to one of my fellow-countrymen the naïve compliment, "A German would never regard me as a reactionary."[1]

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[1] All of the preceding, from the words, "There is, in fact," is only given in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and omitted in the German and French editions of his works. The omission is significant when we reflect that Heine received from the French Government a pension, bestowed by Guizot. The German editor adds to the extract the following note:—

"The remark of Heine as to the accusation that Guizot was the instigator of the above-mentioned limitation of liberty of the press in Germany was, when published, accompanied by this editorial note:—'An earlier contribution from another of our Paris correspondents assured us that M. Guizot took no part in that diplomatic proceeding indicated by the public press.'"



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II

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XXXIII.

PARIS, *May* 19, 1841.

LAST Saturday that section of the Institut Royal called the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques held one of their most remarkable sittings. The place was, as usual, that hall of the Palais Mazarin which recalls by its highly arched roof, as well as by those who assemble there, the cupola of the Dome des Invalides. In fact, the other sections of the Institute which there deliver their addresses only manifest grey-haired impotence, but the above-mentioned Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques is an exception, and bears a character of freshness and force. There prevails in this section a high-toned intellect, while the organisation and general spirit of the Institut Royal is wretchedly petty. A wit remarked truly enough, "This time the part is greater than the whole." In the meeting of last Saturday there was the inspiration of a decidedly youthful spirit. Cousin, who presided, spoke with that courageous fire which often does not warm but always gives light; and even Mignet, whose

task it was to eulogise the memory of the late Merlin de Douai, the celebrated jurist and member of the Convention, delivered a discourse as attractive and fresh as himself (*so blühend schön wie er selbst aussieht*). The ladies, who always attend in great numbers the sitting of the section of Sciences Morales et Politiques whenever an address by the handsome *secretaire perpetuel* is announced, came perhaps more to see than to hear, and as many among them are very pretty, they are often truly distracting. As for me, I was entirely absorbed by the subject of Mignet's oration, for the celebrated historian of the Revolution again spoke of one of the most important leaders of the great movement which transformed the citizen life of the French, and every word was the result of interesting investigation.[1] That was the voice of an historian, of a true guardian in chief of Clio's archives, and it seemed as if he held in his hand the eternal tablets on which the stern goddess had traced her decision. It was only in the choice of expressions and their gentler intonation that the traditional duty of the Academician to praise betrayed itself. But Mignet is also a statesman, and with shrewd circumspection he discussed, as was his duty, the affairs of the day in the latest occurrence. It is a

[1] *Bürgerliche Leben.* French version—*vie sociale.* Heine does not wish here to include the nobility, whose life is not that of the people.

delicate matter to discuss the storm through which we just have passed before our ship is safely lodged in port, and the French ship of state is perhaps not as yet quite so strongly secure as the excellent Mignet thinks. Not far from the orator, and on a bench, I saw M. Thiers, and his smile was to me deeply significant at those passages where Mignet spoke with by far too great ease and satisfaction of the definite foundation of modern conditions of society.[1] So smiled Æolus when on the silent shore fair Daphnis sweetly blew the peaceful flute!

You may see the whole address of Mignet in print, and the fulness of its contents will delight you; but no mere reading can give the vivid delivery, which, like a deeply meaning music, awakes in the hearer a series of thoughts.[2] So there still rings in my memory a remark which the speaker uttered in few words, yet which is fertile in deep thought. He observed how fortunate it was that the new Code Français had been composed by men who had just passed through the tremendous trials and tortures of a great revolution of state, and who, in consequence, had

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[1] "Begründung der modernen Zustände." French version—"La consolidation definitive des institutions modernes."

[2] French version—"Son chaleureux débit, c'est une musique de pensées qui se suivent, liées entre elles par des guirlandes de fleurs de rhétorique."

become perfectly familiar with human passions and contemporary wants. Yes, if we consider this circumstance, it will seem as if it especially favoured the present French legislation, and gave extraordinary value to that Code Napoléon and its commentaries, which were not, like other books of law, prepared by leisurely and cool casuists, by enthusiastic saviours of humanity, who had seen all passions in their nakedness, and who were initiated by experience into the sufferings of modern life. The philosophical school of Germany has formed as false ideas of the vocation of our age for law-making as has the historical: the first is dead, and the last has never lived.

The address with which Victor Cousin opened the sitting of the Academy on Saturday last breathed a spirit of independence which we always recognise in him with joy. *D'ailleurs*, he has been so very highly praised by one of our colleagues in these columns, that he must for the present have enough of it. This much I will say, that the man whom we formerly did not specially love has of late inspired, if not a real affection, at least a kinder appreciation. Poor Cousin! we maltreated you terribly once, you who were always so good and friendly to us Germans. It is strange that while the true pupil of the German school, the friend of Hegel, our Victor Cousin, was Minister in France, there

burst out in Germany that blind hatred against the French which is now gradually disappearing, and which may be at some future time unintelligible.

I mind me of a time last autumn when one day I met M. Cousin on the Boulevard des Italiens, where he stood before a picture-shop, admiring, among the engravings hanging there, etchings from Overbeck. The world had then flown off its hinges;[1] the thunder of cannon from Beyrout, like an alarm-bell, had awakened all the warlike passions of the East and of the West; the pyramids of Egypt trembled; on this and that side of the Rhine sabres were being whetted, and Victor Cousin, then Minister of France, stood calmly before the picture-shop of the Boulevard des Italiens, and admired the peaceable and pious heads of saints by Overbeck, and spoke with rapture of the excellence of German art and science, of our genius, sentiment, and depth of feeling, our love of justice and humanity. "But in heaven's name!" he suddenly cried, as if waking from a dream, "what does the raging madness mean with which you in Germany have

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[1] "Die Welt war aus ihren Angeln zerrissen." French version—"Le monde était sorti de ses gonds." Both of these expressions, to "fly off the hinges" or "off the hooks," signifying sudden and extravagant excitement or rage, are extremely common in the United States.—*Translator.*

begun all at once to storm and howl against us?" He could understand nothing of this Berserker rage, and I also did not understand it; and arm in arm strolling over the Boulevard, we exhausted ourselves in sheer conjecture as to the grounds of this enmity till we reached the Passage des Panoramas, where Cousin left me to buy a pound of chocolate of Marquis.[1]

I confirm with peculiar predilection the least circumstance which indicates the sympathy which I find for Germany among French statesmen. This is intelligible enough in Guizot, because his manner of seeing things is like our own, and he thoroughly understands the wants and just rights of the German people. This intelligence reconciles him with our eccentric perversions. I read the words "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*,"

[1] None are so blind as those who *will not* see; and it is amusing to find Heine and a Minister of France bewildered over what had struck me while a schoolboy in America as a most palpable and natural cause of German irritation. In 1839, 1840, and 1841 there was in France a revival of the old Napoleonic passion for *la gloire* and a desire for foreign conquest, which found utterance in innumerable works, and which was expressed openly by M. Thiers, and also, as I have before said, by Victor Hugo, the leader of French literature, in the words: "France—take back the Rhine!" The irritation and provocation, as in the Franco-German war, all came from France, and the whole tone of the German war-literature of that time, as in Becker's Rhine song, was in the form of replies to a threat. If Heine did not know this, he was ignorant indeed.—*Translator.*

not long since on the seal of a beautiful woman. Guizot may be, as every man declares, of a puritanical character, but he still understands those who feel and think differently. His soul is neither unpoetically narrow nor dull; it was this Puritan who gave the French a translation of Shakespeare, and when I, some years ago, wrote of the British king of poets, I could not better set forth the magic charm of his fantastic plays than by giving verbatim the commentary of that Puritan, the Roundhead Guizot.[1]

Strange! the warlike Ministry of the 1st of March, which was so decried, consisted for the greater part of men who honoured and loved Germany with truest zeal. Next to Victor Cousin, who knew that the best "Critique of Pure Reason" was to be had of Kant, and the best chocolate of Marquis, there sat in the Ministerial councils M. de Remusat, who was devoted to German genius, and had made special study of our literature. Even in his youth he translated several German dramas, which he published in the *Théâtre Etranger*. This man is as intelligent and witty as he is honourable; he knows the summits and the depths of the German race, and I am sure that he has a higher idea of its magnificence than all the composers of airs to the song of Becker, if

[1] Vide *Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen*. English version in the first volume of this series.—*Translator*.

not than the great Nicolas Becker himself! What recently pleased us most in Remusat was the straightforward manner in which he defended the fame of a noble brother-at-arms against slanderous insinuations.[1]

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[1] To this the French version adds, "Le chef du cabinet du 1er mars." The Rhine-song of Becker was an admirable lyric, because, like the Marseillaise, it expressed clearly and passionately a great national emotion, which Heine never succeeded in doing, never having felt one, and his sneers at the lyric may be fairly attributed to envy. There is in it a spirit of grim defiance and stern self-reliance which recalls the battle-songs of rude but great races in early times.

The picture of Heine arm-in-arm with Cousin, going to buy a pound of chocolate, is one of the most amusing on record, and one which, if it does not precisely recall the lying down of the lion and the lamb, at least vividly suggests the friendly interview of the honest dog with crafty Master Fox in Bulwer's tale. When we remember that Heine had unpacked his heart of words, and abused Cousin in a paper in which vulgar petty rage by its excess had rendered every utterance feeble and silly, we cannot fail to be impressed by the magnanimity of Cousin and the meanness of his adversary, who could not refrain from exulting that, after all his envious slanders, he had actually walked arm-in-arm with a Minister! And the manner in which the wretchedly poor-in-dignity Heine speaks patronisingly of "poor Cousin" recalls one of the "lift men" at a London hotel, who, when he had on his best coat of a Sunday, was wont to say that he was "going to visit his aunt the Queen—the poor old lady had not seen him for a week!"

XXXIV.

PARIS, *May* 22, 1841.

THE English people here make anxious faces. "Things are going badly—badly," they hiss to one another in anxious dread, whispering together, when they meet at Galignani's; and it truly looks as if the whole Great Britannic empire were tottering and near its fall; but it is all only false appearance. This state is like the leaning tower of Pisa: its oblique position frightens us when we look up, and the traveller hurries with quickened step past the *campanile*, fearing lest the mighty tower might suddenly tumble on his head. When I was in London in the time of Canning, and frequented the wild meetings of the Radicals, I thought that the whole edifice of state was about to crumble in; but it was all show. My friends who were in England during the excitement of the Reform Bill were seized by the same fear. Others, who beheld the drama of O'Connell's agitation and of the Catholic Emancipation rioting, experienced the same anxiety. Now it is the Corn Laws which cause a storm which threatens

to overwhelm the edifice. But fear not, oh son of Albion!

> "Though it crack, it may not break;
> And if it break, not break on thee!"

Here in Paris there is at this present time a dead calm. People are tired of talking about the forged letters of the King, and an amusing diversion for us was the abduction of the Spanish Infanta by Ignaz Gurowski, a Pole, and brother of the famous Adam Gurowski, whom you remember.[1] Last summer our friend Ignaz was in love with Mademoiselle Rachel; but as her father, who is of good Jewish family, opposed the match, he turned to the Princess Isabella Fernanda of Spain. All the court ladies of both the Castiles, yea, and of the whole universe, will hold up their hands in horror; they will understand that at last the world of traditional respect has come to an end!

Louis Philippe has long understood this, and on this account he did not base his power on the ideal sentiment of reverence, but on real need and bare necessity. The French could not spare him,

[1] I for one remember him very well, having frequently met and conversed with him in New York in 1860–61. His adventures and misadventures had been numerous, varied, and extraordinary. He was shortly before his death employed, I believe, as secretary by President Lincoln. Ignaz died about 1889. The Gurowskis were of very good Polish family, and Adam was a prominent leader in the insurrection of 1830.—*Translator.*

for their own maintenance is also based on his. Those same dull citizens who do not think it worth their while to vindicate the honour of their King against calumny, and who by meat and wine often calumniate him themselves, would still at the first tap of drum haste with gun and sabre to his defence, for he is the security for their own political prosperity and endangered personal interests.

I cannot refrain from here mentioning that a Legitimist journal, *La Presse,* has attacked us bitterly because we were guilty of publishing in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a defence of the King. To which attack we will only incidentally reply, that we are very far from taking any part in the internal partisan controversies of France. In our contributions to these columns, we aim especially at a true understanding of men and things, of incidents and what relates to them, and can thereby boast of the utmost impartiality—so long as no German interests are concerned to influence our opinions. For who can keep himself free from such influences? So it may of course come to pass that our sympathy for French statesmen, and also for Louis Philippe, is often heightened when we recognise in them views for the good of France. I fear that I may often be misled into speaking favourably of a ruler who has guarded us from the horrors of

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war, and to whom our thanks are due that we can in peaceful leisure establish the alliance between France and Germany. This alliance is in every respect more natural than one with England or Russia, since these are two extremes from both of which there is here a gradual retrocession. A secret repulsion has always seized the French when it was proposed to approach Russia; they are shy of the embraces of that bear of the North, whom they have learned to know personally on the icy fields of Moscow. And they will have as little to do with England, having lately enjoyed a specimen of Albion's perfidy. Moreover, they mistrust the duration of the Government there, and believe it to be nearer death than is really the case.

The inclined downward direction (*sinkende Richtung*) of the British state deceives them. Yet it will fall some time, this leaning tower! Domestic moles continually loosen its foundations, and, after a time, the bears of the North will come and shake it with angry claws. A Frenchman might hope that the leaning tower will at last fall, and the conquering bear be buried under the ruins!

XXXV.

PARIS, *December* 11, 1841.

Now when the New Year—that great day of presents—approaches, the shops surpass themselves in varied display. The sight of these marvellous attractions is for the *flâneur* of leisure a most agreeable pastime, and if his brain be not quite vacant, ideas will often rise when he sees behind the gleaming glass-panes the varied fulness of the splendid show, with all its wealth of luxury and art—casting at times his glance upon the crowd which presses round him gazing at the wares. The faces of this public are so ugly with seriousness and suffering, so impatient and threatening, that they form an uncanny contrast with the objects at which they stare. Then dread feeling steals over us that these men might all at once strike with clenched fists and smash all these gay and jingling toys for the elegant world, and the elegant world itself with them. If a man is not a great politician, but only an ordinary *flâneur*, who troubles himself little as to the shade or tint of Dufaure and Passy, yet pays attention

to the people in the streets, he will attain the firm conviction that sooner or later the whole *bourgeois* comedy of France, with its parliamentary dramatic heroes and supernumeraries, will have an awful end amid hideous hisses, and that there will be an after-piece called the Rule of the Commune (*Kommunistenregiment*). This epilogue, it is very true, cannot last a long time, but it will the more powerfully move and purify our souls, and be a real tragedy.[1]

The late political trials might open the eyes of many, but they find blindness too agreeable. No one would willingly be reminded of to-morrow's dangers while he enjoys to-day. Therefore all men think evil of the man whose firm and piercing eye sees clearly down, into, and through the night of the abyss of the dread future, and whose stern hard words recall the thoughts of perils imminent when we are seated at a joyous feast. They all growl at the poor schoolmaster Guizot.

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[1] Our author here predicts with sagacity what came to pass in the brief after-piece of the Commune, and what may possibly take place again while there are brutal and ignorant mobs. But he errs, always, in attributing to such outbursts the deepest moral significance and healthiest results. If wealthy society is radically bad, it may be terribly purged by petroleum, but not cured. And the Commune neither deeply moved nor purified all hearts. What lies at the bottom of it all with Heine is envy and bitterness.—*Translator.*

Even the greater portion of the so-called Conservatives are disinclined to him, and in their dim delusion dream that he may be replaced by some one whose cheerful countenance and winsome speech will not be to them suggestive of torment and terror. Oh, ye Conservative fools, who are unable to conserve anything but your own folly, you should guard Guizot as the apple of your eye. Yes, you should drive the very gnats from him—the Radical as well as the Legitimist—to keep him cheerful, and you should often send him flowers to the Hôtel des Capucines—cheering, joyful flowers, roses and violets; and instead of disgusting him in the House by your constant grumbling, or driving him by your intrigues quite out of it, you should rather chain him to it. Were I in your place, I should be in constant fear lest he should suddenly escape from the splendid torments of his Ministerial palace, and take refuge in his quiet little study in the Rue Ville l'Evêque, where he once lived so happily among his old volumes bound in sheepskin or vellum.

And yet, is Guizot really the man who is able to avert the impending disaster? There are indeed united in him the generally separated qualities of the most profound sagacity and an iron will; he would defy all storms with his antique firmness, and avoid dangerous sunken

rocks with a most modern shrewdness;[1] but the quiet tooth of the mice had gnawed too many holes in the bottom of the French ship of state, and Guizot, as he himself well knows, is powerless against this inner evil (*Noth*), which is far more dangerous than aught without. There lies the danger. Subversive or destructive doctrines have in France taken too strong a hold of the lower class; people are no longer contending for equal political rights, but for equality of enjoyment of the blessings of this earth, and there are in Paris about four hundred thousand roughs,[2] who only await the word of command to realise the idea of absolute equality which broods in their rude brains. We hear from many sides that war would be a good means of diverting such a possible means of destruction. But would not that be driving out Satan by Beelzebub? War would only hasten the catastrophe and spread the evils over all the globe, which at present only press

[1] French version—"Il éviterait les écueils funestes avec un jésuitisme tout moderne." A curious accomplishment for a steersman. In the next line we have the addition of "Le dent secrète des petites souris et des grands rats." From which it would appear that, like the ancient Graiae or Fates, the rats and mice had but one tooth among them.—*Translator.*

[2] *Rohe Fäuste* in the original, which, reckoning two fists to a man, would only give half as many roughs. But recent statistics raise this class, comprehending its allies, to half-a-million.

on France. The propaganda of Communism possesses a language which every nation understands, and the elements of this universal tongue are as simple as hunger, envy, and death. It is easily learned.

But let us quit this sad theme and return to the more pleasing objects behind the vast plate-glass panes of the Rue Vivienne and the Boulevards. How they gleam and glitter, laugh and allure! (*das funkelt, das lacht und lockt!*). Vigorous life, expressed in gold, silver, bronze, gems, in all possible forms, especially in the forms of the Renaissance, whose imitations are at present all the fashion. What is the cause of this predilection for the Renaissance, that new birth, or rather resurrection, when the antique world rose from the tomb to make more beautiful the Middle Age in its dying hours? Does this our time feel an affinity with that age, which sought in the past, even as we are doing, a rejuvenating fountain, thirsting for the cool and refreshing draught of life? I know not, but that age of Francis I. and of his contemporaries exerts on us an almost terrible charm, like the memory of things seen and a life lived in dreams.[1] Then there lies an all-unusual

[1] French version—"Il y a quelque chose de magique, de singulièrement hardi, de mysteriéusement original, dans la manière dont cette époque a su travailler et absorber en elle l'antiquité retrouvée."

original fascination in the way and manner in which that age worked the rediscovered antiquity into itself. Here we do not see, as in the school of David, a dry academic imitation of Greek plastic art, but a fluent blending of it with Christian spiritualism. In the forms of art and of life which owe their strangely original (*abentheuerliches*) existence to that fusion of most unlike elements, there lurks such a sweetly melancholy humour, such an ironic kiss of reconciliation, such flourishing disdain, such a superbly elegant horror, which subdues us by an unearthly spell we know not how.[1]

But just as we for to-day leave politics to the petty professionals,[2] so we will also abandon to the duly patented historians the exact determination of the degree to which our time is allied with that of the Renaissance, and, *en vrais flâneurs*, stop on the Boulevard Montmartre before an engraving which Messieurs Goupil & Rittner have

[1] French version—"L'union de ces deux éléments tout à fait hétérogènes, portent l'empreinte d'un esprit si mélancholique et si doux, d'un baiser de réconciliation à la fois si rêveur et si ironique, d'une volupté si élégante et d'une joie si funèbre et si sinistre, que nous en sommes saisis de frissons et subjugués, nous ne savons comment."

[2] *Kannegiesser*, pewterers, also pourers from pots, whence pot-house, petty, would-be politicians, or "politicasters." Hence *kannegiesien*, to talk politics. The name was given to a character in a Danish comedy, whence, according to W. D. Whitney, it became popular.

there exhibited, and which attracts all glances as the copperplate lion of the season. It well deserves this general attention, for it is "The Fishers" of Leopold Robert. It has been expected "for a year and a day" (*seit Jahr und Tag*), and it is indeed a charming Christmas present for the public, to whom the original may be unknown. I refrain from all detailed description of this work, because it will soon be as well known as "The Harvesters" by the same painter, to which it forms a significant and charming companion-piece. As that celebrated picture represents the country in summer, where Roman peasants drive homewards with the blessings of harvest as if on a triumphal chariot,[1] so we see in this last picture by Robert, in sharpest contrast, the little wintry port of Chioggia, and poor fishermen, who, to gain their scant daily bread, are preparing, despite wind and weather, for a cruise in the Adriatic. Wife and child and the old grandmother look at them with painful resignation; they are touching figures, whose sight awakens in our heart feelings quite contrary to all police regulations. These unhappy beings, the very serfs of poverty, are condemned to lifelong afflic-

[1] French version—"Ce tableau . . . représente une campagne inondée par un soleil d'été, et que traversent, comme sur un char de triumphe, des campagnards romains, rentrant les richesses dorées de leur récolte."

tion, and weary and waste away in hard poverty and affliction. A melancholy curse is painted here, and the artist, as soon as he had painted it, cut his own throat. Poor people and poor Robert! Yes, just as "The Harvesters" of this master is a work of joy, which he conceived and executed in the Roman sunlight of love, there is mirrored in "The Fishermen" all the thoughts of suicide and autumnal fogs which gathered round his soul while he dwelt in ruined Venice. As much as the first picture calms and enraptures us, so does this last fill us with uprising discontent;[1] in the one Robert painted human felicity, and in the other its misery.

I shall never forget the day when I first beheld the original picture of "The Fishermen" of Robert. The news of his death had struck us like lightning from a cloudless sky, and as the picture, which arrived at the same time, could not be exhibited in the *Salon*, which was already opened, its owner, M. Paturle, conceived the very praiseworthy intention of making a special exhibition of it for the benefit of the poor. The Mayor of the Second Arrondissement supplied a place, and the receipts, if I am not mistaken, amounted to more than sixteen thousand francs. May the

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[1] French—"Nous remplit de courroux révolutionnaire." German—"Mit emporsüchtigen Unmuth."

philanthropic works of all friends of the people produce such practical results after their deaths!

I remember that as I ascended the stairs of the Mairie to the room of the exhibition, I read on a side-door the inscription, "*Bureau des décès.*" There were in the *Salon* many people before the picture, but no one spoke; there weighed on all an anxious heavy silence, as if the bloody corpse of the dead painter lay behind the canvas. What was the cause why he slew himself—a deed in contradiction to the laws of morality and nature—holy laws which Robert all his life had reverenced like a child. Yes, he was brought up in strong Swiss Protestantism; he held firmly and truly to this fatherly faith, and there was in him no trace of religious scepticism, or even of indifference. He was also conscientious in fulfilling his civic duties —a good son, a good domestic manager, who paid his debts, acting fully up to all the requisitions of society, who carefully brushed his coat and hat; nor was there as regarded him any suspicion of immorality. He clung to Nature with all his soul like a child to its mother; she nourished his talent and revealed to him all her glory. I may say *en passant* that she was dearer to him than the traditions of the great masters; yet that was not less a departure from Nature. Therefore it was not a transcendental sinking into the delicious delirium of art, unnecessary yearning for the delights of

a world of dreams, or a deviation from Nature which allured the marvellous man to his death. His money affairs were all in order; he was honoured, admired, and even in good health. Then what was it? There was for a time a rumour in Paris that love for a *grande dame* in Rome caused his suicide. This I do not believe. Robert was thirty-eight years of age, and at that time of life the outburst of great passions is indeed very terrible, but men do not then kill themselves as in early youth, when in the immature (*unmännlichen*) Werther period of life.

What drove Robert to death was perhaps that most terrible of emotions, when an artist discovers a disproportion between his desire to create and his ability to express it (*Darstellungsvermögen*). This consciousness of inability is of itself half death, and the hand only helps to abridge the agony. However ingenious and vivid the works of Robert may have been, they were still only the pale spectres of the blooming beauties of Nature which swept before his soul, and a practised eye easily discovers a wearisome painful strife with the subject (*Stoff*) which he could only overcome by the most desperate effort. Fair and firm are all these pictures by Robert, but most of them are not free; there is not in them daring, direct inspiration (*der unmittelbare Geist*)[1]—they are

[1] French version—"Le souffle d'un esprit prime-sautier."

composed. Robert possessed a certain intuition of genial greatness, and yet his soul was banned and bound in narrow circles. To judge by the character of his pictures, one would believe that he was an enthusiastic admirer of Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, the ideal angel of beauty. No; his intimate friends declare that it was Michael Angelo Buonarotti, the stormy Titan, the wild thunder-god of the "Last Judgment," of whom he dreamed and whom he adored. The true cause of his death was the bitter irritation of the *genre* painter, who yearns to be a supremely great historical artist: he died of a missing link (*lacune*) in his power of execution.

The engraving of "The Fishermen" now exhibited by Messieurs Goupil & Rittner is admirable as regards technical execution—a real masterpiece, far superior to that of "The Harvesters," which was perhaps too hastily finished; but it wants the character of originality which so fully enraptures us in "The Harvesters," and which was perhaps due to this picture having been the result of a single study, be it from without or from within, and then followed and formed with great fidelity.[1] "The Fishermen," on the contrary, are too much composed; the figures are over-carefully combined

[1] Abbreviated in the French version to: "Ce chef d'œuvre a eu sa source dans une totalité de conception." Which is explanatory, but not satisfactory.

side by side; they mutually incommode, instead of bringing out one another; and it is only by the colours that what is incongruous in the original picture is balanced, and the whole receives an air of unity. In the engraving, where the colour or the varied adjustment is wanting, the superficially allied elements naturally separate again; we perceive uncertainty and separate details, and the whole is not an unity. "This is a sign of Raphael's greatness," said one of my friends to me not long ago, "that his pictures lose nothing of their harmony when engraved. Yes, even in their worst imitations, without any colour or devoid of shading, in their bare-cut lines the works of Raphael still keep that harmonious power which moves our soul. That comes because they are real revelations — revelations of genius, which, as in Nature, manifests perfection even in mere sketches."

My abridged opinion of "The Fishers" of Robert is that they lack unity, and that only details, such as that of the young woman with the sick child, deserve the highest praise. In proof of this, I appeal to the first sketch, in which Robert expressed his first idea, and there, in this primitive conception, there reigns that harmony which is wanting in the finished picture; and when we compare the two, we can see clearly how the painter long tormented and wearied his soul ere he brought the picture to its present state.

XXXVI.

PARIS, *December* 19, 1841.

WILL Guizot keep his place? Lord! in this country nothing keeps its place long; all totters, even the Obelisk of Luxor—which is no hyperbole, but a literal truth; for it has been rumoured for several months that the Obelisk does not stand firmly on its pedestal; it leans now and then here and there, and some fine morning early it will tumble on the heads of the passers-by. Timid people, when their way is across the Place Louis-Quinze, try to keep out of the way of the falling grandeur. Bolder spirits, of course, do not let themselves be disturbed, and do not give way a finger's-breadth;[1] yet they still, when passing by, give a squint upward to see whether the great stone has become shaky of disposition. However this may be, it is always a sad sign when the public begin to doubt the duration of things, for their very best support goes with the faith in their duration. Will *he* hold his own? In any

[1] A line from a very popular old Lutheran hymn.

case, I think that he will last through the next session, be it the Obelisk or Guizot—who has a certain likeness to the former in this, that he does not stand in his right place. Yes, neither of them are in their proper places; they have been torn from their natural surroundings and violently transplanted into an unbecoming neighbourhood. The Obelisk once stood before the lotus-headed giant columns at the entrance of the Temple of Luxor, which looks like a colossal coffin, and contains embalmed death, the dried bodies of kings, the dead wisdom of the early world. By him stood a twin-brother of the same red granite and the same pyramidal form, and ere one came to these he passed through two avenues of sphynxes, silent and enigmatic beings, beasts with human heads, or Egyptian doctrinaires. Indeed, such surrounding was far fitter for the Obelisk than that which has been given it on the Place Louis-Quinze, the most modern in the world, and where the modern age really begins, having been cut off with mad and raging axe.[1] Does the great Obelisk perhaps tremble and shudder at finding itself on such a godless soil—he who, like a stone Swiss porter in hieroglyphic livery, kept watch for thousands of years before

[1] French version—"Passé par la hache fatale du 21 janvier."

the holy gates of the tombs of the Pharaohs and the absolute empire of the Mummies? Be that as it may, he stands there very much isolated, almost comically so, among thoroughly theatrical edifices of the latest style of architecture—rococo statuary, fountains with gilt naïads, allegorical statues of French rivers, whose pedestal curtains a porter's lodge in the centre, between the Arc de Triumphe de l'Etoile, the palace of the Tuileries, and the Chamber of Deputies—just as the sacerdotally profound, Egyptian, taciturn Guizot stands among the imperially-rough Soult, the mercantile flat-headed Humann, and the hollow twaddler Villemain, streaked half-Voltairian, half-Catholic, and who certainly has had a streak too much of luck.[1]

But let us set Guizot aside, and only speak of the Obelisk, for it is quite true that people are discussing its possibly speedy fall. It is said that

[1] French version—"Comme le doctrinaire Guizot, avec sa mine sacerdotale, avec sa raideur et sa taciturnité égyptiennes, se trouve placé entre ses collègues, notamment Soult, troupier illettré et peu artiste, mais grand amateur de Murillos, qui ne coûtent rien; puis Humann, bourgeois industriel à la tête bourrée de chiffres mercantiles; et enfin Villemain, rhéteur ignare, frivole bel esprit, qui s'est un peu frotté à la poussière des pères de l'Église pour se donner une certaine odeur d'érudit religieux, mais qui n'en sent pas moins à dix pas de distance son Voltairianisme renié." Heine is here doing yeoman's service for the pension. It must be admitted that Guizot got his money's worth.—*Translator.*

in the silent, burning, sunny heat of the Nile-land, in the peace and solitude of its home, it might have stood for thousands of years, but that here in Paris it is stirred by constant change of weather, the feverishly exciting anarchic atmosphere, the incessantly blowing damp and cold breeze, which is far worse for the health than the hot simoom of the desert; in short, the air of Paris does not suit it. The real rival of the Obelisk of Luxor is the Colonne Vendôme. Does *it* stand very firmly? I do not know—but it stands in its right place, in harmony with all around it. It is truly rooted in its native soil, and he who holds to that, has firm and fast support. What! *really* firm? No; here in France nothing is absolutely, firmly settled. A storm has already torn away the capital of the column, the capital iron man, and should the Communists ever attain to government, the same may happen again, unless, indeed, the Radical madness of equality should overthrow the column itself,[1] so that this monument and symbol of the passion for glory may vanish from the earth, because no man or work of man shall rise above a fixed communal measure; and therefore architecture as well as epic poetry is threatened with destruction.

[1] Which it really did. Not "one of our failures." It was a miraculously clever prediction for 1841, and perhaps, in a measure, led to its own fulfilment.

"What do we want in these times with a monument to an ambitious murderer of mankind?" I heard not long ago from an enraged leveller, apropos of the competition for models of the Mausoleum of the Emperor. "It will cost the money of living people, and we will break it up when the time shall come." Yes, the dead hero should have remained in St. Helena, and I will not be bound (*dafür stehen*) that his monument will not one day be shattered and his body thrown into the beautiful river on whose banks he would fain so sentimentally repose.[1] As Minister, Thiers has done him no great service.

In truth, he has done the Emperor a greater service as historian, and has erected to him a

[1] The mania for such destruction of every relic of the past, which is so markedly characteristic, not only of the lower, but of the most cultivated Communists, is a conclusive proof of their weakness of mind and unfitness to rule. When Rochefort gave the command to burn up Paris, special pains were taken that the National Library should be destroyed, and it was only saved by the accidental breaking of a battery wire! *Great* men, capable of rule, would regard evolution from the past as a law, and far from childishly endeavouring to efface its traces, carefully preserve and study them to aid in future development, even as he who would study the branches must know the roots. Thus far, such worse than idle unrepublican destruction or tyranny has, in France, taken precedence of building up. The excuse is, that it is necessary to clear the ground. Which recalls the American who was so *very* thorough, that when he cut down the forest which stood where he wished to build, he did not leave a stick wherewith to erect his house.—*Translator.*

more solid monument than the Column of Vendôme and the projected monument by the great historical work at which he constantly works, notwithstanding the exactions of his political tasks upon his time.

This work, as his bookseller, through whose hands it has chiefly passed, assures me, has greatly advanced of late. I refer here to M. Dubochet, one of the noblest and most upright men whom I know. The worst malevolence will admit that I here speak from trustworthy information.[1] Other credible persons who live about Thiers have assured me that he is busy by night and day with his book. I myself have not seen him since his return from Germany, but I hear with joy that he there not only attained his historical aims, but also gained far greater insight into German affairs than he manifested during his Ministry. He speaks with great liking and decided respect of the German people, and the views which he brought back with him of our native country will certainly have good practical results, whether he grasp the helm of state or only the stylus of history.

Thiers alone has the material and means to write the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, and he

[1] One is here reminded of what Gargantua said in effect to Panurge, that it was not necessary to swear with such vehemence to a thing which no one would doubt.—*Translator.*

will write it better than those who believed themselves to be especially called to it, because they were true companions of the Emperor, and even in constant personal attendance. The new friends or acquaintances of a great hero, his fellow-warriors, servants, chamberlains, secretaries, adjutants, perhaps his contemporaries altogether, are the least qualified to write history; they often seem to me to be like a fly which has walked over a man's head, and that in the nearest place to his thought, and perhaps buzzed round him everywhere, without having the least idea of his true life and the scope of his action.

And as appropriate to this subject, I call attention to a copperplate engraving which is at present to be seen at all dealers in art, and which represents the Emperor after a picture by Delaroche, who painted it for Lady Sandwich. The artist executed this picture, as he does all his work, eclectically, and to compose it used many unknown portraits which are owned by the Bonaparte family, also the cast of the dead Napoleon; further, many details as to the peculiarities of the imperial countenance which were supplied by ladies who had known him, and finally his own recollections, as he had many times seen the Emperor in his youth. I cannot here give my full opinion as to this picture, as I must in such case write fully as to the manner of Dela-

roche. The principal characteristic I have already indicated, that is, the eclectic proceeding, which inspires to a certain degree external truth, but which does not permit the development of ideal truth or deep and fundamental ideas.[1] This new portrait of the Emperor has been published by Goupil & Rittner, who have issued nearly all the known works of Delaroche.[2] They recently published Charles the First insulted and mocked in prison by soldiers and underlings, and as a companion-piece we have had in the same form the picture of Strafford, who, while being led to his execution, passes the prison where Bishop Laud is confined, and gives to the passing Count his parting blessing. We see indeed only the Bishop's two hands stretched out of the barred

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[1] One of the maxims which Heine was fond of manufacturing out of the single case in hand. The power of the eclectic system in art or literature to represent ideal truth or beauty depends entirely on the mind which employs it. It is, in fact, a search for an ideal drawn from a wide range of thought. Shakespeare was in the highest sense an eclectic ; but Heine was deeply prejudiced against the *word* "Eclectic," as representing the system of Cousin—as were most Germans of his time.—*Translator.*

[2] To which the *Augsburger Zeitung* adds, in here ending the letter: "And it is admirably engraved by a young etcher on copper, who developed in it the greatest talent. He is called, if I am not mistaken, Aristide Louis, and he is a pupil of Dupont." I think that this engraving was, however, on *steel.*—*Translator.*

window, and which, as they look like the two hands on a mile-post, have a very prosaic effect.[1]

In the same art-magazine we see the great cabinet-piece of Delaroche—his dying Richelieu, seated in a boat, and descending the Rhone in company with his two victims, the condemned Chevaliers Cinq-Mars[2] and De Thou. The two children[3] whom Richard III. had murdered in the Tower is the most pleasing (*anmuthigste*) picture which Delaroche has painted. At present there is being engraved a work by him which represents Marie Antoinette in the prison of the Temple. The poor princess is very indigently dressed,

[1] French version—"Procédé prosaïque et visant à un effet absurde." As I and many readers have not thought of the mile post, we may be excused for having been impressed by this picture of the mysterious *hand*, which has been employed in all ages without exciting ridicule. The hand which emerges from the lake to meet and grasp the sword of King Arthur might quite as well have suggested a finger-post as those depicted by Delaroche. According to such criticism, any work of art which can be shown to have a vulgar or commonplace parody becomes thereby ridiculous. A bronze monument is ugly because it looks like a new kettle (*vide* Handbook for Munich), and an Italian Gothic cathedral, because it is striped like a zebra. And as such parallels occur readily to vulgar minds, therefore no work of art can be dignified.—*Translator.*

[2] In the German text "*Saint*-Mars."

[3] French version—"Les Enfants d'Edouard." This picture contributed more than any other cause to render popular the dressing of children in mediæval style; "Little Lord Fauntleroy" being one of the results.

almost like a woman of the people, which will certainly cause the most Legitimate tears to flow in the noble faubourg. One of the most touching works of Delaroche, which represents Lady Jane Grey just as she is about to lay her blonde head on the block, has not as yet been published, as it is still in hand. His Marie Stuart, also, is not as yet engraved. The picture of Cromwell lifting the lid of the coffin in which lies the body of the beheaded Charles the First, if it be not the best, is the most effective of any by Delaroche, as to which I have elsewhere written in detail.[1] The engraving is also a masterpiece of technical perfection. Delaroche manifests a peculiar predilection or idiosyncrasy in his choice of subjects. They are invariably very high personages, who are either being executed or else doomed to be so. M. Delaroche is the court-painter to all decapitated sovereigns. He can never quite withdraw himself from the service of such distinguished delinquents, and his soul is busy with them, even when portraying the potentates who departed (*das Zeitliche segneten*) albeit without the assistance of the executioner. Thus in his *tableau* of the death of Elizabeth of England we see how the grey-haired queen rolls herself despairingly on the floor, tormented in the dying hour by the memory of Count

[1] The article here referred to will be found in another place in this work.



MARIE STUART

Essex and Mary Stuart, whose bloody spectres seem to appear to her fixed eyes. This picture is one of the ornaments of the Gallery of the Luxembourg, and it is neither so horribly vulgar nor vulgarly horrible as the other pictures in the historic style by the same artist, favourite works of the *bourgeoisie*, the brave honourable citizens, who regard the overcoming difficulties as the highest problem of art, who confuse the horrible with the tragic, and who are gladly edified by the sight of fallen grandeur, being themselves in the delightful consciousness that they themselves are safe from such catastrophes in the modest darkness of a back shop in the Rue Saint-Denis.

XXXVII.

PARIS, *December* 28, 1841.

I EXPECT very little that is enlivening or agreeable from the recently opened Chamber of Deputies. All that we shall witness there will be petty squabbles, personal disputes, weakness, and perhaps at last a general stagnation. And, in fact, a legislative chamber must be composed of compact masses of (different) parties, or else the whole parliamentary machine cannot act (*fungiren*).[1] Should every deputy bring a special different and isolated opinion to market, there could never be a vote which could be in any way regarded as the expression of a common will, and yet the most essential condition of the representative system is that such a common will shall manifest itself. Like all French society, the Chamber is decomposed or cracked into so many splits and splinters, that there are in it no two men who quite agree in their views. When I

[1] *Fungiren*, a form of *fonctioniren*, French, *fonctioner*, to officiate, to perform its functions. Heine was extravagantly fond of such baroque French-Latin terms.—*Translator.*

consider the French of to-day in this relation, I always recall the words of our well-known Adam Gurowski,[1] who denied to German patriots all capacity for action, because among twelve Ger-

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[1] French version—"Notre spirituel Adam Gurowski." He said clever things, but always grumbled at, and spoke sarcastically of everything, especially everything in America. Hence I called him Growl-owski in an article in *Vanity Fair* (New York, 1861). Adam Gurowski was quite angry at me once for speaking favourably of A. W. von Schlegel in a biographical sketch, and made a special appointment to meet me and induce me to think worse of the great writer. Gurowski thought well of me because I had translated the *Reisebilder* and *Buch der Lieder* of Heine, whom he naturally liked—*Arcades ambo*—hence his dislike of Schlegel. When in a good temper, as, for instance, after the opera and in the club, he could be amusing. Gurowski liked to be thought young. One day, on meeting with an American acquaintance, he pointed to a statue which was very much in the way in some public thoroughfare, and said, "Where would you see except in America such vile taste as to put a statue in such a place." "You may see it in Paris," was the reply, "where the statue of Molière is just in the middle of a street." "I do not remember it," replied Gurowski; "there was no such thing in Paris when *I* was there." "That may be," was the answer; "it is only about 150 years since it was put up." Gurowski departed roaring with rage. It may be here remarked as a curious incident, that if Gurowski really made the remark to Heine which is given above, he simply condensed what Heine himself had long before set forth in detail in his description of the character of Heinrich Kitzler ("The Gods in Exile," "Germany," vol. ii. p. 297. Heinemann, 1892) in which he depicts a German who can never achieve anything because he always considers both sides too equitably and fairly.—*Translator.*

mans there are always twenty-four parties. For, with our many-sidedness and conscientiousness in thought, every one of us has duly taken in and considered the views most contrary to his own, with all their reasons and arguments; hence there are always two parties in every person. This is now the case with the French. But what will be the end of all this fine splitting, this dissolution of all the connecting links of thought, this *particularism*, this extinction of all mutual intelligence, which is the moral death of a race? What led to this state of affairs was the culture of material interests, selfishness, and money. Will this last long, or will there be suddenly some tremendous outburst of a greater power or deed of chance, or a disaster which will again mutually bind and blend French souls? "God never abandons a German;" but neither does he any Frenchman, or any other man of any race; and when a nation slumbers, be it from weariness or laziness, he appoints private watchmen of the future, who, hidden in darkness apart, await their hour—the hour of general awaking. Where do the watchmen watch, the wakers wake? I have often sought to know, and I was told in deep mystery that it was with—the army! "Here, in the army," I was told, "there is still a strong national feeling; here, under the tri-coloured flag, those higher feelings have taken refuge which

the predominant Industrialism has repulsed and ridiculed; here the modest and contented civic virtue, the intrepid love of great deeds and of honour, the burning faculty of enthusiasm, live here, as well as the healthiest life, while all around is discord and decay; and here too is wonted respect for authority, or in any case an armed unity." "Therefore it is not impossible," added my informant, "that some fine morning the army will knock over the present *bourgeois régime*, the Second Directory, and make another Eighteenth of Brumaire. Military management (*Soldatenwirthschaft*) would then be the end and refrain of the song, and human society must again endure being quartered on.[1]

The condemnation of M. Dupoty by the Chamber of Peers did not spring from servile fear, but from that hereditary hatred for the Revolution which

[1] The French version has this ending for the chapter, what follows being omitted in it:—"Le gouvernement du sabre serait donc la fin de la chanson, et la société humaine serait encore une fois régalée du vacarme de la gloire avec ses eternels *Te Deum Laudamus*, ses lampions de suif, ses héros aux grosses épaulettes d'or et ses coups de canon en permance." Heine should here have mentioned the little-noted and remarkable fact that there sprang up in the army under Napoleon several secret societies, chief among which was that of the *Philadelphiens*, whose object was to reform the world on a military basis, and reduce society, not to a half-time workhouse *à la* Socialist, but to a general system of barracks.

secretly nestles in the hearts of many ancient nobles. For the personages of the illustrious assembly do not consist of merely freshly baked men of the modern era. We have but to cast a glance on the list of men who voted in the affirmative to see with amazement that by the name of an Imperial or Philippistic parvenu there are always two or three of the old régime. The bearers of these names, therefore, form a majority, and there they sit on the velvet-covered benches of the Luxembourg; old guillotined men with their heads sewed on again, which heads they feel with great anxiety whenever the people outside murmur; spectres who hate every cock, and the Gallic cock most of all, because they know from experience how soon his early crowing in the morn will put an end to all their haunting show; and it is a terrible show when these wretched dead men sit in judgment on the living, who are still more wretched—namely, over the youngest and most despairing children of the Revolution—over those orphaned and disinherited children whose misery is as great as their madness—over the Communists! Nor is there any more mercy to be expected from the plebeians who sit in the peers by the ancient hard-baked;[1]

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[1] *Altbackenen Patriciern*, the "old-baked" batch, in contrast to the new and soft. This corresponds to the American

they endeavour, with few exceptions, to repudiate their Revolutionary origin, and damn decidedly their own blood. Or is there a certain inborn servility among these new men, which shows itself at once when they as peers sit by their ancient masters? The old subordination again seizes on their souls; a bit of livery shows itself under the ermine, and in every question they implicitly obey the interests of their gracious betters (*gnädigen Herrschaftsinteressen*) of the House.[1]

The condemnation of Dupoty will do indescribable harm to the institution of peers, for the latter is as much disliked by the people as it is discredited. The last batch contains names against whom little can be alleged, but all that does not make the soup stronger nor more savoury. The list has been fully scraped and scrawled in all the newspapers, and I therefore refrain from further comments. I will only incidentally remark as regards M. Beugnot, that this new peer must be extremely familiar with our German tongue, and still more with our ways, since he grew up to full youth

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Hardshell, as indicating the Orthodox or Conservative party. —*Translator.*

[1] *Gnädige Herrschaft.* I have known Germans in America to be very indignant at newly-arrived fellow-countrymen for using this term as regarded their employers. It may be observed that none of them did after they had ever been a month in the country. Those who had used it the most at home hated it most abroad.

in Germany, that is, in Düsseldorf, where he had the public teaching of the gymnasium, and distinguished himself by industry and notable intellect. There is always for me something comforting and composing when I see among the members of the French power of state some individuals of whom I am convinced that they know German, and do not know Germany only from hearsay.[1]

The promotion of Messrs. De Murat and De Chavigny, who are rallied or re-allied Legitimists, is announced. The latter was secretary to M. de Polignac. It is also generally rumoured that M. Benoit Fould will be made a peer of France, and it is more than possible that we shall soon witness this delightfully sad show. That is all which the poor peerage wants to be the mockery of the world. The brilliant victory of the soberest and hardest moneyed materialism was wanting to it. Raise James Rothschild as high as you please—he is a man, and has a human heart. But this Monsieur Benoit Fould! The *National* of to-day says that the banker Fould is the only one who, on the opening session, pressed the hand of the General Procurator Hébert. "M. Fould," he adds,

[1] If it was soothing and composing to Heine to behold in a State Assembly people who could talk *Deutsch*, he should have been able to look into the Pennsylvania Legislature. It might have set him to sleep altogether.—*Translator.*

"rassemble beaucoup à un discours d'accusateur publique."

To this letter the German editor adds:—"In a later notice to the letter of June 3, 1840, Heine defends himself against the accusation of being the originator of the above remarks on Benoit Fould. The passage may, however, be found at the end of the preceding published letter, of which Heine gave the greater portion in his book 'Lutetia.' The author is so far correct that he certainly did not write the lines referred to in an earlier article (namely, not before the 3rd of June 1840), and it may have escaped his memory in penning the 'later notice' (May 1854), that he had really published the passage at another time (in the letter of December 28, 1841)."

XXXVIII.

PARIS, *January* 12, 1842.

WE laugh at the poor Laplanders, who, when they suffer with complaints of the chest, leave their home and go to St. Petersburg, there to enjoy the softer airs of a more southern clime. The Algerine Bedouins who are here may in the same fashion smile at many of our fellow-countrymen, who for their health prefer to pass the winter in Paris rather than in Germany, and fancy that France is a warmer land. I assure you that it is at this moment no colder on the heath of Lünenburg than it is here in Paris, where I am now writing, my fingers stiff with frost. And it must be quite as bitterly cold in the provinces. The deputies who are now arriving in shoals (*rudelweise*) only talk of snow, glair-ice, and overturned diligences. Their faces are still red and catarrhal (*verschnupft*), their brains frozen up, their ideas at nine degrees below zero. They will not thaw before the opening speech. Everything has here

at present a frosty, dismal look. There is no agreement even as to the most important questions, and the wind is continually changing. What men would yesterday, to-day they will not, and God only knows what they will want to-morrow, for there is naught save quarrel and distrust, wavering and difference of opinion. King Philip has carried the maxim of his Macedonian predecessor of the same name, "Divide and rule," to the most dangerous extreme. Too great division has again made government, even the constitutional, difficult, and Guizot will have sad trouble with the splitting and shredding of the Chamber. Guizot is always the defence and resource of existing interests. But the so-called friends of these interests, or the Conservatives, think little of them, and have already forgotten that only on the last Friday, "*A bas Guizot!*" and "*Vive Lamennais!*" was loudly cried. For the man of order, for the great organiser of tranquillity, it was indeed a direct triumph that he was decried in order to exalt that frightful priest, who had wedded political to religious fanaticism, and given the final consecration to universal disorder. Poor Guizot! poor schoolmaster! poor rector magnificus of France! these students cry out "Down with him!" (*Pereat!*) who would do much better to study thy books, in which there is so much instruction, so much noble profundity, so many suggestions for the welfare of

mankind.[1] "Take care," said a demagogue[2] once to a great patriot, "lest when the multitude are mad they tear thee to pieces!" And the other answered, "Take care that they do not the same to thee when they again come to their senses!" That is what Lamennais and Guizot might have well said to one another last Friday. The tumultuous scene was far more significantly alarming than the journals represented it to be. They had an interest in dissimulating the importance of the event, the Ministerial as well as those of the Opposition; the latter, because the manifestation found no response among the people. The people, while freezing, looked on tranquilly. At nine degrees of cold[3] there is no overturning of a Government to be feared in Paris. There are never any *émeutes* here in winter. Since the storming of the Bastile till the revolt of Barbès, the people have always postponed their rage to the warmer summer months, when the weather was fine and people could fight with pleasure. Does not that say something for the Governments, whose oppression could not have been so terrible, because it

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[1] Instead of *so viel Winks*, or "so many suggestions," there is in the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* "so much real inspiration."

[2] French version—"Demagogue d'Athénes."

[3] French version—"A dix dégrés de froid on n'a pas craindre à Paris un bouleversement."

was only resisted in pleasant weather, and people took pleasure in it?[1]

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[1] This last paragraph is the conclusion in the original letter to the *Allegemeine Augsburger Zeitung*. The truth of the theory was, however, negatived by the Revolution of February 1848, although it is true that the weather was not then very cold.

XXXIX.

PARIS, *January* 24, 1842.

WE have recently seen again in the parliamentary arena a brilliant duel between Guizot and Thiers, the two whose names are heard from every mouth until the incessant disquisitions on them become fatiguing. I verily marvel that the French never lose patience in ever hearing these men discussed from year to year, from morning to night. Yet, in fact, they are not persons, but systems which are here in mention—systems which must be everywhere debated, wherever the existence of a state is threatened from without, be it in China or in France. The difference, in truth, is but in name. What we call Thiers and Guizot are in the Celestial empire Lin and Kesch-en. The former, Lin, is the Chinese Thiers, and represents the warlike system which would avert threatening danger by the power of arms, or, it may be, only by a horrible clashing of weapons. Kesch-en, on the contrary, is the Guizot of the Flowery Kingdom; he represents peace, and he might perhaps have succeeded by means of shrewd compliance in bowing

and complimenting the red-haired barbarians out of the country, if the party of the Chinese Thiers had not got the upper hand in Peking. Poor Kesch-en! it is just because we are so far away from the scene that we can clearly see how much thou wert in the right in distrusting the military resources of the Celestial Kingdom, and how honourable were thy intentions as regards thy sovereign, who is not so reasonable as Louis Philippe. I felt sincere pleasure when reading lately in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the excellent Kesch-en has not been sawn in two, as was at first reported, but had only paid with his enormous fortune. The latter can never happen to our representative of the peace system, for when he falls, his riches cannot be confiscated. Guizot is poor as a church mouse, and our Lin is far from wealthy, as I have often said, and I am convinced that he writes his "History of the Empire" chiefly for the money which it brings.[1] What glory for France that the two men who have controlled all its power and resources (*Macht*) are two poor mandarins who carry all their treasures in their heads!

You have read the last speeches of the two men, and found in them much elucidation of the

[1] French version—"L'argent qu'elle lui rapportera y est pour beaucoup, car il en a besoin." *Macht* in the next sentence is given in French as *fortune d'état*. In the French version the letter concludes with this passage.—*Translator.*

perplexing problems which are a direct result of the Eastern question. What is now specially remarkable is the mildness of the Russians as regards the maintenance of the Turkish kingdom. The real reason is that they already practically possess the greater portion of it. Turkey will gradually become Russian without military occupation. The Russians here follow a method which I shall anon explain. It is with them a question of real power, not of its mere show, or for the title of Byzantium. Constantinople cannot escape them; they will swallow it when it is time to do so. Just at present it does not suit them, and they talk of Turkey with a bland, almost Moravian,[1] readiness for peace. They put me in mind of the fable of the wolf, who when he was hungry seized a sheep. He ate with ravenous haste its two fore-legs, but left the hinder, saying, "I am now satisfied, and I will leave to this good sheep whose two fore-legs I've eaten, such legs as yet remain, and more than that, the rest of all his body as a gift."

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[1] *Fast herrenhutischen Friedfertigkeit.* The Herrnhuter (guardians or devotees of the Lord), generally known as Moravians, are a sect which, like the Quakers, advocate peace. They are the almost exclusive occupants of many villages and two large towns in Pennsylvania, where I passed several summers among them. They are an industrious, quiet people, and very much occupied with their religion and the traditions of their founders.—*Translator.*

XL.

PARIS, *June* 2, 1842.

THE *Académie des Sciences Morales*, not wishing to incur reproach, has in its sitting of May 28 postponed until 1844 the bestowal of the crown of honour for the best *examen critique de la philosophie Allemande*. Under this title they had announced a prize problem, the solution of which should aim at nothing less than a critical sketch (*beurtheilende Darstellung*) of German philosophy from Kant to the present time, with special consideration of this latter—of the great Immanuel Kant, of whom the French have heard so much, that their curiosity is quite awakened.[1] Even Napoleon once wished to be informed as to the system of Kant, and he ordered some French scholar to prepare for him a résumé of it, which must be limited to a few pages in quarto. Princes have only to command; the résumé was forthwith prepared in the prescribed form. What it was like, Heaven only knows!—

[1] French version—"Dont les Français ont tant entendu parler qu'ils sont presque devenus curieux de savoir ce que c'est."

only this I know, that the Emperor, after he had read through very carefully the few quarto leaves, said, "All this has no practical value, and the world is little aided by such men as Kant, Cagliostro, Swedenborg, and Philadelphia." The great majority in France still regard Kant as a misty, if not a muddy visionary, and I lately read in a French romance the phrase *le vague mystique de Kant*. One of the greatest French philosophers is unquestionably Pierre Leroux, and the latter confessed to me six years ago that he first learned from the *Allemagne* of Heinrich Heine that the German philosophy is not so mystical and religious as the French public have been made to believe, but that, on the contrary, it is very coldly, almost freezingly abstract, and incredulous even to the negation of the Highest.

In the sitting of the Academy to which I have referred, Mignet, the perpetual secretary, read a *Notice Historique* on the life and works of the late Destutt de Tracy. As in all his productions, Mignet here developed his exquisite and powerful talent of description, his marvellous art and skill in seizing characteristic instants and incidents of life, his clear and genial intelligence, his rich feeling, and his constant youthfully blooming inspiration for the good of mankind.[1] His address on

[1] Heine was inferior to no man as regarded command over the windy powers of pleonasm, but it may be doubted whether

Destutt de Tracy is already printed, and so requires no special notice here. I will only casually make a few remarks on that which greatly impressed me while Mignet related the beautiful life of the nobleman, who sprung from the proudest feudal nobility and was a brave soldier during his youth, but who nevertheless embraced with most magnanimous unselfishness and sacrifice the party of progress, and remained true to it to his last breath. The same man, who in the Eighties staked his earthly good and blood in the cause of humanity with Lafayette, found himself again with his old friend on the 29th of July 1830 at the barricades—unchanged in his opinions; only his sight was gone; his heart, however, still remained light and young. The French nobility has produced many, indeed an astonishing number of such instances, as the people well know, and such men of great family who have shown such devotion to their interests they call *les bons nobles.* Mistrust of the nobility in general may in revolutionary times show itself as advantageous, but it will always be a great injustice. In this respect we may learn a great lesson from the lives of Tracy, Rochefoucauld, D'Argenson

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even he could have kept up this sentence in this vein much longer. One of the not unfrequent departures from his marvellously good, but quite as marvellously self-praised "style."—*Translator.*

and Lafayette, and similar champions of popular rights.[1]

The spirit of Destutt de Tracy was as straightforward, inflexible, and cutting as his sword when he threw himself later into that Materialistic philosophy which attained eminence in France under Condillac. The latter did not dare to set forth the last results of this system, and, like most of his disciples, always left a little corner for spiritism in the universal realm of matter. But Destutt de Tracy gave notice to the spirit to quit this last refuge, and, strangely enough, just as Idealism was raised to the zenith and matter denied, the Materialist principle rose in France to its highest summit, and people here negatived spirit. Destutt de Tracy was, so to speak, the Fichte of Materialism.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that Napoleon had such an anxious antipathy against the philosophic coterie to which Tracy, Cabanis, and their kind belonged, and that he treated them very severely. He called them *idéologues*, and he conceived a vague, and almost superstitious fear of that Ideology, which was, after all, only the

[1] "Et d'autres bons nobles qui devinrent les champions des droits de l'homme, et jetèrent, en preux chevaliers qu'ils étaient, leur gantelet de défi à la face de tous les oppresseurs du people." This is the conclusion of this sentence in the French version.

foaming outpour of the Materialist philosophy. This latter had indeed aided in the greatest overthrow, and revealed the most terrible powers of destruction, but its mission was over and its influence ended. Far more menacing and dangerous was that very opposite doctrine which was rising unperceived in Germany, and which afterwards contributed so much to the overthrow of the French dominion. It is remarkable that, as regards this also, Napoleon understood nothing but the past, and had neither ears nor eyes for the future. He had forebodings of a deadly foe in the empire of thought, but he sought it among the old wigs who were still covered with the powder of the eighteenth century; he looked for it among ancient Frenchmen, instead of among the blonde youth of the German universities. The tetrarch Herod showed himself much shrewder when he persecuted the dangerous brood even unto the cradle, and ordered the massacre of the innocents. Yet even his great cleverness availed him little when it was wrecked against the decree of Providence; his minions came too late; the terrible child had gone from Bethlehem; a trusty ass bore it away to Egypt in safety. Yes, Napoleon had a keen eye only to comprehend the present or to appreciate the past, and was stone-blind to everything which predicted the future. He stood on the balcony of his Château of Saint-Cloud when

the first steamboat on the Seine went by, yet never noticed in the least the world-transforming character of this phenomenon.[1]

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[1] French version—"Et il ne se douta point que cette cheminée flottante, pavoisée d'une longue banderole de fumée, etait appelée à transformer la face du monde." Still, when we remember that there was a general outcry from small men of science that the invention would never amount to much, that steamboats could never go beyond fourteen miles an hour, and, according to Lardner, would never cross the Atlantic, some allowance must be made for Napoleon, who perhaps after all foresaw more than Heine gave him credit for.—*Translator.*

XLI.

PARIS, *June* 20, 1842.

IN a country where vanity has so many zealous disciples, the season for election of deputies is always one of great excitement. And as the being a deputy not only tickles a man's vanity, but also leads to getting the fattest offices and the most profitable influence, or as it brings into play not only ambition but avarice, and deals with all the material interests to which our age is so utterly devoted, therefore the election is a real course for a prize, a horse-race the sight of which is to a stranger more curious than agreeable. For it is not exactly the best steeds which appear in such runs;[1] not the really good qualities of strength, blood, and bottom, but only light-footed quickness. Many a noble horse who snorts the most fiery mood of battle from his nostrils, with reason flashing from his eyes,[2] must here give

[1] French version—"Ce ne sont pas justement les plus beaux et les meilleurs coursiers que se produisent sur le turf de ce *sport* politique."

[2] Such is the melancholy result of a German poet's endea-

way to a lean pony, but who has been specially trained to triumph in such a career. Headstrong stubborn steeds fall on their first run into rearing or bolt in a gallop. Only well-disciplined mediocrity reaches the winning-post. That a Pegasus can hardly be admitted to run on the parliamentary track, and that if let in he must endure a thousand things which disgust him, is a matter of course. *Cela va sans dire*, for the unfortunate animal has wings, and might soar higher than the ceiling of the Palais Bourbon. A remarkable fact is that among the competitors there are a dozen Arabs, or, to speak more clearly, twelve of the Semitic race.[1] But what do we care for that? What interests us is not the noise of horse-dealers and betting men (*mākelnde Larm*), this stamping and neighing of selfishness, this confusion and riot of the shabbiest aims decked in the gayest colours, the yells of stable-boys and the steam of dunghills. What we want to know is whether the elections will result well or ill for the Ministry? Of which we can as yet say nothing positive. And yet the fate of France, and perhaps that of the whole world, hangs on the question whether Guizot will keep the majority in the new House? But here I would by

vouring "to talk horse." As a "sport," our author is not a success.—*Translator.*

[1] Omitted in the French version.

no means suggest that there may arise among the new deputies ferocious fire-eaters (*ganz gewaltige Eisenfresser-Tiralleurs*), capable of pushing the excitement to its last agony. No, these new members will only bring rattling words to market, and be as timid as to deeds as were their predecessors; even the most determined innovator in the Chamber will not vigorously overthrow aught which exists, but only turn to their own personal profit the fears of the upper class and the hopes of the lower. But the embarrassments, entanglements, and temporary troubles into which Government may fall in consequence of such tricks give the signal to the gloomy powers who lurk in darkness to burst forth, and, as usual, the Revolution awaits a parliamentary initiative.[1] Therefore it is of such importance to the world that the character of the new Chamber shall be made known as soon as possible, and that we

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[1] The following paragraphs, or thirty-eight lines in the German text, are only in the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung*. The German publisher remarks that in the original MS. of "Lutetia" there is a passage marked out. For there, instead of "the days of July" to the end of the sentence, is the following:—"Can this succeed? Not so quickly. The present rioters belong to a school whose pupils go very lamely to work. A much more powerful academy, with scholars in full vigour, teaches revolution and overthrow down in the darkness of the catacombs, where the new life buds and blows amid death and decay."

learn whether Guizot will steer the ship of state. Should this not be the case, and should the Opposition get the upper hand, then the agitators will wait at their ease for a favourable juncture, such as must necessarily occur some time during the session, and so we shall have for a time rest. It will of course be a very anxious, sultry, miserable rest, and worse than active exertion. But should Guizot hold his own, and if the men of the movement cannot flatter themselves with the hope of getting out of the way this granite block with which the regulars (*Ordnung*) have barricaded themselves, it may well be that fierce impatience will drive them to the most desperate attempts. The days of July are hot and dangerous, but every revolt of the violent kind might now turn out more fatally than ever. For Guizot, clad in the iron self-consciousness of his own will, will remain immovably true to his system to the very last consequences. Yes, he is the man of a system which is the result of his political investigations, and his power and his greatness consists in this, that he never stirs a finger's-breadth from it. Unterrified and unselfish as thought itself, he will conquer the revolters who do not know what they want, whose thoughts are not clear to themselves, or who hope to fish in muddy troubled waters.

Guizot has only one foe to fear—that foe is the

later Guizot, the Guizot of Communism, who has not as yet come forth, but who certainly will come, and be as unterrified and unselfish as the Thought; for even as that doctrinaire identified himself with the system of the *bourgeois régime*, so this one will unite with that of agrarian rule, and consequence oppose consequence. It will be a terrible combat.[1]

The fearful wheel would again begin to turn, and we should see an adversary appear who would be the most alarming of all who have ever entered the lists. This antagonist as yet preserves his terrible incognito, and lives as yet like a poor pretender in that ground-floor or cellar of official society, in those catacombs where the new life germinates and buds. Communism is the name of the terrible antagonist which sets agrarian rule in all its consequences in opposition to the *bourgeois régime* of to-day. It will be a terrible conflict—how will it end? *That* the gods and goddesses only know who know the future. This much do we know, that Communism, though it be at present but little discussed, and now yearns away its life in forgotten garrets on wretched straw-pallets, is still the gloomy hero to whom a great if transitory part is assigned in the modern tragedy, and which only waits its cue (*Stichwort*,

[1] Here the text of the book is resumed.

réplique) to enter on the stage. We should never lose sight of this actor, and we will from time to time give accounts of the secret rehearsals in which he is preparing for his *début*. Such indications are perhaps more important than reports of electoral intrigues, party quarrels, and cabinet intrigues.

When it is borne in mind that at the time when Heine wrote this letter Communism had not begun to be treated in a political sense as at present, his remarks on it must be admitted to indicate great sagacity and marvellous foresight. What is most striking in his view is that as enormous concentrations of wealth and social power will lead to the triumph of a short-sighted or too impatient Communism, so this latter is also destined, after a short rule, to perish—probably to yield to some wisely organised scheme of mutual interests which the world as yet had not the wisdom or unselfishness enough to develop. In any case, the views advanced merit consideration. Since I translated this work I have met with *Heinrich Heine's Familien Leben*, by Baron von Embden, in which the author also observes that the poet was the first to call attention to the future of Socialism.—*Translator.*

XLII.

PARIS, *July* 12, 1842.

YOU will have seen the result of the elections in the newspapers. Here in Paris there is indeed no need of looking into them—you can see it clearly written in every face. Yesterday they all had a hot and sultry look, and people's minds betrayed an excitement such as is only to be seen in great crises. The birds prophetic of storm, well known to us of yore, whirred invisibly through the air, and the sleepiest heads were suddenly awakened from their two years of repose.[1] I confess that I myself, feeling the wind of these terrible wings, experienced a dire beating of my heart. I am always afraid at first when I see the demons of confusion and overthrowing unbridled, but after awhile I become very cool and determined (*sehr gefasst*), and the maddest apparitions cannot inquiet or surprise me, because I have foreseen them. What would be the end of this movement for which Paris has, as usual, given

[1] French version—"Repos de dix-huit mois."

the signal? It would be a war, the most terrible war of destruction, which—more's the pity!—will call the noblest races of civilisation into the arena, to their joint destruction. I mean Germany and France. England, the great sea-serpent, which can always glide back into its watery nest, and Russia, which in its vast forests of firs, steppes, and ice-fields has also the securest lairs—these two cannot be utterly destroyed in a common political war, even by the most decided defeats;[1] but Germany is, in such a case, in far greater danger, and even France may suffer terribly in her political existence. But this would be, so to speak, only the first act or prologue to the grand drama. The second will be the European or the world Revolution, the gigantic battle of the disinherited with the inheritors of fortune, and in that there will be no question of nationality or of religion, for there will be but one fatherland, the Earth, and but one religion, that of happiness in *this*

[1] In the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage is given in the following form:—"Whether they will or not, the cunning water-snake of Albion will goad them on, to its own profit and avail, and the ice-bear of the North will gorge himself on the dead and wounded. It may please him also to bite and choke the snake a little, but the latter will always escape his claws and draw back more or less into her inaccessible watery nest. He himself, the bear, has as good a lair in the wide reach of his vast pine-forests, ice-fields, and steppes."

life. Will the religious doctrines of the past in every country unite to a desperate resistance, and thus form a third act in the great play? Or will the old Absolute tradition enter again on the stage, but this time in a new costume and with new watchwords to incite and goad? How will this drama end? I do not know, but I think that at last the head of the great water-snake will be crushed, and the skin pulled over the head of the bear of the North. And then perhaps there will be only *one* flock and *one* shepherd—a free shepherd with an iron crook—and one great herd of men all shorn and all bleating alike. Wild and gloomy times come roaring on, and the prophet who would write a new Apocalypse must imagine new beasts, and those so terrible that the old symbols of St. John as compared to them will seem like soft doves and amorets. The gods hide their faces out of pity to the sons of mankind, their nurslings for so many years, and perhaps out of fear as to their own fate. The future has an odour as of Russian leather, blood, blasphemy, and much beating with the knout. I advise our descendants to come into the world with thick skins.

To-day people are calmer than yesterday. The Conservatives have recovered from a first fright, and the Opposition perceives that it has only gained hopes, but that victory is as far off as

over. The Ministry may still hold its own, although with a very small, miserably needy majority. In the beginning of next month, at the Presidential election, what is most absolutely certain to happen will be known. It is perhaps an advantage for the Government that so many decided Legitimists have been elected. The Radicals will be morally weakened by these new allies, and the Ministry strengthened in public opinion, should it, in order to combat with the Legitimist Opposition, necessarily arm itself from the old arsenal of the Revolution. But the flame is again being blown—blown in Paris, the centre of civilisation, the furnace which sends sparks over the whole world. So now the French rejoice at what they've done; perhaps to-morrow they'll repent it sore. Despair treads on the heels of arrogance.

Heine has shrewdly observed in this letter, though so concisely that it may have almost escaped the reader, that unless Socialism can change human nature, certain powerful minds will always rule in despite of all laws and precautions, and that this rule will be greatly facilitated by reducing rich and poor to precisely the same level. This is the problem which, like that of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute in theology, has never yet been solved. What is quite in accordance with this, and very suggestive of thought, is the opinion that while Socialism is destined to achieve great victories, and perhaps prevail for a time,

that it will not in any case last long. And there is further the belief expressed that all forms of religion, and in fact all believers in any kind of spiritual power, may coalesce in opposition to the common enemy. Even at the present day, every one has not reflected on these tremendous possibilities, which have of late assumed vast proportions. That Heine considered them clearly fifty years ago, is saying much for his foresight.

The idea latent in our author's mind is evidently this: that human rights involve a great deal, if not all, of what Socialism demands, but that it is absurd in assuming that by merely passing and enacting certain laws, all mankind can be made wise and virtuous, and that if it cannot be thus reformed by violent changes, the only result will be to establish new oligarchies. Communism is the ideal or aim of social progress, but it will only be attained gradually, by means of education and judicious reforms, not by dynamite and petroleum, or violence which retards and destroys civilisation. I have dwelt on this subject at length, because Heine frequently recurs to it, and because I do not think with Baron von Embden that his fulfilled predictions were merely "idealistic dreams of the future," but that in this case they were founded on serious study of history and of contemporary occurrences.—*Translator.*

XLIII.

PARIS, *July* 15, 1842.

MY dark forebodings have unfortunately not deceived me; the gloomy mood which for several days blurred my eyes and almost bowed me down, was the presage of disaster. After the exulting pride of the day before yesterday there followed a horror, a consternation, which is impossible to depict, and the Parisians learned by an unforeseen death how insecure are all social conditions, and how dangerous the least jar or vibration. And they really wanted something to shake them a little, though by no means to injure the edifice of state by too violent efforts. If the Duke of Orleans had died a few days earlier, Paris would never have elected twelve deputies of the Opposition against two Conservatives, nor by this act of tremendous importance again set the ball in motion. This sad accident has cast everything back into a doubtful state (*stellt alles Bestehende in Frage*), and it would be a lucky event if the arrangement of government, in case of the decease of the present King, can be discussed and resolved by the Chambers without disturbance, as soon as

possible. I say by the Chambers, for the law of the royal house is not here sufficiently expressed, as in other countries.[1] The discussion as to the Regency will consequently next occupy the Chambers, and call forth passionate discussion. And even if all should pass peaceably, we should have to endure a provisory interregnum, which is always a decided calamity for a country where the institutions are as yet in an unsteady condition, and need stability above all things. The King is said to show in his misfortune the greatest strength of character and self-possession, though he was very much depressed a few weeks ago. His mind was greatly troubled by presentiments. It is related that he recently, before the departure of M. Thiers, sent a letter to the latter, in which he spoke much of dying, but only thinking of his own death. The late Duke of Orleans was universally beloved—nay, worshipped. The news of his death came like lightning from a sunny heaven, and affliction was felt among all classes. Yesterday at about two o'clock in the afternoon, a gloomy rumour of disaster spread over the Bourse, where the funds at once fell three francs. But no one believed in the report. The Prince died at four o'clock, and up to this time the belief in his death was not admitted by

[1] This sentence is wanting in the French version.

many; even at five o'clock it was doubted. But when at six o'clock at all the theatres a strip of white paper bearing the words "No Performance" [*Relâche*] was pasted over the bills, then every one learned the terrible truth. As the gay Parisiennes came dancing and fluttering along, and, instead of a merry play, saw only closed doors, and heard of the dreadful event which had happened near Neuilly on the road called the Chemin de la Révolte, then tears ran from many fair eyes; there was naught but sobbing and wailing for the handsome prince who had in youth and beauty passed away, a knightly form, a Frenchman in the most winsome sense of the word, one in every way most worthy of being wept for by a nation. Yes, he fell in the flower of his life, a joyous, heroic youth, and we saw his blood flow as pure, unstained, and blest, and also among flowers, but unto death, as erst Adonis. May he not be, like him, praised at once after his death in bad verse and worse court-lackey praise! But such is the fate of all that is beautiful here on earth. Perhaps at the moment when the deepest and noblest pain is felt by the French, and not only tears are flowing from those fair eyes which weep when a hero nobly dies,[1] but

[1] "Und nicht blos schöne Frauen-Thränen dem Hingeschiedenen fliessen." This is near enough to Praed to sanction the use of his words.—*Translator.*

brave freemen also honour his memory by weeping, even then Official Mourning holds the sorrowing onion to its nose to make lachrymose counterfeit of grief, and even Folly winds black crape about his bauble and the bells of his cap, and we soon hear the tragi-comic tinkling.[1] It is especially the Pierrot pathos (*larmoyante Faselhänselei*), the lukewarm dish-water of sentimentality, which will manifest itself most on this occasion. Perhaps at this hour M. Lafitte is coursing at full speed to Neuilly, embracing the King with the most German-like emotion, while the whole Opposition wipes the water from its eyes. Perhaps Chateaubriand too now mounts his melancholy winged steed—his feathered Rosinante—and indites a deeply-toned, pathetic condolence unto Her Gracious Majesty the Queen! Grimaces and repulsive sentiment—there's but a step, as we may plainly see, from the sublime to the ridiculous. As I have said, it was from the theatres in the Boulevards that the certainty of the sad event was ascertained, and soon on every side groups were formed around some orator, who related the details of the sad occur-

[1] Of which jester's mourning this passage is a perfect specimen, or, like most jester's wit, a combination of the attractive with the disagreeable, as in the transition to "the onioned tear." Heine is here probably satirising himself. Yet this Gothic, would-be Shakespearian mixture of mockery and tenderness is every whit as much misplaced as "the dish-water of sentimentality."—*Translator.*

rence with more or less addition and ornament. Many an old twaddler, who at other times never finds an auditor, availed himself of this opportunity to attract an attentive public to himself, and to turn to account on his own behalf public curiosity. A fellow stood before the Variétés who declaimed very pathetically, like Théramène in *Phèdre:* "Il était sur son char."[1] It is generally said that as the Prince was thrown from his carriage his sword broke, and that the upper portion of the blade passed through his body. An eye-witness declares that he uttered a few words, but they were in German. There is everywhere a silence as of grief, and in all Paris no trace of disturbance.

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[1] Here the letter ends in the French version.

XLIV.

PARIS, *July* 19, 1842.

THE late Duke of Orleans is still the constant subject of conversation. Never before did the death of a man cause such universal grief. It is a remarkable thing that in France, where the Revolution has not as yet fermented itself out, that the love of a prince could take such deep root and show itself so extensively. Not only the *bourgeoisie*, who set all their hopes on the young Prince, but also the lower classes bewailed his loss. When the festival of July was postponed and the great scaffoldings intended for the illumination were taken away, it was a heartrending sight to behold the people sitting on the torn-down beams and boards lamenting over the dear Prince's death. A gloomy sadness lay on every face, and the great grief of those who spoke no word went deepest to the heart. There the most honest tears ran freely, and among the mourning men was many a one who without any doubt bawls loud Republicanism in the tavern. Yes, the monarchy celebrated a great triumph, and that on the same

Place de la Concorde where it once suffered a shameful defeat.

But the death of this young Prince is a real disaster for France, and even if he had possessed far fewer virtues than are famed of him, the French would still have abundant cause to weep when they look to the future. The question of the Regency occupies all minds already, and—more's the pity!—not the wise ones alone. Much nonsense is already brought to market.[1] Craftiness has here found a way to foment a confusion of ideas which it hoped to turn to party profit, and which in any case may have very significant results. Is the Duc de Nemours really in the very deepest disgrace with the sovereign people, as many newspapers insinuate, and as many people maintain with exaggerated zeal? I will not decide as to this, still less will I investigate the grounds of his disgrace. The distinguished, elegant, reserved, and aristocratic air of the prince is probably the real cause of complaint. The mien of the Duke of Orleans was noble—that of De Nemours is of the nobility.[2] And even if his external appearance corresponded to the mind within, the Prince would not be on that account

[1] French version—"On met déjà bien du non-sens sur le tapis."

[2] "Das Aussehen des Orleans war edel, das Aussehen des Nemours ist adelig." French version—"L'extérieur du duc d'Orléans était, celui du duc de Nemours est *nobiliaire*."

less inclined to do good service for a time as gonfaloniere of the Democracy, since such a change would exact of him by the force of circumstance the greatest sacrifice of private feelings, for his detested head would here be at stake.[1] I am even convinced that the interests of Democracy are much less endangered by a Regent who is little trusted and who is continually kept under control, than by popular favourites, to whom people abandon themselves in blind confidence, and who after all are only men — poor fickle creatures, liable to every law of change in time and in their own nature. How many popular princes have we seen die unloved! How terribly variable, even as the weather, have the people shown themselves as regards former favourites![2] French history is

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[1] In the French version this sentence ends as follows:— "Car sa tête détestée et suspecte serait toujours exposée aux soupçons les plus odieux."

[2] "Wie grauenhaft wetter-wendisch zeigte sich das Volk." Which recalls an old saying, which was probably in the author's mind:—

> "Fürsten- (Pöbel)gunst, Aprilen-wetter,
> Frauenlieb' und Rosenblätter,
> Würfelspiel und Kartenglück,
> Aendern sich all' Augenblick."
>
> People's favour, April weather,
> Ladies' love—a floating feather—
> Luck at cards and games of dice,
> Ever alter in a trice.—*Translator.*

peculiarly rich in melancholy instances of this. With what cries of joy did the people surround the young Louis XIV.! with what tearless cold-bloodedness did they see the old man buried! Louis XV. was well called *le bien aimé*, and the French worshipped him at first with real monkey-love; but when he died, all men laughed and piped ribald songs, and there was rejoicing over his death. And it went worse with his successor, Louis XVI., and he who as Crown-Prince was almost adored, and passed in the beginning of his reign for the pattern of all perfection, was personally maltreated by his people, and his life was even abbreviated in the well-known disloyal fashion of *lèse-majesté* on the Place de la Concorde.[1] The last of this line, Charles X., was anything but unpopular when he mounted the throne, and the multitude greeted him with indescribable enthusiasm; a few years later he was escorted out of the kingdom, and he died the hard death of exile. The saying of Solon, that no one should be esteemed happy before his death, is especially true as applied to the Kings of France.

Let us therefore not bewail the death of the Duke of Orleans because he was so beloved by the people and gave promise of such a glorious future, but because he, as a man, deserved our

[1] The French version adds, "par les infames ciseaux que vous savez."

tears. Neither let us grieve so bitterly over the so-called humble manner of his death and the commonplace accident which took him from us. It is better that his head was broken against an innocent stone than that the bullet of a Frenchman or German should have ended his days. The Prince had indeed a foreboding of his early death, but thought it would be in war or in an *émeute*. With his chivalric courage, which defied every danger, that seemed very probable. But the kind gods decreed it otherwise. They willed that the future king of France should be attached to his people by pure love, and not be forced to hate the fellow-countrymen of his mother. It was neither the hand of a Frenchman nor of a German who spilt the blood of his father; there is a soothing comfort in the thought. The royal sufferer, Louis Philippe, shows a firm self-control which inspires respect in all. It is in adversity that he shows his greatness. His heart bleeds in grief beyond words, but his spirit is not lowered, and he works day and night. The value of his life and presence (*Erhaltung*) was never so deeply felt as now, when the peace of the world depends on his preservation. Fight bravely on, thou wounded champion of peace!

XLV.

PARIS, *July* 26, 1842.

THE speech from the throne is short and simple. It sets forth weighty matter in a worthy manner. The King himself composed it, and his grief manifests itself in a Puritanical, I might almost say Republican absence of ornament. He who was once so ready with his words has now become sparing in every phrase. The silent reception in the Tuileries, which took place a few days ago, had in it a something strangely mournful, almost unearthly, as, without a syllable spoken, more than a thousand men passed by the King, who, in silence and suffering, looked at them as they went by. It is said that the requiem announced for Notre Dame will not be performed; the King will have no music at the burial of his son, for music recalls, he says, games and festivals. His desire to see the Regency conferred on his son, and not on his daughter-in-law, is fully intimated in the address. This wish will meet with little opposition, and Nemours will be Regent of the realm, although the office in true right should

fall unto the beautiful and brilliant Duchess, who was so worthy of her late husband.[1] It was said yesterday that the King would bring his grandson, the Count of Paris, into the Chamber of Deputies. Many hoped it would be so, and the scene would certainly have been very touching. But the King avoids at present everything which recalls the pathos of the feudal monarchy.[2]

As regards Louis Philippe's antipathy to feminine rule, many of his remarks on the subject have become popularly known, which show that he is perfectly in the right. Even when the reign of Christina in Spain seemed so flourishing, he predicted that it would come to no good end. The stupidest man, he always said, would make a better regent than the cleverest woman. Was it on this account that he preferred the Duc de Nemours to the *spirituelle* Princess Hélène?[3]

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[1] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage is given in the following form:—"This wish will meet with no opposition, and the Opposition are by far too patriotic to entangle the question of the existence of France in their party interests, and so precipitate their native land into the most fearful dangers. Nemours will be Regent."

[2] In which he made the great mistake which directly led to his overthrow. Louis Philippe confined himself to consulting only the common-sense sympathies of the *bourgeoisie*, and it is always a mistake for a ruler to confine patronage and personal feelings to any one class or province.—*Translator.*

[3] Not to multiply instances, that of Catherine II. of

Russia confutes such a theory. But Louis Philippe had naturally in mind the Dubarry and Medicis and similar instances, and the fact that the Salic law has always been deeply rooted in the French mind. The remark as to Queen Christina is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

XLVI.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1842.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has resolved not to destroy the model of the elephant which is on the Place de la Bastile, as was at first intended, but to use it as a model for casting in bronze, and place the latter as a monument at the entrance of the Barrière du Trône. This municipal decision is almost as much discussed among the people in the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau as that of the Regency in the higher classes. That colossal elephant of plaster, which was made during the Empire, was subsequently intended to serve as model of the monument which was to be placed in honour of the Revolution of July in the Place de la Bastile. Minds changed, and in memory of the great event there rose the grand column of July. But then the proposed destruction of the elephant awoke great fears, for there was among the people a dark and dreadful rumour that an incalculable number of *rats* dwelt in the gloomy recesses of the elephant, and that it was to be feared that

if the enormous monster of plaster should be destroyed, a legion of little but very terrible horrors would come to light, who would invade the Faubourgs of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Michel. Every petticoat trembled at the thought of such a danger, and even the men shuddered with awe before the invasion of such long-tailed guests. The most respectful petitions were addressed to the magistrates, and the result was the postponement of the demolition of the great plaster elephant, which has now stood for long years on the Place de la Bastile. A strange country this, where, despite the general mania for destruction, many a thing is kept because people fear lest something worse may come in its place! How gladly would they tear down Louis Philippe, this great sagacious elephant, only that they fear His Majesty the sovereign Rat-King,[1] the thousand-headed monster who would then assume government, for which reason even the noble and clerical enemies of the *bourgeoisie*—who are not quite stupid—seek for this reason to uphold the

[1] A very curious German idiom, omitted in the French version, and which is very ingeniously used here. There is a story in Germany of twelve rats, who were found with their tails so inextricably twisted and grown together, that it was impossible to distinguish to whom they belonged. Hence *Rattenkönig*, a bewildering problem or puzzle. The reader may find a comment on the subject in "The Ballads of Hans Breitmann," by the translator.

throne of July; and only the most blinded and narrow-minded, or those who play by chance or cheating among the aristocrats and clergy, are pessimists and speculate on the Republic, or rather on chaos, which would follow the Republic.

The *bourgeoisie* itself is possessed of the demon of destruction, and though it does not exactly fear the Republic, it has an instinctive terror of Communism, or of those dark and dreadful forms who would come swarming like rats out of the ruins of the present régime. Yes, the French *bourgeoisie* would have no fear of a republic of the former kind, even with a little Robespierreism, and they would easily accommodate themselves to it, and peaceably mount guard and protect the Tuileries, whether a Louis Philippe or a *Comité du Salut Publique* dwelt there; for the *bourgeoisie* will before all things have order and protection of the laws of property —needs which a republic can satisfy as well as a kingdom. But these shopkeepers know, as I said, by instinct that the Republic of to-day would not represent the principles of the Nineties, but only the form under which a new and unheard-of reign of agrarians (*Proletarierherrschaft*) would realise all the dogmas of the community of property. They are conservative by extreme necessity and external pressure, not by inmost conviction, and fear is here the support and guard of all things.

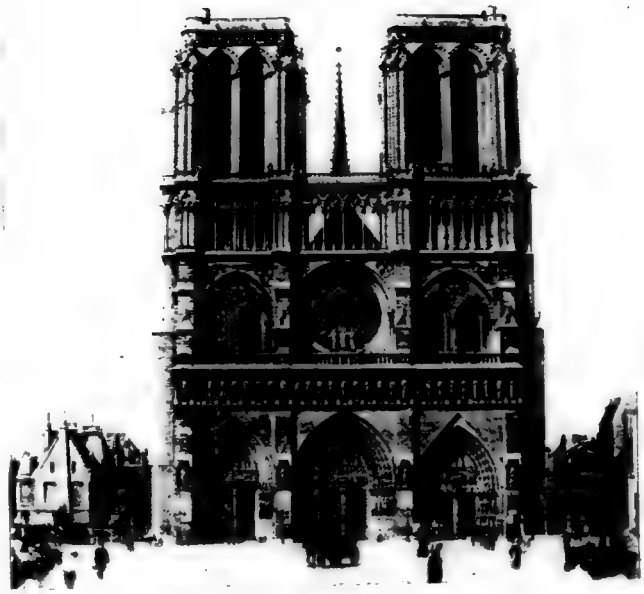
Will this fear last long? Will not the national frivolous fickleness some fine morning inspire the many, and bear away even the most apprehensive into a whirlwind of revolution? I do not know, but it is possible, and the results of the elections in Paris are a proof that it is probable. The French have a short memory, and soon forget their last-founded fears. Therefore they appear so often as actors—yes, and as leading actors—in the stupendous tragedy which the good Lord suffers to be played on earth. Other races have their great periods of movement, their history, only in their youth, at the age when they throw themselves without experience into action; for in later and riper years reflection and the weighing of consequences restrain nations, like individuals, from rash deeds, and it is only external pressure, not the pleasure in their own will, which drives them into the arena of general history. But the French always keep the light-heartedness of youth, and no matter what they may have done or suffered yesterday, to-day they think no more about it; the past is effaced from their memories, and the dawning day drives them on to new deeds, new daring, and new suffering. They *will* not grow old, and they believe perhaps that they will retain their youth by clinging to juvenile folly, heedlessness, and generosity (*Grossmuth*)—yes, generosity. An almost childish

kindness in forgiving forms a leading trait in the character of the French; but I cannot refrain from remarking that this virtue comes from the same source as their faults—that is, from forgetfulness. The idea of pardon really corresponds among those people to the word forget—the forgetting offences. Were this not the case, there would be daily death and murder in Paris, where men meet at every step between whom mortal enmities exist. A few weeks ago I saw an old man passing along the Boulevards, and I was struck by his face, free from all care. "Do you know who *that* is?" said my companion. "That is Monsieur de Polignac—the same who was guilty of the death of so many thousands of Parisians, and through whom I lost a father and a brother. Twelve years ago the people in their first rage would have gladly torn him to pieces, but now he can quietly walk the Boulevard."[1]

This goodness of heart which characterises the French shows itself at present especially as regards Louis Philippe, and his bitterest foes, with the exception of the Carlists, manifest a touching sympathy in his domestic affliction. The renegades have again shown him kindly feeling, and I might say that the King is once more quite

[1] Omitted in the French version.

popular. When I beheld yesterday before Notre Dame the preparations for the funeral, and listened to the language of the "short-jackets" (*bourgerons*) who were standing there, I heard, among other remarks, the naïve assertion, "The King may now walk where he pleases in Paris; nobody'll shoot at him!" What popularity! The death of the Duke of Orleans, who was universally loved, has won again for his father the most stubborn hearts, and the alliance between king and people has been again consecrated by a common suffering. But how long will this gloomy honeymoon endure?



NOTRE DAME-PARIS.

XLVII.

PARIS, *September* 17, 1842.

AFTER a journey of four weeks I have been since yesterday in Paris, and I must confess that my heart leaped up when I beheld from the diligence, rolling over the beloved pavement of the Boulevards, the first *magasin de modes* with smiling grisette faces, and I heard the ringing bells of the coco-sellers, and breathed once more the exquisite civilised air of Paris! I was almost absolutely happy, and could have embraced the first National Guard whom I met. His quiet, good-natured face came as if greeting forth so gaily from under his wild, rough bear-skin cap; even his very bayonet had really something of intelligence by which it so reassuringly distinguishes itself from the bayonets of other corporations.[1] But why was my joy in returning to Paris this time so transcendent that it almost seemed to me as if I trod the dear soil of my home-land and heard once more my dearest mother-tongue?

[1] This has a remarkable resemblance to the celebrated saying of Kossuth, that "bayonets think."

Why does Paris exercise such a charm on strangers who have lived some years in its limits? (*Weichbild*). Many excellent compatriots of mine dwelling here declare that in no place in the world can a German feel more at home than in Paris, and that France itself, after all, is to us only a French Germany.[1]

But this time my joy at returning is redoubled, for I come from—England. Yes, from England, though I have not crossed the Channel; for I have been four weeks in Boulogne sur Mer, and that is an English city. There you see and hear only English from morning to night, and oh! woe the night when one has the bad luck to have next-room neighbours who talk politics until deep in the night over tea and grog.[2] During four weeks I heard nothing but

[1] Philadelphia is a city of quiet domestic homes, while New Yorkers, like the Athenians of old, seek their happiness in out-of-door life or in other people's houses. Once I asked a New Yorker if he had ever known what it was to feel at home. And he replied, "Yes—sometimes, when I have been in Philadelphia."—*Translator.*

[2] Heine should have added that it is double woe when these next-room neighbours are French, as is the case with me at this instant while writing. By what subtle peculiarity of nature the Gauls are able to converse at the top of their voices, four and even five at a time altogether simultaneously, and yet understand and reply to one another, is a mystery which years of familiarity with them have not explained to me. While on the subject I would suggest, that instead of the worn-out texts which are hung as ornamental illumina-

the hissing, lisping (*Zischlaute*) tones of egoism, which makes itself heard in every intonation. It is certainly a fearful injustice to condemn an entire people at once, but as regards the English, the rage of the moment may move me to do so, and in considering them *en masse*, I easily forget the many brave and noble men among them who are distinguished by intellect and love of freedom. But these, and especially the British poets, formed a sharp and striking contrast with the rest of the people; they were the isolated martyrs of their national conditions and circumstances;[1] and then great geniuses do not belong to the country in particular where they are born—they hardly belong to this earth, which is the Calvary of their sufferings. But the mass, the true and thorough *English*—God forgive me the sin!—are repulsive to me from the very depths of my soul, and I often do not regard them as my fellow human beings, but as mere automata, or machines moved by the main-spring of egotism. It seems to me as if I heard the buzzing

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tions in bed-chambers, there might be substituted such injunctions as, "Speak softly; there is some one in the next room who may be ill." "If you are a Christian, take off your boots!" "Verily I say unto you, that he who keepeth me awake after midnight, him will I awaken with many noises at five the next morning," &c.

[1] French version—"Ils furent toujours les martyrs isolés des mœurs hypocrites et des idées rétives de leur nation."

and whirring of the wheels wherewith they think, feel, reckon up, digest, and pray—*their* praying! Their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt prayer-book under the arm, their stupid, tiresome keeping of the Sabbath, their clumsy piety,[1] are to me most repulsive of all. I believe in my soul that a blaspheming, cursing Frenchman is a pleasanter sight to God than a praying Englishman. At other times these true English (*Stock-Engländer*) came before me as a dismal unearthly apparition, and far more uncanny and repelling than the pale spectres of the ghostly midnight hour are those square-built red-cheeked apparitions who wander sweating in the burning sunshine. Add to which their total want of politeness. With their angular forms, their stiff pointed elbows, they knock against everybody everywhere, without a single decent word of excuse. How must these red-haired barbarians, who devour raw bloody flesh, have disgusted those Chinese, with whom politeness is inborn, and who pass two-thirds of their working hours in executing this national virtue in bows and courtesies!

I confess that I am *not* impartial when I speak of English people, and it is possible that my unfavourable opinion, my aversion, is deeply rooted

[1] French version—"Leur cagotisme guache et nias." Which is even worse.

in my anxieties as to our own prosperity, or on the happy and peaceful prosperity of the German Fatherland. For since I have learned what vile egoism prevails in their politics, these English inspire me with unlimited and terrible fear. I have the best respect for their material supremacy (*Obermacht*); they have a great deal of that brutal energy wherewith the Romans conquered the world, but they unite with the wolfish rapacity of Rome the serpent's craft and cunning of Carthage. We have good and well-tested arms for the first, but against the murderous, merciless treachery (*meuchlerischen Ränke*) of those Phœnicians of the North Sea, we are without defence. And England is now more dangerous than ever, since its mercantile interests are succumbing. There is not in all creation[1] (*in der ganzen Schöpfung*) such a hard-hearted creature as a shopkeeper whose trade is diminishing, whose customers are falling away, and whose stock finds no demand.[2]

How will England save herself from such a business crisis? I do not know how the question of the factory workmen can be solved, but I do

[1] Yankees are laughed at for using this expression, which exists literally in both German and French.

[2] French version—"Un marchand dont le commerce ne va plus, qu'un bonnetier dont les chalands deviennent infidèles et dont les fabricats de coton retrouvent plus d'écoulement."

know that the policy of the modern Carthage is not at all difficult as to choice of means. To this selfishness a European war may, as a last resort, seem to be the best means of sending the malady from within outwards. The English oligarchy will speculate firstly on the purse of the middle class, whose wealth is indeed colossal, and which may be sufficiently distributed to pay and pacify the lower classes. However great may have been the expenses for Indian and Chinese expeditions, however great the financial distress, the English Government will at once raise the money if it aids their plans. The greater the home deficit will be, the more profusely will British gold be spent abroad; for England is like a merchant who finds himself becoming bankrupt, and out of despair turns prodigal, or who rather shuns no expenditure to keep up a momentary credit. And we can do a great deal in this world with wealth, especially since every one seeks his happiness here below. No one has any idea as to what enormous sums England annually expends to subsidise its foreign agents, whose instructions are all based on the possibility of a European war, or how these English agents employ the most heterogeneous talents, virtues, and vices in foreign countries to achieve their aims.

When we reflect on such things, when we clearly perceive that it is not on the banks of

the Seine or in the public market that through the inspiration of an idea the peace of Europe may be most terribly disturbed, but by the Thames and in the silent chambers of the Foreign Office,[1] in consequence of the rude cries of hunger of English factory operatives; when we reflect on *that*, then we understand that we must many a time look thither, and observe not only the personal character of those who govern, but also the urging, threatening need of the lower classes.[2] This is no trifle, and it requires a perception which is to be attained only on that side of the Channel, and in the scene of action itself. What I incidentally communicate to-day is nothing but fleeting hints, scanty sketches of tea-table talk, such as I was compelled to listen to in Boulogne, but which perhaps were not quite without value, since every Englishman is familiar with the politics of his own country, and brings—in a wilderness of wearisome details—always a few more or less important matters to market. I just said "the politics of his own country;" this means among English people nothing but a mass of opinions as to the material prosperity of England, and an exact estimate of foreign affairs so far as they can

[1] "Dans les silencieux bureaux du *Foreing-office*, par des intrigues de diplomates."

[2] From this point two pages, or fifty-two lines, are omitted in the French version.

injure or benefit the prosperity and trade of England. It is wonderful how they all, from the Prime Minister down to the lowest cobbler, have in their minds the smallest items, and how they find out from every daily event what England can thereby lose or gain, and what profit or injury may result from it for dear England.[1] And here the instinct of their egoism is really marvellous. They here show themselves strikingly different from the French, who seldom agree as to the material interests of their own country, who display in the realm of facts a brilliant ignorance, are always busy only with ideas, and discuss ideas alone. French politicians who unite English accuracy (*Positivität*) with French idealism are very rare. In this respect Guizot rises far above all. The English whom I heard speak of Guizot did not betray for him any such sympathy as is generally attributed to them; they declared, on the contrary, that another Minister, though he might be less respected, would be more profitable to them, and it was only as to his greatness as a statesman that they spoke with impartial respect. They praised his *consistency*, and compared him with Sir Robert Peel—though in my opinion Guizot soars high as heaven above him, simply because Guizot has not only as much practical

[1] The humblest reporter desperately striving to make copy out of nothing never equalled this sentence.—*Translator.*

knowledge, but also carries *ideas* in his head—ideas of which the Englishman has not the shade of an idea. That is England's misfortune, for only ideas can here ensure safety, as in all desperate emergencies.[1] How miserably must Peel confess his weakness at the end of a remarkable speech in Parliament!

The increasing distress among the lower classes is a disease which ignorant army-surgeons think may be cured by bleeding, but such phlebotomy will but increase the evil. It is not from without by aid of the lancet, but from within by help of spiritual medicine that the suffering body of the state can be healed. Only social ideas can here avert a desperate catastrophe; but, to speak with Saint-Simon, "on all the wharves of England there is not one great idea; there is nothing but steam-engines and hunger." It is true that just for the present revolt is suppressed; but it may come to pass from frequent outbreaks that the English factory operatives, who only know how to work in wool and cotton,[2] may also experiment a little in human flesh, and accustom themselves to the proper management (*Handgriffe*), so as to

[1] Which recalls a couplet in Chaucer:—

> "He had more towe upon his distaffé
> Than Gervais wot of."

For "Gervais" read "Heine."—*Translator.*

[2] The French version adds, "et même le fer."

finally practise this bloody trade as well as their colleagues the *ouvriers* of Lyons and Paris, when it may well come to pass that the conqueror of Napoleon, the generalissimo Mylord Wellington, who has again assumed his office of chief-constable, may find his Waterloo in the heart of London. In like fashion, it may easily happen that his myrmidons may refuse to obey him. Very significant symptoms of such inclinations have shown themselves recently among the English troops, and as I write there are fifty soldiers confined in the Tower of London for refusing to fire at the people. It is hardly credible, and yet it is true, that English red-coats did not obey the commands of their officers, but the voice of humanity, and forgot the whip called the *cat-of-nine-tails*, which in the proud capital of English freedom threatens their backs—the knout of Great Britain.[1] It is heartrending to read how women weeping ran before the soldiers calling to them, "We do not want bullets, we want bread!" The men crossed their arms resignedly and said, "You should kill hunger, not us and our children." The common cry was, "Don't shoot! We are all brothers!"

This appeal to fraternity reminds me of the French Communists, among whom I have heard

[1] The French version adds, "Ce fier pays de la liberté et de la civilisation!"

similar expressions. These forms of speech were neither startling nor strongly coloured, neither piquant nor original; on the contrary, the expressions used by the mass of Communists were the most worn-out and commonplace sayings. But the power of their propaganda does not consist so much of a well-worded prospectus of precise complaints and determined demands, as in a deeply sorrowful and sympathetically affecting tone, with which they express the most commonplace things —as, for instance, "We are all brothers." The tone of the voice, and perhaps a secret shake of the hand, form the commentary to these words, and give them their meaning, which makes the world tremble.[1] The French Communists are at the standpoint with the English factory operatives, only the former are impelled by an idea, and the latter only by hunger.

The revolt in England is stilled for the time being, but it is only postponed; it will break forth again, and every time with increased power, and the more dangerously since it can always await a favourable time. As many signs indicate,

[1] This may remind some American readers of the formula current before the Emancipation, which was said to be the only argument used by, or known to, the Democrats. It was, "Do—you—wish—your—daughter—to—marry—*a nigger?*" According to the "Naseby Letters," great practice was necessary to catch the "sympathetically affecting tone" in which this was to be uttered.—*Translator.*

the resistance of the factory operatives is now as practically organised as was the Anti-Catholic League. The Chartists have succeeded in identifying this threatening power with their own interests, and to a certain degree in organising it, and this union with the discontented workmen is perhaps the most important incident of the present day. This union was the result of very natural, simple causes, although the Chartists like to put themselves forward with a regular programme as a purely political party, while the factory operatives, as I have before said, are only poor daily labourers, who can hardly speak for hunger, and who, indifferent to all reforms, only want bread. But the programme or "platform" of a party seldom expresses the inner thoughts of its heart; it is only an outward sign, like a spoken cockade.[1] The Chartist, who professes to limit himself to the political question, cherishes desires which deeply accord with the vaguest feelings of those hungry workmen, and the latter can always, on their side, take the programme of the Chartists for their war-cry without ceasing to pursue their own aim. The Chartists demand, firstly, that Parliament shall consist of only *one* Chamber, and be renewed every year by elections; secondly, that the independence of electors shall be secured by secret

[1] French version—"Ce n'est qu'un *schibolet* exterieur."

suffrage; finally, that every Englishman born, when of age, shall be an elector, and eligible to be elected. "All of which gives us nothing to eat," say the suffering workmen. "No man can grow fat from reading law-books, any more than by cook-books; we are hungry." "Wait," say the Chartists. "Hitherto only rich men have entered Parliament, and they only took care of the interests of their own property, but under the new electoral law, or under the Charter, the workmen or their representatives will go to Parliament, and then it will be clearly shown that labour has a right in property, as much as any other power, and that the master of a factory has no more right to diminish the daily pay of a workman than he has to appropriate the estate, real or personal, of his neighbour. Work is the property (*Eigenthum*) of the people, and the rights of property which result from it should be sanctioned and protected by the regenerated Parliament." A step further and these people will say that work is the right of the people, and as this right involves payment of unconditional wages, Chartism must lead, if not to a community of goods, certainly to the shattering the ancient principle of property, the great supporting column of modern society. These Chartist beginnings, therefore, involve in their consequences a social revolution compared to which the French Revolution would appear benign and modest.

Here again appears the hypocrisy and practical sense of the Englishman as compared to the Frenchman. The Chartists conceal their terrorism under legal forms, while the Communists speak out frankly and openly. The latter hesitate a little to call the last consequences of their principles by the right name, and if we discuss them with their chiefs, the latter defend themselves against the reproach that they would do away with property; they declare that they wish to organise property, on the contrary, on a broader basis, and give it a far more comprehensive organisation. Great heaven! I fear that property will by the zeal of such organisers be sadly crimped up (*in die Krümpe gehen*), and there will be nothing left at last but the "broad and permanent basis." "To tell the truth," said a Communistic friend to me lately, "property will not be abolished; it will only receive a new definition."[1]

It is precisely this new definition which causes such dire anxiety to the reigning *bourgeoisie*, and to this fear Louis Philippe owes his most devoted partisans, the most zealous maintainers of his throne. The more these supports tremble, the less the throne shakes, and the King has

[1] The definition which it received soon after from one of Heine's friends was that of theft, or la *propriété c'est le vol.*—*Translator.*

nothing to fear, because fear makes him safe. Guizot also maintains himself by the dread of the new definition, which he has combated with his incisive dialectic in such a masterly manner; nor do I expect to see him soon succumb, although the predominant party of the *bourgeoisie*, for whom he has done, and still does so much, has no heart for him. Why do they not like him? I believe, firstly, because they do not understand him; and, secondly, because it is in human nature to care very much less for those who protect our goods than for those who promise us more. So it was in Athens, so it is in France, and so it will be, time evermore, in every democracy where speech is free and men are credulous.

XLVIII.

PARIS, *December* 4, 1842.

WILL Guizot maintain his position? It is with a French Ministry as with love—no man can say with any certainty what is its strength or how long it will endure. One day we deem that it is rooted deep, and on the next there it lies overthrown by some light summer-breeze. And oftener still we think a Ministry is near its fall, and at its best has but few weeks to live, when to our wonder up it stands in strength—yes, stronger than before, perhaps outlives those who have read its funeral services. Four weeks ago, on October 29, Guizot's Ministry celebrated its birthday for the second time; it is now more than two years old; nor do I see why it should not live long on this fair earth, on the gay Boulevard des Capucines, where there are verdant trees and good fresh air. It is true that many Ministers have often been harvested promptly, but they ever had themselves to blame for a too early end, and all because they did too much or overdid their work.

For that which greatly benefits the health of such as we are—that is, exercise—is always deadly to a Ministry, and it was thus that that of the 1st of March perished. These good small folk cannot sit still in school.[1] The frequent change of Government in France is not only an after-effect of the Revolution, but also a natural product (*Ergebniss*) of the national character of the French, to whom action, vigorous labour, and movement are as necessary as tobacco-smoke, silent thought, and tranquillity are to Germans; and so, because the French guides and leaders of the state are so restless, and are always finding themselves something to do, they fall into deadly dangerous dilemmas and entanglements. And this is true not only of Ministries, but of dynasties, which have ever hastened their own end by their own activity. Yes, by this same fatal cause, or by never-wearying activity, not only Thiers fell, but the far stronger Napoleon, who might have remained on his throne unto his blessed end had he only possessed the art of sitting still, which is the very first thing taught to little children among us. But M. Guizot has this art to a high degree; he sitteth marble still as the Obelisk of Luxor, and will therefore hold his own far longer than man deems. He does nothing, and *that* is the

[1] "Sie können nicht still sitzen, diese Leutchen."

secret of his long endurance.[1] Yet why does he do nothing? I believe that it is, firstly, because he possesses a certain German tranquillity of soul, and that he is much less tormented with the gadfly madness of activity than are his compatriots. Or does he do so little because he knows so much? The more we know, the deeper and more comprehensive are our views, the more difficult is it for us to act, and he who could always foresee all the consequences of every step would certainly renounce all action, and only use his hands to bind his own feet. The broadest range of knowledge condemns us to the narrowest inaction.[2]

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[1] "Il ne fait rien: voilà le secret de sa conservation." Which recalls the power of silence as a listener, so that we may say, "Il ne *dit* rien: voilà le secret de sa conversation."—*Translator.*

[2] To which we may add that the cleverer the wit the more preposterous its theories. Great knowledge never in this world suppressed the active or creative faculty, when the latter really existed, for they are mutually developing and stimulating. This can be traced as clearly as the course of a stream in Napoleon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Darwin, and all great practically active minds. It is true that among the lower orders there is a popular theory that "learning" is a great disqualification for "business," but this is in most cases an error. Heine would never have made this assertion had he ever in all his life done anything except writing, and put his whole heart into it. But he never did; hence his occasional unpractical paradoxes. Almost in the instant of writing the foregoing, my eye fell on an advertisement in the *Times* of "Popular Science" by Samuel Laing, "Thirteenth Thousand," which of itself is a brilliant refuta-

Meanwhile, as may also happen to the Ministry, the last days of the dying year, which, thank God! *is* coming to an end, leave us as *resigned* as possible. If heaven only will not try our hearts to the very end thereof with new misfortune! 'Twas an evil year, and if I were a poet of the kind whose poetry is marked with an intent, then I with inharmonious, boisterous verse would bring a charivari serenade to the departing year. In this vile and shameful year mankind hath suffered much, and even the bankers "have had losses." What a terrible disaster was the burning on the Versailles railway! I do not speak of the unfortunate Sunday multitude who were on this occasion roasted or boiled; I speak rather of the surviving Sabbath company whose stock has fallen so many per cent., and who now await the result of the trials caused by that catastrophe with trembling and fear. Will the promoters or founders of that company give to the orphaned or maimed sacrifices of their greed for money some recompense? Would it not be horrible? These much-to-be-condoled-with

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tion of Heine's theory. Here, as I well know personally, is a mind which has ranged from aiding the translation of the Heimskringla to a wide grasp of science, finance, and industry, and the mastery of a clearer and purer style than our author's, which mind certainly never was deficient in prompt action.—*Translator.*

millionaires have already paid such a penance of suffering, and the profits of other undertakings may possibly this year not cover the loss. Then there are other dreadful things over which one may well go mad, and I was yesterday assured on the Exchange that the half-banker Läusedorf is going over to Christianity, and, believing no more in Moses and the Prophets, will be baptized![1] With others, things go better, and even if the whole *rive gauche* should go to the dogs, we should have the delight and consolation of knowing that the *rive droite* was flourishing all the more. The Southern French railways are also doing well, as are all the lately chartered, and he who was a poor, tattered scamp yesterday is a rich scamp to-day. Thus the thin, long-nosed Mr. —— assures us that he has "got wr—itch[2] by his foresight." Yes, while you others were higgling away your time in philosophical speculations, this thin spectre haggled and speculated and huckstered in railway securities, till one of his patrons of the high bank and bench said lately to me: "See, that small fellow had nothing, and now he has money, and he will make more; and yet during all his life he has had nothing to do with

[1] This conclusion is only in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and the late German edition as a note.—*Translator.*

[2] "Versichert, er habe *Grind*" (*i.e.*, *Gründe*). "Heine is *never* vulgar," says an English biographer.—*Translator.*

philosophy." How these mushrooms are the same in all countries and times! And they look with special scorn on all writers who occupy themselves with the unselfish studies of philosophy. Eighteen hundred years ago, as Petronius tells us, a Roman parvenu thus made his epitaph: "Here lies Straberinus; he was at first nothing at all, and yet he left behind three hundred million sesterces: through all his life he gave no heed unto philosophy; follow his example, and thou wilt be happy."[1]

Here in France the greatest calm prevails—a peace of lassitude, of somnolent, yawning peace, where all is still as on a winter's night when all is snow around. All that we hear are small mysterious sounds like water-drops. These are the Rentes, for ever dripping into the iron chests of Capital, which grows and grows and grows—one really seems to hear the growing of the wealth of wealthy men. Yet in it ever and anon there come low sobs of poverty, and yet again there's something like the sharpening of a knife. Neighbouring tumults trouble us but little, even the rattling insurrection in Barcelona has not disturbed us. The murderous scene which took place in the *cabinet d'étude* of Mdlle. Heinefetter in Brussels has interested us much more, especially

[1] All of the preceding, from the words "narrowest in action," or two pages of the German text, is omitted from the French version.

the ladies, who are exasperated at this German soul,[1] who, in spite of having passed many years in France, had not learned how to keep two admirers from meeting on the battle-ground of their bliss. The news from the East also awakened a disapproving murmur among the people, and the Emperor of China is as unpopular as Mademoiselle Heinefetter; a needless flow of blood, and the flower of the Central Kingdom (*Blume der Mitte*) is lost. The English are surprised to have settled so cheaply with the Brother of the Sun and the Cousin of the Moon, and are now considering whether they cannot use their now superfluous armament against Japan and lay that kingdom under contribution. A sound legal pretext will not be wanting. If it is not chests of opium, it will be the writings of the English Protestant Mission,[2] which have been confiscated by the Japanese Sanitary Commission. I may discuss in a later letter the manner in which England covers as with a mantle her pretexts for making war. The threat that British generosity would never come to our aid should Germany ever be divided up like Poland does not alarm

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[1] *Deutsche Gemüth.* French version—*Dinde allemande*, "German hen-turkey." *Anbeter*, "adorers," is rendered *deux coqs amoreux.*

[2] French version—"Les écrits de la mission anglaise, écrits aussi somnifères que l'opium."

me in the least. Firstly, Germany cannot be divided. Try just for once (*Theil mal*) to divide the principality of Lichtenstein or Greiz Schleiz! And, secondly,[1] Germany is, despite its petty divisions, the most powerful realm in the world, and this realm is in wondrous growth. Yes, Germany grows stronger every day; national feeling gives it internal unity which is proof against decay, and it is certainly a proof of our increasing significance as a nation that the English, who formerly only paid subsidies to our princes, now pay the expenses of publication to German *tribunes* who defend the Rhine with their pens.

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[1] Here the letter ends in the French version, as what follows could hardly please a Parisian public. The remarks in it on the impossibility of dividing Germany and its growing greatness and unity, were, for the time, marvellously far-sighted, or almost prophetic. On the other hand, our author betrays a petty meanness of spirit in accusing England of paying money to German writers for the press, which he seems to have caught from his own conscience or from French friends of the type who to this day attribute the victory of the Germans entirely to bribery—*l'argent allemand*—and *les espions Prusses*—who, according to them, constituted the entire effective force of the enemy; a kind of reasoning reminding one of certain natives of Southern Europe whose first argument in a quarrel (be it about the lottery or the saints), is, to accuse the opponent of unnatural crimes.—*Translator.*

XLIX.

PARIS, *December* 31, 1842.

ONE little kick more, and the old bad year will roll down for ever into the abyss of Time. This year was a satire on Louis Philippe, on Guizot, on all who took such trouble to maintain peace in Europe. This year is a satire on peace itself, for in the tranquil lap of this peace we have been appalled with terrors worse than the worst war could have produced. A dreadful month of joy (*Wonnemond*, May), in which at the same time in France, Germany, and Haïti, the most fearful tragedies were enacted. What a rencontre of the most unheard-of misfortunes! What malicious jests of chance! What infernal surprises! I can imagine the amazement with which the dwellers in the realms of shades gazed at the new-comers on the 6th of May, those figures with their Sunday's joyous mien, students, grisettes, young married couples, apothecaries out for pleasure, Philistines of every kind who went to see the *grandes eaux* at Versailles, but instead of re-entering Paris, where dinner was spread for them,

suddenly found themselves in the realm of Pluto! And all maimed, boiled, and stewed! "Was it war which treated you thus vilely?" "Ah, no; it was in time of peace, and we came from a walk."[1] And the burned firemen and citizen-aids at fires (*Litzenbrüder*), who arrived a few days later from Hamburg, must have excited great astonishment in the land of Pluto. "Are ye the offerings to the god of war?" was certainly the question put to them. "Ah, no; for our Republic is at peace with all the world; the Janus temple now is firmly closed, only the halls of Bacchus are opened wide; we lived in calm enjoyment of our mock-turtle Spartan soup, when lo! at once there came a conflagration vast, and in that fire we perished—here we are!" "And your famed engines to extinguish fire?" "They were all saved; their fame is gone for ever." "And the old wigs?" "As powdered phœnixes they rise again from the ashes." On the next day, while Hamburg still flamed, there was the earthquake in Haïti, and the poor black men were hurled by thousands to the depths of Tartarus. And when they came dripping with blood the dwellers there below believed that certainly these came from battle with the whites, and had been

[1] French version—"Et nous venions justement d'une parti de plaisir, nous venions de voir jouer les eaux."

butchered or beaten to death as revolted slaves. No, this time also the dwellers by the Styx made a mistake. It was not Man, but Nature who had caused the great carnage (*Blutbad*) on that island, whence slavery was long since done away, where the constitution is republican without any rejuvenating germ, but rooted in the eternal laws of reason; and there prevails liberty, equality, and even a black freedom of the press. Greiz-Scheitz is no such republic, no such burning soil as Haïti, where sugar-cane, coffee-vines, and black freedom of the press grow — from which earthquakes naturally result. Yet, despite the tame potato-climate, despite the censure, despite weary suffering verses which are there declaimed or sung — even in that place, while the honourable public sat pleased and pleasure-seeking in their theatre, the roof fell in on their heads, and many of them were slung headlong to Orcus.[1]

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[1] What is here remarked by our author has been very vividly brought before me, even while translating this and the preceding letter, in Geneva, by the two fearful events which occurred almost simultaneously near this place, of the bursting of the boiler of the steamboat *Mont Blanc* at Ouchy, by which about thirty lives were lost, and the horrible and almost instantaneous destruction of more than a hundred people in the hotel at Gervais les Bains. While writing, I saw the steamboat pass by, and the hotel was, if not in sight, at least between me and the high white range of mountains yonder in the distance. These victims were all seeking pleasure,

Yes, in the gentlest life of happiness, in the midst of peace, more misery and woe may be heaped on man than ever the wrath of Bellona could summon with her trumpet. And not only on land, but at sea have we suffered this year the most terrible misfortunes. The two great shipwrecks on the southern coast of Africa and the Channel shore (*Manche*) have their place in the most terrible chapters in the history of martyred humanity. We have no war, but peace destroys us, and if we do not die suddenly by a brutal accident, at least we perish pitiably *petit à petit* by some creeping poison, by an *acqua Tofana* which has been let trickle into our cup, heaven knows by what hand!

Yes, heaven only knows, not we, how we, in the impatience of the weariest pain, seek in vain to find those who cause it, and groping blindly round, not seldom grasp and maltreat the innocent. We are always right as to the deed itself, or that there has been a mixing of poison which made us ill, but as for the persons whom we suspect, there is error on every side, and it is often well for us to speak out plainly. It is indeed often a duty, and in this connection I have to send an explanatory remark in reference

in peace, in charming weather, amid the most exquisitely picturesque scenery in Europe. The agreement of the occurrences with the text is remarkable.—*Translator.*

to the conclusion of my last letter. I did not in those concluding words intend in any way to impeach the honourable intentions, the veracity or integrity, of any German tribune who defends our Rhine, but I wished to call attention to a system which has been directed against France ever since the beginning of the French Revolution, and that system is a fact which can be historically proved. I had in my mind only that British ready-and-willingness which, if it does not itself shoot, at least finds the bombs, as it did at Barcelona. I believe that I am in duty bound to make this observation; the split between the so-called Nationalists and the Rationalists becomes wider day by day, and the latter must manifest their reasonability even thereby that they atone for the antipathy against the idea, and not its servants. As the Romans, when they wished to take a place by storm, first invoked its gods to leave the limits of the threatened town, for fear lest they in the tumult might harm some deity, so will we who make war with gods, or with ideas, guard earnestly against this that we in no way injure their servants or men in the storm of battle.[1]

[1] Of which it can only be said, "Oh, lame and impotent—apology." Heine had brought a direct accusation of secretly accepting money from foreign Powers to write up certain views and persons (as Heine himself was doing at the time),

I write these lines in the last hour of the departing wicked year. The New Year stands before the door, may it be less cruel than its predecessor. I send my most sorrowfully-sad wishes for luck and happiness for New Year beyond the Rhine. I wish the fools a little intelligence, and the intelligent (*Verständigen*) a little poetry. I wish the women fine clothes, and the men or husbands a great deal of patience. I wish that the rich may have a heart and the poor a bit of bread. And above and before all things, I wish that we in this New Year may revile and slander one another as little as possible.

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and he makes amends by talking muddily about "ideas" and Roman gods. In the letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* the next paragraph begins as follows: "This pious idea or good resolve may carry us over into the new year." This of itself sounds like mockery of what he had just written. It is a curious fact that certain men when guilty of offences are greatly given to accusing others of them, as if to avert suspicion from themselves; and, in keeping with it, Heine, after duly indulging in revilement and slander, expresses the hope that nobody in the coming year may be guilty of such crimes.—*Translator.*

L.

PARIS, *February* 2, 1843.

WHAT most astonishes me in the French is the aptitude, the handy skill of passing, or rather leaping over from one business to another, which is perhaps of an entirely different kind. This is not merely an unusual characteristic of a volatile nature, it is also an historical inheritance.[1] They have in the course of time freed themselves entirely from confining prejudices and pedantry. So it happened that the *émigrés* who fled to us during the Revolution bore so lightly the change of circumstances, and many of them, to gain a living, knew how to make some trade out of hand (*aus dem Stegreif*). My mother has often told me that a French marquis established himself as shoemaker in our town. He made the best shoes for

[1] Dr. Johnson certainly took this view of the same thing, deriving it from what Juvenal said of the Greeks, whom the French claim to have been their special prototypes:—

> "All sciences a starving Frenchman knows,
> And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

ladies,[1] worked with pleasure, whistled the most delightful tunes, and forgot all his former glory. A German nobleman would perhaps, under the same circumstances, have also become a shoemaker, but he would not have entered so gaily into the spirit of his work, or accommodated himself so like wax to his leathern destiny,[2] and he would certainly have made men's boots, probably *bottes de militaires* or for hunting, such as recalled the ancient chivalry. When the French came

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[1] The French version adds, "des bottines de maroquin et des mules de satin." There is a very clever, I think originally French comedy, in which the hero, a marquis, becomes a shoemaker. There has, however, been written a book, a monograph on distinguished shoemakers, and George Sand in *Consuelo*—or whoever it was that helped her to write it—touches on the subject. In my youth, my hair was always cut (much too short, I thought) by one who had been an officer under Napoleon, and bore the regal ancient name of Charles Martel. Most men of my age can recall some of these old *émigrés*, as teachers of languages, drawing, or dancing—men with subdued titles, who had lived at courts. My first teacher of French was a refugee of 1830.

[2] Heine here does injustice to his fellow-countrymen. The President of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848 became within the year after its dissolution, keeper of a *Lagerbierwirthschaft* or "ale-house" in Philadelphia, in Race Street near Fourth, where I learned to know him, and I can testify that he accommodated himself "like wax" to his destiny. And I have known a Hanoverian nobleman to become in the same city a prothonotary, editor, and politician all at once; an exploit which as far transcends shoemaking as Mont Blanc, which I now behold, doth Primrose Hill.

over the Rhine, our marquis had to leave his shop and fly to another town—I believe to Cassel, where he became the best shoemaker. Yes, without apprenticeship he passed from one trade to another, and became master in all, which would seem incredible to a German, be he noble or the simplest of simple citizen's children. After the fall of the Emperor, the good man came, with greyer hair, but with as merry and as young a heart as ever, back to France, and put on such a swell style (*schnitt ein so hochadliges Gesicht*), and again raised his nose as proudly and nobly as if he had never handled awl or needle. It is an error to declare of the emigrants that they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing; on the contrary, they forgot everything which they had learned. The heroes of the warlike age of Napoleon, when they had resigned or were put on half-pay, also threw themselves with great cleverness[1] into the industrial arts of peace, and whenever I entered the offices of my old publisher Delloye, I could always find delighted wonder how the old Colonel now sat as bookseller at his desk, surrounded by old white-moustached fellows, who had also acted as brave soldiers under the Emperor, but who now served as *commis* under their old

[1] *Geschick*, probably the origin of the French *chic* or *chique* as used by artists. *Chic* from *chicard* is another word.

comrade in the capacity of book-keepers or accountants.

Anything can be made of a Frenchman, and every one of them thinks himself fit for everything. The most indifferent trifling dramatist suddenly appears metamorphosed as if by a stage trick into a Minister, a general, a light of the Church, yes, a supreme god. A remarkable instance of the kind may be seen in the transformations of our dear Charles Duveyrier, who was one of the most illuminated dignitaries of the Saint-Simonian Church, and who, when this vanished, passed from the religious to the worldly stage. This Charles Duveyrier sat in the Salle Taitbout on the Bishops' bench, on the side of the father—that is, of Enfantin — distinguishing himself as a god-inspired prophet, and even in the hour of trial he gave testimony as a martyr to the new religion. We will not speak here of the comedies of Duveyrier, but of his political pamphlets, for he left the theatrical career and took to the field of politics, and this new change is perhaps not less remarkable. From his pen were the small writings which appeared weekly under the title *Lettres Politiques.* The first is addressed to the King, the second to Guizot, the third to the Duke of Nemours, the fourth to Thiers. They all indicate a wide intellect. There is in them a noble tone, a laudable antipathy to barbarous

love of war, an ardent enthusiasm for peace. Duveyrier expects that the age of gold will result from the organisation and development of industry. The Messiah will come, not riding on an ass, but on a locomotive. At least the letter to Thiers, or rather against and at him, breathes this spirit. The writer speaks, however, with proper respect of the person of the former President of the Council. He likes Guizot, but Molé better. This *arrière-pensée* manifests itself in everything.

Whether Duveyrier, justly or unjustly, gives preference to one of the three is hard to decide. As for me, I do not believe that one is better than the other, and I am of the opinion that every one as Minister would, under the same circumstances, probably do just what the others would. The real Minister, whose thoughts are deeds, and who governs as well as rules, is the King, Louis Philippe, and the statesmen mentioned distinguished themselves only by the manner or way in which they accord with the predominance of the royal opinions.

M. Thiers shows himself very vigorous in independence at first, makes the most eloquent opposition, trumpets and drums terribly, but ends by doing what the King desires. Not only his revolutionary feelings, but his convictions as a statesman are in constant opposition to

the royal system; he feels and knows that this system must be wrecked in the long-run (*auf die Länge*), and I could communicate some most extraordinary remarks of his on the instability of present institutions. He knows his French people, as also the history of the French Revolution, too well to give himself up entirely to the quietism of the bourgeois party, and believe in the muzzle which he himself has placed on the thousand-headed monster: his fine ear detects the internal growling; he even fears lest he himself may be some day torn by the unchained beast, and still he does what the King desires!

It is quite different with M. Guizot. For him the victory of the bourgeois party is an accomplished deed, *un fait accompli*, and he has entered with all his faculties into the service of this new power, whose rule he vindicates as rational, and therefore legalised by all the acts of historical and philosophic wisdom and sagacity. That is exactly the nature of a doctrinaire, that he always finds a doctrine for all which he would support. He stands with his most secret convictions, it may be over this doctrine, it may be below it. He is too gifted in soul and far too learned in many subjects not to be at heart a sceptic; and such scepticism agrees perfectly with the service which he has devoted to the system to which he has attached himself. At present he is the faithful servant of

the *bourgeoisie régime*, and he will defend it with all the iron will of a Duke of Alba to the very last moment. There is no wavering or hesitation with *him:* he knows what he wants, and what he wills he *does*. Should he fall in battle, this overthrow will in no wise overcome him, and he will only shake his shoulders, for that for which he fought was to him after all (*au bout du compte*) a matter of indifference. Should by chance the Republican, or even the Communist parties ever conquer, I advise these good people to take Guizot for their Minister, to profit by his intelligence and his obstinacy, and they will find that they will have done better than if they had confided the government to the most tried and tested idiots of bourgeois virtue. I would give similar advice to the Henriquinquists, in the impossible case that they ever, by a natural misfortune and by the punishment of God, attain to power—take Guizot for Minister, and you may hold your own thrice twenty-four hours longer; and I fear that I do not do injury to Guizot when I express the opinion that he would stoop so low as to support your bad cause by his eloquence and his ability to govern. Are you not quite as indifferent to him as the tradesmen citizens (*Spiessbürger*) for whom he now expends so much talent in word and deed, or as the system of the King whom he serves with such stoical equanimity?

M. Molé differs from both in this, that he is firstly the statesman *par excellence*, whose personal appearance indicates a patrician, and to whom the art of government is innate or developed by family tradition. There is in him no trace of plebeian origin, as in M. Thiers, nor has he the angles of a pedagogue like Guizot, and among the aristocracy of foreign courts he might compensate by such external manifestation and diplomatic ease and readiness for the genius which is found in MM. Thiers and Guizot. He has no other system save the King's; he is too much of a courtier to wish to have any other, and that the King knows well; and he is the Minister after the heart of Louis Philippe. You will see that every time when he has the choice between M. Guizot or M. Thiers the King will sadly reply, "Let me take Molé!" As regards this, the King reminds me of a little boy for whom I would buy a toy; and when I asked him which he preferred, a Chinese or Turk, he replied, "I would rather have a red wooden horse with a whistle in its tail" (*Steiss*). When Louis Philippe says, "Let me take Molé," one should remember that Molé means himself; and as it must come to pass that sometimes we have our own way, or things turn out as we would have them, it would be no misfortune should Molé be Minister once more.

But neither would it be any blessing, for the

royal system would continue to act as before, and however high we may esteem the noble intentions of the King, or grant him the best intentions for the prosperity of France, we must still admit that the methods of carrying them out are not the right ones, and that the whole plan is not worth a charge of powder, though only one load would suffice to blow it into the air. Louis Philippe would govern France by means of the Chambers, and he believes that he has won every point where he, by favouring the members, gains majorities in favour of all the projects of Government. But his error consists in believing that France is represented by the Chamber. This is not really the case, and he misunderstands the interests of the people, which are very different from those of the Chambers, and which are not very much regarded by the latter. Should the unpopularity of the King increase to a serious degree, the Chamber would find it difficult to save him, and it is also a question whether the favoured *bourgeoisie*, for whom he has done so much, would hasten to his aid with enthusiasm at a time of danger.[1]

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[1] A shrewd remark. Louis Philippe and the wise Guizot went out because they did not know that one workman, student, or even vagabond, is worth more in an *émeute* than twenty *bons bourgeois* or "fat and greasy citizens." In 1848, and on other occasions, the solid men or substantial

"Our trouble is," said an *habitué* of the Tuileries to me lately, "that our opponents, believing us to be weaker than we are, do not fear us, and that our friends, who sometimes complain, attribute to us greater strength than we really possess."

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citizens of Paris needed only to have turned out unarmed, and maintained a firm front, to have made a mere mouthful of the few insurgents. They felt very deeply—this vast majority—the loss of their good King, but they did not *fight* for him. All great revolutions are really effected by small minorities of resolute men. In the Civil War in the United States, those who won the victory—the Union men, or Republicans—were within a mere fraction, in proportion of numbers, as one to two; that is to say, for every Unionist there was nearly one rebel, and one Democrat who aided the enemy or sympathised with him—a fact which has been too much ignored. It is the *energetic* class, the men of deep convictions, or those who are vigorous, who carry all great changes. In times of peace the majority tyrannises over the minority—generally driving into it the most brilliant intellects, until the latter rebel, and then the minority conquers—and so the world rolls on, gathering history as it goes.—*—Translator.*

LI.

PARIS, *May* 5, 1843.

THE true genius of politics (*die eigentliche Politik*) now lives in retirement in his hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, and industrial and art questions are now the order of the day. People contend whether sugar-cane or beet-root shall be favoured; if it would be better to give the Northern Railway to a company or undertake it at the expense of the state; and whether the success of "Lucretia" will not set poetry upon its legs again? The names most frequently heard at present are those of Rothschild and Ponsard.

The investigation as to the elections forms a little interlude in the Chamber. The sulky report in reference to this unfortunate affair includes many curious details. Its author is a certain Lanyer whom I met twelve years ago as a remarkably unskilful physician, by his only patient, and who since then, for the good of humanity, has hung his staff of Esculapius on the wall. As soon as the investigation shall have been concluded, the debates on the sugar

question will begin, on which occasion M. de Lamartine will represent the interests of the Colonial trade and of the French Marine against the mean and petty spirit of local commerce. The opponents of cane-sugar are either industrials interested in the question, who only see the safety of France from across their counters or from a shop point of view, or decrepid old Bonapartists who remain attached with a kind of reverential feeling to the beet—the favourite idea of the Emperor. These grey-haired men, who have been at a mental standstill since 1814, form a mournful-merry companion-piece to our Trans-Rhenane old Germanists (*Deutschthümlern*), and just as the latter dream of the German oak and acorn coffee, so do the latter idolise *la gloire* and beet-root sugar. But time rolls onward rapidly and irresistibly on smoking locomotives, and the used-up old heroes of the past, the old wooden-legs of an extinct nationality, the invalids and incurables, will soon be lost to sight.

The opening of the two new railroads, one of which is to Orleans, the other to Rouen, is causing a startling electric sensation which every one experiences, unless he stands apart upon his insulated glass stool. The whole population of Paris forms at this instant a chain in which one communicates to another the shock. But while the great mass stare, benumbed and bewildered, at

the outward forms of the great powers of force and motion, the solitary thinker experiences a terrible shuddering emotion, such as we always feel when the most tremendous and unheard-of things take place, whose consequences are beyond sight and calculation. All that we know is that our existence is dragged into new ruts or hurled afar (into new orbits), that new habits, lives, joys, and sorrows await us, and that the *unknown* exercises on us its terrible charm, alluring like enchantment and yet terrifying. So must our fathers have felt when America was discovered, when the discovery of gunpowder proclaimed itself by the first shot, when printing sent the first proof sheets.[1]

The railways are again such a providential event as gives mankind a new start, which changes the form and colour of humanity, so that a new era begins in universal history, and our generation may boast that it was present. What marvellous changes must now enter into our methods of perception and action. Even the elementary ideas of space and time are tottering; for by the railway space is annihilated, and only time remains.[2] Oh, that we had money enough

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[1] *Aushängebogen*, rather specimen sheets or revises.—*Translator.*

[2] Even as men had spoken not many years before of the "Lightning," "Meteor," "Dart," and other lines of mail-

to kill the latter properly! In three hours and a half one can now go to Orleans, in the same time to Rouen. What will it be when the lines to Belgium and Germany shall be finished and connected with the railways of those countries? I seem to see the mountains and forests of every country coming to Paris. I smell the perfume of German lime-trees; the billows of the North Sea are bounding and roaring before my door.

Great companies have been formed, not only for

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coaches in which the greatest possible speed to which humanity could ever attain was supposed to have been realised. One can imagine the smile with which some reader a century hence will consider this assertion that space was "annihilated" at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour in the slow old days of steam. To those who, like myself, can well remember the time when the vast majority of the inhabitants of Europe and the United States had never seen a steamboat or a railway, these remarks of Heine will be very interesting. And they are more prophetic than would be supposed, since even in 1845 there were very few who realised as he did, the new and coming era. At that time I had met with but *one* man, even in America, who predicted confidently the speedy settlement of the West, and the union of the Atlantic and Pacific by rail—and he was regarded as a great visionary. His name was Maybin. Had not the world been strangely slow to examine and foresee, railways must have spread over the world a generation earlier. Now we are at the beginning of the electric era, which it is believed by many will take the place of steam, and perhaps realise, in a few years, easy aërostation, in which case such changes will take place in society as Heine never dreamed of.—*Translator.*

completing the Northern Railway, but also for laying out many other lines, which endeavour, by means of circulars, to induce the public to take shares in them. Every one sends a prospectus, in which, as a heading, there is paraded in great figures the amount of capital required to cover the expense of the undertaking. It amounts always to some fifty, or a hundred, or several hundred millions of francs. After the time assigned for subscription shall have passed, no more subscriptions will be received, and it is also remarked that should the sum of the capital limited be taken up before the certain time, the same condition will be carried out. There are also given in colossal letters the names of the persons who form the *Comité de Surveillance*, which are not only those of financiers, bankers, receivers-general, great proprietors of works (*usines*), and manufacturers, but also of high state officials, princes, dukes, marquises, counts, most of which titles are to fame unknown, but which, with their official and feudal association, ring mightily well in the ears of the public —as do the trumpet-calls and drum wherewith Bajazzo on the front platform of a market-show invites the honourable public to enter. "*On ne paie qu'en entrant.*" Who would not trust such a *Comité de Surveillance?* And yet they do not, as many good people suppose, promise a solid

guarantee, and are not in reality solid supports, but only Caryatides.[1]

I expressed to one of my friends my amazement that among the members of committees are to be found the names of naval officers, and that in many prospectuses those of admirals appeared as presidents—as, for example, that of Admiral Rosamel, after whom the whole company and its stock were called. My friend, who is a merry man, thought that such an addition of naval officers was a very shrewd measure of precaution for the respective societies in case they should come into collision with justice, and be condemned by a jury to the galleys, in which case the directors would have among them an admiral, which would be of great advantage at Toulon or Brest, where there must be much rowing. But my friend was in error. Those people have no cause at all to fear lest they be set to rowing or steering in Toulon or in Brest; the oar or helm which will fall, or which has indeed already partly come in secret to their hands, is that of state.[2] This

[1] Caryatides, in fact, which must be themselves supported by the building which they seem to support. But even Heine had not foreseen the time when many English novels and society papers would satirise people of rank who derive their means of subsistence chiefly from selling their names and titles to prospectuses.—*Translator.*

[2] To which the German text very needlessly adds, "and which the ruling moneyed aristocracy get daily more and

moneyed aristocracy will soon form not only the *Comité de Surveillance* of railway society, but also that of our whole *société, bourgeoise et industrielle*, and it will be that which will send us to Toulon or to Brest.

The house of Rothschild, which has made tenders for the concession of the Northern Railway line, and which will in all probability get it, is not really a company, and every share which the association gives in it to individuals is a great favour—I may say, plainly speaking, a present of money, which M. de Rothschild bestows on his friends. The ultimate bonds, or so-called promises of the House of Rothschild, are already at several hundred francs above par, and whoever asks Baron James de Rothschild for such bonds at par, *begs* in the literal sense of the word. But the whole world begs of him; begging letters rain over him; —and as the most aristocratic titles are first to set the noble example—therefore begging is no shame. M. de Rothschild is consequently the hero of the day, and he plays everywhere such a prominent part in the history of our present meanness and wretchedness (*misère*), that I must speak of him often and seriously. He is indeed a remarkable person. I cannot judge of his

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more into their control." Omitted in French version.—*Translator.*

financial capacity, but to judge by its results, it must be very great. A peculiar faculty in him is that of observation or instinct, by which he is able, if not to judge of, at least to discern the capacities of other persons in every sphere.[1]

If Rothschild and the Chamber of Deputies would only come to an understanding as to the Northern Railway! The pettiest party spirit is here busy at work, sowing difficulties in order to cripple the necessary interest in the undertaking. The Chamber, urged by private trickery and intrigue of every kind, haggles for conditions with the Rothschild society, the result being the most intolerable delays and alarms. All eyes are now turned to the House of Rothschild, representing the society which, having undertaken to execute the railway, represents it so substantially and famously. It is a notable event that the House of Rothschild, which once applied its talents and resources only to aid Governments in their needs, now places itself at the head of great national undertakings, advancing industry and popular prosperity by its enormous capital and its illimitable credit. The greater part of the members of this

[1] The previous passages are wanting in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and they are supplied by the following page. As it forms a connected whole, I have not given it separately in a footnote, as in the German edition.—*Translator.*

house, or rather of this family, are at present assembled in Paris, but the secrets of such a congress are too well preserved for us to be able to report them. A great unity of feeling prevails among them. It is strange that they always marry among themselves, and the degrees of relationship cross one another in such a fashion that the historian would have trouble to disentangle the knot. The head, or rather brain (*Kopf*) of the family is Baron James, a remarkable man, whose peculiar capacity of course manifests itself only in financial relations, but who, as before observed, can find his way through any other sphere by the gift of observation or instinct.

On account of this gift he has been compared to Louis XIV., and really in contrast to his colleagues, who liked to surround themselves with a general staff of mediocrities, we have always found M. James de Rothschild in most intimate connection with notabilities of every branch of sciences and arts (*disciplin*). Though ignorant of the subject, he always knew who excelled in it. He does not understand a note of music, but Rossini was always his family friend. Ary Scheffer is his court-painter; Carême was his cook. M. de Rothschild certainly does not know a word of Greek, but the Hellenist Letronne is the scholar whom he most distinguishes by his notice. His personal physician was the genial Dupuytren, and there was between

them the most brotherly amity.[1] M. de Rothschild at an early date appreciated the merit of Cremieux, the great jurist, who has before him a great future, and he found in him his true advocate. In like manner he from the first perceived the political capacities of Louis Philippe, and he has always been on the most intimate terms with this great master of the art of state. Emile Pereire, the pontifex maximus of railways, was entirely a discovery of M. de Rothschild, who made of him his first engineer, and through him founded the railway to Versailles, namely, that on the right bank, on which there has never been an accident. Poetry, be it French or German, is very worthily represented in the favour of M. de Rothschild, but here it seems to me that an amiable courtesy comes into play, and as if M. le Baron was not so enthusiastically inspired

[1] It is very amusing to observe how Heine, who on all occasions reviles and detests wealth, bankers, bourgeois, and money-worship, here completely forgets and contradicts himself, and points out with sympathy and exultingly the power of money. It is not such an *altogether* singular circumstance that great musicians, painters, cooks, Greek scholars, and even German poets, should cluster round, be employed by, or feed at the tables of millionaires, for it is in the usual course of society and its relations. But our author here appears as simply silly in describing all these, the *cook* included, as in "intimate connection" with M. Rothschild solely on account of his gift of observation or genius. A more bungling bit of flattery was never botched.—*Translator.*

for the living poets of the present day as for the great dead—as, for example, Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe—all of them passed-away poets glorified, who, purified from all earthly dross, have long since been removed from earth, and do not ask him for shares in the Northern Railway.[1]

At this time the star Rothschild is in its zenith of brilliancy. I do not know if I am guilty of a want of devotion to duty (*Schulden*) in comparing M. de Rothschild to a star. However, he will not complain, as did that other Louis XIV.,

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[1] This remark suggests naturally enough the question whether there was in Heine's time any German poet living in Paris who asked, *i.e.*, begged, for shares in the Northern Railway—at par? This is all very *naïve*. Could it have been said by Baron James, as it was by his contemporary M. de Moses of London, "We keeps a poet?" This passage is given in a different form in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and indeed in a very different spirit. It is as follows:—

"Only poetry, French or German, is represented by no living eminence in the patronage of M. de Rothschild, who only loves Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, altogether deceased poets. Apropos of poets, I cannot refrain from a fleeting mention that Monsieur Ponsard is anything but a great poet. Unreason and party spirit have raised him on the shield, and will as speedily let him fall. I know his greatly spoken of *Lutetia* only by extracts, but this I have observed from what I read, that the French public will get no indigestion of poetry from what is in this work. This tragedy, too, renews the old controversies as to the Classic and Romantic, a strife which would be wearisome for the German reader.' —*Translator.*

who was once angered at a poor poet because he had the impertinence to compare him to a star—he who was accustomed to be compared to the sun, and who had also adopted this heavenly body as his official emblem.

But to-day, to be completely sure, I will compare M. de Rothschild to the sun, firstly, because it costs me nothing, and then and truly because at this moment I can do so very appropriately, when everybody worships him so as to be warmed by his golden rays. Between us, this *furor* of veneration is no small affliction to the poor sun, who has no repose from his adorers, among whom are many who are not worth a warming. These Pharisees sing loudest of all their psalm of "Praise and Laud!" (*Gloria in excelsis*), and the poor Baron is by them so morally tortured and goaded that one must needs pity him. I really believe that money is for him more a curse than a blessing; if he had a harder heart, he would endure less discomfort, but such a good-natured, gentle being as he is must suffer much from the crowd and pressure of the mighty misery which he is expected to relieve, from the demands constantly made on him, and from the ingratitude which promptly follows his benefits. Excessive wealth is perhaps harder to endure than poverty. I counsel every man who is in due need of money to go to M. de Rothschild, not to borrow (since I

doubt whether in that case he would profit much) (*etwas Erkleckliches bekommt*), but to console himself by the sight of greater money-misery. The poor devil who has too little, and who cannot help himself, may there convince himself that there is a man who is far more tormented because he has too much money, because all the money in the world flows into his cosmopolite, giant pockets, and because he must drag such a burden about, while all around the great mob of starving men and thieves stretch forth to him their hands. And what terrible and dangerous hands! "How do you do?" once asked a German poet of M. le Baron. "I am driven mad," was his reply. "Until you throw money out of the windows, I cannot believe it," said the poet. "That is just my madness, that I often do not throw it out of the window."[1]

Ah! how unhappy the rich are in this world! —and yet after death they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven! "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." This word of the Divine Communist is a terrible anathema, and shows his bitter hatred against the Bourse and *haute finance* of Jerusalem. The world swarms with philanthropists; there are societies for the protection of animals, yet withal very

[1] *i.e.*, spend it freely. Heine here would probably have the reader infer that he himself was the poet.

little is done for the poor, and for the rich, who are still more unfortunate, there is nothing done at all. Instead of prizes for questions as to silk culture, stall-feeding, and the Kantian philosophy, our learned societies should offer a reward for solving the problem "How can a camel be threaded through the eye of a needle?" Until this great camel question is solved, and the rich see their way to getting into the kingdom of heaven, there will be no thorough benefit for the poor. The rich would be more benevolent if they were not obliged to seek all their happiness here on earth below, and not compelled to envy the poor, who up in heaven will enjoy, *in floribus*, eternal life. They say, "Why should we here on earth do anything for the wretched rabble, who will one day be happier than we, and whom we shall never see again after death?" If the rich knew that they must live in common with us after death, they would give themselves some pains here on earth, and take care not to treat us too badly. Let us, therefore, before all things, try to solve the great question of the camel.

Hard-hearted are the rich—ay, that is true. They are even so towards those of their own kind who have come down in the world. I met lately poor Auguste Leo, and my heart bled at seeing a man who once was so intimately allied to the aristocracy of speculation, and was even himself

a bit of a banker. But tell me, ye great favourites of fortune, what had poor Leo done that you drove him so ignominiously from your congregation?—I do not mean the Jewish, but from that of finance. Yes, this poorest man has been for some time so disliked by his kind that he has been excluded like a pest from all profitable enterprises in which anything was to be made. They would not let him take a share in the last loan, and as for any participation in the new railroads, he can have nothing, since he suffered such discomfiture in the Versailles Railway of the *rive gauche*, and involved his colleagues in such heavy losses. Every one repels him, and even his only friend (who, by the way, could never endure him), the stock-jobber Läusedorf, has left him, and now runs constantly after the Baron Meklenburg. . . . . By the way, I would also remark that the said Baron Meklenburg, one of our most active men in stocks and industrial enterprises, is by no means an Israelite, as is generally supposed, because he was confounded with Abraham Meklenburg, or because he is so frequently seen among the strong men of Israel, amid the *Kreti* and *Plethi* of the Bourse, where they assemble round him, for they greatly love him. These people, as we see, are no religious fanatics, and their ill-feeling for poor Leo is not therefore to be attributed to any religious intolerance; they do

not blame him for his apostasy from the beautiful Jewish religion, and they only compassionately shrug their shoulders at the bad religious exchange business (*Religions-Wechsel-Geschäfte*) of poor Leo, who is now a churchwarden in the Protestant Chapel of the Rue des Billettes. That is, to be sure, an important place of honour, but a man like Auguste Leo might have risen in time in the Synagogue to great dignities; he might have been allowed to take part in the ceremonies of circumcision, or received the greatest, costliest honours in the reading of the *Thora*. Yes, as he is very musical and has such talent for church-music, he might have been allowed at the New Year's feast of the Jewish Church to blow the *Schofar* or the sacred ram's horn. No; he is not the victim of a religious or a moral persecution by sternly obstinate Pharisees; it is not errors of the heart which are attributed to poor Leo, but errors in arithmetic, and no Christian ever forgives lost millions. And yet have pity on this poor fallen man, pity for this degraded greatness; grant him just one little profit—*date obolum Belisario*—give an obolus to a Belisarius who, though no great general, was at least blind, and who never in his life ever gave an obolus to a poor man.[1]

[1] The French version ends with these words: "Un aveugle dont la cécité financière doit nous inspirer du respect et de la commiseration."

There are also patriotic grounds which make the preservation of poor Leo desirable. Wounded feelings and great losses compel (as I hear) this once well-to-do man to leave Paris, and retire to the country, where he, like Cincinnatus, may devour the cabbages which he himself has raised, or, like Nebuchadnezzar, sweetly graze on his own meadow-grass. Ah, that would be a loss to all the German brotherhood; for all the second and third class German travellers who came to Paris found in the home of Herr Leo a friendly reception, and many who had experienced discomfort in the frosty, freezing French world could flee thither with their German hearts and sympathetic feelings, and be once more as at home. In the cold winter evenings they found a cup of tea—somewhat homœopathically prepared, but not quite without sugar. They would here see Herr von Humboldt—that is, in pictures framed upon the wall, hanging as a decoy-bird. Here there could be seen the Nasenstern *in natura*,[1] and a real German Countess.

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[1] *Nasenstern*, nose-star, a parody on a Hebrew name. Nasenstern is a character in Heine's "Rabbi of Bacharach" (*vide* vol. i.). In the French version this is given as: "La, ils voyaient en chair et en os l'illustre monsieur qui a plus d'os que de chair, et qui possede le nez le plus long de Frankfort." Of all this disquisition on "Leo," in which Heine in a very disagreeable manner gratifies a personal antipathy, it can only be said that it must appear to any Israelite, as it certainly does to every person of culture,

There were also the most illustrious diplomatists from Crow-Corners (*Krähwinkel*), with their crow-footed, squint-eyed wives and blonde daughters, among all of whom were heard now and then distinguished pianists and violinists, newly arrived virtuosi recommended by the vendors of souls to the house of Leo and Co., and who allowed themselves to be musically turned to profit in his saloons. There, too, were the soft sounds of the mother-tongue, especially of the grandmother tongue, in which Germans greeted one another. There the dialect of the Hamburg Dreckwall was spoken most purely, and he who heard once more such classic sounds, it seemed in soul as if he again smelt the *Twieten* of the Mönckedamm.[1] But when the Adelaide of Beethoven was sung,

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as extremely vulgar and inartistic. I should perhaps have taken the liberty of omitting it, had it not been that it illustrates vividly the extraordinary extremes from vile foul mud to water diamond-clear which characterise this most bizarre of writers. As regards the conclusion, it may be observed that it was long ago said in reference to a very distinguished English novelist, that there is nothing in all bad taste worse than that which inspires a writer to jeer at the efforts of people of limited means to be hospitable, or to ridicule poverty in any form whatever. Heine's bitterest sneers at bankers were not levelled at the wealthy who invited him to dine with them, but at the poor broken-down Leos or Levis, whose humble hospitality he despised.—*Translator.*

[1] French version—"Il était ravi comme s'il sentait de nouveau les parfums du canal de Moenkedamm."—*Translator.*

then there ran the most sentimental tears! Yes, that house was an oasis, a very nasty oasis (*eine sehr assige Oase*) of German sentimental sociability in the sandy wilderness of the French world of reason (*Verstandeswelt*), a tabernacle of the most confidential gossip, where people cuddled together (*ruddelte*) as on the shores of the Main, where they clacked and chatted as in the precincts of the 'oly city of Cologne (*hil 'gen Stadt Köln*), and where a small glass of beer was often added to the fatherland-marked gossip. German heart, what wouldst thou more? It would be a bitter shame if this clack and gossip shop (*Klatschbude*) should be shut up.

LII.

PARIS, *May 6*, 1843.[1]

PRECIOUS time, as people say, is ever lightly thrown away. I say precious time, meaning thereby the years of peace which are ensured to us by the government of Louis Philippe. On his thread of life hangs the peace of France, and the man is old, and the shears of fate are implacable. Instead of turning time to good account, and disentangling the twisted knot of inner and outer misunderstandings, it would seem as if they sought to make the trouble and perplexity worse than before. And nothing but thick-rouged comedy and mean intrigue go on behind the scenes; and by such mean petty deeds France at length may really come to the edge of the abyss. All weather-vanes rely on their many-sided gift for spinning round; for them the fiercest storm is without a fear, since they know, and that so well, how to turn to every breeze. And the wildest wind cannot break ye, for ye are more

[1] This letter, as well as the "Retrospective Explanation," are wanting in the French version.

mobile than the wind itself. But ye ne'er reflect that, despite your windy versatility, ye yet may tumble headlong from your height, when the great tower goes down upon whose top ye have been placed and spinning round for years. Yes, you must fall with France, and her high tower is undermined, and in the north afar are many evil sorcerers raising storms. At this instant the Shamans on the Neva are not in the delirium of invoking tempests, but all depends here upon caprice, on the absolute caprice of the sublimest arbitrary will. As I have said, with the life of Louis Philippe will vanish every guarantee of peace—this greater wizard keeps the storm fast bound by his enduring patient shrewdness. He who would sleep tranquilly must in his nightly prayer commend the King of France to all the guardians of our life.

Guizot will hold his own, long time to come, which is full certainly to be desired, because a Ministerial crisis is ever allied to disasters which defy our foresight. A change of Ministers is perhaps among the French, who are so fond of change, a substitute (*surrogat*) for the periodical change of dynasty. Yet these revolutions in the persons of the highest state officials are not the less unfortunate for a country which needs stability beyond all others. The Ministers, on account of their precarious position, dare engage in no widely

comprehensive schemes, and the bare need of self-preservation absorbs all their power. Their worst trouble is not really their dependence on the royal will, which is generally reasonable and sound, but their being obliged to rely on the so-called Conservatives, those constitutional Janissaries who here displace and replace the Ministers as they choose. Should any Minister awake their ill-will, they assemble in their parliamentary *ortas* and drum on their kettle. The disfavour of these men is generally caused by actual soup-kettle interests; they are the ones who really rule in France, since no Minister dare deny them anything, not an office nor a favour, be it a consulate for the elder son of their brother-in-law, or a tobacco-shop license for the widow of their *concierge*. It is wrong to speak of the *régime* of the *bourgeoisie* in general; it should be of the rule of the Conservative deputies. It is they who turn France to account in their own private interests, as the hereditary nobility once did. The latter is is no way distinguished from the Conservative party, and we often encounter many an ancient name among the parliamentary rulers of the time. The name Conservative is really not an accurate designation, for certainly all who are so called are not concerned in the steady maintenance of political conditions, and many of them would willingly agitate a little, just as there are many

men in the Opposition who would not for anything in the world have any change, and even cherish a deadly fear of war. And, for the greater part, those men would only bring their party into office to advance—like the Conservatives—their own private interests. Principles with those of either side are only watchwords without meaning; what lies at the bottom of it all is as to which of the parties shall derive solid profit from the mastery. In this respect we have the same strife as on the other side of the Channel under the names of Whigs and Tories, even as it has been for two centuries.

The English constitutional form of government, as is generally known, was the great model according to which the present French parliamentary common system was formed—that is to say, the doctrinaires have sought to ape this pattern even to pedantry (*nachzuaffen*), and it is not impossible that the too great submission with which the members of the present Ministry endure the usurpations of the Conservatives and suffer themselves to be turned to profit, is the result of a learned throughness which should most truly substantiate their copious knowledge derived from careful study. "The 29th of October," that is to say, the learned professor whom the Opposition indicate by that name, knows the inner works of the English state machine better than any other

man, and if he believes that such a machine on the other side of the Channel cannot work, save by the immoral means in the application of which Walpole was a master and Sir Robert Peel certainly no bungler, his views are to be deeply regretted, but we cannot deny him sufficient learning and knowledge of history. We must admit that the machine in itself is worthless; but if we lack the courage to say so, we certainly should not submit to too severe criticism the working engineer. What profit would there be in such criticism? What is the use of blaming in Augsburg the sins committed in Paris? The opposition of a foreigner in foreign journals regarding disorders in the internal administration of France would be a rhodomontade both unbecoming and foolish. A correspondent should only discuss political acts which may have an influence on our own country, and not the internal administration (of another). Therefore I will neither question nor correct the present corruption, or that venal system with which my colleagues fill so many columns in German newspapers. What is it to us who by craft or force in France obtains the best offices, the fattest sinecures, the most brilliant orders? What matters it to us whether it is a thief (*Schnapphahn*) of the Right or the Left who steals the golden entrails of the Budget? We have only to take care lest we in our re-

spective homes do not sell ourselves to our own Whigs or Tories for any little office, any little title, any small order, when the question is to vote for the interests of the German people. Why should we cry out in rage (*so viel Zeter schreien*) at the mote which we see in French eyes when we dare say nothing, or very little, of the beams in the blue eyes of our German officials? Or who can decide in Germany whether the Frenchman to whom the Ministry has granted an office or a favour did or did not deserve it? Office-hunting will not cease under the Ministry of Thiers or Barrot, if Guizot should fall. Should the Republicans hold the helm, then corruption would hide itself more in the cloak of hypocrisy, instead of showing itself naïvely and cynically without rouge. The party will always set the great dishes before its representatives. It would be indeed a horrible sight in the hour "when vice should be crushed and virtue seat itself at the table." With what wolfish greed would the poor starved wretches of virtue after their long fast rush at the dainty viands! how many a Cato would on such opportunity over-eat himself! Woe then unto the traitors who have gorged themselves, and even eaten partridges and truffles, and drunk champagne during our present time of immorality, bribery, and Guizotic corruption!

I will not investigate the nature of this so-called

Guizotic corruption, nor what complaints are raised by injured interests. Should the great Puritan, to maintain himself, really be obliged to have recourse to the English system of bribery, he is most certainly to be condoled with; a vestal virgin set to keep a *maison de tolérance* would be in no more unbecoming state. Perhaps he himself is tormented by the reflection that the present social condition of all France is dependent on his own preservation. The collapse of this would be for him the beginning of all possible terrors. Guizot is the man of well-regulated progress, and he sees the dear acquisitions of the Revolution—dear with the price of blood—endangered now more than ever by a dark and hastening storm. He would fain gain time to bring the sheaves of the harvest under cover. In fact, the duration of that period of peace, when the ripened fruits of the earth may be harvested, is our first need. The seed of Liberal principles has but recently shot forth greenly and abstractly, and that must first calmly grow in the concrete and gnarled reality. Freedom, which has hitherto only become Man, here and there, must pass into the mass itself, into the lowest strata of society and become *people*. This change of freedom to humanity (*Volkwerdung der Freiheit*), this mysterious process, which, like every birth and every fruit, requires as necessary conditions time and repose, is

certainly not less important than that proclamation of principles wherewith our predecessors busied themselves. The word becomes flesh, and the flesh bleeds. We have a lesser work but greater pain than our predecessors had, who believed that all was happily accomplished when the holy laws of freedom and of equality were joyously proclaimed and sanctioned on a hundred battle-fields. Ah! that is still the fatal error of so many Revolutionists, who imagine that a strip of freedom more or less will be torn from the purple mantle of the reigning power; they are contented when only a decree or some democratically fundamental law is promulgated, and right prettily printed in black and white in the *Moniteur*. I remember that when I, twelve years ago, visited old Lafayette, he put into my hand, as I took leave, a paper, and as he did so he had the fully believing air of a miracle-mongering doctor, who gives us a universal elixir. It was the well-known Declaration of the Rights of Man, which the old man had brought sixty years before from America, and which he still regarded as the panacea with which the whole world could be radically cured. No, an invalid cannot be cured with a prescription alone, though that is essential; he needs also the many mixings of the apothecary, the care of a nurse; he needs repose, he needs time.

A

RETROSPECTIVE EXPLANATION.

(*August* 1854.)

When I, in the preceding article, wrote perhaps too much with the indifference of a mere observer, but with a clear conscience and quite free from hypocritical show, complaining as to the Guizotic corruption, it really never occurred to me that I myself, five years later, would be accused as one sharing in the corruption! The time was well chosen, and the calumny had full room to play in the Storm and Pressure period of 1848, when all political passions, suddenly unbridled, began their raging St. Vitus's dance. There swept over all and everywhere a wild delusion, such as could have been found only among witches on the Blocksberg or in Jacobinism in its wildest days of terror. There were again countless clubs where the vilest slander was spit without reproach from dirtiest lips—the walls of every building were defiled with coarse libels, denunciations, exhortations to revolt, invectives in verse and prose—a

smeary, nasty, scribbly fire-and-murder literature. Even Blanqui, who was incarnate terrorism, and the honestest (*bravste*) fellow under the sun, was in those days accused of the vilest spy-work and of associating with the police. No honest person attempted to defend himself. He who had a fine cloak hid his face in it. During the first Revolution the name of Pitt served to defile the best patriots as purchased traitors—Danton, Robespierre, and even Marat, were denounced as bribed by Pitt. The Pitt of the Revolution of February was called Guizot, and his name excited the most ridiculous suspicions. If any one awoke the hatred of any of those heroes of the day who was short of intellect, but who had been long in Saint-Pelagie or on Mount Saint-Michel, he might be sure that he would soon be denounced in his club as an assistant's-assistant of Guizot and a base mercenary of the Guizotic system of bribery.[2] There was then no guillotine wherewith to chop off

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[1] As I was in Paris at the time, I made a special study of this literature. It was not all by any means as bad as Heine describes it, though much was very coarse, but in the *very* worst there was nothing worse than what our author had himself often written, save that it lacked his genius.—*Translator.*

[2] And no great wonder either, when we consider the *immense* amount of subsidies or bribes brought to light after the Revolution, which Heine himself unconsciously proves by examples.—*Translator.*

heads, but they had found one wherewith to decapitate honour. Even the name of the writer of these pages did not escape calumny in that mad time, and a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* was not ashamed to speak in an anonymous article of the most degrading stipulations by which I, for a fixed price, had sold my literary ability for the Governmental requisitions of the Guizot Ministry.

I will refrain from any clear exposition of the person of that terrible accuser, whose stern virtue was so greatly excited and stirred to war (*so sehr in Harnisch gerathen*) by the prevalent corruption. I will not tear from this courageous knight the visor of his anonymousness, and will only casually remark that he is no German, but an Italian, who, educated in the Jesuit schools, remained true to his training, and who at present has a small post in the bureau of the Austrian embassy. I am tolerant; I allow everybody to follow his calling; we cannot all be honourable people; there must be owls of every colour; and when I permit myself to scold now and then, it is only at the refined faithlessness with which my ultramontane Brutus relied on the authority of a French fugitive publication (*Flugblatt*), which, serving the passion of the day, was not free from misrepresentation and false interpretation of every kind, but which, as regards myself, could not

allege one word to my discredit which the above-mentioned accusation could confirm. How it came to pass that the otherwise so-cautious *Allgemeine Zeitung* became a victim to such mystification, I will show anon. I content myself here with referring to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of May 23, 1848, extra sheet, to show how I, in a public declaration, expressed myself quite plainly as to this nice (*saubere*) insinuation. I suppressed all modest sensations of vanity, and in the public *Allgemeine Zeitung* I made the melancholy confession that poverty had struck home to me at the end of the fearful malady of exile, and that I, too, must have recourse to "the great alms which the French people expended on so many thousands of foreigners, who in their zeal for the cause of the Revolution had compromised themselves more or less gloriously, and sought a hospitable refuge in France."

[*This in full was as follows.*]

EXPLANATION.

The *Revue Retrospective* has for some time delighted the Republican world with the publication of papers from the archives of the last régime, and among others it revealed the accounts of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the business management of Guizot. The circumstance that

the name of the subscriber was there included with stated sums of money afforded a wide scope (*Spielraum*) for suspicions of the most detestable kind; and treacherous collocations (*Zusammenstellung*), which were not supported by what had appeared in the *Revue Retrospective*, served as a foil of accusation to an accusation by a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which plainly sounded as if the Guizot Ministry had purchased my pen for certain sums to defend its acts. The editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who gave with that accusation a note in which it was further still declared that I might have received that subsidy not for what I had written for them for twenty years, but much more for what I had *not* written, had had ample opportunity to observe that I am not the servile author who accepts pay for silence, —and this editorial power might properly have defended me with such a *levis nota*. It is, therefore, not to the article by the correspondent, but to that editorial note to which I will confine these remarks, in which I will explain as clearly as possible my relations to the Guizot Ministry. It is higher views which impel me to this, and not the petty considerations of personal safety, nor even of honour. My honour is not at the disposition of any casual correspondent; not even the best journal is its tribunal; I can only be judged by the highest court of literary history.

Nor will I even admit that magnanimity shall be interpreted and defamed as fear. No, the support which I received from the Guizot Ministry was no tribute; it was really a support. It was—I call the thing by its right name—the great alms which the French people expended on thousands of foreigners who, by their zeal for the Revolutionary cause, had more or less gloriously compromised themselves, and for which they had sought refuge by the hospitable hearth of France. I took such pecuniary aid shortly after that time when the lamentable act of the Diet appeared which sought to ruin me even financially, as the leader of a so-called Young Germany, since they prohibited by an interdict in advance, not only all which I had written, but all which I might subsequently write, and so deprived me not only of my means and methods of earning a living without judgment or justice. And that the payment of the needful (*verlangten*) means of support was assigned to the treasury of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and indeed to the pension fund, of which there is no official control, was due to the fact that the other treasuries were at that time over-taxed. It may be, too, that the French Government would not too openly support a man who was always a thorn in the eyes of the German embassy, and whose extradition might be claimed under many circumstances. How urgently my

Prussian friends importuned the French Government with such demands is known to many; but M. Guizot obstinately refused to give me up, and paid me my pension regularly without intermission. He never required from me for it the slightest service. When I called on him shortly after he had taken the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and thanked him that he, notwithstanding my Radical complexion, had notified the continuation of my pension, he replied with a melancholy air of kindness, "I am not the man to refuse a bit of bread to a German poet who lives in exile." This is what Guizot said to me in November 1840, and it was the first and last time in my life in which I had the honour to address him. I have given to the editorship of the *Revue Retrospective* the proofs which substantiate the truth of the above assertions, and they may now express themselves as to the significance and origin of the pension in question as is becoming to French *loyauté*.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *May* 15, 1848.

These were my bare words in the explanation. I called the thing by its most mournful name. Though I might very well have alleged that the pecuniary assistance which was assigned to me as an *allocation annuelle d'une pension de secours* might be considered as a high recognition of my literary

reputation, as I had been notified with the most delicate courtesy, I still unconditionally attributed that pension to national magnanimity and political fraternal affection, which showed itself as beautifully here as evangelical pity ever did of old. There were very eminent men among my ex-colleagues who only called that aid a subvention; beggarly proud knights, who hated all sense of obligation, called it a loan to be subsequently repaid to the French Government with good interest; but I bowed myself to dire need and called it by its right name. In the above explanation I had declared that I took such pecuniary aid shortly after that time when the lamentable act of the Diet appeared which sought to ruin me, even financially, as the leader of a so-called Young Germany, since they prohibited in advance not only all which I had written, but all which I might subsequently write, with an interdict; and so deprived me of my means and methods of gaining a living, without judgment or justice.

Yes! without judgment or justice (*ohne Urtheil und Recht*). I think that I thus indicate correctly a proceeding which was unheard of in the annals of absurd judicial proceedings. By a decree of my native Government, not only was all which I had ever written prohibited, but all which I might write in future. My brain was confiscated, and my poor innocent belly was to be deprived by

this interdict of all food. My name at the same time was to be extinguished from the memory of men, and there was a stern order to all the censors of my native land that every passage in which I was spoken of should be expunged from pamphlets or books, be it favourable to me or the contrary. Short-sighted fools! such edicts and orders were of no avail against an author whose intellectual (*geistige*) interests rose triumphantly above all persecutions, although his daily finances sunk very low, so that I even now experience the results of their petty malice. Yet starved to death I am not, though I was in those days pressed hard by pale care. Life in Paris is so expensive, especially when one is married and has no children. These dear little playthings are a pastime for the husband—sometimes for the wife—so that they need seek no amusement, which is so expensive, out of doors. And then I have never learned the art to feed the hungry with mere words, and all the more because nature has endowed me with such a healthy, hearty (*wohlhabendes*) appearance that no one would believe in my sad need. The poor, who have hitherto been liberally aided by me, laughed when I said that I myself must in future starve. Was I not the relation of all possible millionaires? Had not the *generalissimus* of all millionaires, had not this *millionairissimus* called himself my friend—his friend? I could never

make my clients understand that the great millionairissimus called me his friend because I never asked him for money. Had I done so, the friendship would soon have been at an end. The days of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades are past. My poor and needy blockheads believed that one could so very easily get something from the rich. They have not seen, as I have done, with what terrible iron locks and bars their great money-chests are secured. It is only from people who have but little that something can be got, for first of all their chests are not of iron, and then they would fain seem richer than they are.

Yes, it was no small part of my peculiar misfortune that nobody believed in my pecuniary strait. In the Magna Charta which, as Cervantes tells us, the god Apollo granted to the poets, the first paragraph declares that when a poet assures us that he has no money, he is to be believed on his bare word, and no oath required. Unfortunately, I appealed in vain to this privilege of my rank as poet. So it came to pass that calumny had free play when it did not ascribe the motives which induced me to accept the pension in question to natural wants and requirements. I remember that at that time many of my fellow-countrymen, among them the most determined and intellectual Dr. Marx, came to me

to express their displeasure as to the slanderous article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, advising me to reply by a single word, since they themselves had already declared in German journals that I had certainly accepted the pension received with a view to more efficiently supporting my poor partisan associates. The same was asserted by the then publisher of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, as well as the friends who formed his general staff. I, however, returned my thanks for their kind sympathy, and assured these friends that they had erred; that I could very well use the pension for myself, and that I myself would answer the malicious anonymous article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, not indirectly through my friends, but directly over my own name.

I will here opportunely mention that the editors of the French casual publication the *Revue Retrospective*, from which the correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* drew his statements, wished to express their dislike of such citation in a formal defence, which would, however, have been quite superfluous, as the most superficial glance at that French publication would amply show that it was quite innocent of any calumny on my reputation; but the existence of that journal, which appeared in irregular issues, was very ephemeral, and it was lost in the wild whirlpool of the time, before the intended defence

could appear. The editor-in-chief of that *Retrospective Review* was the bookseller Paulin, a brave and honourable man, who had shown himself for twenty years as very ready to assist and serve me, and through business relations and mutually intimate friends we had opportunities to mutually regard and respect each other. Paulin was the associate of my friend Dubochet; he loved as a brother my friend Mignet, and he idolised Thiers, who, between us, secretly patronised the *Revue Retrospective*. Anyhow (*jedenfalls*), it was founded and conducted by members of his coterie, and it would never have occurred to these men to speak ill of one whom they knew that their patron honoured with his especial predilection.

The editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* certainly knew nothing of that French publication before they printed the charming article on corruption. In fact, the most superficial examination would have revealed to them the refined malicious cunning of their correspondent. It lay in this, that he accused me of being in union with persons who were as distant and different from me as a Cheshire cheese is from the moon. In order to show that the Guizot Ministry practised corruption, not only by giving away offices, but also by bestowing money, the above-mentioned Review had published the budget, receipts, and

expenditures of the department which Guizot represented, and there was shown that every year enormous sums were assigned for expenses not mentioned, and the accusing publication had threatened to give in subsequent numbers the names of persons who had received the money. Owing to the sudden cessation of the Review, the threat was not carried out, which we deeply regretted, since everybody could else have seen how *we* had never taken part in the secret munificence which proceeded directly from the Minister or from his secretary as a gratification for certain services. A marked distinction should be drawn between so-called *bons de service*, or the secret service funds, and the *pensions* with which the Minister finds his budget already charged, and to whom certain sums are annually allotted for support. It was a very ungenerous, I may say a very un-French proceeding; for the retrospective casual journal, after it had given in the lump (*in Bausch und Bogen*) the different subsidies to embassies and their retainers, also printed the names of persons who had received pensions for support; and this is the more to be blamed, since there were among them the names of impoverished men of the highest rank, and also of great ladies who gladly concealed their fallen greatness in a few trifles of finery, and who now saw with grief their

aristocratic misery revealed. The German, guided by a more refined tact, will not here follow the bad example of the Frenchman, and we therefore suppress the names of the very noble and illustrious ladies which we found inscribed on the list of "pension funds" in Guizot's department. Among the men who were thus aided, we saw exiles from all parts of the world, fugitives from Greece and San Domingo, Armenia and Bulgaria, Spain and Poland, high-sounding names of barons, counts, princes, generals, ex-Ministers, and even priests, all equally constituting an aristocracy of poverty, while on the treasury lists of other departments poor devils less pretentious were paraded. The German poet had no need to be ashamed of his companions, as he found himself in society with celebrities of talent and of misfortune, but of shattered fates. Near my own name on that list, in the same rubric and category, I found that of a man who had once ruled a kingdom greater than that of Ahasuerus, who had been monarch from Oude to Cush, from India to the Moors, over a hundred and seventy countries—that of Godoy the Prince of Peace, the uncontrolled favourite of Ferdinand VII. and of his wife, who had fallen in love with his nose. I never saw a more widely comprehensive, prince-electoral, purple nose, and it must have cost poor Godoy more to keep it sup-

plied with snuff than his French income afforded. Another name which I beheld near mine, and which inspired me with sympathy and respect, was that of my friend and contemporary the glorious and as unfortunate Augustin Thierry, the greatest historian of our time. But instead of citing my name among those of such respectable people, the honourable correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* must needs take from this budget list, where of course those of pensioned diplomatic agents were given, just two of the German Association, belonging to men who certainly may have been better than their reputations, but which must beyond question injure mine when classed with them.[1]

One of these men was a German scholar from Göttingen, a counsellor of legation, who had always been the scapegoat of the Liberal party, and who possessed the talent to pass for the worst of all by a show of diplomatic secret negotiation. Gifted with a treasure of knowledge and iron industry, he had been a very useful workman for many Cabinets, and in this capacity he sub-

[1] *Vide* the correspondence article in the extra sheet to No. 119 of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of April 28, 1848. In addition to that of Heine, whose monthly pension was only 400 francs, were also three German names: those of Schneider (!), Baron von Blindworth, and Dr. Weil—the latter the editor of the *Stuttgarter Zeitung*—with a yearly pension of 18,000 francs.—*German Editor.*

sequently worked in the chancellerie of Guizot, who confided to him several missions, and remunerated them with a pay which was very small.

The position of the other fellow-countryman, with whom the honourable corruption-correspondent classed me, had as little similarity to mine as that of the first mentioned. He was a Suabian, who had hitherto lived as an irreproachable petty citizen (*Spiessbürger*) in Stuttgart, but who now appeared in a sadly ambiguous light when it was seen that he figured in Guizot's budget with almost as great a pension as was allotted from the same treasury to Colonel Gustavson, the ex-King of Sweden; in fact, it was thrice or four times as much as those given to Baron von Eckstein and M. Capefigue, who both, by the way, have been, since time unknown, also correspondents of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Suabian could not, in fact, justify his fabulously great pension by any noted service; he did not live in Paris as a persecuted exile, but, as I said, in Stuttgart as a quiet subject of the King of Würtemburg. He was no great poet, he was no lamp of learning, no astronomer, no famous statesman, no hero of art—certainly no hero; he was, on the contrary, very unwarlike, and once when he had abused the editor (*Redaktion*), of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and the latter rode at full pace from Augsburg to Stuttgart to call him out with pistols, then the good

Suabian would spill no brother's blood (the editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is by birth Suabian), and he declined the duel with pistols, entirely from the sanitary ground that he could not digest leaden balls, being only accustomed to baked fish-balls and Suabian nudels (*Knödeln*).

Corsicans, North American Indians, and Suabians never forgive, and the Jesuits' disciple calculated on this Suabian vendetta when he sent his corrupt article on corruption to the *Allgemeine Zeitung;* and the editor thereof did not fail to publish hot and smoking a Paris correspondence which subjected the good name of the unimpeached Suabian compatriot to the most gloomy and infamous hypotheses and conjectures. The editorial body of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* could have shown their impartiality in the reception of this article the more brilliantly because in it one of their friendly correspondents was exposed not less significantly. I do not know whether they thought that by publishing abusive but unsustainable accusations they were doing me a service, since they thereby gave me an opportunity to answer that unjust rumour and dark insinuation with a distinct declaration.[1] Enough, the editorial

[1] In the original manuscript of *Lutetia* there is the following passage, which was overlined by Heine:—"They, the editors, believed perhaps, also, that the mention of my name in that article could not in any case injure me much, since

body printed the corruption article, but accompanied it with a note in which they remarked "that I in no case could have been paid for what I wrote, but only for what I did not write."

Ah! this certainly well-meant note, meant to save my honour, was, owing to its too clever conception, a real *pavé*—a "paving-stone," as French journalists in their coterie language call a clumsy defence, which destroys the defendant, like the bear in the fable, who would frighten away a muck-fly from the head of a sleeping friend with a paving-stone which he threw, and so crushed the brain of one whom he would protect.

The Augsburg *pavé* of course injured me more than the article in correspondence of the miserable muck-fly, and in the explanation which I, as before said, printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* I used the following words: "The editorial body of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* accompanied that correspondence with a note in which it expressed the opinion that I probably received

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they well knew how easily I could contradict the absurd inculpation. In any case, they had often enough had the proofs in their hands how little the accusation of mercenary servility was applicable to me, and they knew well that I had not for years written a word which could justify the reproach of defending the Guizot Administration or the acceptation of a Ministerial association (*Kompéreschaft*) half-way.—*German Publisher.*

that support, not for what I wrote, but for what I did *not* write. As the management of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* had had ample opportunity for twenty years to observe not only from what I published, but from what I did *not* publish, that I am not the servile writer who accepts pay for silence, the editors might well have spared me that *levis nota.*"

Time, place, and circumstance then allowed no further explanations, but now, when retrospections have been extinguished, it is permitted that I much more practically prove that I was neither paid for what I did or did not write by the Guizot Ministry. For men who have done with life, such retrospective justifications have a singularly melancholy attraction, and I surrender myself to it with dreamy indolence. It is to me as if I were giving myself a long-lost pleasing satisfaction. In any case, the following information as to French affairs in the time of the Guizot Ministry are here in place.

The Ministry of November 29, 1840, should in reality not be called that of Guizot, but that of Soult, since the latter was President of the Ministerial Council. But Soult was only its titular chief, much as the former King of Hanover bore the title of Rector of the University of Georgia Augusta, while his magnificence the temporal pro-rector of Göttingen exercised the real

authority of Rector. Despite the official fulness of power of Soult, there was never any question as to him, only that occasionally the Liberal papers, when contented with him, called him the victor of Toulouse; but when he displeased them, they declared that he had *not* won the battle by that city. All the talk was of Guizot, and the latter continued for many years in the zenith of his popularity among the *bourgeoisie*, who had been driven to extremes by the military passion of his predecessor, and it is readily understood that the successor of Thiers awakened still greater sympathy on the other side of the Rhine. We Germans could never forgive Thiers his drumming us up from our comfortable plant-like sleep; so we rubbed our eyes and cried "*Vivat Guizot!*" The learned especially sang his praises in Pindaric hymns, where the prosody, the antique measure of the syllables, were accurately imitated, and a professor of philosophy who came hither in his travels assured me that Guizot was as great a man as Thiersch[1]—yes, quite as great as my philanthropic friend Thiersch, the composer of the best Greek grammar! The German press also was enthusiastic for Guizot; not only the

[1] Friedrich Thiersch, a distinguished Greek scholar and professor of æsthetics at the University of Munich. He had been a teacher of Heine. I followed his lectures in 1847.—*Translator.*

tame journals, but also the wild, and this feeling lasted for a long time. I remember that not long before the fall of the greatly celebrated favourite of the Germans, I found in the most Radical of German journals, in the *Speierer Zeitung*, a defence of Guizot from the pen of one of those devourers of tyrants whose tomahawk and scalping-knife then knew no mercy. The inspiration for Guizot was specially represented in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* by my colleague with the symbol of Venus and by him of the arrow.[1] The former swung the censer with sacerdotal devotion, the latter maintained his sweetness and neatness even when in an ecstasy. Both held out till the catastrophe.

I had, ever since I first occupied myself seriously with French literature, recognised and comprehended the distinguished merits of Guizot, and my writings testify to my early veneration for the world-renowned man. I liked his rival Thiers better, but only personally, not from his turn of mind, which is nationally limited, so that he may almost be called a French Old German, while Guizot's cosmopolite view was nearer to my own way of thinking. I loved perhaps in the former many faults which men found in me, while I found the virtues of the latter almost

[1] Baron von Eckstein and Dr. Senffert.—*German Publisher.*

repulsive. I often had to blame the first, yet I did it unwillingly; when the other compelled praise from me, I gave it only after severe proof. It was truly only with an independent love of truth that I discussed the man who then formed the centre of all discussion, and I always reported truly what I heard. It was with me a point of honour to print here in this book all unchanged the reports in which I most warmly honoured the character and the governmental ideas (not the administrative acts) of the great statesman, although it caused great repetition. The kind reader will remark that these discussions do not extend beyond the year 1843, when I ceased to write political articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and confined myself to often giving the editor in our private correspondence friendly communications: only occasionally publishing an article on literature and the fine arts.

That is, now, the silence, the *not* writing of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* speaks, and which it was intimated was the price of my freedom of speech. Might it not have been more readily assumed that I, at that time tottering in my allegiance to Guizot, might have been all in error regarding him? Yes, that was the case; but in March 1848 such a confession would not have been becoming. That neither devotion nor decency would allow. I must therefore limit

myself to opposing to the false insinuation which attributed my sudden silence to bribery in the above-mentioned publication simply the plain facts of my relation to the Guizot Ministry. I here repeat these data. Before the 29th November 1840, when Guizot assumed the Ministry, I had never had the honour to see him. For the first time, one month later, I paid him a visit to thank him that the business branch of his department had received from him orders that my yearly pension should continue to be paid monthly under the new Ministry as before. That visit was the first and last which I in this life ever paid to the illustrious man. In the conversation with which he honoured me, he expressed with deep feeling and warmth his high esteem for Germany, and this recognition of my native land, as well as the flattering terms in which he spoke of my own literary productions, were the only coins with which he bribed me. It never occurred to him to ask any service of me; and most unlikely indeed it was that it ever occurred to the proud man who yearned for unpopularity to require from me a paltry puff in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* or in the French press—from one who was quite unknown to him, while more important and also more trustworthy people, such as the Baron von Eckstein or the historian Capefigue—both of them,

as I have before remarked, were also collaborateurs of mine on the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—had been for many years on social terms with Guizot, and who certainly had attained to a delicate confidence. Since that interview I have never seen M. Guizot, nor even his secretary, nor any one who worked in his bureau. Only once did I learn that M. Guizot was often and urgently importuned to banish me from Paris. It is not without laughing that I think of the vexed faces which those claimants would have cut if they had known that the Minister from whom they begged for my expulsion was actually paying me a pension. How little he desired that this noble deed should be divulged I understood without any special hint, and discreet friends, from whom I can conceal nothing, shared my mischievous joy.

For this pleasure and for the generosity (*Grossmuth*) with which he treated me I was certainly deeply obliged to M. Guizot. Yet, as I began to doubt his firmness in resisting royal pretensions, when I saw that he was ruinously ruled by the will of Louis Philippe, and I understood the great and terrible error of this aristocratic unbending will, this unholy obstinacy of the absolute (*psychische*), compulsion of gratitude would not have fettered my pen, and I should certainly with respectful regret have blamed the mistakes by which the too submissive Ministry, or

much rather the infatuated King, prepared destruction for their country and the world. But my pen was silenced by brutal physical impediments, and these real causes of my silence, of my not writing, I can now for the first time reveal.

Yes, in case I had felt a desire to write in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* against the unhappy system of government of Louis Philippe, though it were but a syllable, that was for me impossible, for the simple reason that the crafty monarch had taken measures before the 29th November against such a criminal correspondent case, or such an attempt, since he in his high person condescended to make the one who was then censor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* not only a knight, but an officer of the French Legion of Honour. Great as my liking for the late monarch was, the Augsburg censor found that I did not love him enough, and struck out every unpleasing word—in fact, many of my articles on the royal policy were altogether suppressed. But shortly after the Revolution of February, when my poor Louis Philippe had wandered into exile, neither reverence nor decency permitted me to attack him, even if the Augsburger would have permitted it.

There was another similar confession which the censorship of the heart did not then permit, and which was much more painful than that of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. No; after the fall of

Guizot I dared not openly confess that I had previously been silent from fear. I must confess that if in 1844 M. Guizot had learned my correspondence and been displeased with its criticisms, the passionate man was quite capable of suppressing generosity and acting very summarily with the inconvenient critic. With the expulsion of the correspondent from Paris, the correspondence must have ceased. In fact, his Magnificence had the *fasces* of power in his hands; he could give me at any time the *consilium abeundi*, and then I must have buckled on my knapsack on the spot. His beadles in blue uniform with lemon-yellow facings would have soon abstracted me from my Parisian critical studies, and led me to those posts, "striped like the zebra," where other beadles with much more dreadful liveries and unpolished German manners would have received me —to do me the honours of my fatherland.

But, unfortunate poet!—wast thou not sufficiently protected by thy naturalisation as a French citizen against such Ministerial arbitrary conduct?

Ah! the answer to this drags from me a confession which prudence perhaps counsels me to suppress. But prudence and I have long ceased to eat from the same bowl, and I will now recklessly admit that I never was naturalised in France, and that my naturalisation, of which so much was said, was all a German fiction. I know

not what idle or crafty head invented it. Several of my fellow-countrymen declared that they had scented it out from authentic sources; they referred to them in German newspapers, and I confirmed the error by silence. My dear literary and political adversaries at home, and many very influential intimate friends here in Paris, were led astray by this, and believed that I was protected by a French citizenship from many vexations and machinations wherewith the friends who are here submitted to an exceptional jurisdiction can be so easily persecuted. By this amiable error I escaped much ill-will, and also many contributions to industrials who had turned to account their privileges in business conflicts. The condition of a foreigner who is not naturalised becomes in Paris in the long-run (*in der Länge*) as unpleasant as expensive. He is imposed upon (*geprellt*) and vexed, and mostly by naturalised foreigners, who are stimulated by their acquired rights to misuse them most discreditably. Impelled by irritated precautions, I once fulfilled the formalities which bound to nothing, yet which left me in a condition, in case of need, to acquire the right of naturalisation without delay.[1] Yet I had always a secret

[1] It seems to have escaped Heine that by this act of "proclaiming his intentions" he had virtually acquired the right of being regarded as a citizen. This, as will be seen (*vide* final note), goes far to exonerate him.—*Translator.*

antipathy to definitely accomplish this act. And owing to this hesitation, and to definitely rooted dislike to naturalisation, I came into a false position, which I must regard as the cause of all my troubles, vexations, and mistakes during my twenty-three years' residence in Paris. The income of a good office would have fully covered the expense of expensive housekeeping, and the wants of a not so much extravagant as a naturally free manner of living; but without naturalisation all state service was closed to me. My friends placed before me great honours and fat sinecures, and there were examples enough of foreigners who had risen in France to the most brilliant steps of power and of honour. And I, I venture to say, should have had less to strive than others with local envy, for no German had ever gained to such a high degree as I the sympathy of the French, whether in the literary world or in the best society; and it was not as patrons, but as friends that the first and best sought my company.[1] The chivalric Prince who

[1] Heine here speaks simply the truth, and under the circumstances of this "apology" his boast is perfectly excusable. It is literally true that the greatest in France spoke of him as "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," and I have been assured by those who knew him in Paris that no man was personally such a general favourite. And that, like a child, he did not avail himself of extraordinary advantages, is perfectly true.—*Translator.*

was nearest the throne, and who was not only a distinguished military leader and statesman, but who also read the *Buch der Lieder* in the original, would have gladly seen me in the French service, and his influence would have been all-sufficient to advance me in such a career. I never shall forget the amiable kindness with which once, in the garden of a princely lady friend, the great historian of the French Revolution and of the Empire, who was then the all-powerful President of the Council, took my arm, and, while walking with me, fully and earnestly impressed it on me that I should tell him what my heart desired, and he would pledge himself to obtain it. Even now the flattering ring of that voice is in my ear; I still scent the perfume of the great magnolia tree by which we passed, and which rose with its noble alabaster-white and stately flowers in the blue air, as magnificently and proudly as did then in the days of his prosperity the soul of the German poet.

Yes, I have spoken the word. It was the foolish pride of the German poet which kept me even *pro forma* from becoming a Frenchman. It was an ideal whim from which I could not free myself. As regards that which we call patriotism, I was always a free-thinker, but I could never free myself from a certain dread when I should do anything which might seem even only half-

way as a breaking loose from my native land. Even in the mind of the most enlightened there remains a little *alraun* root of the old superstition which will not be banned away. One does not like to speak thereof, but it sends its folly into the most secret corner of our soul. The alliance which I contracted with our dear Frau Germania, the blonde savage,[1] was never happy. I can well remember certain moonlight nights when she tenderly pressed me against her vast breasts with virtuous nipples; but there was only a certain number of these sentimental nights, and towards morning there came over us an unpleasant gaping coolness, and then began no end of quarrelling. And we lived apart at bed and table; yet it never came to a real separation. I never could bring my heart to really separate from my domestic trouble (*Hauskreuz*). Every desertion is hateful to me, and I never could part from a German cat or dog, however intolerable I found its fleas and fidelity. The smallest sucking-pig of my fatherland cannot complain of me as to this. Among the aristocratic and brilliant sows of Perigord who discovered truffles and feed thereon, I never denied the modest little grunters who at home in the Teutobergian forest grub on native acorns from

[1] *Bärenhauterinn.* The ancient Germans idled away most of their time lying on bear-skins—*Bärenhaute*, whence *Bärenhauter*, a lounging savage.

a plain wooden trough, as their pious ancestors did when Arminius slew Varus. I have not lost a bristle of my Germanism, not a bell from my cap, and I have always the right to fasten on it the black-red-gold cockade. And I still have the right to say to Massmann, "We German donkeys." Had I let myself be naturalised in France, Massmann might have replied, "I am still a German ass, but thou art one no longer," —and then he would have thrown a scornful, mocking somersault which would have broken my heart. No, I have never exposed myself to such disgrace. Naturalisation may do for other people; a tipsy lawyer from Zweibrucken, a silly fellow with iron brow and copper-nose, may, to get a place as schoolmaster, give up a native land which nothing knows of him, and nothing will ever know; but that will not do for a German poet who has written the most beautiful German poems. It would be a horrible and mad thought for me to have to say that I am a German poet and also a naturalised Frenchman. I should seem to myself to be like one of those monsters with two heads which are exhibited in fairs. It would annoy me terribly in writing poetry when I thought that one head began to scan in French turkey-cock pathos the most unnatural Alexandrines, while the other poured forth its feelings in the inborn, true natural metres of the German

language. And oh! just as repulsive to me as the measures are the verses of the French—this perfumed dirt! I can hardly bear their altogether scentless better poets. When I study that so-called *poésie lyrique* of the French, then I recognise the grandeur and glory of German poetry, and then I dare imagine that I may boast of having gained my laurels in this field. We will not yield a single laurel-leaf, and the mason, when he is called on to decorate our tombstone with an inscription, will find no one to protest when he engraves the words: "Here lies a German poet."

This earnest apology of our author for having received a pension from Guizot, the extremely bitter attacks which were made on him in consequence, with their far too cruel conclusions, and, finally, what Heine himself suffered from it, illustrate forcibly the old proverb that one man may steal a horse while another must not look over the hedge. That, from a strictly honourable point of view, he should *not* have praised Guizot and the King while enjoying a small secret pension, is unquestionable. As a Frenchman he could indeed have done this, minus the minor wrong of writing in German as a German. But in extenuation, Heine was, as a Jew of his time, only half a German, and altogether a cosmopolite. He had been, as one may say, half outlawed for his birth, and he was more cruelly and unjustly, though legally, outlawed for his writings. Again, he had lived more than twenty years

in France, where he had proclaimed his intentions of becoming a citizen, and had in reality his only real home. Whatever he may have thought of himself as a German poet, Paris was his world. Owing to his peculiar position as chief of Young Germany and to his own great generosity, he was beset by numbers of poor German refugees and other men of all nations, to whom he gave freely all he could. That he gave away his pension is literally true. All men are influenced by the moral atmosphere in which they live and the light in which deeds are seen by others. Heine was surrounded by great, wise, honourable men, all drawing pensions, not by any means always regarded as valuable, but simply as a tribute to greatness. What he did or could do for Guizot was a mere trifle. There were already Paris correspondents on the *Augsburger Zeitung*, Baron von Eckstein and others, who did such service on a great scale, and who were also pensioners. It may be truly said that he had better have let the pension alone, or else have had himself naturalised, but in equity it must be admitted that his fault was slight, and bitterly did Heine pay for it. But in one thing he was decidedly in the wrong. This was in speaking contemptuously as he does of Benjamin Constant (Letter ix.) for taking a secret pension from the King. When we consider the number, even at the present day, of persons in high or low diplomatic positions of all nations who accept more or less disguised gratuities, and of correspondents who certainly would not refuse pensions and pay for them with puffs—albeit two wrongs do not make a right—the fault of Heine, who was, above

all men of letters who ever lived, a mixture of all kinds of good and bad qualities—heedlessness, folly, and wisdom—seems slight, and it must be admitted that this matter of the pension was quite unworthy the scandal which it caused. Finally, it cannot be denied that Heine had in his deepest heart a thorough and sincere admiration for Guizot, whether as a scholar who knew our poet's works in the original or as a man; and he had greatly flattered the susceptible Heine by telling him that his pension was due solely to his genius, which is certainly true. Heine's own defence of himself is very weak; a third-rate lawyer in possession of the facts would have done better. But it is very touching even from this very feebleness, and from the vast suffering which it betrays, and a semi-sense of guilt. Others who had been ten times deeper in the mire than he, only laughed when found out, and walked abroad unabashed with all the mud on them, rather proud of it than otherwise. Heine in this case really got "a thousand stripes for stealing an apple," which apple, by the way, he gave away to a starving man. And finally, it may be observed that even if the reproach of accepting a pension had been ever so much deserved, it was criminally cruel in those who urged it to do so, with stinging sarcasm, when the victim was nearly bedridden, nervously ill, and blind, suffering all the time from great pain, and reduced to virtual poverty. It is said that one of the Forgotten Commandments is, "Pour not water on a drowned mouse!" and yet the drowned Heine received what to him was a Niagara.—*Translator.*

LIII.

PARIS, *June* 1, 1843.

THE battle against the University which is still continued by the Clericals, as well as the vigorous resistance of the former, in which Michelet and Quinet have especially distinguished themselves, still attracts the majority of the public. It may be that this interest will soon be pushed aside by some new question of the day, but the dispute itself will not be so easily smoothed over, for it is rooted in a difference which is centuries old, and which may perhaps be regarded as the last cause of all the changes in the political life of the French. The question here is neither of the Jesuits nor of freedom of instruction; both of these are only watchwords,[1] and not the expression of what the belligerents think and will. On both sides that which is announced is something very different from what they dare confess, if it be not indeed something quite contrary to it.

[1] Instead of the ensuing eighteen lines, there is in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the following:—"But how often there hides behind such a thought a will which does not feel itself ripe to come forth."

"One often points to the sack and means the donkey," says the old German proverb. We have too high an opinion of the good sense of the professors of the University to believe that they seriously sustain a polemic against the dead Chevalier Ignatius de Loyola and his deceased contemporaries. On the other hand, we put too little faith in the Liberalism of their opponents to believe that we should accept for ready money their Radical opinions and their zealous panegyrics of the freedom of instruction. The public war-cry is here in contradiction with secret thought. Crafty learning, pious lies. The real meaning of the quarrel is naught save the primevally ancient opposition between Philosophy and Religion, between knowledge guided by reason and belief in revelation—an opposition which, led by men of science, fermented always, as much among the nobility as with the *bourgeoisie*, and which gained the victory in the last years of the last century. Yes, often indeed have surviving actors of the tragedy of the French Revolution, politicians of vivid memories, confessed to me that the whole French Revolution was, after all, a result of hatred of the Church, and that the throne was crushed because it protected the altar. In their opinion the constitutional monarchy might have maintained itself under Louis XVI., but it was feared that the firmly pious King

would not, from conscientious scruples, remain true to the new Constitution; that his religious connections were nearer his heart than his earthly interests; and so Louis XVI. was made the sacrifice of this fear, this apprehension, this suspicion. *Il était suspect.* That was a death-crime in those dreadful days.

Although Napoleon restored and favoured the French Church, still the force of his iron will was regarded as sufficient security that the clergy under his régime would not rise too high or ascend to dominion; he kept them in check as he did the rest of us, and his grenadiers who marched with shining arms by the procession seemed to be less a guard of honour than an escort of captives. Every one knew that the mighty Emperor would rule alone, and not share his power even with Heaven. In the beginning of the Restoration faces grew longer, and learned men again experienced secret fears. But Louis XVIII. was a man without religious convictions, a wit who was very fat, who composed bad Latin verses, and ate good *pâtés de foie gras.* This quieted the public. They knew that he would not risk his throne and head to gain heaven, and the less they thought of him as a man, the more did they trust in him as a king of France. His frivolity was a guarantee which guarded him from the suspicion of favouring the dark

hereditary foe, and had he lived, the French would have made no new revolution. This they did under the régime of Charles X., a king who personally deserved the highest respect, and of whom all were in advance convinced that he, sacrificing all earthly goods to the safety of his soul, would fight with knightly courage to his last breath for the Church against Satan and the Revolutionary heathen. He was hurled from the throne because he was considered a noble, conscientious, honourable man. Yes, he was so, as much as was Louis XVI.; but in 1830 suspicion alone sufficed to prepare ruin for Charles X. This suspicion is the real reason why his grandson has no future in France; it is known that the clergy educated him and people always called him the *petit jésuite*.

It is truly a lucky circumstance for the dynasty of July that it by chance and timely circumstance escaped this deadly suspicion. The father of Louis Philippe was at least no pious hypocrite. Even his worst slanderers admit this. (By the way, no man was ever so unpityingly slandered as this unfortunate prince.[1]) He permitted

[1] Here Heine speaks sincerely. He did love an out-and-out brazen sinner with all his heart, though it really was not in him to become one himself. His own immorality and wickedness remind us of "the best substitute for silver"—or rather brass.—*Translator.*

his son to freely cultivate his mind, and the latter imbibed the philosophy of the eighteenth century with his nurse's milk. And so rings the refrain of all Legitimist wails, that the present King is not God-fearing enough, that he has always been a liberal free-thinker, and that he even lets his children grow up in unbelief. In fact, his sons are quite the sons of Young France, in whose public colleges they were educated. The late Duc d'Orleans was the pride of the young generation, who had gone to school with him, and had really learned a great deal.[1] The Duc de Nemours is said not to be behind him in enlightened manner of thought, and is in this respect his father's facsimile. What perhaps modifies the too harsh contrast is the circumstance that the mother of the Crown Prince of France is a Protestant, so that it is a matter of great importance that Louis Philippe, while living, may direct the education of his grandson. How this is done is well known. That fatal suspicion of bigotry entertained by many (to whom religion is strange, and by whom its teachers are hated) of the old dynasty will not apply to the Orleans.

The combat against the Church will still keep

[1] The rest of this passage is given in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, but was restored in a note by the German editor.—*Translator.*

up its great political significance. How greatly the power of the clergy has extended of late, how important is its position in society, how greatly it prospers! Still its adversaries are always armed to make head against it, and when in any nightly attack Liberalism shouts its *Burschen heraus!* or alarm-cry, all the lights are at once brought to the windows, and young and old rush out as at German universities, with every kind of sword, if not indeed with the pikes of Jacobinism. The priesthood would, as ever of old, attain to supremacy in France, and we are impartial enough to attribute their secret or public efforts not to the petty stimulus of ambition, but to the most unselfish care for the spiritual welfare of the people. The education of youth is a means by which the holy aim can be most cleverly advanced, and in this way there has been the most incredible progress made; but the clergy must inevitably come into collision with the rights of the universities. In order to destroy the general superintendence of the liberal instruction organised by the State, they endeavoured to awaken the Revolutionary antipathies to privileges of every kind, and the men who, if they came to power, would not allow even freedom of thought, are now enthusiastic with inspired phrases for freedom of instruction, and wail over an intellectual monopoly. The battle with the University was therefore no

chance skirmish, and it must have broken out sooner or later; the resistance was equally an act of necessity, and, willing or unwilling, the University had to pick up the glove of challenge. But even the most moderate soon felt the boiling blood of passion, and it was Michelet, the moonshine-mild Michelet, who became suddenly wild with rage, and who called out to a public audience in the Collége de France, "We have overthrown one dynasty to drive you out, and if it should be necessary we will destroy half-a-dozen!"[1]

That men like Michelet and his friend by elective affinity, Edgar Quinet, appeared as the fiercest opponents of the clergy is a striking fact, which I should never have dreamed of when I first read their works, which show on every page the deepest sympathies for Christianity. I remember a very touching passage in the French History of Michelet, where the author speaks of the agony of love which seized him when he must describe the decadence of the Church, and how it seemed to him as when he once nursed his poor old mother on her bed of illness, hardly daring to

[1] In 1847–48, when I attended lectures at the Collége de France, many of the professors were wont to almost discuss the topics of the day with their audience, to weave them into every subject, to be sometimes hissed, and anon gratified with thundering applause. I do not think that anything approaching it is known in the universities of any other country.—*Translator.*

touch or move her wounded limbs. It was not certainly the prudence once known as Jesuitism which goaded men like Michelet and Quinet to the most angry resistance. It almost moves us to laughter to consider this paradox, especially in Michelet. For he is a born spiritualist; no one has a deeper detestation than he of the enlightenment of the eighteenth century, of frivolity, or of these Voltarians, whose name is still legion, yet with whom he now forms alliances. He has even been obliged to take refuge in logic—a hard fate for a man who only feels at home in fabled fairy forests of romance, who cradles himself most happily amid the blue, mystic waves of dreamy feeling, and is averse to thought which does not appear masked in symbols. As regards his seeking for and constant reference to the symbolical, I have heard much merry remark in the Quartier Latin, where Michelet is called Monsieur Symbole. But the predominance of wild imagination and deep feeling exerts a powerful charm on studious youth, and I have several times attempted in vain to hear an occasional lecture by Monsieur Symbole in the Collége de France. I always found the hall full of students, who crowded with enthusiasm round this celebrated man. His love of truth and stern honesty are perhaps the cause why he is so honoured and loved. As a writer, Michelet ranks among the first. His language is the most



winsome and apt which can be imagined, and all the gems of poetry gleam in his description. If I must find fault with anything, I would regret his want of dialectic and order; we meet here and there the grotesque carried to caricature, an intoxicated superfluity, where the sublime falls unto the scurrilous and brilliant wit to silliness.[1] Is he a great historian? Does he deserve to be named by Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, and Thierry? Yes, he deserves it, although he writes history in an entirely different style. If it is the task of the historian, after he has investigated and reflected, to bring before us the lives and deeds of our ancestors and the living action of the time; should he, by the magic power of the word, evoke the dead past from its grave, and bring it as in life before our eyes—if this is the problem, then we can declare that Michelet has solved it.[2] My great teacher, the late Hegel, said to me once:

[1] This is marked in many writings by Michelet, for example in "La Sorcière," in which we feel at every line that the author is inspired with learning and subtle perception, yet find the faults so well described by Heine so predominant, that the book is for the most part quite muddy, when not entirely incomprehensible. This French obscurity has nothing in common with German mysticism, which is never *unintelligible* to those who master its method; it is more allied to the "brilliant balderdash" of Victor Hugo, in which the oratorical poet loses all footing, and is whirled away amid the splendid waves of mere words.—*Translator.*

[2] And Heine, in this truthful and succinct sketch of Michelet, seems to have unconsciously felt the great truth,

"If any one had ever written down the dreams which men had dreamed during a certain period of time, one might gather from those dreams a very accurate picture of the spirit of that time." Michelet's French History is such a collection of visions—a dream-book—the whole dreaming Middle Age looks out of it on us with its deep suffering eyes, with a ghostly smile, and we are terrified at the startling truth of colour and of form. In fact, to describe that age of somnambulism, there was needed just such a somnambulist as Michelet.

The Clerical party as well as the Government have, in the same manner as against Michelet, acted in an extremely unwise manner against Quinet. That the former, the men of love and peace, did not show themselves in their pious zeal either shrewd or gentle, does not astonish me. But a Government at whose head there is a man of science and learning should have acted more mildly and reasonably. Is the spirit of Guizot weary by his daily battles, or have we been really deceived in regarding him as the champion who

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which is little reflected on, that no complete and perfect work of history has ever yet been written by any one man. It must be studied as it was seen or felt by both idealists and realists, and the best conclusion is always that drawn from comparing the views of adversaries. *Audi alteram partem.* However admirably a judge may sum up a case, the intelligent juryman will always chiefly form his opinion from the opposing testimonies.

would defend the conquests of man's intellect over lies and priestcraft? When he took the helm after the fall of Thiers, all the schoolmasters in Germany exulted in and exalted him, and we formed a chorus with all the enlightened body of *savants*. Those days of the hosannah are over, and we are seized by a faint-heartedness, a doubt, a displeasure which cannot express what it only darkly feels and forebodes, and which at last sinks into a grieved silence. And as we really know not what to say, and have from our old master gone astray, it would be better to speak of other subjects than of the politics of the day in wearied, sleeping, and gaping France. But as regards the process against Quinet, we must express our extreme displeasure. One should not have exasperated Edgar Quinet any more than Michelet, so outrageously that the former was driven, in spite of his deepest natural feeling, to throw out the infant Jesus with the bath,[1] and join those cohorts which form the extreme link of the Revolutionary armada. Spiritualists are capable of anything when angered, and they can then even snap at sober, reasonable rationalism. Who knows whether Michelet and Quinet may not at last

[1] "To pour out the babe with the water in the bath," an old German proverb. In the French version—"On n'aurait pas dû exaspérer Edgar Quinet d'une façon si outrageante, au point de lui pousser lui aussi, malgré son naturel archi-chrétien, et à s'enrôler dans ces cohortes."—*Translator.*

become the grossest Jacobins, the maddest devotees to reason, and fanatical followers of Robespierre and Marat!

Michelet and Quinet are not only good companions and true brothers in arms, but also spiritually allied comrades. They have the same sympathies and the same affinities. Only the soul of one is softer—I might say Indian—while the other shows in his nature something firm and Gothic. Michelet reminds me of the grandly flowering, strongly-rooted, giant poem of the Mahabharata, while Quinet suggests the equally immense but steeper and more cliff-like songs of the Edda. Quinet has a Northern, one may say a German nature, for it has all of the German character, both good and bad, and German breezes blow in all his works. When I read the *Ahasuerus* or other poems by him, it seems to steal like old home-memories into my mind, as if I heard the songs of nightingales. I smell the scent of Suabian violets (*Gelbveigelein*), well-known chimes of bells hum round my head, as well as the ringing of the jester's bells; German profundity, German thinker's sorrow, German genial, tender feeling, German maychafers, mingled with a little, it may be, of German ennui—all of this I feel in the works of our Edgar Quinet. Yes, he is ours; he is a German, a good German, hide and hair, though he has of late acted like a raging German-eater. The rough and some-

what clumsy manner in which he attacked us in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the number of December 15, 1842, entitled *De la Teutomanie*, was anything but French, and we recognised a fellow-countryman by his hard hitting and thorough coarseness. Edgar is entirely German, not only mentally, but also in outward semblance, and any one meeting him in the streets of Paris would certainly think that he was some theologian of Halle, who, having failed in his examination, had come to recruit himself in France. His is a powerful four-cornered, ungroomed figure, with a pleasing, honest, melancholy face. Add to this a long grey coat which Jung Stilling might have stitched, and boots which were perhaps soled by Jacob Böhme.

Quinet lived a long time on the other side of the Rhine, where he studied and intoxicated himself daily with Creuzer's *Symbolik*. He wandered through all Germany on foot, saw all our Gothic ruins, and became intimate with all our most remarkable spectres. He ate Westphalian ham and *pumpernickel* in the Teutoberger forest, where Hermann defeated Varus, and left his card on the summit of the Sonnenschein. Whether he also visited the grave of Eulenspiegel at Mölln I cannot declare; but this I know, that there are not living in the world three poets who possess so much wild imagination, wealth of ideas, and genius as Edgar Quinet.

LIV.

PARIS, *June* 21, 1843.

I ATTEND regularly every year the solemn session and celebration in the rotunda of the Palais Mazarin, where one must go hours beforehand if he would secure a seat among the *élite* of the aristocracy of intellect, to which fortunately many very beautiful women belong. After long delay, there enter in procession through a side door Messieurs the Academicians, consisting for the greater part of persons who are very old, or at least in ill-health; beauty is certainly not to be sought among them. They then sit down on their hard wooden benches—people talk about the *fauteuils* of the Academy, but they do not exist in reality, and are mere fictions. The sitting begins with a long and tiresome address on the works of the bygone year, and of the memoirs presented in competition for prizes—which is generally delivered by the temporary president. Then comes the secretary, the perpetual one, whose office is eternal as the kingdom. The secretary of the Academy and Louis Philippe

are persons who cannot be removed by Ministerial or camarilla caprices. Louis Philippe, however, is unfortunately very old, and we do not know whether his successor will maintain the state of peace with the same ability. But Mignet is still young, or what is better, he is the type of youth itself; he is even spared by the hand of Time, who paints our hair white, when he does not pull them out altogether, and wrinkles up our brows in many a hateful fold, while the beautiful secretary still bears his gold-locked *chevelure* as he did twelve years ago, and his face is always as fresh as those of the Olympian gods. As soon as the Perpetual has set foot on the tribune, he takes his lorgnette and surveys the public:—

> "He counts the heads of his beloved ones,
> And lo! no head is missing there."[1]

Then he looks over the colleagues sitting round, and if I were mischievous, I would comment in strange fashion on those glances. He looks to me at such a time like a shepherd who reviews his sheep. They all belong to him—to him, the perpetual one—who will outlive them all, and spice and embalm them all, sooner or later, in his *Précis Historiques*. He seems to look to the health of every one as if to

[1] From Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

test and prepare him for his coming speech. Old Ballanche looks very ill, and Mignet shakes his head. As the poor man has never lived at all, and never did anything on earth save sit at the feet of Madame Recamier, and write books which nobody reads and everybody praises, Mignet will really have some trouble to assign to him a human character and make him acceptable to the public in his *Précis Historiques*.[1]

In the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques," that section of the Institut de France which manifests the most life and mind, to shame the old jests at the Academicians, new works on German philosophy were lately announced, and here the prize essay on Kant will soon be awarded. The sitting of this year, which took place on Saturday, was one of those delightful ceremonies which I never neglect, and it was made especially attractive by the address of Mignet, who spoke of a deceased Academician who had taken a great part in the political and social events in France, so that here the historian of the Revolution stood on his own ground, and gave free play to the fountain of his brilliant genius.

In this session the late Daunon was the subject which Mignet treated, and I confess to my shame

[1] This introduction to the remarks on Daunon appeared in the original letter to the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*, and is given in the newer edition of Heine's works as a note.

that the latter was incomprehensibly little known to me, and that I, with difficulty, recalled a few of the incidents of his life. And I found that, among others, especially those of the younger generation, there was great ignorance regarding Daunon. And yet this man had for half a century helped to turn the great wheel of the time, and filled the most important offices, and was to the end of his days a spotless defender of human rights, an inflexible champion opposed to slavery of spirit, one of those great organisers of freedom who spoke well and acted better, and who transformed the beautiful word into salutary deed. And why has not he, with all his merits and deserts (*Verdienste*), his restless political and literary activity, not become celebrated? Why does not his name flourish in our memory as brilliantly as those of so many of his contemporaries who played a far less important part? What did he want to attain to celebrity? I will say it in one word—it was *passion*. It is only by some manifestation of passion that men ever become celebrated in the world. A single deed, a single word will suffice, but it must bear the most passionate impress. Yes, sometimes an accidental intercourse with great events of passion will bestow immortal fame. But the late Daunon was a silent monk, who bore in his heart a calm as of the cloisters during all the storms of the Revolu-

tion which raged round him, and who completed his daily work quietly and fearlessly under Robespierre as under Napoleon, and who died as modestly as he had lived. I will not say that his soul did not glow, but it was a glow without flame, without noise, without show.[1]

That Mignet could by his *Précis Historique* excite so much interest in the life of this man, who had so little *éclat*, is a proof of his incomparable skill in description. I might say that the sauce was this time better than the fish. No one knows so well as Mignet how to set forth clearly the most entangled facts, to résumé an entire age in a few fundamental traits, and to find the characteristic word for persons and relative circumstances. The results of the most careful investigation and reflection were here given like appropriately complete work in short parentheses; there was much dialectic, much wit, much brilliancy, but all real, and without false glitter. There were also admirable harmonies between subject-matter and form, and one knows not which most to admire here, the thought or the style, the jewels or their costly setting. Yes, while all the works of Mignet by their thorough erudition and profoundness recall

[1] What follows for two pages is again from the original letter to the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*. I have changed a few unimportant words to conform one text to the other. This is all omitted, of course, in the French version.

Germany, the setting forth or style is as neat, translucent, condensed, well-ordered, and logical as can be found, and only among, French writers. In the spirit of Mignet we feel the peculiarities of both nations, and we see in his person the same coincidence. He is blonde and blue-haired as a son of the North, and yet manifests a Southern origin in the grace and confidence of his movements. He is one of the handsomest of men, and (as I have before said) the public, when he is about to read, consists greatly of more or less young ladies, who often are there hours in advance to secure the best seats whence to see and hear the perpetual secretary. The greater portion of his colleagues are men less favoured by mother Nature. I cannot think without laughing of what a young person who sat near me at the last meeting remarked of certain persons in the honourable body. She said, "These gentlemen must be very learned, for they are very ugly." Such a natural conclusion may often be publicly seen, and it is perhaps the cause of many a learned reputation. In the same session with Mignet M. Portalis also delivered a long speech. Heavens! what an orator! He reminded me of Demosthenes — for I remembered that Demosthenes in his youth, to correct his stammering, practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth. M. Portalis spoke as if he had a mouth quite full of pebbles, and neither I nor any one in the

audience understood in the least what he was saying.

And despite the want of show in the life of Daunon, Mignet awoke an interest in this silent hero, and the latter deserved the highest praise that could be awarded to him in fullest measure. But if Daunon had not been such a praiseworthy man—nay, had he been one of the frogs without character of whom there were so many in the swamp (*marais*) of the Convention, and who were always quiet, living on in silence while the others risked their heads, or if he had been a blackguard, the censer of official praise would have been abundant for him. Though Mignet calls his addresses *Précis Historiques*, they are still invariably the old *éloges*, and they are the same compliments of the time of Louis XIV., only that they are no longer put into powdered long wigs, but friséed in very modern style. And the present *secrétaire perpetuel* of the Academy is one of the greatest *friseurs* of our time, and has the right *chicque* for this noble trade. Even when there is not a good hair on a man, he knows how to curl for him a few locks of laudation, and hide his bald head under a wig of praise. How happy are these French Academicians! There they sit in the sweetest peace of soul on their safe benches, and they can die in peace, for they know that however doubtful their deeds may have

been in life, the good Mignet will laud and praise them after death. Under the palm-trees of his word, which are ever green as his uniform, lulled by the plashing of his oratorical antitheses, they rest in the Academy as in a cool oasis. The caravan of humanity passes by them ever and anon, without their noting it, or anything save the ringing of the camels' bells.[1]

[1] There is in this letter a great original truth expressed in a few lines, which might have been expanded by Heine to a brilliant volume. It is where he remarks that Daunon, who had really been good, and marvellously gifted, and effected much work in high offices, was hardly known to any one a few years after his death, because he lacked *passion*, which also implies energy and characteristic originality. There is in this a stern lesson to all those writers of the present day, among whom true passion and marked character is branded as "bad form," the result being such an uniformity of well-trained, genteelly-polished style, that though people who are *now* near them may know one literary sheep from the other, there will be no distinction possible when they shall be in their graves. The cause of this uniformity and prevalent want of original style has been summed up by Heine as *passion*, "which is at present most unfashionable."—*Translator.*

COMMUNISM, PHILOSOPHY, AND CRITICISM.

I.

PARIS, *June* 15, 1843.

IF I had lived as a private gentleman in Rome during the time of the Emperor Nero, and had acted as correspondent for the *Daily Post* of Bœotia or for the unofficial *State Journal* of Abdera, my colleagues would often have rallied me on this, that I never mentioned the state intrigues of the imperial mother, Agrippina, nor described the magnificent dinners with which the King of Judea or Agrippa regaled the diplomatic body of Rome every Saturday, while I, on the contrary, constantly spoke of those Galilæans, of that obscure little handful, consisting chiefly of slaves and of old women, dreaming away their foolish lives in conflicts and visions, and who were even disavowed by the Jews. My well-informed colleagues would have certainly laughed at me if I had had nothing more to say of the

court festival of Cæsar, at which His Majesty in his own grand person played the guitar, than that some of those Galilæans had been covered with pitch and fired, and so served to illuminate the gardens of the Golden House. It was indeed a very significant illumination, and it was a bitter-cruel, really Roman joke to make the so-called Obscurants (*Obscuranten*[1]) serve as lights in the joyous solemnities of the antique world, intoxicated with sensual pleasure. Now the joke has been turned to shame; those torches threw out sparks of faith by which the old decayed Roman world and all its glory was consumed; the number of that handful became legion; in battling with them the legions of Cæsar had to lay down their arms; and now *all* the empire by land or sea belongs to the Galilæans.

It is not my intention to here deliver a homily. I have only wished to give an example of the triumphant manner in which a later generation may justify that predilection, which I have often shown in my correspondence, for that small community, which, very much like the *ecclesia pressa* of the first century, is despised and oppressed at this epoch, and which has established a propaganda whose zealous faith and gloomy spirit

[1] We need this word in English, since it is now at home in most European languages.—*Translator.*

of destruction also recalls the Galilæan beginning. I again refer to the Communists, the only party in France which deserves decided attention. I would claim the same attention for the remains of Saint-Simonism, whose believers under strange signs (*Aushängeschildern*) are still alive; as also the Fourierists, who are full of life and action; but these honourable men are moved only by the word, the social question as question, the transmitted idea, and are not inspired powerfully by dæmonic necessity. They are not the predestined servants by whom the supreme will sets forth its vast intentions. Sooner or later the dispersed fragments of the Saint-Simonian family and the grand staff of the Fourierists will go over to the growing army of Communism, and giving to rude wants the word which forms, will assume, as it were, the part of fathers of the Church.

Such a part is already played by Pierre Leroux, whom we knew eleven years ago in the Salle Taitbout as one of the bishops of Saint-Simonism. He was an excellent man, who had the only fault of being much too melancholy for his functions and sphere. Therefore Enfantin said of him sarcastically, "He is the most virtuous of men, according to the ideas of the past." His virtue has indeed in it something of the old leaven of the age of renunciation of earthly joys or of

obsolete Stoicism, which is in our time a repulsive anachronism, and which must seem respectable but most ridiculous among the joyous tendencies of a pantheistic religion of pleasure.[1] Therefore, this sorrowful bird was very uncomfortable in the glittering wire cage in which so many golden pheasants, proud eagles, and lewd sparrows fluttered about; and Pierre Leroux was the first who protested against the dogma of the new morality, and who retired with a fanatical anathema from the gay and joyous sect. Then he undertook with Hippolyte Carnot the later *Revue Encyclopédique*, and the articles which he wrote in it, as well as his work *De l'Humanité*, formed the transition to the doctrines which he has set forth during the past year in the *Revue Indépendante*. How the great Encyclopædia, of which Leroux and the very talented Reynauld were chief contributors, succeeded, I know but little positive. This much I can assert, that this work is a worthy continuation of its predecessor, or of that colossal pamphlet in thirty quarto volumes in which Diderot abridged the knowledge of his century. The articles which Leroux had written in his Cyclopædia against the Eclecticism of Cousin, or Eclectism, as the hybrid

[1] Saint-Simonism aimed at establishing a communism with a pantheistic religion in which there should be all the joys of life, with a very vague idea as to who was to settle the bills.—*Translator.*

(*Unding*) is called by Frenchmen, appeared in a work by themselves. Cousin is specially *la bête noire* or scapegoat on whom Pierre Leroux has made polemic war since time unknown, and this enmity has become a monomania. In the December numbers of the *Revue Indépendante* they attained their most insanely dangerous and scandalous height. Cousin is here attacked, not only for his manner of thinking, but is also accused of evil deeds. This time, Virtue has allowed itself to be whirled very far away by the wind of passion, and swept on the raging sea of calumny. No, we know from best authority that Cousin was, by chance, quite innocent of the unpardonable modifications which were found in the posthumous writings of his pupil Jouffroy; for we know this, not from his friends, but from his foes, who complained that Cousin, from an anxious, timid desire to protect the interests of the University, opposed the publication of the work by Jouffroy, and refused to take share in it! This is a strange reproduction of the same phenomenon which happened twenty years before in Berlin! This time we understood it better, and though our personal sympathies are not with Cousin, we must declare and most impartially confess that the Radical party treated him with the same injustice and the same narrow-mindedness of which we were also guilty as regards the great Hegel. This latter also wished

that his philosophy should calmly flourish in the protecting shadow of state power, and have no conflict with religion ere it should be fully grown and strong. And yet the man whose spirit was the clearest and whose doctrine was the most liberal set it all forth in such muddily-scholastic terms, so entangled in perplexing clauses, that not only the religious, but also the political party of the past thought they had in him an ally. Only the initiated smiled at such error, and it is now for the first time that we understand this smile. Then we were young and foolish and impatient, and we cried out against Hegel, just as the extreme Left in France cried out against Cousin. Only that in this strife the extreme Right does not let itself be led away by the rules of prudent expression. The Roman Catholic Apostolic clergy showed itself here far shrewder than the royal Prussian Protestant, for it knows very well that philosophy is its worst enemy. It knows that this enemy has driven it out of the Sorbonne, and to reconquer this fortress it undertook a war of extermination against Cousin, and conducted it with that consecrated system of tactics where the end sanctifies the means. So it has happened that Cousin is attacked by two opposite parties, and while the whole army of Faith, with flying banners, bearing crosses, presses against him, led by the Bishop of Chartres, on another side there

come storming at him the Sansculottes of thought, brave hearts, weak heads, with Pierre Leroux as leader. In this battle all our vows for victory are with Cousin; for although the privilege of the University has its inconveniences, it still keeps all instruction from falling into the hands of those who always persecute with relentless cruelty men of learning and of progress; and so long as Cousin inhabits the Sorbonne, the stake and fire (*Scheiterhaufen*) will not be applied as the ultimate argument—*ultima ratio* in questions of the day. Yes, he dwells there as standard-bearer of freedom of thought, and the banner waves over the once so badly famed nest of Obscurants of the Sorbonne. What here very much inclines us to Cousin is the amiable perfidy with which the accusations of Pierre Leroux have been turned to account. Villainy was here hidden behind virtue, and Cousin was accused of a deed, of which, if he had been really guilty, would have gained him the praise—the full orthodox praise—of the Clerical party; for the Jansenists as well as the Jesuits have always preached the principle that public scandal must be shunned at any price. For public scandal is the real sin, and this alone should man avoid, as was unctuously said by the pious man who was canonised by Molière. But no; Cousin cannot boast of any such edifying act as that ascribed to him; it lies far more in the character

of his enemies, who never, from earliest time, hesitated to stifle scandal or guard weak souls from doubt, to mutilate books, or utterly change them or destroy them, or to forge new ones, so that the most precious monuments and documents of ancient times have partly perished or been falsified. No, the holy zeal of castrating books and the pious fraud of interpolations does not belong to the habits of philosophers.

And Victor Cousin is a philosopher in the whole German meaning of the word. Pierre Leroux is only one in the sense in which the French employ it, who understand by "philosophy" general researches on social questions. In fact, Victor Cousin is a German philosopher who busies himself more with the human intellect than with the needs of mankind, and who, by his reflections on the great Ego, has fallen into a kind of egoism. The love of thought, in and for itself, absorbed all the powers of his soul, but the thought itself interested him because of its beautiful form, and in metaphysics he was finally delighted with dialectics alone, and it could be said of the translator of Plato in a manner, by parodying a trifling saying, that he loved Plato more than truth. Here Cousin differs from the German philosophers. Like the latter, thought is to him the final aim of thought, but to all such philosophical unpremeditation (*Absichtslossigkeit*) there is found in

him a certain artistic indifferentism. How hateful must such a man seem to a Pierre Leroux, who is far more a friend of humanity than of thought, whose thoughts all have one thought behind them all—the interests of mankind, and who, as a born iconoclast, has no feeling for artistic joy in form. In such intellectual difference there is ground enough for enmity, and it was not necessary to attribute that of Leroux for Cousin to personal motives or trifling incidents of daily life. A little innocent private malice there may be, for Virtue, however sublimely she may bear her head unto the clouds and seem lost in heavenly reflections, still guards most truly in her memory every little prick of a needle which she ever received.

No, the passionate fury, the Berserker rage of Pierre Leroux against Victor Cousin is the result of the difference of mind between two men. They are natures which naturally repel one another. Only in weakness do they come together, and then equal instability of foundation gives to their opposed doctrines a certain resemblance. The Eclecticism of Cousin is a hanging bridge of finely-woven wire, between hard Scotch Empiricism (common-sense) and abstract German Ideality, a bridge which at best may suffice for the wants of a few light-footed travellers, but which would soon break down should all humanity with its heavily-packed heart-knapsacks and trampling

war-steeds march over it. Leroux is a *pontifex maximus* in a much higher, but far more unpractical style; he would build a mighty bridge of one arch resting on two pillars, one of which is of the Materialistic granite of the last century, the other of the visioned moonshine of the future, and to this latter pier he gives as support some as yet undiscovered star in the Milky Way. When this gigantic work shall be finished, we will furnish a report of it. As yet nothing positive can be said of the real system of Leroux; he has given so far only building materials or scattered blocks of stone. And he is utterly wanting in *method*, a want which is characteristic of the French with a few exceptions, among which we must include Charles de Rémusat, who, in his *Essais de Philosophie*, a precious master-work, has grasped the importance of method and shown a great talent in its application. Leroux is certainly a greater producer of thought, but, as I have said, *method* is here wanting. He has only the ideas, and in this respect a certain likeness to Joseph Schelling cannot be denied, only that all his ideas refer to the enfranchisement of humanity, and he, far from patching up old religion with philosophy, rather bestows on the latter the garments of a new religion. Among German philosophers, Krause is the one who has most analogy to Leroux. His God is also not out of the world,

but is inherent (*ein Infasse*) in this world, retaining a certain personality, which fits him admirably. Leroux is always chewing at the immortality of the soul, never satiated with it; it is to him the perfected rumination of the old doctrine of perfectibility. Leroux hopes, because he has behaved well in this world, that he will in a future attain to still greater perfection. God help Cousin then, should he not have made any progress in the meantime!

Pierre Leroux is now perhaps fifty years of age, at least he seems so, but it may be that he is younger. As regards the body, Nature has not gifted him with lavish hands. Fancy a short, stout, vigorous, angular figure, which has never acquired any grace through the aid or teaching of the traditions of the world of refinement and elegance. Leroux is a child of the people; he was a printer in his youth, and in his external appearance there are still the indications of the *proletary*. It is probable that he has intentionally disdained the usual varnish, and if he is capable of such a thing as an affectation, it consists in his primitive rudeness. There are men who never wear gloves because they have small white hands by which the aristocratic ancestry is manifested. Pierre Leroux in like manner is gloveless, but certainly for very different reasons. He is a man of ascetic habits, antipathetic to

luxury and every sensual pleasure, and Nature has made virtue easy for him. But we do not the less recognise the nobility of his feelings, the zeal which sacrifices all lesser interests to thought —above all, his great unselfishness; and still less would we depreciate the rough diamond because it has no brilliant polish or may be set in mournful dull lead. Pierre Leroux is a man, and to manliness of character he unites what is rare, a mind which rises to the highest speculation, and a heart which can descend to the depths of popular suffering. He is not merely a thinking, but also a feeling philosopher, and his whole life and efforts are devoted to improving the moral and material condition of the lower classes. He, the steeled wrestler, who bore the hardest blows of destiny without winking, and who, like Saint-Simon and Fourier, suffered so much, sometimes in bitterest misery and want, without much complaint, is not in condition to calmly endure the sufferings of his fellow-men; his hard eyelids moisten at beholding the misery of others, and the outbreaks of his pity are then stormy, raging, and often unjust.

I have here been guilty of an indiscreet allusion to the poverty of Pierre Leroux; but I could not refrain from mentioning it. This poverty is characteristic, and it shows us how the excellent man grasps the sufferings of the people, not merely

mentally, but from personal experience, and that his thoughts are rooted in terrible realities. This imparts to his words a pulse-like blood of life, and a fascination stronger than the power of talent. Yes, Pierre Leroux is poor as Saint-Simon and Fourier were poor, and it was by their providential poverty that the world was enriched with treasures of thought which reveal to us new worlds of delight and happiness. In what terrible poverty Saint-Simon passed the last years of his life is generally known. While he occupied himself with that great patient, suffering humanity, and found remedies for its malady which has endured for eighteen hundred years,[1] he was himself ill with misery and subsisted only by begging. Even Fourier was obliged to have recourse to the alms of his friends. How often have I seen him in his grey shabby garments hurrying along past the pillars of the Palais Royal, with both coat-pockets heavily laden, so that a bottle peeped from one, and a long loaf from the other. One of my friends, who showed him to me the first time, bade me remark his penury, and how he was obliged to carry home his wine from the *marchand du vin*, and his bread from the baker

[1] Heine here appears to have been under the impression that there was no suffering in the world of any kind before Christ. There is a cant of infidelity as well as of religion, and this belongs to it.—*Translator.*

himself. "How does it happen," I asked, "that such men, such benefactors of mankind, suffer such misery here in France?" "It must be admitted," answered my friend, with a sarcastic smile, "that it does no great honour to the greatly praised country of intelligence, and it is certain that such things never happen among us in Germany. Our Government takes under its particular protection all men of such principles, and bestows on them free board and lodging for life in the fortress of Spandau or the Spielberg."

Yes, poverty is the sad lot of the greatest philanthropists, of the thinkers who live (*heilenden Denker*) in France; but this poverty is with them not only a stimulus to deeper investigation and a strengthening chalybeate bath (*Stahlbad*) of spiritual power, but also a public recommendation of their doctrines, and in this respect also of providential significance. In Germany the want of worldly goods is very amiably excused, and with us genius may suffer and hunger without being despised. In England men are less tolerant; a man's merit is there measured by his income, and "How much is he worth?" means literally, either, "How much money has he?" or "What are his merits?" I myself once heard a burly Englishman seriously ask a Franciscan monk how much he made annually by going about barefoot with a

rope round his body?[1] In France it is different, and however strongly the greed of industrialism grasps about it, poverty as regards distinguished men is a true title of honour, and I am tempted to add that wealth, awaking suspicion of dishonesty, marks as with a secret band or *levis nota* men otherwise most free from stain or blame. It may come from this, that in so many cases fortunes have come from well-known dirty sources. A poet has said that the first king was a fortunate soldier—as regards the founders of our present dynasties of finance, we may declare in prose that the first banker was a lucky *rascal*. The culture of wealth is as widely spread in France as elsewhere, but it is a culture without respect or veneration. The French, it is true, dance round and round their golden calf, but the ceremony is all mockery, persiflage, and self-contempt—a kind of *can-can*. It is a remarkable fact, which may be in part explained by the generous nature of the French, and partly by their history. Under the *ancien régime* only birth and the number of ancestors were respected, and honour was the fruit of the genealogical tree. In the Republic Virtue rose to power, Poverty

[1] All of the preceding passage, from the words "Yes, poverty," is condensed in the French version into four lines, the anecdote of the Englishman being omitted.—*Translator.*

became a dignity, and Money hid itself for fear, as it had already done for shame. It is from this time that the numerous great sous, those serious pieces of copper which are symbols of liberty, date,[1] as the traditions of pecuniary disinterestedness such as we continue to find among the highest statesmen of France—as, for example, Molé, Guizot, and Thiers, whose hands are as pure as those of the Revolutionary heroes whom he has celebrated.[2] Under the Empire only military glory flourished; a new honour was founded, that of the *Legion d'Honneur*, whose grand-master, the victorious Emperor, looked down with scorn on all the calculating community of contractors, smugglers, stock-jobbers, and lucky knaves. During the Restoration wealth intrigued against the spectres of the ancient régime, who had again attained to power, and who day by day grew to be more insolent. Then Money, irritated and ambitious, became a demagogue, began to smile on the working-men (*Kurzjacken*), and when the sun of July heated men's hearts the aristocrat-monarch Charles X. was hurled from the throne. The

[1] These were two-sous pieces or *décimes*, and were nearly all made from the bells of churches and convents destroyed in the Revolution. During the Forties some one discovered the art of extracting from them the silver with which they were alloyed, the result being that they soon disappeared from circulation.

[2] Omitted in the French version.

king of the citizens, Louis Philippe, rose to power —he, the representative of money, who now rules, but who in public opinion is regarded most unfavourably both by the vanquished party of the past and the disappointed or duped party of the future. Yes, the noble Faubourg Saint-Germain and the proletarian Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau rival each other in scorning the proud money-parvenus, and, as may be supposed, the old Republicans with their virtuous pathos, and the Bonapartists with pathetic heroic tirades, join in this depreciating chorus. Reflecting on this united blame and bitterness, it becomes intelligible why there is at present prevailing in public opinion an almost exaggerated contempt of the wealthy man, while every one is yearning for riches.

To return to the subject with which I begun, I would here remark what a very favourable circumstance it is for Communism that the enemy which it fights has, with all his power, absolutely no moral basis (*Halt*) in itself. The society of our time defends itself only out of flat necessity, without believing in its rights—yes, without self-respect, just like that elder society whose decaying timbers broke up (*zusammenstürzte*) when the Son of the Carpenter appeared.

There is much in this letter, which was so premature when it appeared, as to seem almost prophetic, and which

will find not only wider application but a far greater number of appreciative readers at present. Within a decade the millionaire has become so frequent, while the number of proletaries has so immensely increased out of all proportion to a comparatively recent state of society, that all the more intelligent minds of the world are beginning to apprehend with anxiety, not so much violent outbreaks, as the fact that some entirely new adjustment of capital and labour *must* be found. Hitherto power and leadership have depended on extra-culture, military or other genius, or *moral* ascendency. The millionaire *may* have this intellect, which commands respect, but in a majority of cases it is wanting for all high positions. Hence, some tremendous and terrible change is to be expected. The manner in which Heine anticipated this is well worth noting. It does not follow that this change is to be made either by Socialism or any other scheme now before the world; it may be something to be gradually effected on the basis of elements not as yet developed. But that it is coming is evident from all historical analogy, for there is a manifest strain on society, increasing very rapidly, even as there was one a century ago in France.—*Translator.*

II.

PARIS, *July* 8, 1843.

IN China even the coachmen are polite. When in a narrow street their carriages meet in a crush, and shafts and wheels are entangled, they do not begin cursing and swearing, as with us; they descend calmly from their seats, make many bows and reverences, say polite things, and endeavour together to arrange matters as to the vehicles, and when all is right, make again their bows and courtesies, and bidding good-bye, depart. Not only our coachmen, but also our *savants* might take example by this. When such gentlemen come in collision they pay very few compliments, but swear and rage, like real European coachmen as they are. And this sad spectacle is chiefly afforded by theologians and philosophers, though the former are specially assigned to set forth the dogmas of humility and mercy, and the latter are supposed to have learned patience and calmness in the school of Reason. The conflict between the University and the Ultramontane has enriched this spring with a flora of coarse

abuse and railing, such as could not flourish more luxuriantly on our German dunghills. It spreads, sprouts, blooms in unheard-of magnificence. But it is neither our pleasure nor our pursuit to botanise here. The scent of many poisonous flowers might mount to our head with benumbing effects, and prevent us from judging with cool impartiality of the merits of both parties, and their political significance, and the importance of the struggle. As soon as passionate feeling shall be somewhat calmed, we will attempt such a judgment. We can only say this much for to-day, that the right is on both sides, and that the persons engaged are impelled by the most fatal necessity. The greater part of the Catholics who are intelligent and modest, really condemn this untimely revolt of their contemporaries, but the latter obey the call of their consciences, their highest law of faith, the *compelle intrare;* they do their duty, and for this deserve our admiration. We do not know them, we have no knowledge of them personally, and we have no right to doubt their honour.

These people are not exactly my favourites, but I honestly confess that, despite their gloomy sanguinary zealotism, I prefer them to the tolerant *amphibia* of faith and learning, to those art-believers who tickle and excite their exhausted souls by means of holy music and pictures of

saints. And I love them better than those dilettanti in religion who are enthusiastic for the Church without showing a rigid observance of its dogmas, who coquet with its symbols, but who do not wish to contract a serious marriage with them, and who are here called *Catholiques marrons*. These now frequent our fashionable churches—for instance, Sainte-Madeleine or Notre Dame de Lorette, those holy boudoirs where there is the most sweetly-sweet rococo taste in all things, a censer redolent of essence of lavender, richly cushioned *prie-dieux* or stools for prayer, rosy light and languishing song, flowers and playful angels, with a coquettish piety which cools itself voluptuously with fans painted by Bouchier and Watteau—a Christianity *à la* Pompadour.

Quite as unjust as inaccurate is the term Jesuits as here applied to the opponents of the University. For, firstly, there are no longer any Jesuits in the sense which is attached to the name. But just as there are in the upper diplomacy people who, every time when there is a rush of the Revolutionary flood, declare that the raging and rising of the roaring waves is the work of a *Comité Directeur* in Paris, so there are in a lower sphere tribunes who, when the retrograde ebb-tide begins, attribute it to the intrigues of the Jesuits, and seriously believe that there is a Jesuit-General in Rome, who, by means of a disguised police, leads the re-

action against all the world. No, there is no such Jesuit-General in Rome any more than there is a *Comité Directeur* in Paris: those are fairy tales for grown children, hollow scarecrows, modern superstition. Or is it only by a *ruse de guerre* that the opponents of the University are called Jesuits? There is indeed no name in all the land so unpopular as this. There was waged in the last century such a thorough war against the Order that a long time must pass before an impartial opinion of it can be formed. It seems to me as if the Jesuits had been themselves a little Jesuitically treated, and as if the slander of which they were sometimes guilty had been repaid to them with usury. One could apply to the fathers of the Order that which Napoleon said of Robespierre, "They have been executed, not judged." But the day will come when justice will be done to them and their merits be recognised. We are already obliged to admit that by their missionary institutions the morality and civilisation of the world have been incalculably advanced,[1] that they have

[1] This is directly contrary to what Heine has elsewhere asserted. The tendency of Jesuitism was to hasten decay in art, letters, and above all in education and thought; to substitute the artificial and Chinese-like for the solidly true This was in keeping with the rococo age. The Jesuits advanced and exaggerated the age, ripened with it, and effectively *died* with it. They were thoroughly of the world and its *objective*, not subjective, nature; therefore they only be-

been a salutary counter-poison against the deadly miasma of Port Royal, and that even their greatly blamed theory of accommodation was the only method which was left to the Roman Church to preserve its dominion over modern humanity, which is so desirous of liberty and desirous of enjoyment. *Mangez un bœuf et soyez chrétien*, said the Jesuits to the penitent who wanted a little meat during the Passion-week; but their indulgence was only for the want of the moment, and they would have perhaps at last induced the most carnivorous men to the most meagre fasting food. Doctrines relaxed for the world in a *present* revolt, iron chains for the world when under the yoke in the future. They were so wise!

But the wisest craftiness avails not against death. They have long been in their graves. There are, it is true, men in black cloaks with great three-cornered hats with the edges rolled up, but those are no real Jesuits. As a tame sheep often disguises itself in a wolf's skin of Radicalism out of vanity, interest, or for sport, so there is many a time in the fox-skin of the Jesuit only a small-minded trifling old man. Yes, they are dead! The fathers of the Jesuits

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longed to a certain shallow phase of society. They lived and died with Rosecroix-Freemasonry, Illuminéism, Cagliostro, Saint-Germain, and the whole machinery of mystery and secret "Orders."—*Translator.*

have only left in the sacristies their old garments, not their spirit. This now spectres about in other places, and many champions of the University who exercise it so zealously are perhaps themselves all unconsciously possessed by it. I do not say this as regards Messieurs Michelet and Quinet, who are the most honourable and truthful souls, but I have especially in my eye the comfortably installed Minister of Public Instruction, the Rector of the University, M. Villemain, whose ambiguous conduct is repulsive to me. I can only think favourably of his *esprit* and style—and, by the way, we here see that the famous saying of Buffon, *Le style c'est l'homme*, is radically false. The style of M. Villemain is beautiful, noble, perfectly developed and clear.[1] And I cannot quite acquit Victor Cousin from the reproach of Jesuitism. Heaven knows that I am inclined to admit the noble traits of M. Cousin's integrity, and that I recognise the splendour of his genius; but the words in which he lately announced in the Academy the translation of Spinoza are characterised neither by courage nor a love of truth. Cousin did certainly infinitely advance the interests of philosophy since he made Spinoza accessible to

[1] French version—*bien tourné et propret*. As a specimen of what the Irish call a back-handed compliment this to Villemain is unsurpassed.

thinking France, but he should have avowed that he thereby rendered no great service to the Church. On the contrary, he declared that Spinoza was translated by one of his disciples, a pupil of the *Ecole Normale*, in order that the work might be accompanied by a refutation; and he adds that while the party of the priests attacks so violently the University, it is just this poor innocent University which is decried as heretical which refutes Spinoza—the terrible Spinoza, that arch-enemy of faith, who wrote his deicide books with a pen plucked from the black wing of Satan. "*Qui trompe-t-on ici?*" "Who is cheated here?" cries Figaro.

It was in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences that M. Cousin announced in such a manner the French translation of Spinoza, which work is to an extraordinary degree a success, while the greatly praised refutation is so weak and paltry that it would pass in Germany for a work of irony.[1]

[1] The conclusion of this letter is in the French version as follows:—"C'était dans l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques que Cousin annonça de cette manière hypocrite, et que ne saurais assez blâmer, la traduction française de Spinosa; elle est parfaitement bien faite, tandis que la réfutation préconisée est si faible et pauvre, qu'elle passerait en Allemagne pour une œuvre d'ironie. La traduction française de Spinosa est d'ailleurs un travail de grand mérite. Le nom du traducteur est M. Saisset."

III.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1843.[1]

EVERY race has its national faults or failings, and we Germans have ours, that is, the famous *slowness* (*Langsamkeit*), of which we are as well aware as that we have lead in our boots, and likewise in our slippers. Yet what doth it advantage to the French that they are so deftly quick? of what avail their apt and hardy nature when they forget all as soon as it is done? They have no memory, and that is their greatest misfortune. The result of every good deed or misdeed is lost by forgetfulness. Every day must they repeat the course of their history, begin their life anew, fight their battles o'er again, and yet to-morrow the victor hath forgotten that he conquered, and the vanquished lightly recks no longer of defeat; so all wise lessons fleetly pass away! Who won the great fight in July 1830? Who lost it? It should at least have been remembered in the great Hospital where, to borrow an expression

[1] This paper is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

from Mignet, every power overthrown sent its wounded. We permit ourself this remark in reference to the debates which have been held in the Chamber of Peers over the Secondary Instruction, in which the Clerical party was only apparently conquered. In reality it triumphed, and it was a sufficient triumph in itself that it came forth publicly as an organised party.

We are far from blaming this bold *début;* it displeases much less than the slovenly, tottering, half-and-half fashion in which the opposite party let itself be inculpated. How pitiful does M. Villemain here appear — Villemain, the small rhetorician, the windy *bel esprit,* the run-down, decayed Voltairian, who has rubbed himself a little against the Fathers of the Church to acquire a touch of serious whitewash, and who is inspired by an ignorance which borders on the sublime! It is to me incomprehensible that M. Guizot did not give him his discharge (*Laufpass*) on the spot, because to that great scholar such a schoolboy bewilderment, such an utter ignorance of all the most essential preparatory information, such scientific nullity, is more susceptibly irritating than any political error. In order to somewhat hide the weakness and emptiness of his colleague, Guizot was frequently obliged to speak; but all that he uttered was flat, colourless, and to no purpose. He would have surely spoken better

things had he been, instead of Minister of Foreign Affairs, that of Instruction, and could have broken a lance for the special interests of this department. Yes, he would have shown himself far more dangerous to the opposing party if he, utterly devoid of worldly power, had stepped into the lists armed only with his intellectual ability, simply as a professor and champion for the rights of philosophy. Victor Cousin was in such a favourable position, and to him the honour of the day is chiefly due. Cousin is not (as was lately asserted ill-temperedly enough) a philosophical dilettante ;[1] he is far more a great philosopher, the son in the family circle of philosophy, and when this circle was attacked by its bitterest enemies, our Victor Cousin must deliver his *oratio pro domo.* And he spoke well—yes, admirably, with deep conviction. It is always an admirable sight when the most peaceable men, who are not at all inspired by the delight in battle, are impelled by the deepest convictions of their very souls, by the power of circumstance, by their histories, positions, nature—in short, by an inevitable fatality to fight. Cousin was such a warrior, such a

[1] One hardly knows whether Heine is not referring to his own bitter paper on Cousin (Chap. vii., "Germany," vol. ii., "Romantic School"), which is ill-tempered enough, and in which he abuses Cousin as a shallow ignoramus of the silliest kind.—*Translator.*

gladiator of necessity, when an unphilosophical Minister of Instruction could not defend the interests of philosophy. No one knew better than Victor Cousin that there was no new question or subject in hand; that his word alone would be of no avail to settle the ancient strife, and that there was no definite victory to be expected. Such a consciousness has always a subduing influence, and the most brilliant fire of genius could not here conceal the inner grief as to the uselessness of every effort. Cousin's address produced a sentiment of respect even in his opponents, and their very enmity is a recognition of his merit. They despise Villemain, but fear Cousin. They fear him not only for his opinions (*Gesinnung*), for his character, or his individual gifts or deficiencies; what they dread in him is German philosophy. Great heaven! here they honour too much our German philosophy and our Cousin! For though the latter is a born dialectician, though he has the greatest gift for form, though he is aided in his philosophical specialty by a still greater sense of art, he is still far from having grasped German philosophy so fundamentally in its very being as to be able to formulise its systems in such a clear and generally intelligible language as was needed for the French, who do not possess, like us, the patience to study an abstract idiom. But what cannot be expressed

in good French is not dangerous for France. The section of the *Sciences Morales et Politiques* of the French Academy has, as is well known, selected "A Statement of German Philosophy since Kant" as a prize question, and Cousin, who is here regarded as chief director, sought perhaps for external aid where his own ability was wanting. But others have not solved the problem, and in the last sitting of the Academy it was announced that this year there could be no prize given for the best essay on German philosophy.[1]

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[1] There is perhaps no instance in literature in which so distinguished an author as Heine ever gave himself the lie direct, or made a most abject recantation with so little shame as he does in this letter in reference to Cousin. Nor is the eating his bitter words gracefully or truly done, for he still declares that Cousin did not set forth German philosophy clearly or intelligibly, while, in fact, Cousin as much surpassed poor Heine in this particular, as he did in learning and a "deep grasp" of the subject. Truly was it said that none but a thorough gentleman knows how or dares to make a *thoroughly* manly apology.—*Translator.*

PRISON REFORM AND CRIMINAL LEGISLATION.[1]

PARIS, *July* 1843.

AFTER the proposed law relative to Prison Reform had been debated for four weeks in the Chamber of Deputies, it has been at last passed with very trifling alterations and by a large majority. And as might be anticipated, the Minister of the Interior, the real author of the proposed law, was the only one who stood with a firm foot on the summit of the question, who knew definitely what he wanted, and who achieved the triumph of a majority. The praise is due to the protractor (*rapporteur*), M. de Tocqueville, that he carried through with firmness his ideas. He is a man with a head but little heart, who pursues his logical arguments to the freezing-point, and his speeches have also a certain frosty gleam like sculptured ice. But what M. de Tocqueville

[1] This paper is wanting in the French version.—*German Editor.*

wants in feeling is made up by his friend M. de Beaumont in most amiable abundance; and these two inseparables, whom we always see paired in their travels, their publications, and in the Chamber of Deputies, supply one another's wants to perfection. The one, who is the sharp thinker, and the other, who is the gentle man of feeling, go together like the cruet of vinegar with that of oil. But how vague, empty, weak, and helpless did the Opposition show itself on this occasion! They knew not what they wanted; they had to admit the need of the reform; they could propose nothing positive; they were constantly in opposition among themselves, and opposed on this occasion, as always, out of mere stupid opposition according to the opposing trade. And yet it would have been an easy game to effect this if they had set themselves on the high horse of an idea, on any noble Rosinante of the world of theories, instead of creeping on level ground and trying to find accidental faults and fallacies in the Ministerial system, and petti-fogging in details without being able to shatter the whole. Even the incomparable Don Alfonso de Lamartine, the ingenious knight, did not once display himself in ideal chivalry. And yet the opportunity was favourable, and he might have discussed the highest and weightiest questions of humanity; with Olympus-shaking words,

he might have given volumes of oratory and flooded the Chamber with an ocean of world-destroying poetry. But no; the noble hidalgo was here utterly devoid of his magnificent delirium, and spoke as reasonably as the soberest of his colleagues.

Yes, the Opposition, though it could not win a victory on the field of ideas, might have at least distinguished itself. On such an occasion a German Opposition would have won its best laurels of learning. For the question of imprisonment is contained in that general question of the signifiance of punishment. And here we encounter great theories, which we can only indicate in the most abridged form, that we may regard from a German point of view the worth and merit of the new law of imprisonment.

We here first encounter the old theory of atonement or penance (*Vergeltungstheorie*), the old, hard law of ancient days, that *jus talionis* which presents itself in the Old Testament law of Moses in terrible simplicity—life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth. With the martyr-death of the great Atoner and Reconciler (*Versöhner*) this idea of expiation found its final settlement, and we may declare that the gentle Christ gave ample satisfaction to ancient law in his own person, and relieved all mankind besides from such pain.

It is strange that while Religion here appears as progressive, Philosophy is stationary, and the theory of the law of punishment, whatever the mere difference of forms of expression may be, has always been the old *jus talionis* from Kant to Hegel.[1] Even our Hegel could suggest nothing better, and he was only able to somewhat spiritualise the rude manner of considering the subject and raise it to poetry. According to him, punishment is a right to which a criminal is entitled (*das*

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[1] It is much to be desired that Heine should here have clearly and distinctly defined the Christian view of penalty or punishment, and shown how it caused "a final settlement" of the *lex talionis*. The clearly enounced doctrine of Christ was that we should endure all injuries without seeking reparation, leaving all punishment to God or supernatural aid. Which is a perfect ideal, but absolutely inapplicable to the practical relations of mankind. The truth is that the founder of Christianity never aimed at more than establishing a sect or body of patient, meek, non-resistant, absolutely pure-minded *illuminati*, apart from the world—in fact, apart even from the *Goyim* or Gentiles, and all their customs and laws. This he considered might increase, possibly to convert in time all the world, but without losing in the least its primitive simplicity and innocence. But the drop was speedily diluted in the great ocean of fierce humanity. Efforts have been made again and again, with partial and temporary success, to re-establish the original Christian ideal—as, for instance, by the Quakers and Herrenhüters; but even these failed to establish non-resistance or passiveness, comparative poverty, and the abnegation of ambition. Now the Socialists are attempting the experiment minus Theism.—*Translator.*

Recht des Verbrechers); that is to say, that the latter having committed a crime, gains thereby an inalienable *right* to an adequate punishment, the latter being equally the *objective* offence.[1] The principle of expiation is here with Hegel the same as with Moses, only that the latter had the ancient idea of fatality at heart, while Hegel is inspired with the modern idea of freedom; his criminal is a free man; the offence itself is an act of freedom, and it must therefore have its rights. As to this, a word. We have outgrown the sacerdotal point of view, and it is repulsive to us to believe that if a single man has committed a crime, that society *in corpore* is compelled to perpetrate the same, or to ceremoniously repeat it. But for the modern view, as we find it in Hegel, our social condition is as yet too low; for Hegel presupposes an absolute freedom from which we are as yet very remote, and shall perhaps for a long time be distant.

Our second great theory of punishment is that

[1] Whether the criminal found himself any better for this "Hegelaborate" definition is doubtful. A much older writer had, however, discovered that all men had a right to be damned, and that too many unfortunately availed themselves of it. On the whole, it recalls the tale of the inhabitants of a German town who were indignant at being robbed of their gallows, declaring that as their fathers had been hung on it, so would they be, and so should their children after them.—*Translator.*

of terror. This is neither religious nor philosophical; it is simply absurd. By it pain is inflicted on a man who has done wrong, in order that another may be made afraid to commit a similar deed. It is the greatest injustice that any man should suffer in order to benefit another, and this theory always reminded me of the poor *souffre-douleurs*, who were of old educated with the little prince, and whipped whenever their illustrious comrade had done wrong.[1] This sober and frivolous theory of frightening from crime took from the sacerdotal theory its *pompes funèbres*, and erected in the market-place a *castrum doloris* to attract and repel spectators. The State is here a charlatan, with only this difference, that the common mountebank assures you that he extracts

[1] Within a week as I write this, the younger brother of a now reigning sovereign said to me, "When I was at school with my brother, I was punished when I had done wrong, but my brother was not, because he was the heir-apparent to the throne. Now it is my turn. Before I left home to come here, my brother said, 'How I envy you! You can go travelling to the summer resorts when you please, while I have to stay here in prison and attend to business.'" The "terrifying theory" was once well summed up by a judge in a reply to a criminal, "You are to be hanged, not for stealing a horse, but in order that horses may not be stolen," and whatever German transcendentalism may object to it, it cannot be denied that on the whole it worked well in most cases. It fails where the criminal, knowing the penalty, dares the risk; which means that it has little or no effect on the dangerous classes, and only deters the good and timid.

teeth without pain, while the other, on the contrary, threatens with his horrible apparatus to inflict far greater pain of punishment than the poor patient has perhaps incurred. This bloody quackery was always repulsive to me.

Shall I here cite the so-called system of physical compulsion, which appeared in my time at Göttingen and the regions thereabout as a special theory? No, for it is nothing but the old dough and leaven of terror kneaded over again. All one weary winter long did I listen to the Lycurgus of Hanover, the sorrowful Court Counsellor Bauer, twaddle over it in his shallowest prose. And this torture I also endured as legal physical compulsion, for the twaddler was the examiner of my Faculty, and I then wished to become a Doctor of Law.

The third great theory of punishment is that by which the moral amendment of the criminal is considered. The true home of this doctrine is China, where all authority is derived from paternal powers. Every malefactor is there a badly trained child whom the father seeks to improve, and that with the bamboo. This patriarchal kindly and genial view has found in later times, especially in Prussia, its followers, who also sought to give it a place in our laws. But what first strikes us in this Chinese bamboo-theory is that all improvement by it would little avail unless the improver were himself first improved.

The chief state authority in China seems to have had some dim presentiment of this idea, so that when some stupendous crime is committed in the Central Kingdom, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, imposes on himself a heavy penance, opining that he himself by some sin must have brought disaster on the country. It would really give us great pleasure should our own domestic pietism adopt such pious errors, and punish itself soundly for the good of the state. It is a natural consequence of such patriarchal views in China that with punishments legal rewards should be associated, and that a man receive for good deeds a button of honour, with or without a knot of ribbons, just as one receives for a misdemeanour the due allowance of whipping, so that, to express myself philosophically, the bamboo is the reward of vice, and the "order" the punishment of virtue. The partisans of corporal punishment have met of late with great opposition in the Rhine provinces, which resulted from a manner of feeling which is not very original, and which must—more's the pity!—be regarded as a remainder of the French foreign rule.

We have yet a fourth great theory of punishment, if it can be so called, since in it the conception of "punishment" altogether disappears. It is called the prevention theory, because its guiding principle is guarding against offences.

The most zealous advocates of this principle are the Radicals of all Socialistic schools. Among the most decided of these must be classed the Englishman Owen, who recognises no right to punish so long as the cause of the crime, the social evils, are not removed. Of this opinion are the Communists, the materialistic as well as the spiritual, which latter support their antipathy to the hereditary criminal law, which they call the Old Testament law of revenge, by evangelical texts. The Fourierists in consequence recognise no penal law, since, according to their doctrines, crimes are only the consequences of deteriorated passion, and their state has set itself the problem whether that deterioration cannot be avoided by a new organisation of human passions? The Saint-Simonians had, of course, too high conceptions of the infinity of human mental power (*Gemüthes*) to adopt a regulated and numbered scheme or system of passions, such as we find in Fourier. But they also regarded crime not only as the result of social ill conditions and misplacements, but also of defective education, and they anticipated from the better-trained, well-educated passions a perfect regeneration, the rule of love through all the world, where all traditions of sin should be for ever forgotten, and the idea of a penal code seem as a blasphemy.

Less visionary, and indeed very poetical natures have also approved the preventive theory, so far as they anticipate from popular education a diminution of crime. They have made especial economical state propositions, which aim at protecting the criminal from his own attacks of crime, just as society is sufficiently protected from evil. Here we stand on the positive basis of the preventive theory. The State therefore appears on it as a great police institution in the noblest and worthiest sense; where every stimulus to sinful desire is removed, where men are not allowed by displays of dainties and objects of personal decoration to tempt poor wretches to theft, and poor lovers of finery to prostitution; where no thieving upstarts, no Robert Macaires of *la haute finance*, no dealers in human flesh, no prosperous rascals, can openly display their shameless luxury—a world where, in short, demoralising bad example is suppressed. But if, despite all measures of precaution, crimes should occur, efforts will be made to render the offenders harmless, and they will either be imprisoned, or, when they too much endanger the peace of society, a little hung (*hingerichtet*). The Government, as attorney-general (*Mandatarin*) of society, inflicts no pain as *punishment*, but as protection and preventive, and the higher or lesser grade of this suffering will depend on the degree of the requirements of social self-

defence. It is only from this point of view that we are for capital punishment, or rather for the execution of great criminals whom the police must put out of the way, as one kills mad dogs.[1]

When one reads carefully the *Exposé des motifs* with which the French Minister of the Interior introduced his legal scheme of prison reform, it is evident how the views last indicated form the fundamental idea, and how the so-called repressive principle of the French is in reality only the practical action of our preventive theory.

Our views, therefore, agree entirely with those of the French Government. But our feelings revolt against the means whereby the good aimed at is to be reached. And we deem them to be utterly unsuited to France. In this land of sociability the system of solitary confinement, or the Pennsylvanian method, would be an un-

[1] It may here be objected that our author, far from explaining, does not even define the preventive theory. The real reason for this is that its logical limit is simply absurd (as the world is now constituted), and it is only the most advanced Communists or anarchists who profess to follow it out. Where there is to be no individual property in anything, there can be no theft; where there is no morality, there can be no vice; where all social or individual preeminence is strictly prohibited, there all crime resulting from ambition must needs perish. Therefore all robbery, murder, forgery, rape, &c., committed by anarchists is only a virtuous effort to extinguish crime—that is, the great fundamental crime of inequality and of property.—*Translator.*

heard-of cruelty, and the French people are too great-hearted to purchase social tranquillity at such a price. Therefore I am convinced that, despite its passing the Chamber, the terrible, inhuman, yes, unnatural system of solitary confinement will never be practically carried out, and the many millions which the needed buildings cost are, thank God! so much money lost. This castle-dungeon of the new burgher-chivalry will be as readily torn down by the people as was the lordly Bastille of yore. For, terrible and gloomy as the latter seemed, it was a cheerful kiosk, a sunny arbour in a garden, compared to those small silent American hells, which could have been only invented by a stupid pietist, and only have been allowed by a heartless shopman who trembled for his property. Henceforth the good pious citizen may sleep at ease; the Government will take good care of that. But why should he not sleep a little less? Better men must in future pass the night as watchmen. And then have not they—the pious—the Lord to protect them, or can it be that they doubt his guard?[1]

[1] There is still, however, a great deal to be said in favour of our Pennsylvanian system. Those who are confined in Cherry Hill, by Philadelphia, escape reading such disquisitions as this on penal systems, nor do they hear any gossip about other people. Yes—there are worse places than Cherry Hill.—*Translator.*

FROM THE PYRENEES.[1]

I.

BARÈGES, *July* 26, 1846.

WITHIN the memory of man there has been no such stream of travel to the healing wells of Barèges as in this year. The little village, which consists of about sixty houses and a few dozen temporary barracks, cannot contain the multitude of invalids. Those who come late can hardly find a shelter for the night, and must depart lamenting. Most of the visitors are French officers, who have gained in Africa many laurels, lance-wounds, and rheumatisms. Some ancient officers from the days of the Empire cough and wheeze, and try to forget in the bath-tubs the glorious memories which twitch them as miserably every time when there is a change of weather. There is also a German poet here, who may indeed have much to bathe away, but who as yet is in full possession of his senses, and is very far from having been

[1] Wanting in the French version.

confined in a lunatic asylum, as a Berlin correspondent of the highly-to-be-praised *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* has informed the world. It is true that we may err. Heinrich Heine, it may be, is madder than he is aware of, but we can declare with certainty that here, in anarchic France, he is allowed to run about freely, which would probably not be allowed him in Berlin, where the mental sanitary police is much more severe. However that may be, the pious souls on the Spree may take comfort and joy in this, that if the intellect be not afflicted, the body of the poet is, at least, sorely attacked and lamed by dire disease, and that during the journey from Paris hither his pains grew to be so intolerable that he was obliged to leave the coach not far from Bagnères de Bigorre, and let himself be carried in an arm-chair over the mountain. He had in this lofty journey many consoling gleams of light; never did the golden gleam of the sun and the forest green enchant his soul so deeply, and the great round rocky summits which rose like the heads of stone giants looked down on him with sweet and strange unearthly pity. The *Hautes Pyrénées* are marvellously beautiful. Strangely refreshing to the soul is the music of the mountain waters which fall adown, a full orchestra, into the rushing flood of the valley, the so-called Gâve. And very charming, mingling with it, is the tinkle of the herds of lambs, especially

when they come leaping, as if rejoicing, from the mountain slopes, the long-woolled mother sheep and goat with Doric horns preceding them, bearing on their necks great bells, while near by runs the young shepherd leading them to the valley hamlet to be shorn, and who will take this opportunity to see his sweetheart. A few days later the tinkling is less cheerful, for there has been meantime a mighty storm; ashy-grey vapoury clouds hang deep down, and the young shepherd with his shorn, shivering, naked lambs climbs in melancholy mood once more up to his Alpine solitude. He is well wrapped in his brown, richly-embroidered Basque cloak, and it may be that the parting from *her* was bitter.

Such a view reminds me vividly of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Decamps which was in the Salon this year, and which was so severely judged by many, even by the most accomplished connoisseur Theophile Gautier. The shepherd in that picture, who looked in his ragged majesty like a real beggar-king, and who was endeavouring to shelter on his breast under the tattered cloak a lambkin from the rain, the imbecile gloomy thunder-clouds with their damp grimaces, the matted and ugly shepherd's dog,—all is painted in that picture so true to Nature and to the Pyrenees, so utterly without sentimental whitewash (*Anstrich*), and so devoid of sweetish sham-idealising, that in it

the talent of Decamps is revealed, and almost terrifying in its most naïve nakedness.

The Pyrenees are now being turned to advantage, and that admirably, by many French painters, especially on account of the local picturesque costumes. Among these, the works of Leleux, which have been so admirably honoured by our accurate colleague, who always hits the mark (*unser feintreffender Pfeilcollege*), deserve the awarded praise. We find in this artist truth to Nature, but without her modesty; she comes forth too boldly, and falls away into *virtuosoship*.[1] The dress of the mountaineers, the Bernais, the Basques, and Border Spaniards is, in fact, as peculiar and adapted to the easel as any young enthusiast of the guild of the paint-brush who despises the vain dress-coat could desire. The scarlet-red head-dress (*Kapuze*) of the women hanging to the hips over the black body-garment is specially picturesque. It is a very charming sight when these goatherdesses, perched on high-saddled mules, with old-fashioned distaffs under their arms, ride along with their black and horned followers over the steepest pinnacles of the moun-

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[1] *Virtuosität.* Mere technical excellence, that art for the sake of art in which the skill or ability of the artist is everything, while the subject or meaning is suppressed as much as possible. In Heine's time this had not become a guiding and greatly lauded principle in art or letters.—*Translator.*

tain, and the picturesque procession appears as if painted in the clearest contours on the blue and sunny heaven.

The building in which the bathing establishment of Barèges is placed forms a fearful contrast with the beauties of Nature which are spread around, and its surly exterior fully corresponds to its inner rooms, which are uncanny, gloomy cells like funeral vaults, with by far too narrow stone bath-tubs, much like *ad interim* sarcophagi or coffins, in which one can daily for an hour practise lying still with outstretched legs and crossed arms; a good preparatory practice for annuitants.

The most lamentable defect in Barèges is the want of water; the springs of health do not flow in abundant fulness. A sorrowful supplement in this respect is afforded by the so-called *piscinæ*, rather narrow tanks in which twelve or eighteen men bathe, standing bolt upright. Here there are contacts which are seldom agreeable, and on such an occasion one feels in all its force the truth of the remark of the tolerant Hungarian who said, as he stroked his moustache, to a comrade, "'Tis all one to me what a man may be, Christian or Jew, Republican or Imperialist, Turk or Prussian, so that he is only sound and clean" (*gesund*).

II.

BARÈGES, *August* 7, 1846.

I DO not venture to speak with confidence as to the therapeutic value of the baths in this place; perhaps there is nothing certain regarding them. One can chemically analyse, and accurately state, how much sulphur, salt, or butter there may be in the water of a well, but no one would venture, even in determined cases, to assert that the action of this water is a perfectly proved, infallible means of cure, for this effect depends entirely on the individual constitution of the invalid, and the bath which, with the same symptoms of disease, cures one, has no good effect, or perhaps a very bad result, on another. As in magnetism, the springs have a power which is sufficiently established but not determined, whose limits, and also whose most secret nature, are as yet unknown to investigators, so that the physician can only apply it as an experimental medicament when all other applications fail. When the son of Æsculapius can do nothing more for his patient, he sends him to a bathing-place with a long list of advice,

which is nothing more than an open letter of recommendation to mere chance.

Living is very bad here, but all the dearer for that. Breakfast and the noon-day meal are brought to the boarders in tall baskets by rather sticky (*kleberichten*) girls, just as in Göttingen. Ah! that I had the youthful academic appetite with which I once ground up the leanest and dryest roast-veal of Georgia Augusta! Life itself is as wearisome here as on the flowery banks of the Leine. I must admit, however, that I have enjoyed two charming balls, where the dancers all appeared without crutches. There were not wanting a few daughters of Albion, who were remarkable for beauty and awkwardness (*linkisches Wesen*); they danced as if riding on asses. Among the French damsels shone the daughter of the famed Cellarius,[1] who—what an honour for little Barèges! —danced the polka on her own feet. There were also several of the young dancing fairies (*Tanznixen*) of the Grand Opera of Paris, who are generally known as *rats*.[2] Among these the silver-footed

[1] The first dancing-master of his time, whose name was given to a dance.

[2] So called from their propensities to nibble and devour everything, from a *cornet* of bonbons or a supper to a fortune. The young ladies themselves assert that it came from the fact that a young "lion" or swell, who had wasted his property on such enchantresses, and found himself in the nets or meshes of his creditors, was rescued or relieved by such a

Mademoiselle Lelhomme whirled her *entrechats*, and at the sight I thought vividly of my dear Paris, where I could no longer endure the endless dancing and music, and yet for which my heart doth ever yearn. Marvellous mad enchantment! What with sheer amusement and gaiety, Paris at last becomes so insupportable, wearisome, and oppressive, all its joys being allied to such exhausting exertion, that one is wild with happiness at escaping from this galley of pleasure; and yet, ere he has been absent a few months, the air of a waltz or the mere suspicion of a dancing-girl's leg awakes in him the deepest yearning and home-sickness for Paris. This is the case, however, only with the mossy-heads[1] or old *habitués* of this sweet bagnio, and not to the young students of our native association, who, after a short six

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rat, who gnawed the ropes and set him free—that is, supplied him with money. It is also suggested that *rat* is from the argot Romany *ratt*, meaning "night," a "night-bird," or "bat." *Lelhomme*, in this half-gipsy slang of the theatres, means "man-catcher" or "man-taker." Thus I have heard a girl say to another who was skylarking within a few feet of Regent Street, "Look out, or you'll get *lelled*" (*i.e.* arrested).—*Translator.*

[1] *Bemooster Haupt.* "Mossy-head," a term once applied to the older students, from their long hair.

"Bemooster Bursche zieh' ich aus,
Behüt' Dich Gott, Philisterhaus!
Zur alten Heimath zieh' ich ein,
Muss selber nun Philister sein.'

months' university session (*Semesteraufenthalt*), complain that it is not so gently calm there as yon side the Rhine, where the cell system of solitary reflection has been introduced; that one cannot there calmly collect oneself as in Magdeburg or Spandau; that their moral consciousness is lost in the billows of pleasure which break over them; that the distraction is there too great. Yes, it is indeed too great, for while we distract and divert ourselves, our money is also diverted from us.

Ah, the money! It knows how to scatter and divert itself from us, even here in Barèges, wearisome as this nest of health may be. It passes all conception how expensive it is: it costs twice as much here as in the other bathing-places in the Pyrenees. And what greed among these mountaineers, whom we praise as a kind of children of Nature and the relics of a race of innocents! They adore money with a passion which borders on fanaticism, and it is their true national religion. And yet is not gold the god of the whole world—a god whom the most hardened atheist cannot deny for three days, since without his divine aid the baker would not give him the smallest roll?

Within a few days, during the great heat, there came whole swarms of English to Barèges, red and hearty beefsteak-fed faces, which contrasted almost insultingly with the pale com-

munity of the bathing visitors.[1] The most important of these arrivals is an enormously wealthy and tolerably well-known member of Parliament of the Tory clique. This gentleman did not seem to like the French, but, on the contrary, honoured us Germans with the greatest esteem. He specially praised our honesty and truth. Nor will he have in Paris, where he proposes to pass the winter, any French, but only German servants. I thanked him for the confidence which he had in us, and recommended to him several fellow-countrymen of the historical school.

We also have among our visitors, as is well known, the Prince de Nemours, who resides a few leagues distant at Luz, but who drives here

[1] As there are many persons whose knowledge of Russians being confined entirely to the fact that the latter are said to eat tallow-candles, never allude to anything Russian without mentioning it, so Heine, it may be observed, rarely speaks of the English without at once bringing in "beefsteaks." They are lugged in under all circumstances, the reference being supposed to be invariably funny. It is characteristic of the lower orders or the vulgar all the world over that they jeer at other races on account of some peculiar article of diet, the Germans being taunted with sauerkraut, the Italians with macaroni, et cetera. And Heine really knew almost nothing of the English beyond this reputed fondness for beefsteaks. His absolute ignorance is very strikingly shown by his ascribing to the Saxon-Norman race the characteristic and very different features of the ugliest type of the Irish Celt.—*Translator.*

daily to take his bath. When he first came to Barèges for this purpose, he sat in an open calêche, though the weather was of the worst, from which I concluded that he must be in excellent health, and at least did not fear catching a catarrh. His first visit was to the military hospital, where he conversed affably with the invalid soldiers, inquired as to their wounds, time of service, and similar details. Such a demonstration, though it is only an old flourish of the trumpet, by means of which so many distinguished royal characters have announced their virtuosoship,[1] never fails in its effect; and when the Prince arrived at the bath, where the inquisitive public awaited him, he was already tolerably popular.[2]

As this man, who is indicated as the coming Regent, has before him so great a future, and as his personality may have an influence on all Europe, I looked at him with more than usual attention, and endeavoured to detect in his exte-

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[1] A lithograph which has been extensively circulated in Italy, representing His Majesty, the present King, visiting a hospital, and standing by an invalid soldier in bed, shows that this ancient advertisement, first originated by Napoleon I. at Jaffa, is as popular as ever.

[2] The following sentences, to the phrase "The Duke de Nemours," occur only in the original letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and have been restored as a footnote in the recent German editions.

rior some sign or token of the mind within. I was at first disarmed in this somewhat invidious occupation by the quiet grace which inspired his slender and youthful form, as well as by the pleasing, piteous look with which his eye rested on the forms of the invalid sufferers, who were here assembled in a sorrowful multitude. This glance had in it nothing official, nothing premeditated; it was a pure and truthful gleam from a noble, humane soul. The pity shown in the eyes of the Duke de Nemours had in it something touchingly modest, modesty being indeed the predominant trait in his character. This modesty was also in his brother, the Duke of Orleans, who perished so lamentably early on the battlefield of life.

The Duke de Nemours is not, however, so popular as was his late brother, whose attributes displayed themselves more openly. This glorious man, or, better said, this glorious human poem, which was called Ferdinand Orleans, was composed in a popular, generally comprehensible style, while De Nemours hides himself in an artistic form which is less intelligible to the many. Both Princes were remarkably different as regards their external appearance. That of Orleans was nonchalantly chivalric, the other has rather more of the patrician style. The former was altogether a young French officer,

foaming over with gay and easy bravery, just the kind which assaults with equal delight the walls of forts or ladies' hearts. It is said that De Nemours is a good soldier of cold-blooded disposition, but not very warlike.[1] He looks rather more like a statesman, but one with a conscience, who unites reflection with the noblest will. To make myself intelligible by example, I will choose the latter from the realm of poetry, and it seems to me as if Goethe had already sketched the two Princes half way under the names of Egmont and Orange. Several who are intimate with him assure me that the Prince de Nemours has mastered many branches of knowledge, and has a clear comprehension of foreign and domestic affairs, being always zealous to acquire information from intelligent persons, but that he himself imparts very little, be it from modesty or reserve. A very marked peculiarity in him is that he is trustworthy; he promises seldom and with great unwillingness, but one can rely upon his word as on a rock. He loves his family passionately, and his shrewd father well knows into what hands the power of the House of Orleans will pass.

[1] The following page, on to the expression "Therefore he will not," was given in the original letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and restored in a footnote in the last German edition.

But what security does the man offer for the interests of France, and especially for those of humanity? I believe, the very best; anyhow, I venture to say, a far better pledge than his late brother gave. He is less popular than was the latter, and he cannot therefore venture on so much, should that which has resulted from the Revolution come into conflict with the requirements of government. Beloved reigning princes who enjoy a blind confidence are, however, dangerous for freedom. De Nemours knows that he is regarded with distrust, and he will accordingly avoid with care every compromising act.

Therefore he will not, when he becomes Regent, let himself be so easily enticed as was his brother by the trumpet of Bellona, which is pleasant to think of when we know what expensive real estate is a battlefield, and how simple the people are who in the end must pay the costs of warfare. One thing I fain would know, which is, whether the Duke de Nemours has so much patience as his glorious father, who by this trait, which is wanting in all his French opponents, has unweariedly won his way and maintained freedom for beautiful France and for the world?

III.

Barèges, *August* 20, 1846.

The Duke de Nemours is also patient. That he really possesses this cardinal virtue is perceptible from the indifference with which he encounters any little delay when his bath is being prepared. He does not at all remind me of his great uncle and his *J'ai failli attendre.* The Duke de Nemours knows how to wait, and—what I observed as another good trait—does not make others wait too long on him. I am his successor—that is to say, in using the bath—and I must give him the credit that he leaves it as punctually as any other mortal to whom his hour is here marked to the minute. He comes here daily, generally in an open carriage, driving himself, while by him there appears the dismal face of an idle coachman, while behind sits his corpulent German *valet de chambre.* When the weather is fine, the Prince often runs afoot beside the vehicle all the way from Luz to Barèges, as he is very fond of bodily exercise. He has gained the respect of the mountaineers by the lithe boldness

with which he climbs the steepest cliffs. They show in the Roland's Gap in the Gavarni Valley a neck-breaking precipice which the Prince ascended. He is a distinguished hunter, and lately at great risk to himself killed a bear. He often makes with his wife—who is one of the most beautiful of women—excursions to remarkable places in the mountains. So it very recently befell him to climb with her the Pic du Midi, and while the Princess with her attendant lady were being carried up the mountain-side in a palanquin, the young Prince ran along far beyond, that he might have the pleasure of being alone in that wild spot, and regard without disturbance those colossal beauties of Nature which raise our soul so ideally above the week-day world. But as the Prince gained the summit of the peak, he beheld planted stiff as posts — three gensdarmes!

Now there is nothing on the face of the earth which has such a freezing and sobering influence as the positive law-table-face of a gendarme and the horrible bright yellow of his shoulder-belt. All visionary feelings are at once arrested in the breast, *au nom de la loi;* and I can well understand the assertion of a little French lady who was last winter so much excited at seeing gensdarmes even in the churches—yea, in the pious houses of God, where one would gladly give one's

soul up to religious inspiration—"The sight," she said, "destroyed every illusion!"

I must needs sorrowfully smile when I heard how vexed the Duke de Nemours seemed to be when he saw what a surprise the servile zeal of office in the prefect had prepared for him on the Pic du Midi. Poor Prince! I thought; how greatly dost thou err in thinking that thou canst dream alone and unespied; thou art given over to the gendarme, and wilt be thyself the chief of gensdarmes who must care for the peace of the land. Poor Prince!

Here in Barèges it becomes duller every day. The intolerable in it does not consist in lack of social diversions, but rather that one must dispense with the advantages of solitude, since there is all the time a screaming and noise which permits no quiet dreaming time away, and startles us every moment from our thoughts. We hear a horrible nerve-rending cracking of whips, the national music here from earliest morning into latest night. But when bad weather comes over us, and the mountains, as if oppressed with sleep, draw their cloudy nightcaps over their ears, then the hours extend to eternities of ennui. The very goddess of tiresomeness herself, her head enveloped in a leaden cowl, bearing Klopstock's "Messiah" in her hand, wanders through the streets of Barèges, and when she yawns,

the last drop of vigorous life oozes away in the heart. Things have gone so far, that I now, in despair, no longer avoid the society of our patron, the English member of Parliament. He still grants the justest recognition of our domestic virtues and moral traits, yet it seems to me that he loves us less enthusiastically since I let fall in conversation the remark that the Germans now feel a great desire to possess a marine; that we had already determined on the names of our future fleet, and that our patriots in the houses of correction, instead of spinning wool, must in future spin linen for sail-cloth, and that the oaks in the Teutoburger forest, which have slept since the days of Varus, have at length awakened and offered themselves as volunteer masts. This news greatly displeased the noble Briton, and he expressed it as his opinion that we Germans would do better to pursue with undiminished ability the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne, the great religious work of our ancestors.

I always observe, with deepest shame, that when I talk with Englishmen about my native land, the hatred which they manifest for France is far more honourable for the latter than the impertinent liking which they cultivate for us Germans, and which we owe to some want in our worldly power or intelligence. They love us for our maritime weakness, in which they have no fear of com-

mercial competition; they love us for our political simplicity, which they hope to turn to account in the old fashion in case of a war with France.

A relief to the local ennui has been in the gossip and chronicles of the elections, which have awakened their scandalous echoes even in our mountains. The Opposition has again suffered defeat in the department of the Hautes Pyrénées, as was to have been anticipated from the political indifference and the boundless avarice which prevails here. The candidate of the active party who failed here in Tarbes is said to be a man of integrity and energy, who has been celebrated for his earnest convictions and honest perseverance, although with him, as with many others, conviction is only arrested thought, and perseverance in it only physical weakness. These people remain obstinately true to the principles to which they have already sacrificed so much for the same reason why many men cannot tear themselves loose from a mistress; they keep her because she has already cost so much.

The newspapers have repeated to excess the fact that M. Achille Fould has been elected at Tarbes, and will represent the Hautes Pyrénées in the next Chamber of Deputies. Heaven forbid that I should here enter into the details of the election or of the persons. The man is no better and no worse than a hundred others, who, voting

with him, will form the majority on the green benches of the Palais Bourbon. He is, *au reste*, Conservative, not Ministerial, and he has always adhered to M. Molé, and not Guizot. His elevation to the Chamber is a great pleasure to me, for the simple reason that thereby the principle of the equality of Israelites as citizens will be confirmed to the utmost. It has been, of course, a long-established principle in France, both by law and in public opinion, that to Jews who distinguish themselves by talent or high-mindedness, all offices of state are open without exception. But tolerant as all this sounds, I still find here the acid taste of ancient prejudice. Yes, so long as Jews are not admitted to those offices without talent and without high-mindedness, just like thousands of Christians who neither think nor feel, but who can only reckon, so long is the prejudice not radically rooted out, and the old oppression still prevails. But mediæval intolerance disappears to the last trace of a shadow when the Jews without any other special merit enter the Chamber, the highest honour in France, only through their money, just as well as their Christian brothers; and in this respect the election of M. Achille Fould is a definite victory of the principles of citizenly equality.[1]

[1] It never seems to have occurred to Heine that when a state makes a sacrifice of prejudices, and admits any

There are also two other believers in the Mosaic faith, whose names have just as good a ring of money, who have been elected deputies this summer. How far do those men advance the democratic principle of equality? Both are millionaire bankers, and in my "Historical Investigations into the National Wealth of the Jews, from Abraham to the Present Day," I shall find occasion to speak of Messieurs Benoit Fould and Herr von Eichthal. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* I would remark beforehand, to escape misunderstanding, that the result of my researches as to the national wealth of the Jews is greatly to their credit, and covers them with illustrious honour. For Israel owns its wealth entirely and only to that sublime religion to which it has remained faithful for millenniums. The Jews worshipped a Highest Being who ruled invisibly in heaven, while the heathen, incapable of rising to the purely spiritual, made for themselves all kinds of gold and silver gods, whom they wor-

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"peculiar people" of any kind to equal social and political rights, that the people so admitted are also virtually bound to make corresponding sacrifices, and not, by clinging together in a clannish spirit, constitute, by themselves, an *imperium in imperio*. The highest class of cultivated Jews in France and England are *not* liable to this reproach; therefore they get their just rights. But Heine never considered *all* sides of a question. The real difficulty of the East lies in its heterogeneous and contradictory religions and races.

shipped here on earth. Now, had these blind heathen changed into ready hard specie all the precious metal which they wasted in vile idolatry, and put it out to interest, they would have grown as rich as the Jews, who knew how to invest their cash much more advantageously—perhaps in Assyrian-Babylonian State loans, in Nebuchadnezzarian bonds (*Obligationen*), in Egyptian Canal shares, in five per cent. Sidonians, and other classic papers, which the Lord blessed, even as he blesseth the modern.[1]

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[1] Before I had read or specially noted this passage, a scholar repeated it to me with a comment of amazement, to the effect that Heine had by a mere chance, and as a joke, hit upon ancient financial operations which possibly actually existed. Discoveries of late years, both in Assyria and Egypt, reveal the existence of great banking-houses, which had in detail such an elaborate system of finance, as to render it probable that there were actually Egyptian Canal shares, and it may be Assyrian State loans.—*Translator.*

THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.

PARIS, *March* 3, 1848.

I HAVE not been able to write to you of the events of the three great days of February, for my head was entirely bewildered—an incessant drumming and shooting, with the singing of the Marseillaise! The latter never-ending song almost split my brain, and oh! the most treasonable rabble of thoughts (*Staatsgefährlichste Gedankengesindel*), which I had kept for years imprisoned, broke loose. To somewhat soothe the commotion in my soul, I ever and anon hummed some old German pious tune, such as "Hail to thee in victor's wreath!" or "Practise all truth and honesty;" but in vain! the Latin (*Welsche*) devil's song drowned with its noise in me all better sounds. I feared lest the demoniac tones of madness would speedily reach your ears, and that you too would feel their fascinating power. So must the song have sounded which the rat-catcher of Hameln blew. Does the great author repeat himself? Is his creative

strength exhausted? Did he not eighteen years ago bring out as a treat in Paris the same drama under the title of the Revolution of July? But we can always see a good play twice. In any case, it is improved and enlarged, and the dénouement is new, and was accepted with thundering applause. I had a good place from which to see the play, in fact, a reserved one, for the street in which I stood was closed with barricades on either hand. It was only by main force (*knapper Noth*) that they could bring me back to my lodging. Here I had full opportunity to admire the talent which the French display in building barricades. Those high bulwarks and fortifications, for the preparation of which the German genius would require days, are here improvised in a few minutes; they spring as if by magic from the ground. One would believe that the spirits of the earth had a hand invisibly in the game. The French are the race of manual dexterity.[1]

[1] Having been captain of barricades, directed their construction, and aided in their building in this Revolution, I can bear testimony to this. Paris was then chiefly paved with stones about one foot square. These I loosened with a crowbar, and they were at once picked up by my followers, who piled them with such deftness, that a barricade six or seven feet high seemed to me to be built in almost as many minutes. We had to be quick, so as to stop bodies of troops. Where the pavement was not of stones, or crowbars were wanting, the insurrectionists made barricades with vehicles and furniture taken from the houses. The

The heroic deeds which they achieved in those days of February fill us with amazement,[1] but we will not let ourselves be bluffed for all that (*wir wollen uns doch nicht verblüffen lassen*). Other people have also courage; man is by nature a brave beast. The contempt of death with which the French ouvriers fought should only astonish us because it is in no way the result of religious conviction, and has no basis in the beautiful belief in a future state, where he will receive a reward for having died here on earth for his native land. And quite as great as the courage, I may say even as unselfish, was the honour and honesty by which those poor men in blouses or rags distinguished themselves. Yes, their honour was unselfish, and thereby very different from that petty shopkeeper spirit of calculation, according to which one gets more customers and profit than by gratifying thievish desires which help us but little in the end. What is honourable lasts

great barricade in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was a curious sight, it being made of the most varied materials. Sometimes half of the men fired and fought while the others were building, and then it was lively work indeed, for the shelter was urgently needed. The only wound which I received was a cut on my left hand from the sharp edge of a paving-stone, so that I had to work with it bound up. The scar lasted for several years.—*Translator.*

[1] Heine elsewhere describes the victors of February as a pack of the lowest vagabonds, "who scarcely once came within sight of their enemy."—*Translator.*

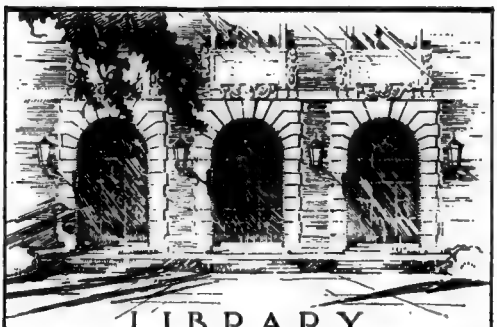
longest. The rich were not a little astonished that the poor sufferers from hunger, who ruled for three days in Paris, laid no hands on the property of others.[1] The wealthy trembled for their money-chests, and opened their eyes in astonishment when they found that nothing was stolen. The severity with which the people treated thieves caught in the act did not seem to many to be quite right, and certain people felt very uncomfortable when they learned that the thieves were shot on the spot. "Under such rule," they said, "no one can be sure of his life." Many things were destroyed by the people in their rage, especially in the Palais Royal and Tuileries, but there was no plundering. Only weapons were taken wherever found, and in those

[1] I might have loaded myself with jewellery and plate of the costliest description at the taking of the Tuileries, as might any of the thousand rude insurgents who came swarming in; but nobody touched the smallest article. However, when a man *was* caught stealing, he was promptly shot on the spot. I was present at such an execution, where the arrest, trial, and shooting did not occupy three minutes. Then the man was laid out on the pavement, and at his head was placed a paper bearing the words: "Mort aux voleurs." It seemed to me at the time a very trifling incident, and caused no emotion whatever, for I had been living for a long time in such an atmosphere of conspiracy, anticipation of probable death, fierce preparation for fighting, and had finally seen so much during the three days of the Revolution, that shooting a *voyou* seemed to be as nothing.—*Translator.*

royal palaces the people were allowed to appropriate whatever provisions there were. A boy of fifteen who dwelt in our house, and had taken part in the fighting, brought to his sick grandmother a pot of *confitures* which he had pillaged in the Tuileries. The young hero had not eaten any, and brought the pot unopened home. How pleased he was that the old lady found "the preserves of Louis Philippe," as he called them, so very nice! Poor Louis Philippe! to have to grasp the wanderer's staff again in such extreme old age; and to do so in foggy England, where the sweetmeats of exile taste so doubly bitter!

THE END.

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

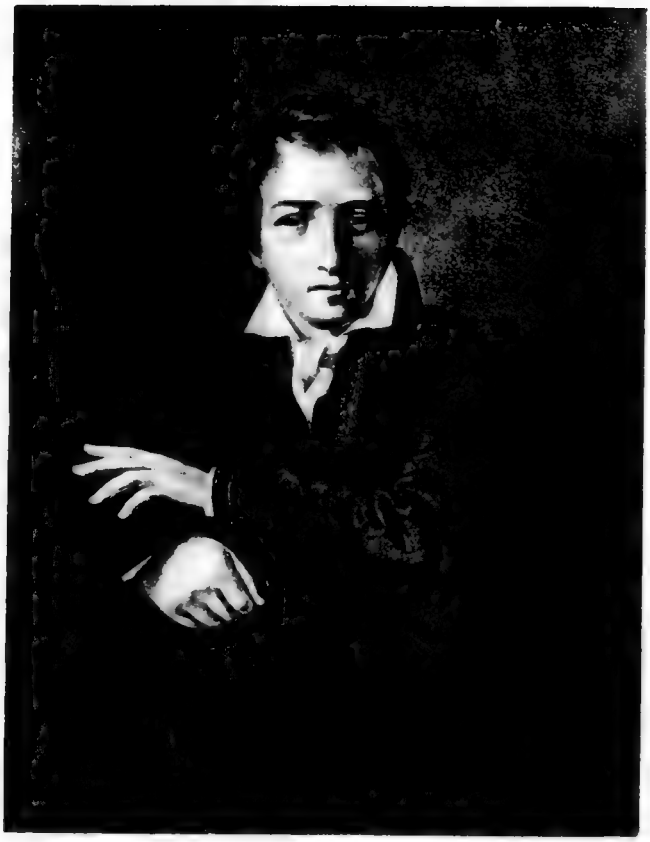
HEINRICH HEINE

Edition de Luxe

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THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : CROSCUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of

Heinrich Heine

Translated by

Charles Godfrey Leland

THE BOOK OF SONGS

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



Printed for Subscribers only by
CROSCUP AND STERLING COMPANY
NEW YORK

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PROLOGUE TO THIRD EDITION.

Behold the ancient fairy wood.
Oh, scent of linden blossom!
The wondrous fulness of the moon
Has all enthralled my bosom!

Onward I went, and as I went
Above me music sounded;
It was the nightingale who sang
Of love, and lovers wounded.

She sang of love and lovers' wounds,
Of laughter and of weeping;
Her joy such sorrow, her sobs such joy,
O'er me past dreams came sweeping.

Onward I went, and as I went
Before my eyes rose stable
A castle huge on a wide-built square
With many a towering gable.

The windows closed, and silence
And mourning everywhere:
It seemed as if mute, silent Death
Himself must dwell in there.

A sphinx lay at the gate. Of dreads
And joys a mingled creature;
Lion it was in body and claws,
Woman in breasts and feature.

A woman fair! Her wan look showed
Desire past stint or measure;
She curved her speechless lips and smiled
A pledge of silent pleasure.

Alas! how should I long withstand!
The nightingale sang impassioned,
And as I kissed the beauteous face
My destiny was fashioned.

The marble bosom woke to life;
The stone 'gan groaning and burning;
She drank in the flaming fire of my kiss
With scorched and parching yearning.

She drained the breath from out my breast,
And—for wild lust imperious—
She tore my flesh with her lion's claws
In an embrace delirious.

Oh, exquisite torture! oh, rapturous pain!
  Delight and horror unending!
For while those kisses give bliss undreamt!
  Those claws my flesh are rending!

And the nightingale sang, "Oh, lovely sphinx!
  Oh, Love, be thou confessing
Why thou must mingle pangs of death
  With thy supremest blessing.

"Oh, lovely sphinx! do answer me
  This wondrous riddle solving,
Which I throughout the myriad years
  Am hopelessly revolving."

That might all have been said very well in plain prose. But if one goes over one's old poems again with a view of giving them a few additional lines by the help of a new impression, there creeps over one imperceptibly the jingling habit of metre and assonance: and behold! it is with verses that I open this third edition of the "Book of Songs." O Phœbus Apollo! if these verses are bad, thou wilt easily forgive me. . . . For thou art an omniscient god, and thou knowest well enough why it is that I have not been able now for so many years to busy myself specially with metre and the twang of

words. . . . Thou knowest why the flame, which once amused the world with brilliant fireworks, was forced of a sudden to be used for more serious conflagrations. Thou knowest why that flame is now consuming my heart in silent passion. Thou understandest me, thou great, beautiful god, since thou in like manner hast sometimes exchanged the golden lyre for the stout bow and the deadly arrows! Dost thou not remember Marsyas, whom thou strippedst alive? That indeed is long ago, and a similar example has again become necessary. Thou smilest, oh my father everlasting?

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *Feb.* 20, 1839.

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THE BOOK OF SONGS.

DREAM-PICTURES.

I.

ONCE did I dream of wildest passion's glow,
Of love-locks, bloom of flowers, and songs of birds,
Of sweetest lips that uttered bitter words,
Of woeful verse married to airs of woe.

Faded and vanished are those visioned times!
Vanished the dreamt-of Shade I loved the best;
Nothing remains but that which, love-possessed,
I shaped and moulded into gentle rhymes.

Thou, orphaned song, wast left—thou, too, shalt fade!
Go, seek that Shade which fled with dreams too fleeting;
And, if thou find it, bear it all my greeting,
An airy breath I send to airy Shade.

2.

A dream of awful mystery
Appalled and yet delighted me.
Shapes hideous float before me still,
And in my heart dim horrors thrill.

A wondrous garden was the place
Wherein I thought at ease to pace;
A wealth of flowers the garden had
Which smiled on me, and made me glad.

The little birds were chattering all
Their merry lovers' madrigal;
The blazing sun shot rays of gold
On blooms of tincture manifold.

And spicy scents from herbage flow;
Softly and sweet the zephyrs blow;
And all things glint and all things smile,
And show their loveliness the while.

Within this blooming land midway
A limpid marble fountain lay,
O'er which a beauteous damsel bent,
On washing some white robe intent.

With eyes so mild, with cheeks so fair,
A pictured saint with golden hair.
And as I gazed it seemed that she
Was strange, and yet well known to me.

The bonny maid, she works away;
She sings a wondrous roundelay:
"Ripple, ripple, brooklet bright,
Wash my linen fair and white."

Forward I moved, and drawing near,
"Tell me," I whispered in her ear,
"O damsel sweet and wondrous fair,
For whom is this white garment rare?"

"Make ready soon," swift answered she,
"A shroud I'm washing now—for Thee!"
And lo, the word was hardly said
When like a bubble all was sped.

* * *

The magic lasted. Soon I stood
Within a gloomy, savage wood;
Heav'n-high the trees around up-raught,
I stood amazed, and thought and thought.

And hark! dull echoes clang around
Like distant hatchets' hewing sound;
Through brake and briar I hurried fast
And reached an open space at last.

Where 'mid the green the space was cleared
A giant oak his branches reared;
And lo, upon the sturdy oak
That same strange maid dealt many a stroke.

And never resting, blow on blow,
She swung the axe, and murmur'd low:
"Iron clink, iron clank,
Shape a chest of good oak-plank."

Forward I moved, and drawing near,
"Tell me," I whispered in her ear,
"O little damsel loveliest,
For whom mak'st thou this oaken chest?"

"No time to lose!" swift answer'd she,
"A coffin 'tis I make—for Thee!"
And lo, the word was hardly said
When like a bubble all was sped.

* * *

It stretched out wan, it stretched out wide,
Bare, barest moor on every side;
Scarce knowing what I felt or saw,
I trembling paused in spell-bound awe.

And soon as farther on I hied
A streak of gleaming white I spied;
I sped with all the speed I might,
And lo! it was that damsel bright.

On the wide heath stood the white maid,
Deep delving in the earth, with spade.
To look on her I almost feared,
She was so fair, and yet so weird.

The bonny maid she works away,
She sings a wondrous roundelay:
"Sharp and broad, good spade, good spade,
That a deep broad trench be made."

Forward I moved, and drawing near,
"Tell me?" I whispered in her ear,
"O damsel sweet and wondrous fair,
What means the hole thou delvest there?"

And swift she answered: "Hush, poor fool!
I dig a grave for Thee, so cool!"
Scarce did these words the fair maid shape,
When lo! the trench was wide agape.

And as I gazed into the hole
Chill horror shivered through my soul.
I plunged into the hideous deep,
And as I plunged—I woke from sleep.

3.

I saw myself all in a dream by night
In glossy evening coat and satin vest,
Ruffles on wrist, as for some gala dressed,
And by me stood my mistress sweet and bright.

"So you're betrothed," I murmured with a slight
Inclining. "Pray, fair lady, take my best
Good wishes." But my throat was tight compressed
By the unfeeling, long drawled tones polite.

And floods of bitter tears streamed forth unbidden
From my beloved's eyes, and in their breaking,
The vision fair was almost from me hidden.
Oh ye sweet eyes, love-stars so seeming true,
Though ye have lied to me in dreams and waking
Often, how gladly still I trust in you!

4.

I saw in dreams a man-kin small and sprightly,
Who walked with ell-long steps, on stilts as 'twere,
Dainty in broadcloth, linen white and fair,
But who within was coarse, unclean, unsightly.

Within he was an object to distress ye,
  But dignity without, beyond compare!
  He swaggered bold of what he'd do and dare,
And seemed a man to bully and oppress ye.
"And knowst thou who it is? Come quick and see!"
So spoke the God of dreams and showed to me
  A pictured vision in a mirror then.
Before an altar that small man stood still,
My Love beside him; both replied: "I will,"
  And all Hell's laughing demons yelled: "Amen!"

5.

What makes my mad blood rave and rush?
What makes my heart to flame and flush?
My blood doth boil and flame and dart,
And scorching flame devours my heart.

My blood is pulsing wild and mad
Because of that vile dream I had.
The son of Night approached me dim,
And led me gasping forth with him.

He led me to a palace bright
With blazing torch and taper-light.
'Mid sounding harps, 'mid stir and din,
I reached the hall—I entered in.

There was a wedding revelrie;
The guests sat round the board in glee.
And when the bridal pair I spied,
Ah, woe! my darling was the bride.

It was my winsome Love in sooth,
And for the groom, a stranger youth.
I crept behind her chair of state,
And hardly breathing, there I wait.

The music swelled; I stood amazed,
The loud delights my spirits dazed:
The bride's glance was supremely blest,
And both her hands the bridegroom pressed.

The bridegroom brims his beaker high,
And drinks and gives it lovingly
To her, who thanks with sweet low laugh.
Ah woe! my red blood did she quaff!

The bride took up an apple fair
And gave it to the bridegroom there;
He took his knife and cut it free.
Ah woe! it was the heart of me!

Their glances met a long sweet space;
He clasps the bride in keen embrace;
Her cheeks so rosy red kissed he.
Ah woe! chill Death was kissing me!

The tongue within my mouth was lead,
No single word could I have said.
Loud music sounded thro' the hall,
The dainty bride-pair led the ball!

I stood there silent as the dead,
The nimble dancers round me sped.
One low-toned word he whispers next;
She blushes, but she is not vext!

6.

In sweetest dream, in stillest night
My love came by enchantment's might,
As by enchantment's might she crept
To the small chamber where I slept.

I gazed on her, oh vision mild!
I gazed on her, she softly smiled;
My heart swelled high that smile to see,
And reckless words stormed forth from me:

"Take all, take all things that are mine!
Oh best beloved, all shall be thine,
So I may be thy paramour
Till cock-crow from the midnight hour!"

She gazed with loving sad surprise,
Her inmost heart within her eyes,
And low entreating murmured she:
"Yield thy salvation unto me!"

"To thee the life I hold so dear,
My youth, my blood, with joy and cheer,
Oh angel maiden, shall be given,
But never more my hope of Heaven."

Swiftly my lips repelled her prayer,
But ever lovelier bloomed she there,
And ever more entreated she:
"Yield thy salvation unto me!"

It sounded like a hopeless moan;
Into my being's depths was thrown
A sea of fire all tempest-tossed;
My breath came thick—it ceased almost.

White angels, glorious to behold,
First shone with haloes bright as gold;
But then a crew of goblins foul
Rushed wildly up against my soul.

They wrestled with the angels all,
They drove away the angels all;
And before long the swarthy crew,
Like films of mist had vanished too.

I was near death with sheer delight,
My arms were round my darling bright;
She nestled to me like a roe,
And yet she wept with wildest woe.

The fair child weeps, I well know why;
My kisses still the rosebud's cry;
"Forbid, fair child, thy tears to flow,
Surrender to my love's fierce glow."

"Surrender to my love's fierce glow!"
My blood grew sudden ice, for lo!
The earth itself with crash and start
Before my feet gaped wide apart.

From the swart gulf the swarthy crew
Arose; the fair child's colour flew;
The fair child from my arms was gone,
And I was standing all alone.

Then in fantastic circle hurled,
The swarthy crew around me whirled;
Nearer to clutch me surged the crowd,
And scornful laughter bellowed loud.

The lessening circle hemmed me round;
Still did that burthen dread resound:
"Salvation was renounced by thee,
Ours art thou for Eternity."

7.

The price has been paid thee, why palterest thou?
Oh black-blooded fiend, why palterest now?
See here in my chamber, I fretfully wait,
And midnight's at hand, 'tis the bride who is late.

The breezes blow chill from the churchyard side;
Ye winds, have ye happened to see my wee bride?
The hosts of pale shadows around me press,
They curtsy with grinning and nodding—Oh yes!

Speak up, what message bringst thou to me,
Swart rogue in the flame-red livery?
"I announce the illustrious company near,
With their chariots and dragons they soon will be here."

Grey mannikin, darling, hey, what is your will?
Oh dead baccalaureus, waiting here still?
He eyes me with speechless and troubled gaze,
And shakes his head, and goes back his ways.

My shaggy familiar, why purr and stare?
Why do the eyes of black tom-cat glare?
Why howl the long-loose-haired women? and why
Does the ancient nurse croon my lullaby?

Madam nurse, bide at home with your sing-song to-day,
'Tis long since I needed a cradle-lay;
To-day 'tis my wedding-feast that is planned,
And see where the comely guests are at hand.

That's capital, gentlemen! What are ye at,
Each bearing his head in his hand, not his hat!
Ye sprawling-legged creatures in gallows clothes,
What makes ye so late? Not a breath of wind blows.

And see on her broom-stick old mother-witch rides;
Oh bless thy son, mother, whatever betides.
In the dead-white face, the lips quiver then,
And she cries out: "For ever and ever. Amen!"

Twelve wind-dried musicians come loitering in;
One halting blind crone tunes up her violin;
And the famous Jack-pudding, half yellow, half black,
Comes bearing the sexton a-pick-a-back.

Then tripping twelve nuns from their convent advance,
And the leering old procuress leads on the dance;
Twelve brawny-backed parsons come trooping along,
And chant with mock reverence a scandalous song.

Old clothes-man, you're black in the face; shout not so.
No second-hand coat wards the flames off below.
For ever and gratis there hell-fires will burn;
And for wood, great and little men's bones serve the turn.

The flower-girls, all humped and awry, gather round,
And head over heels thro' the chamber they bound;
Hoho! ye owl faces with grasshopper shanks,
I'll stop all your clatter and mountebank's pranks.

And Hell universal has broke loose indeed,
And, howling and scowling, increases the breed,
And the waltz of damnation now breaks on the ear,
Hush, hush! for my love is about to appear.

Ye wretches, be still, or get out of the way,
I can scarce hear a word of all that I say.
Hark!—listen again!—are not wheels there outside?
Come forward, cook-maid, throw the gates open wide.

Fair welcome, my fairest, how are you to-day?
Sir Parson, you're welcome; be seated, I pray.
Sir Parson with tail and with hoofs like a horse,
I'm your reverence's faithfullest servant, of course.

Fair bride, why art standing so silent and wan?
Sir Parson, proceed with the service anon.
I pay him a costly, a blood-costing fee,
But so that I win you that's child's play to me.

Kneel down, my sweet bride, by my side shalt thou kneel.
She kneels and she smiles—ah, the rapture I feel!
She sinks on my heart, on my big heaving breast,
And with shuddering rapture I hold her tight pressed.

The waves of her gold tresses float round us both;
On my heart beats the heart of the maid, nothing loth;
Both hearts are a-beating with woe and delight,
And high to the heavens they both take their flight.

Our hearts are afloat on a sea of delight
On high, far above us, in God's holy height;
But here on our heads there is horror and dread,
For here the vile hands of dark Hell are outspread.

'Twas the dark son of Midnight himself who hath played
The part of the parson, who blessed and who prayed;
From a blood-besprent book he drones chapter and verse,
His prayer is blaspheming, his blessing is curse.

There are hubbub and riot and groans more and more,
Like thunder in heaven, storm-waves on the shore.
And sudden the blue lightning flashes, and then
The witch cries: "For ever and ever. Amen!"

8.

I came from the house of my mistress bright
And wandered half crazed thro' the grim midnight;
And as thro' the churchyard my way I took,
The still graves gave me a solemn look.

From the Minstrel's grave some bright glance sped,
Twas a flickering ray that the wan moon shed;
And "Brother, I'm coming" was whispered low,
While a pale form rose from the grave below.

'Twas the Minstrel himself from the grave who crept
And on to the top of the grave-stone leapt;
With rapid hand he strikes the strings,
And in voice both hollow and harsh he sings:

"Oh! sad and dull, my lute-strings, say,
Know ye still the theme that used to sway
The life-blood and enthral it?
Heaven's bliss—the Angels call it so;
Hell's pain, it is called by the fiends below,
But Love is what men call it."

And scarce had the sound of the last word died
When, all around, the graves gaped wide;
And phantoms rose and swayed about
The Minstrel, raising in chorus the shout:

"Love, oh Love, it was thy might
Brought us to this doleful plight,
Closed our lips and sealed our sight,
Wherefore call'st thou in the night?"

And the clamour arises, confused and confounding,
With croaking and creaking, rebounding, resounding:
Round the Minstrel circle the maddened hordes,
And the Minstrel wildly smites the chords.

"Mad my masters, well, 'tis well
Welcome are ye;
Nought could bar ye
When ye heard my magic spell.
Though from year to year we be
Mouse-still in our coffins, we
Make to-day a day of glee!

But are we alone? Just see!
We were asses all when living,
Our existence madly giving
To a mad love's raging fires.
Pastime surely will not fail,
If each spirit tells the tale
Of what brought him from above,
Of his woes
And his throes
In the frenzied chase of Love."

Then light as the breeze there hopped forth soon
The leanest of phantoms, and hummed this tune:

"A tailor's 'prentice steady
With needle and with shears;
I grew expert and ready!
With needle and with shears;

"When my master's daughter lured me
With needle and with shears;
And through my bosom skewered me
With needle and with shears!"

Then the chorus of spirits laughed long and loud,
And a second stalked solemnly out of the crowd.

"Brigands such as Rinaldini,
Robin Hood and Orlandini,
But Karl Moor the most by far,
These I took for exemplar!

"And I plunged—pray let me show it—
Into Love, in mode heroic,
And a female form divine
Jostled thro' this brain of mine.

"And my heart and hopes were saddened,
And my love being almost maddened,
I at last dipped fingers rash
In my worthy neighbour's cash.

"Then some high police curmudgeon
Chose to take the thing in dudgeon,
That I dried the tears of grief
With my neighbour's handkerchief,

"And in good policeman fashion
Marched me off without compassion;
So the gaol stupendous pressed
Me to its maternal breast.

"Thoughts of her! aye, picking oakum
Did voluptuously provoke 'em!
Till Rinaldo came one day
And bore my soul with him away."

Then all the spirits laughed long and loud,
And a well be-rouged dandy stepped from the crowd.

"I was king of the boards and enchanted
The town in the true lover's part;
I bellowed, 'Ye gods,' and I ranted,
I breathed forth my Ahs, from my heart.

"In Romeo I chiefly attracted:
Each Juliet an angel I thought;
Though the part to the life I enacted,
She ne'er understood what I sought.

"When once in the fifth act despairing
'O my Saint! O my Juliet!' I cried;
My bodkin relentlessly baring,
I stuck it too deep in my side."

Then all the spirits laughed long and loud,
And a fourth appeared in a snow-white shroud.

"From his lofty chair the Professor was prosing,
Was prosing while I took a nap serene;
But a thousand times rather than napping or dozing,
By his dear little daughter would I have been.

"From her window she gave me sweet nods as I passed by
My flower of flowers, my life's sole light!
But my flower of flowers was plucked at the last by
A Philistine huckster, a wealthy wight.

"Then I cursed all women and scoundrels wealthy,
And some devil's drug with my wine did blend;
And I pledged King Death in a goblet stealthy."
He cried, "On my faith, old Death's a friend!"

Then all the spirits laughed long and loud;
With a rope round his neck came a fifth from the crowd.

"He revelled and swaggered, the Count o'er his wine,
With his diamonds rare and his daughter divine;
What care I, Sir Count, for your jewels so fine?
Tis your fair little daughter whom I would make mine.

"They both of them lay under bolt, lock and key,
And the Count a whole army of henchmen had he.
What cared I for henchmen, for bolt, lock and key?
The rungs of a ladder I mounted with glee.

"So gaily I climbed to my darling's window,
When savagest swearing is heard from below.
'Stop, stop, my fine fellow, let me have my share,
I've also a fancy for diamonds rare.'

"'Twas the Count who thus jeered me, and at me he flew,
And shouting, his myrmidons hustled me too.
'To hell with your rabble! No thief have you here,
And all I would steal is my own little dear.'

"Entreaties availed not, no counsel could aid:
In a moment were cords and a gibbet arrayed;
When next the sun came how astonished was he
To discover me there on the bright gallows-tree!"

Then all the spirits laughed long and loud,
With his head in his hand came a sixth from the crowd.

"Love drove me to the poacher's trade;
Thro' forest, gun in hand, I strayed;
In the high trees the ravens scoff,
And croak at me: 'Heads off! heads off!'

"Oh, could I track some pretty dove,
Home would I bear it to my Love.
Thro' bush and briar, as thus I thought,
My sportsman's eye the quarry sought.

"What cooing's that? What billing's there?
Two tender turtles, I declare.
I crept up close and cocked my gun,
And lo! my own sweetheart was one!

"My dove, my bride, it was in sooth,
Embracing her a stranger youth.
Old marksman, see thy aim be good!
There lay the stranger in his blood.

"Ere long the headsman's train marched thro'
The gloomy wood, and I marched too,
Chief actor—while the ravens scoff
And croak on high: 'Heads off! heads off!'"

Then the spirits in merry chorus shout,
And then the Minstrel himself steps out.

"I too had a song I cherished,
But the dear song is o'er;
When the heart in your body is perished,
Then songs are sung no more!"

And the maniac laughter rang doubly loud,
And circled about him the death-pale crowd;
When the church tower boomed forth One, and then
With a shriek they plunged in the graves again.

9.

I lay and slept; slept peacefully,
All pain and care dispelled;
In dreams a vision came to me,
The fairest e'er beheld.

Pale as white marble to the view,
A maid of mystery rare,
With pearl-like eyes all brimmed with dew,
And strangely waving hair.

And soft and softly drawing nigh
The maid so marble pale,
She came upon my heart to lie,
The maid so marble pale.

Ah! how my breast doth burn and start
And leap with joy and woe;
Nor leaps, nor starts the maiden's heart,
That heart is cold as snow.

"My heart doth neither beat, nor move,
As very ice 'tis cold;
And yet I know the bliss of love,
Its passion uncontrolled!

"On lip and cheek there blooms no red,
Nor through my heart streams blood;
Yet strive not with such shuddering dread,
For thee I'm meek and good."

And wilder still she clasped me round,
Till terror made me quail;
When the cock crew—without a sound
Fled the maid, marble pale.

10.

Yes, I have summoned many
Pale corpses by spells of might,
And now there is not any
Will slink back into the night.

The terror and horror drove from me
  The master's o'erpowering spell;
And so my own spectres o'ercome me,
  And drag me back into hell.

Urge me not, ye swart fiends, I implore ye!
  Hurl me not to the darkness below;
There are many delights yet before me
  In the sheen of our earth's rosy glow.

For ever must I be straining
  After one fair flower near;
What were my whole life's meaning,
  If I did not love thee, dear?

Might I only clasp her and press her
  To my glowing heart once again;
On her cheeks, on her mouth to kiss her
  Once only with rapturous pain!

Might I only hear one tender
  Word from her lips at that hour,
O spirits, I would surrender
  Myself to your gloomy power!

The spirits heard me, bending
  Their heads as an awful sign.
Fair sweetheart—to thee am I wending;
  Dost thou love me—fair sweetheart mine?

SONGS.

I.*

THOU who art so pure and fair,
Beauteous maiden, wondrous, rare;
All my life is, free as air,
To thy service vowed, I swear.

Thy sweet eyes, the loveliest pair,
Moonlight's gentle radiance share;
Rosy hues beyond compare,
Thy fresh blushing cheeks do wear.

In thy little mouth appear
Shining rows of pearls so rare;
But the noblest jewel there,
Thy bosom's quiet shrine doth bear.

Nought but love could enter there,
When on my heart thy image fair
Rose, as I saw beyond compare
Thee, beauteous maiden, wondrous rare.

2.*

Lonely, I my plaint must utter,
Here in Night's consoling breast:
I must shun the gay crowd's flutter,
Swiftly fly from song and jest.

Lonely still my tears are flowing,
Ever flowing silent down;
But the heart's fierce ardours glowing,
Floods of tears can never drown.

Once a joyous boy, light-hearted,
Played I many a merry game;
Happy on life's race I started,
Knowing nought of grief and shame.

All the world was but a garden,
Gay with every flower that blows,
I had but to serve as warden
To the violet, jasmine, rose.

Dreaming sweetly in the meadow,
In the brook my face I'd see;
Now when it reflects my shadow,
White and wan it stares at me.

Yes, a haggard man I'm growing,
Since my eyes on *her* did rest;
Secret pain my heart is gnawing,
Wondrous change has racked my breast.

In my heart I long had cherished,
Angels smiling peacefully;
But in sorrow they have vanished
To their home beyond the sky.

Blackest night my sight is bounding,
Hostile shadows threaten grim;
In my breast a strange voice sounding
Sadly sings a mournful hymn.

Now strange pain, and novel anguish,
Whelm me in their savage flow;
And in deepest grief I languish,
All my heart-strings torn with woe.

But, my love, that in my bosom
Flames are raging without pause,
That my youth dies in its blossom,
Thou alone, love, art the cause.

3.*

Every comrade of mine, arm in arm with his fair,
  Through the alley of limes is walking;
While I—God have mercy, and make me His care—
  All alone through the street am stalking.

How my heart is opprest, and what tears dim my eye,
  If his tale should another be telling
To his love! for also a love have I;
  But away and far off is her dwelling.

For years now this trouble I've had to endure,
  But I'll suffer no longer such sorrow:
With knapsack and staff, in the hope of a cure,
  I'll go forth on the wide world to-morrow.

Many hundreds of miles must the journey be,
  Till to the great city I come;
Where it shines, on the great river's mouth, I shall see
  The three towers that rise over her home.

There I shall be free from the sorrows of love,
  There await me the happiest times;
And there will I walk, arm in arm with my dove,
  Through the sweet-scented alley of limes.

4.*

When I am near my dearest love,
  My heart is lifted high;
I'm rich, all reckoning above,
  The whole world I could buy.

But when from her I must be gone,
  Nor feel her fond caress;
Then all my fancied wealth is flown,
  I'm poor to wretchedness.

5.

I arise with daybreak, crying:
  "Comes sweetheart to-day?"
I lie down with evening, sighing:
  "Still she stays away."

All the long night, care encumbered,
  Passes without sleep;
All the day, as though I slumbered,
  To and fro I creep.

6.

A frenzy whirls me to and fro!
I shall see her again in a few short hours,
Herself who is flower of maiden-flowers.
Oh faithful heart, why beatest thou so?

But the hours indeed are a lazy lot,
They crawl along and linger and shirk,
Yawn and dawdle over their work.
Tumble up, ye lazy lot!

Clamouring speed in my spirit I feel!
Surely the Hours know nought of love's aching.
Secret their pitiless league they are making,
Ever to jeer at the true lover's zeal.

7.

All in the woodland morning
I strayed alone with my pain;
When the old dreams returning
Crept into my heart again.

Oh, birds through the high air winging,
Who taught you that little air?
Oh, hush! when I hear your singing
My grief is hard to bear!

"A passing maiden taught it,
She sang it o'er and o'er;
And we little birdies caught it,
The golden, beautiful lore!"

Nay, you shall tell it me never,
Ye birdies, so keen and sly;
To steal my grief you'd endeavour,
But I trust no one—not I!

8.

Fair love, o'er my heart let thy gentle hand pass.
Dost hear in that chamber the knocking, alas!
A carpenter cross-grained and spiteful dwells there,
Who's making for me a coffin so rare.

There's tapping and rapping by night and by day,
'Tis long since it drove all my slumber away.
Oh, good Master Carpenter, hammer amain,
That soon I may slumber right soundly again.

9.*

Ah! how I wish my ditties
Had all sweet flowers been,
I'd send them as a posy
To my heart's beauteous Queen!

Ah! how I wish my ditties
  Had all been kisses sweet;
I'd send them all in secret,
  My love's soft cheeks to greet!

Ah! how I wish my ditties
  Had all been little peas!
I'd make a fine pease-porridge
  That could not fail to please!

10.*

Half-hid in our father's garden stands
  A flower all sad and pale:
Cold winter is gone, Spring breathes o'er the lands;
  But the flower always is pale—
    The pale flower languisheth,
    Like a bride sick unto death.

To me spake the pale flower, soft and low,
  "Dear brother, to pluck me ne'er fail;"
"Nay," said I, "pale flower, I cannot do so,
  I pluck no flowers that are pale:
    I seek with pain and dread,
    A blossom purple-red."

The pale flower spake, "Seek here, seek there,
Till thou art cold and dead,
Thy search is vain, thou'lt find nowhere
The flower purple-red;
But me—oh! pluck me now,
For I am ill as thou."

Thus spake the pale flower, and pleaded so sore,
That all of a sudden, I plucked it in fear;
And that very moment my heart bled no more,
And the eyes of my soul became clear;
And through my wounded breast
Was shed angelic rest.

II.

Beauteous cradle of my sorrow,
Beauteous grave where peace I knew,
Beauteous town, I go to-morrow;
To ye all I cry, Adieu!

Fare thee well, thou garden holy,
Where my pensive love doth pace!
Fare thee well, thou threshold lowly,
Where I first beheld her face.

Hadst thou never looked upon me,
  Oh! my spirit's beauteous Queen,
Woe had never fallen on me,
  Wretched I had never been.

Never did I seek to woo thee,
  Never love from thee entreat.
Only peaceful days near to thee,
  In the air thou breathest, sweet.

But sharp words in anger spoken
  By thy lips compel me hence;
And my heart is sick and broken,
  Frenzy stirs my every sense.

Fare thee well; a pilgrim dreary
  I will go my mournful way,
Till bowed head and limbs so weary
  In a distant grave I lay.

12.

Wait awhile, my wild sea-captain,
  I will follow to the shore;
I take leave of two fair maidens,
  Of Europa and one more.

Blood-spring, trickle from my eyelids,
  Blood-spring, from my body start,
That I may write down my sorrows
  With the hot blood of my heart.

Wherefore shudder at my life-blood,
  Just on this one day, my dear?
Thou hast seen me stand before thee
  Pale and bleeding, many a year.

Dost thou know the ancient story
  How the Fiend, in serpent guise,
With his treacherous gift of apples
  Drove out man from Paradise?

Apples brought about great evils!
  Eve therewith brought all men death;
Eris brought the flames on Ilium,
  Thou hast brought both flames and death.

13.

Tower and mountain-peak are glancing
  On the clearly mirroring Rhine,
And my bonny bark is dancing,
  Haloed by the gay sunshine.

Calm I watch the golden breaking
  Of the tiny waves' unrest;
Gently are the feelings waking
  Which I buried in my breast.

Tender wiles and welcome showing,
  The fair river tempts to doom;
For I know that placid flowing
  Hides beneath it death and gloom.

Thou art like my love, oh river,
  Fair, above—below, deceit—
She too lures one on for ever,
  And her smiles seem true and sweet.

14.

I despaired at first—believing
  I should never bear it. Now
I have borne it—I have borne it.
  Only never ask me How.

15.

With myrtles and roses, tender and fair,
With funeral cypress, and gilding rare,
As though 'twere a coffin my book I'll adorn
And in it my songs to their rest shall be borne.

Could I coffin my love too, deep in the tomb!
On love's grave the fair flower of peace may bloom;
On such grave it blooms, there 'tis culled—but for me
It never will bloom till in earth I be.

And here are the songs which were reckless erst
As the lava streams that from Etna burst;
They broke from my spirit's depths profound
And scattered their lightning flashes around.

But now they are still as the dead are still,
And they look as wan as the mists, and as chill;
Yet the spirit of love floating o'er them once more
Will again to my song the old passion restore.

In my deepest heart I know it is true
That the spirit of love will shed o'er them its dew,
When once this book shall be placed in thy hand,
Thou sweet true love in a distant land.

From the spell that enthrals it then song shall be free,
And the faint dim letters shall gaze upon thee,
Beseeching shall gaze in thy beautiful eyes,
And whisper of sorrow and lovers' sighs.

ROMANCES.

I.*

THE CONSECRATION.

Alone within the woodland chapel,
Outstretched before the Virgin's shrine,
A gentle pallid youth was lying,
Bowed in deep humility—

Oh, Madonna! let me ever
Kneel here lowly on thy threshold:
Never, never, drive me from thee
To the world so cold and sinful.

Oh, Madonna! bright are waving
Round thy head the radiant tresses;
Gracious smiles are playing over
The sacred roses of thy mouth—

Oh, Madonna! thine eyes lighten
On me, like the stars in Heaven.
Mortal ships may lead us falsely,
Star-light leads us always safely.

Oh, Madonna! without shrinking
Have I borne the pangs of ordeal:
In thy pure love blindly trusting,
Ardent only in thine ardour—

Oh, Madonna! this day hear me,
Thou so full of grace and wonder,
Grant to me one sign of favour,
But one little sign of favour!

Then a marvel occurred that all hearts would astound:
The wood and the chapel sank into the ground.
The youth was bewildered, nor knew what was done,
For all things around him were changed or were gone.

In amazement himself in a gay hall he found—
Our Lady sate there—with no rays was she crowned—
She was changed to a maiden, all lovely and bright,
Who greeted and smiled with frank youthful delight.

And from her golden tresses, there,
She clipped one radiant lock of hair,
"Take it," she cried, in tones like Heaven,
"No higher prize on earth is given."

What was witness to this vision?
Look how hues of flame are streaming
Over the blue vault Elysian,
Like the rainbow, brightly gleaming—

Angels, mounting and descending,
Rustling beat their waving pinions,
And celestial songs are sending
Harmonies from Heaven's dominions.

And the youth hath heard and heeded;
Now full well he knows
What strange yearning draws him ever
Where the myrtle blows.

2.

"IL PENSEROSO."

Where alone yon pale boy paces
Every heart is stricken low;
For his visage bears the traces
Of his suffering, of his woe.

Airs with tender pity laden
Strive to cool his fevered brow;
Many a coy and timid maiden
Smiles to soothe his spirit now.

From the city's noise and bustle
To the forest green he flies;
Merrily the gay leaves rustle,
Birds pipe merry melodies.

But the song is silenced wholly,
Sadly murmur leaf and tree,
When the careworn stripling slowly
Paces through the greenwood free.

3.

THE MOUNTAIN VOICE.

Through valley depths, with slow sad pace
There rode a horseman brave;
Am I riding now to my true love's arms,
Or towards the dreary grave?

The mountain answer gave:
"The dreary grave."

And farther the horseman rode on his way,
With labouring sighs oppressed;
"Then must I pass to my grave so soon?
Maybe the grave is rest."

The voice sank in his breast:
"The grave is rest."

One single tear the horseman shed,
And sad from his cheek it fell;
"And if in the grave I can only find rest,
To be in the grave is well."

The voice rang like a knell:
"The grave is well."

4.

TWO BROTHERS.

On the mountain's steep inclining,
Wrapt in night, the castle stands,
Lightnings in the vale are shining
Where clash keenly-glittering brands.

Brothers are the pair sustaining
Yonder grim and grisly fight;
Say, why brothers are maintaining
Thus with naked swords their right?

Lady Laura's eyes of fire
Have inflamed this brother-pair;
Love-distraught, their one desire
Is the high-born maiden fair.

Unto which of them that sue her
  Does the lady's heart incline?
Ah! she cannot choose the wooer;
  Sword, leap forth—the choice be thine!

And with reckless fury fighting,
  Stroke on stroke like crack of doom;
Oh, beware the rash swords smiting,
  Sight is tricked by such a gloom.

Woe! To Heaven their blood is calling!
  Woe, oh woe, blood-crimsoned glade!
See them on the greensward falling,
  Each upon a brother's blade.

Ah, how many a generation
  Sleeps! what centuries have flown!
From the height, in desolation,
  Still those towers watch—sad, alone.

But weird, mystic shapes are looming
  Through the vale at dead of night;
And when the twelfth hour is booming
  Evermore those brothers fight.

5.

POOR PETER.

I.

Young Hans and his Gretchen dance with a will,
  And bubble with laughter and talk,
But Peter is standing, dumb and still!
  With a face as white as chalk!

For Hans and Grete are bride and groom,
  In gay wedding garments beaming;
But poor Peter wears his work-day costume,
  Biting his nails and dreaming.

Poor Peter mutters under his breath,
  As he mournfully eyes the pair,
"I should go and drown myself, I know,
  If I weren't too wise to care!"

II.

Deep in my heart there sits a woe
  That strains my heart to breaking;
And where I stand, and where I go,
  I cannot rest for aching.

It drives me to my love, as though
  Grete would cure my sorrow;
But when I see her eye I know
  I must away the morrow.

And then I climb the mountain's brow,
  And there, my vigil keeping
Where lonely tears at will may flow,
  Alone I linger weeping.

III.

The hapless Peter totters by
With laggard steps, death-pale and shy,
And all whom he perchance may meet
Pause when they see him in the street.

Among themselves the girls speak low:
"He's risen from the grave, I know."
Not so—into the grave, alas!
Dear children, he's about to pass.

His true love he has lost, and so
The grave is best for such a woe;
There he his weary head may lay,
And slumber till the Judgment Day.

6.

THE PRISONER'S SONG.

When Liz was bewitched by my old Grandmamma,
"To the flames!" all the villagers shouted;
But for all the ink squandered by limbs of the law,
The thought of confession she scouted.

Yet when to the stake the old lady was brought,
"Murder! mercy!" she cried, like a craven;
And as the black torture began, quick as thought
She flew up in the form of a raven.

"Oh! sweet little black-feathered Grandmother mine
Come visit me here in my dungeon;
Flit quick thro' the bars and bring to me wine,
And plumcake and cheese for my luncheon.

"Oh! sweet little black-feathered Grannie, arise,
And make it your care to-morrow,
That none of your cousins shall pick out my eyes,
When I swing, having ended with sorrow."

7.

THE GRENADIERS.

Towards France there journeyed two grenadiers
  Who had long been prisoners in Russia;
But they drooped their heads as they crossed the frontiers,
  And trod on the soil of our Prussia.

'Twas then the sad tidings reached them first
  That France overthrown had retreated,
That the Grande Armée was routed, dispersed,
  And the Emperor captive, defeated.

Then they fell a-weeping, those grenadiers,
  The terrible tidings learning;
And one of them said: "How the old pain sears,
  How my old wound is burning!"

The other said: "The song is sung,
  And I would die with thee gladly,
But at home I have wife and children young,
  And those will need me sadly."

"Children and wife—who cares for these?
  For such let me not be entreated;
If they're starving, let them go beg as they please—
  The Emperor captive, defeated!"

"But if I should die, grant me this one request:
Oh, brother, see that thou move me,
That my corse in the soil of France may rest
With the fresh turf of France above me.

"And see that the cross with its ribbon be placed
On my heart ere in earth thou hide me,
And gird my sword about my waist,
And lay my musket beside me.

"So, listening in silence, evermore
In my grave like a sentry staying,
I will wait till I hear the cannon's roar,
And the charging coursers neighing.

"I shall know that the Emperor rides o'er my grave,
While swords clash on swords affrighted,
And seizing my arms I will rise from my grave,
That the Emperor, God bless him! be righted."

8.

THE MESSENGER.

Arise, my page-boy, saddle quick,
Leap on thy courser bold;
Gallop amain o'er hill and plain
To royal Duncan's hold.

Hie to the stables there and wait
  Till thee the groom has spied,
Then ask, "Of Duncan's daughters which,
  I prithee, is the bride?"

If the knave says, "The dark-eyed maid,"
  Spur back and bring the news.
If the knave says, "The blue-eyed maid,"
  Then lesser speed may'st use.

Then to the nearest rope-walk go,
  And buy me there a cord;
And slowly ride and bring it me,
  But never speak a word.

9.

THE HOME-COMING.

I will not go alone, my delicate love,
  Thou must journey with me!
To the dear, old, pleasing, shivering den
In the drear, cold, freezing, quivering glen
  Where my mother squats at the entrance gate
  Her dear son's coming home to await.

"Nay then, unhand me, gloomy man!
Who has called thee hither?
Thy hot breath blows, but thy touch is bleak;
Thy bright eye glows, but pale is thy cheek.
Whilst I would have gleeful things for mine,
With scent of roses and sweet sunshine."

Let the roses blossom—the sun shine out,
My sweetest sweetheart!
Fold round thee thy veil with its white-flowing maze,
And sound on the lyre its bright flowing lays,
And sing a wedding song for me
While the night-wind pipes the melody.

10.

DON RAMIRO.

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
Loved through long, long years so fondly,
Thou hast willed to be my ruin,
Thou hast willed it without mercy.

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
Is there gift than life more precious?
And beneath it will be gruesome
In the cold and gloomy grave-yard.

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"Clara, oh, be glad! Fernando
Will to-morrow at the altar
Claim thee as his own in marriage;
Wilt thou bid me to the wedding?"

"Don Ramiro, Don Ramiro,
What thou sayest smites me sharply,
More than curses of the planets,
Which bemock my heart's desire.

"Don Ramiro, Don Ramiro,
Free thyself from moody sadness;
On the earth are many women,
But we two by God are parted.

"Don Ramiro, overthrower
Of the hosts of Moorish knighthood,
O'er thyself now be the victor!
Oh, my friend, come to my wedding!"

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
Yes, I will be there, I swear it!
I will tread a measure with thee;
Fair good-night; I come to-morrow!

"Fair good-night!" The window clattered
And Ramiro stood there sighing;
Long he stood as changed to marble,
Vanished at the last in darkness.

And at last the long long struggle
'Tween the night and day was ended;
And Toledo lay wide-stretching
Like a garden gay with flowers.

Palaces and stately buildings
In the glowing sun are gleaming,
And the lofty domes of churches
Gleam and glisten, as if gilded.

Distant festive bells are pealing
Muffled, like the wild bees' humming;
Lovely are the godly chantings
Rising from God's many houses.

But beyond, there, look, behold ye,
From the chapel on the market
With a whirling and a surging
Streams the festive crowd tumultuous.

Gallant knights and brilliant ladies,
Servants all in gala garments;
And the clear-toned bells are ringing,
And the organ crashes through them.

But through crowds, with cheerful reverence
Yielding passage, walks the bride-pair,
Decked in youth and bridal raiment,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

Eyes of tens of thousands watch them,
Thousands of glad voices greet them,
"Hail thou sun of Castile's maidens!"
"Hail thou flower of Castile's knighthood!"

Toward the bridegroom's palace threshold
Rolls the mighty tide of people,
Where in pride and ancient usage
They begin the marriage feasting.

Knightly sports, and gladsome banquets,
Follow, each with mirthful hubbub;
Swiftly speed the mirthful hours
Till the dark night closes on them.

Then the wedding guests assemble
In the lofty hall for dancing;
Bright illumed the crowds are shining
In the vast array of tapers.

Radiant as a king is Fernand,
Robed in brilliant purple mantle;
Like a new-blown rose is Clara,
Blooming in the bride's white vesture.

On exalted daïs of honour,
Willing servants hovering round them,
Bride and bridegroom now are seated
Resting, sweetest words exchanging.

Murmurous sounds the hall re-echoes,
As when tempest stirs the ocean,
And the loud-voiced horns are shrilling,
And the trumpets all are clashing.

"Tell me why, oh fairest mistress,
Are thy constant looks directed
To the hall's remotest corner?"
Thus the knight spoke in amazement.

"Dost thou not descry, Fernando,
There a moving form black-mantled?"
And the knight smiles light contentment:
"Why, 'tis nothing but a shadow!"

But the shadow drawing nearer
Showed itself a man black-mantled.
Quick she recognised Ramiro,
Welcomed him, disturbed and flushing.

And eftsoon the ball is opened,
Gaily whirls the crowd of dancers
In the waltz's giddy circles,
And the floor is groaning, heaving.

"Truly I will follow gladly
To the dance with thee, Ramiro.
But why in this night-dark mantle
Hast thou chosen to come hither?"

And with stony eyes that pierced her
Don Ramiro glared upon her.
Grasping her, he darkly answered:
"Thou thyself didst bid me hither."

Through the surging whirl of dancers
These two dancers made a pathway.
And the kettle-drums are booming,
And the trumpets all are blaring.

"Why, thy cheeks are white as snow-flakes!"
Whispered Clara, fear subduing.
"Thou thyself didst bid me hither,"
Hollow-toned spake Don Ramiro.

Through the hall the tapers flicker
With the swaying tide of dancers;
And the kettle-drums are booming,
And the trumpets all are blaring.

"Oh, thy very hands are icy!"
Clara whispered, terror-stricken.
"Thou thyself didst bid me hither."
And the whirlpool whirls them onward.

"Loose me, loose me, Don Ramiro!
For thy breath is of the churchyard."
And again the self-same answer:
"Thou thyself didst bid me hither."

And the floor itself is glowing,
Merrily the fiddlers fiddle,
And as in some mad enchantment
All things in the hall are whirling.

"Loose me, loose me, Don Ramiro!"
And the whirlpool swirls and surges;
Don Ramiro makes no answer
Save those same words, dark and hollow.

"Go! in God's great name I bid thee!"
Clara cried in accents steadfast;
And the word was scarcely uttered,
When, behold, Ramiro vanished.

Marble death lay on her features,
Ice at heart, black night around her;
Swooning lies the radiant maiden,
Darkened every sense, unconscious.

But the mists of slumber leave her,
And at last she lifts her lashes;
But amazement once more threatens
To re-close those gentle eyelids.

For though all the dance was stirring
Never had she left the daïs;
Still she sits beside her bridegroom,
Who is eagerly beseeching.

"Tell me why thy cheek is paling?
Tell me why thine eye is darkening?"
"Ah! Ramiro!" murmured Clara,
And her tongue was lamed with horror.

Then more deep the anxious furrows
On Fernando's forehead gathered.
"Lady, seek no bloody tidings;
Don Ramiro died at noon-day."

II.

BELSHAZZAR.

The midnight hour was drawing nigh;
Babylon slumbered silently.

But in the palace of the King
Was flaring light and rioting.

Aloft there in the monarch's hall
Belshazzar held high festival.

His minions sat in gleaming line
And drained the cups of sparkling wine.

The goblets clashed, the varlets roared,
Such tumult pleased their braggart Lord!

The King's cheeks flame as red as blood,
And wine hath made him bold of mood,

And blindly urges him along
To blaspheme God with impious tongue.

He stood erect, blaspheming loud;
Applause rang from the servile crowd.

He shouted with a glance that burned,
And a slave sped forth and quick returned.

On his head he bore a precious load
Robbed from the temple-shrine of God.

The King snatched recklessly from him
A sacred cup full to the brim.

To the last drop the cup did he drain,
And shouted with foaming mouth again:

"Jehovah, at thee contempt I fling,
And I in Babylon am King."

But scarce was the daring taunt expressed
Ere secret terror filled the King's breast.

The strident laughter died away;
Over all a death-like silence lay.

And see! and see! on the wall above,
A ghostly hand began to move.

And it wrote and wrote the white wall upon,
Letters of flame it wrote—and was gone.

The King sate there with rigid look,
Pallid as death, with knees that shook.

The courtiers sat in chill dismay,
Silent they sate—no sound made they.

The Magi came, but none of them all
Could read the warning upon the wall.

And ere the morning broke again
By his own slaves was Belshazzar slain.

12.

THE MINSTRELS.

To the trial of singers ever
  Flocks the eager minstrel throng;
Stranger contest was there never
  Than this tournament of song.

Wild and bounding Fancy serves them
For a charger brave and fine;
And as buckler Art preserves them,
And their sword is speech divine.

From gay balconies above them
Gladsome beauties gaze beneath,
But the right one is not with them,
With the one right laurel wreath!

Other knights when as they enter
For the jousts are hale and sound;
But we minstrels only venture
Bearing there our own death-wound.

And the bard whose life-blood boundeth
Freest, gushing in his lays,
He is victor; for him soundeth
Beauty's most exalted praise.

13.

Young Henry passed with wan pale face;
Fair Evelyn looked from her bower.
"He's pale," she murmured—"God give me grace—
As ghosts at the ghostly hour."

He raised his eyes to her window above,
All love-sick to Evelyn's bower;
Fair Evelyn turned pale with pain of love,
Pale as ghosts at the ghostly hour.

Love-stricken fair Evelyn stood in that place,
Day by day a-watch from her bower;
But ere long she lay in Henry's embrace
Night by night at the ghostly hour.

14.

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

I know an ancient story
Woeful and sad in sooth;
A knight was lying love-stricken,
For his love had broken her troth.

Perforce must he despise her,
That faithless lady fair;
Must ever scorn as shameful
His own regret and despair.

He is fain to ride in the tourney
And challenge the nobles all;
"Who says that my love is not spotless,
Let him come to the lists and fall."

The knights around would be silent,
But not his own keen smart;
By himself must the lance be levelled
At his own poor broken heart.

15.

THE VOYAGE.

I stood and leant against the mast
To count each billow trying.
Oh fair my fatherland, adieu!
How the good ship is flying!

My true love's windows glisten bright
As past them I am fleeting;
I stare until my eyes are dim,
But get no sign of greeting.

Oh, that I may not blinded be,
Ye tears, keep distant from me;
Oh sore-sick heart, break not, although
Griefs all too great o'ercome me.

16.

THE SONG OF REMORSE.

Sir Ulrich rides through the forest green,
Where merrily leaves are glistening;
Before him a maiden form is seen
Amongst the branches listening.

"I know her well," says the gay gallant,
"The blooming blossom yonder;
Tempting, doth she my pathway haunt
When in crowds or alone I wander.

"Twin little rosebuds are her lips,
So fresh and so delightful,
But often from between them slips
A hateful word and spiteful.

"And therefore much a rosebush fair
Her little mouth resembles,
And venomed snakes of cunning rare
Hiss where the foliage trembles.

"And that delicious dimple, too,
Upon the cheek delicious,
That is a pit I plunged into,
Crazed by desire pernicious.

"The beauteous curls I loved so well
Upon that head of beauty,
They were the net wherein I fell
To be the devil's booty.

"And that blue eye as clear to see
As waters gliding purely,
It seemed the gate of heaven to me,
Yet it was hell's gate surely."

And through the wood Sir Ulrich rides,
The dark leaves whisper eerie,
Another Form before him glides,
But this is wan and weary.

"O Mother!" he cries, "who lovd'st me so,
With mother's love so truly,
Whose life I turned to bitter woe
With act and word unruly.

"Could I dry thine eyes with the scorching heat
Wherewith my own pangs are glowing!
Could I crimson thy cheeks so pale and sweet
With blood from my own heart flowing!"

And the knight rides on among the trees;
The twilight shades are falling,
And murmurs rise on the evening breeze,
Strange voices round him calling.

And again and again are the words renewed,
The words himself had uttered;
'Twas the sly little birds of the good green wood
That sang and chattered and fluttered.

"Sir Ulrich sings his pretty song,
His song of remorseful sorrow,
And when he comes to the end of his song,
He'll begin it again on the morrow."

17.

TO A SINGER, SINGING AN OLD ROMANCE.

Still does her charming image haunt me
As when at first she met my view!
The lovely and mysterious singing
Within my heart was softly ringing
Till to my eyes the tears came springing,
And what befell me scarce I knew.

A vision came across my senses,
And I was still a guileless child,
Sitting in silence by the light
In my dear mother's chamber bright,
Reading old stories of delight,
Whilst outside night and wind were wild.

To life the ancient legends started;
  The knights were rising from their grave,
At Roncesvalles the fray advances,
Sir Roland to the rescue prances,
Followed by scores of valiant lances,
  And, ah! by Ganelon the Knave.

An evil bed makes he for Roland,
  Whose blood streams forth, whose eyes wax dim;
Scarce to his Kaiser's ears had passed
From the famed horn, the signal-blast,
Ere the pale Knight had breathed his last,
  And all my vision died with him.

Then came a stir and loud confusion
  That from my dream recalled me so;
The legend from my soul was dying,
'Mid clapping hands, in plaudits vieing,
The hearers endless Bravas crying—
  The *prima donna* curtsied low.

18.

THE SONG OF THE GUINEAS.

Ah! my golden guineas bright,
Whither have ye taken flight?

Are ye with the golden fishes
Which rejoicing in the river
Dive and rise and dive for ever?

Are ye with the golden blossoms,
Which, upon an emerald lawn,
Sparkle in the dews of dawn?

Are ye with the golden birdies,
Which, berayed in shining ether,
Float thro' purple air together?

Are ye with the golden planets,
Which in brilliant armies bright
Smile from heaven through all the night?

Ah! my bright and golden guineas,
  Swim not in the stream hard by,
Sparkle not in meadow's dew,
Hover not in ether's blue,
  Smile not from the shining sky.

Ah! those Manichæans, rot 'em,
In their greedy claws have got 'em!

19.

DIALOGUE ON PADERBORN HEATH.

"Do you hear far music sounding
As of fiddles and bassoon?
Many a pretty girl is bounding
Yonder to the light-winged tune."

"Why, my friend, why, what a blunder!
As to fiddles! I can't hear 'em;
Only piglings squeal out yonder
With the old ones grunting near 'em."

"Do you hear the bugles pealing
Where the merry huntsmen pass,
And the shepherd's pipes come stealing
Whilst the still flocks crop the grass?"

"Why, my friend, the sound you're hearing
Is no pipe! no bugle blows!
But I see the swineherd nearing,
Driving home his hogs and sows."

"Do you hear, like choirs competing,
In the distance sweetest lays?
Angels with their wings are beating
To such sounds their loudest praise."

"Why, good sir, those dulcet snatches
Are no rivalry of song,
'Tis the screaming boy who watches
Geese, that drives his geese along."

"Don't you hear the bells a-chiming
Wondrous sweet and wondrous clear?
Where the folk the hill are climbing
To their church, devout, sincere."

"Why, my friend, those strains transcending
Are the bells of ox and cow,
To their gloomy stables wending
Home with foreheads drooping low."

"See, a silent nod doth greet me!
Don't you see a wimple dance?
'Tis my own love there to meet me,
Yearning in her dewy glance."

"Why, my friend, there's no one nodding!
But I see an old wife go
Pale and lean, on crutches plodding
To the meadow-path below."

"Laugh, old friend, to my confusion,
Jeer at my fantastic quest,
But you can't change to delusion
What I hold deep in my breast."

20.*

DREAM AND LIFE.

The day was glowing, and so glowed my heart;
But all silent I bore within me the smart,
And I stole forth in silence, as soon as night fell,
Where the rose bloomed in silence—a place I knew well.

I drew near softly and dumb as the grave,
Only my tears my cheeks did lave;
And into the rose's cup did I gaze,
There a light shone out like a glowing blaze.

Near the rose I lay down to sleep peacefully,
When a mocking dream made its sport of me:
I saw there a rosy maiden's form,
A bodice of rose hid her bosom warm.

Something pretty she gave me, and golden and soft,
Which into a gold house I bore aloft;
All things in that house were wondrously gay,
And a bevy was dancing in festive array.

The dancers were twelve, they no pause knew or rest,
Each one's hand in another's hand was firm pressed;
And whenever one dance to its end drew nigh,
Another began ere the first had gone by.

Through the music came to my ear this strain:
"The sweetest of hours will ne'er come again;
Thy whole life has been nothing else but a dream,
And this hour is only a dream in that dream."

The dream was gone when morning burned,
Quickly my eye to the rose was turned:
Ah woe! instead of the flame's bright glow,
A dull worm lurked in the calyx now.

21.

IN AN ALBUM.

One huge highway is this world of ours,
And along it we men are but hurriers;
For on horse and on foot each mortal scours,
What are we footmen and couriers?

Our kerchiefs we wave as we pass on the road,
And nod from the carriage a greeting;
But no time to tarry and kiss is allowed,
For onward the swift steeds are fleeting.

Scarce have we met at the same posthouse,
Oh! much beloved Prince Alexander,
When the postboy's horn for departure blows,
And blows us far asunder.

22.

A TRUISM.

When spring with its sunshine hours is here,
  Each dear little floweret buds and blows;
  When the moon on her radiant journey goes,
Then follows her wake every starlet clear.
  When the singer looks into two sweet eyes,
  From the depths of his spirit his songs arise.
But songs and stars, and the dear little flowers,
  And eyes, and moon-rays, and sunshine hours,
However much all such stuff may please,
We cannot make us a world of these.

SONNETS.

SONNET TO A. W. SCHLEGEL.

In swelling hoop, flirting a trim bouquet,
Each painted cheek with tiny patches graced,
A tower-like head-dress, and a wasp-like waist,
With beaked pantouffles and embroidery gay—
This was the German Muse's late array,
What time she came to hold thee close embraced;
But thou didst get thee from her paths in haste,
And dreaming didst pursue thy devious way—

Then didst thou find a castle in a wood
Where, like pure marble, lay in solitude
The sweetest maiden in enchanted rest;
But at thy greeting, lo! the spell was broke,
And, smiling, Germany's true Muse awoke
To sink at once, love-vanquished, on thy breast.

TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE.

I.

I have been wont to bear my head on high,
Haughty and stern am I of mood and mien;
Yea, tho' a king should gaze on me, I ween,
I should not at his gaze cast down my eye.

But I will speak, dear Mother, candidly:
When most puffed up my haughty mood hath been,
At thy sweet presence, blissful and serene,
I feel the shudder of humility.

Does thy soul all unknown my soul subdue,
Thy lofty soul that pierces all things thro'
And speeds on lightning wings to heaven's blue?
Or am I racked by what my memories tell
Of frequent deeds which caused thy heart to swell—
That beauteous heart which loved me, ah! too well.

II.

Thee had I once in a mad dream forsaken,
And then I longed to roam the wide world over,
To see, perchance, if I might Love discover,
And, with embraces loving, Love awaken!
I made my search for Love thro' all the ways,
Before each door with outstretched hands implored,
Like any beggar, alms from Love's rich hoard.
Men sneered, and froze me with their scornful gaze,
But in my love-search never ceasing, ever
For Love, still Love, I sought and found it never;
Then turning once more, homeward, sick with care,
Thou didst come forth to meet me—was I dreaming?
For oh, behold! in thy deep eyes lay gleaming,
Love, the long-sought-for, sweetest Love, was there!

SONNET TO H. S.

When hastily upon thy page I gaze,
  Then starts to welcome me the long-endeared,
  The golden forms which to mine eyes appeared
In boyhood's dreams and in my childhood's days.
Again I see the sacred minster raise
  Its height to heaven, by German faith upreared;
  Again the organ and the chimes are heard,
And, low between, love's sweet complaining lays.
And nimble imps in swarms my eye perceives,
  Who clamber freakish round the minster towers
  To ruin trellised stone and dainty flowers.
Yet though you strip the oak of all its leaves,
  And steal the verdant glory of its hue,
  Comes a new spring, 'twill bower itself anew.

FRESCO-SONNETS.

1.

With dolts I dance not—no! nor incense bear
  To those who seem of gold, but are of clay;
  Nor grasp his proffered hand who, when he may
To very tatters my fair name will tear;
Nor do I bow before the harlots fair
  Who shameless of their shame do make display;
  Nor shall I tug with all the mob, when they
Harness themselves to their own idol's car.
Of course I know that the stout oak must fall,
  While supple-bending river reeds stand fast
  After, just as before the tempest-blast.
But what's the good of such a reed at all?
  What luck! to serve some coxcomb for a prop,
  Or help to dust the garments of a fop!

2.

Give me the vizard—I will mask me eke
  As some poor beggar, that the rogues who show
  So bravely in historic domino
May never dream that I am of their clique.

And like the rabble let me act and speak,
To show myself the lowest of the low,
Disclaiming all the spirit's fire and glow,
In dalliance with varlets vain and weak.
Thus will I dance at the great fancy-ball
With knights, monks, kings around, a motley crew,
Welcomed by harlequin though known to few,
Belaboured by the wooden swords of all.
Aye, there's the joke! for should my masking cease,
Then all this gallows-gang must hold their peace.

3.*

I laugh at the insipid dandy-shapes,
Gloating about me, with their he-goat faces;
Laugh at the empty vulpine herd, which traces
My steps with stealthy leers, and sniffs and gapes;
Laugh at the highly-learned race of apes,
Who vaunt themselves as judges proud of merit;
Laugh at the miscreants of feeble spirit,
Whose venomed shafts no work of mine escapes—
Still, though kind Fortune's gifts in ruination
By Fate's stern hands before mine eyes are strown,
And at my feet are as in mockery flung;
Ev'n though my heart within my breast is wrung,
Wrung even to breaking—shattered and o'er-thrown—
A hearty ringing laugh 's some consolation.

4.*

There haunts my brain a wondrous pretty lay,
And in the lay a pretty song is ringing,
And in the song is living, blooming, springing,
A maiden, young and lovely as a fay:
And in this maid a little heart doth stay,
But in that heart no glow of love you find:
Into that loveless, frost-encircled mind
Nothing but pride and scorn can find their way.
Dost hear, how in my head the lay is ringing?
And how the song rings out so stern and sad?
And how the maid's low laugh its burden bears?
My head I fear will soon in twain be springing—
Oh horror! for I fear I may go mad—
My reason totters with these unknown fears.

5.*

In the still, melancholy evening-hour,
Ring in my ears songs silent long ago,
While down my cheeks my tears in torrents flow,
And from my old heart-wounds the blood-streams pour.
And like as in a magic mirror's floor,
Before my eyes my darling's image flits,
In bodice red as at her work she sits:
Around her, holy peace reigns evermore.

Anon, she'll spring out of her chair, and sever
From her dear head one of the daintiest curls,
And give it me, with joy my head still whirls.
But Satan's turned my joy to pain for ever,
He from those hairs has spun a cable strong
And leads me up and down, for years along.

6.*

"When I, a year ago, came back to thee,
No kiss of welcome on my lips was laid,"
I growled—the rosy lips of my sweet maid,
With sweetest kiss, for growl requited me;
Then with sweet smile a myrtle slip plucked she,
From off the bush that at the window stood:
"Take that," she said, "plant it in soil that's good,
Put over it a glass; and then you'll see."
It's all long past, the slip in pot is dead;
Nor her sweet self for years have I beheld,
But still that kiss is burning in my head;
And from afar it made me lately stray,
Where my love dwells. All night my post I held,
Before her door—then went with morn away.

7.*

Guard thee, my friend, from grimmest devils' jaws,
More dangerous yet are angels softly smiling;
One such I knew, and she my heart beguiling,
Proffered sweet kiss—right soon I felt sharp claws—

Guard thee, my friend, from black old pussy's paws;
More dangerous yet are white young kittens mewing—
One such I took for Love, to my undoing—
My heart was torn to rags—my Love the cause—
Oh sweet beguiler! wondrous lovely maiden!
How could thine eyes of clearest blue deceive me?
Could thy soft paw of my heart's flesh bereave me?
My kitten's softest paw with sweet scent laden.
Oh might I press it to my lips all glowing!
And might my heart's blood then to death be flowing!

8*.

How soon would poverty forsake me wholly,
Could I with faultless pencil be appealing
To all, and deck the walls from floor to ceiling,
Of hall or church, with pictures gay or holy!
How soon the gold would fall, like showers in thunder,
If on the flute, the fiddle, and piano,
I could so write for bass and for soprano,
That lords and ladies should clap hands in wonder!
But Mammon ne'er will smile upon poor me,
Alas, alas! one only art I cherish
And that's the starving art of Poesy—
And so, while other men, with goblets flowing,
Are god-like on champagne, why I must perish
Of thirst, or to the pump for drink be going.

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  Of thirst, or to the pump for drink be going.

9.*

Mere torture-chamber has this world been to me,
Where by the heels the hangman me suspended,
With red-hot pincers all my members rended,
Then into cramping iron fetters threw me.
Wild shrieks of nameless pain resounded through me,
From mouth and eyes the blood was streaming furious—
A lady passing by stopped, cool and curious;
With golden hammer's *coup de grâce* she slew me,
Then curious looked she on while in contortion
My limbs were writhing, in Death's grim abortion.
From bleeding mouth my tongue hung out and quivered—
Curious she gazed, while still my weak heart shivered—
My last death-rattle seemed sweet music to her,
And to a cold and mocking laughter drew her.

10*.

Thou'st seen me oft fight with that clownish race
Of painted cats, and puppies glass-in-eye,
Who love to foul my fair name's purity,
And with their tongues would me to ruin chase.
Thou'st seen me oft teased by the pedant fry,
Surrounded by each fool's-cap-wearing ass,
My heart for every poisonous snake a place,
While my life's blood from countless wounds doth fly.

But thou alone like to a tower did'st stand:
In storms, thy head like lighthouse on firm land;
Thy true heart was to me a harbour sure—
  A harbour, but across a stormy main—
  Few ships perhaps that harbour may attain,
But who attains may slumber there, secure.

II.

Fain would I weep, but weeping is denied;
Fain would I strive, with ardour upwards leap,
But striving is denied, on earth I creep
Where foul snakes all around me hiss and glide.
Fain would I near my dearest Love abide,
O'er my Life's Joy in circling space would sweep.
In her health-giving breath my own to steep
I was denied! My heart grew sick indeed.
Out of my broken heart the blood flows fast,
The scalding blood, and I wax faint and chill,
And to my eyes all things grow drear and drearer.
With strange mysterious thrill I long for nearer
View of that Cloudland where pale ghosts and still
Their loving arms would gently round me cast.

A LYRICAL INTERMEZZO.

Prologue.

There once was a knight, who was moody and drear,
Wan and hollow beyond all telling;
He staggered and stumbled, now hither, now here,
Some desolate dream him compelling.
So wooden, so lumpish, so clumsy was he,
That the girls and the flowers they tittered with glee,
When he shambled along past their dwelling.

In the gloomiest corner he sat there remote,
And shrank where his fellows were thronging;
And tho' never a word from his lips ye might note,
He would stretch forth his arms with strange longing.
But the one tiny tap at his door would he hear,
When singing and ringing came echoing clear
As the Minster the midnight was tonguing.

Then enters his loved one; she steals to his chair,
Clad in raiment of foam white and gushing,
But her veil it is only one magical glare;
Like a rose she is blushing and flushing.
Gold tresses are playing around her fair feet,
And her eyes have a power resistless and sweet.
To the other's embrace each is rushing.

The knight, he enclasps her with passionate might,
  He was wooden—he bursts into fire;
He dreamt, but he wakes; he is red who was white;
  The timid is bold with desire.
With her wiles and her glamour the knight is beguiled,
And her veil she cast over his head while she smiled—
  The veil of her witchery dire.

And now by enchantment he stands in a hall
  Built of water, by water surrounded;
With the glare and the glitter, the rush and the fall
  The knight is bemused and confounded.
But the water-fay clingeth still close to his side,
The knight he is bridegroom, the fay she is bride;
  And the lutes of her handmaids resounded.

They play and they sing — and they sing with delight;
  To her feet leapeth every dancer;
His wits and his senses are leaving the knight,
  Yet more tightly he strains the entrancer.
When—the lights are extinguished, the brilliance is gone,
The knight he is sitting at home—and alone,
  In the poet's poor desolate garret.

1.

All in the wondrous month of May,
When every bud was blowing,
Then deep within my bosom
The tender love was growing.

All in the wondrous month of May,
When birds sang late and early,
I told my love and longing
To her I love so dearly.

2.

Out of my tears many flowers
In rarest bloom arise,
And the songs of a chorus of nightingales
Re-echo out of my sighs.

And little one, if thou wilt love me,
Thine all the flowers shall be;
And the nightingale at thy window
Shall carol his blithest for thee.

3.

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
With a passionate love I once loved every one.
I love them no more—but I love the completest,
The neatest and meetest, discreetest and sweetest.
She herself is love's well-spring, and other there's none,
For she's rose and she's lily, she's dove and she's sun.

4.

When as I gaze into thine eyes,
Then every pain and sorrow flies;
But when my lips are pressed to thine,
Then perfect health and joy are mine.

And when upon thy heart I rest,
Heaven's ecstasy o'erfloods my breast;
But when thou sayest—I love but thee,
Then I do weep most bitterly.

5.

So fair and dear thy features seem,
As now I saw them in my dream;
So sweet, so angel-like thou art,
Yet pale—so pale it breaks my heart.

Still rose-hues on thy lips prevail,
But death ere long will kiss them pale.
Even now the heavenly radiance flies
Which shone from out those pure calm eyes.

6.

Oh lean thy cheek upon my cheek,
That together our tears may flow!
And to my heart press fast thy heart,
That together their flames may glow.

And when the stream of our tears shall flow
Where that mighty flame is burning,
And when my strong arms round thy body I throw,
I die of wild love's yearning.

7.

I will bathe my spirit rejoicing
Deep in the lily's bell;
The lily shall thence be voicing
A song to my bonnibel.

The song shall leap and quiver,
As on her mouth the kiss,
Which she gave me once and for ever
In a moment of wondrous bliss.

8.

The stars have stood unmoving
  Upon the heavenly plains
For ages, gazing each on each,
  With all a lover's pains.

They speak a noble language,
  Copious and rich and strong;
Yet none of your greatest schoolmen
  Can understand that tongue.

But I have learnt it, and never
  Can forget it for my part—
For I used as my only grammar
  The face of the joy of my heart.

9.

On wings of song I'd bear thee
  Away whom I love so well;
Away to the Ganges' prairie;
  I know where 'tis fair to dwell.

There in the still noon is sleeping
  A gorgeous-flowered grove;
The lotus-flowers are keeping
  Watch for the sister they love.

The violets prattle and flutter,
And gaze at the stars above;
In secret the roses utter
Their fragrant stories of love.

Lithe, gentle gazelles come bounding
Nearer to list to the rose;
Afar you may hear resounding,
The Sacred Stream as it flows.

There will we slumber, sinking
Beneath the palm to rest;
Love and repose in-drinking,
And dreaming dreams thrice-blest.

10.

The lotus-blossom trembles
At the Sun's resplendent light,
And waits with drooping forehead
In dreams the coming night.

The moon he is her leman,
And wakes her from her dreams;
Her chaste flower-face unveiling,
To him, she meets his beams.

She beams and glows and glimmers,
  Her upward gaze she strains,
Pours forth her tears and perfume
  Of Love, and Love's sweet pains.

11.

By Rhine, our sacred river,
  On mirroring waves is thrown
With its great Dom for ever,
  Our great and sacred Cologne.

High in the Dom hath its station
  A picture on leather of gold;
Amid my life's desolation
  I saw it, and was consoled.

Flowers and seraphs hover
  Around Our Lady there,
Whose eyes, lips, cheeks, discover
  The face of my sweetheart fair.

12.

Thou lov'st me not—thou lov'st not me,
  That's unimportant, very!
To gaze upon thee is to be
  More than a monarch merry.

Thou hatest, hatest me indeed—
Thy rosy lips declare it;
But lend them me to kiss at need,
And, child, I well may bear it.

13.*

Thou must twine thee so lovingly round me,
Thou woman, dear, lovely and warm;
Till with arms and with feet thou hast bound me,
And with all the lithe grace of thy form.

Then she threw herself mightily on me;
She twined, and she wound, and she pressed;
She won me, most beautiful serpent!
Her Laocöon the thrice blest.

14.

Nay, swear not, only kiss me now:
I may not trust a woman's vow!
Though sweet thy word, more sweet to me
The kiss that I have won from thee;
I have it, and I hold it true,
But words are breath and fleeting dew.

* * *

Nay, swear, my darling, breathe thy vow;
I trust thy merest promise now.
For sinking thus upon thy breast
I know myself supremely blest.
I know that thou my love wilt be
For years beyond eternity.

15.

Upon my dearest's pretty eyne
  I make the fairest canzoni;
Upon my dearest's mouth so fine
  I make the best terza rima;
Upon my dearest's cheek divine
  I make the noblest stanze.
And I'd pen her a sonnet, and not a bad one,
On her little heart—if she only had one.

16.

The world has neither eyes nor brains,
  It grows in stultification!
Of thee, my pretty child, it complains
  Thou hast not the best reputation.

The world has neither brains nor eyes,
  For ever mis-discerning;
It knows not what joy in thy kisses lies,
  Nor the ecstasy of their burning.

17.

Thou shalt tell me now, my sweeting;
Art thou not indeed the dream
Which, when summer nights are fleeting,
Through the poet's brain doth stream?

No—a mouth so sweet with passion,
Eyes so full of magic light,
Such a darling child to fashion
Is beyond the poet's might.

Vampires, basilisks malicious,
Dragon-brood and monsters dire,
All such fabled beasts pernicious,
These create the poet's fire.

But thyself, thy freaks and fancies,
And thy face so tender-bright,
And thy truthful, treacherous glances,
Are beyond the poet's might.

18.

Like the ocean-foam-born goddess
Shines my love with beauty decked,
For of some unheard-of stranger
She's the little bride-elect.

Oh my heart, thou patient sufferer,
  Bear no grudge that she's untrue;
Bear, bear with her and forgive her,
  All the pretty fool may do.

19.

I know no grudge though my own heart should break,
Oh! my lost Love, no grudge for thy sweet sake.
Beam as thou wilt in all thy diamonds bright,
No beam can shine to cheer thy bosom's night.

I've known it long. I saw thee in my sleep,
And o'er thy heart night brooded dark and deep.
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy breast,
And knew thee of all women wretchedest.

20.

Yes, thou art wretched, and all grudge departs.
  O Love, we cannot 'scape from wretchedness.
Till Death himself shall break our stricken hearts,
  O Love, we cannot 'scape from wretchedness.

The mockery on thy lip, I see it well;
  I see defiance flashing from thine eye;
I see the pride which makes thy bosom swell—
  Yet art thou wretched, wretched even as I.

But pain will twitch the lip unseen of all;
In that proud bosom hidden wounds do lie;
That eye is dimmed by tears that dare not fall—
O Love, we must be wretched—till we die.

21.

Heigho! what music entrancing!
Flutes, fiddles, and trumpets, and all!
And see where my love is dancing
A dance at her wedding ball.

Heigho! what a clamour and droning!
How the trumpets bray thro' the hall!
But hark to the sobbing and groaning
Of the good angels all.

22.

And canst thou have forgotten wholly
How long thy heart was mine, mine solely?
That small heart so sweet, and so false, and so wee,
Nought sweeter, nought falser could ever be.

Canst thou have forgotten the love and anguish
Wherewith my heart oppressed did languish?
I know not if love was greater than care,
I only know how great both were.

23.

If they knew, the tiny flowers,
How bleeds my wounded heart,
Their tears would mingle in showers
With mine, to heal the smart.

And if the nightingales knew it,
How sad and sick is my soul,
They would burst into song to renew it,
And make my spirit whole.

To the golden stars were it given
To know of my sorrow and pain,
They would quit their lofty Heaven
To bid me take heart again.

How should these know it, I wonder!
One only knows my smart;
It is she who herself rent asunder,
Rent asunder my heart.

24.

Oh wherefore are the roses wan,
Oh say, my Love, wherefore?
And wherefore the green grass upon
Blue violets breathe no more?

Oh wherefore sings the lark o'erhead
A song of such despair?
And why are death-like odours shed
From fragrant lavender?

Why gleams the sun so coldly bright
Upon the saddened lea?
The mournful earth in gray is dight,
'Tis like a grave to me.

Oh wherefore am I so sick and so drear,
Oh say, my Love, my own;
Oh say, my dearest, my heart's own dear,
Wherefore hast thou left me lone?

25.

They have borne you tales of your lover,
Of slanders what a host!
But never could they discover
What wrung my soul the most.

They made a pother uncivil,
With doleful shake of the head;
They whispered I was the devil,
And you believed all they said.

But none of them knew wholly
  What far surpassed the rest—
The greatest evil and folly
  Lay hid in my own breast.

26.

The nightingale sang, the lime was in flower,
  The sun was laughing with hearty glee;
Your arms were about me, you kissed me that hour,
  On your heaving bosom you cradled me.

The raven croaked, and the lime-leaves fell,
  The sun's salute was a peevish light;
We bade to each other a frosty "Farewell,"
  And you curtsied politely a curtsy polite.

27.

We have felt so much the one for the other,
  Yet lived in an excellent concord, God knows;
We have played at husband and wife together,
  Yet never once came to scratchings or blows.
We have shouted together in joy and in jest,
And tenderly too we have kissed and caressed.
  And we played at the last in childish glee
At hide-and-seek through life's tangled maze;
  And managed to hide so completely that we
Shall not find each other through all our days.

28*.

I've no belief in Heaven,
Whereof the parsons drone,
Thine eye's what I believe in,
My Heaven's light alone.

I've no belief in Godhead,
Whereof the parsons drone,
Thy heart's all I believe in,
It fills my Godhead's throne.

I've no belief in Devil,
Hell, and Hell's evil smart;
Thine eye I do believe in,
And in thy evil heart.

29.

You stood by me the longest,
Nor spared yourself to save me;
Comfort and hope you gave me
When want and fear were strongest.

With meat and drink you supplied me,
With linen of your own weaving,
With a passport when I was leaving,
Nor was your purse denied me.

My darling! From scorching and freezing
May God protect her ever;
And may He in mercy forgive her
Her goodness to me unceasing!

30.

Old Mother Earth was close-fisted so long
When May came on with "dépense remarquable";
And the world is joy, and laughter, and song;
But for laughter—"Je n'en suis plus capable."

The bells are chiming, the flowers they grow,
The birds they chatter, "comme dans une fable";
But in all their chatter no pleasure I know,
For all is to me "une affaire misérable."

Still all mankind seems sad and shady,
Even my friend, "autrefois passable,"
Because they now style and intitle "My Lady"
My sweetest love, "si douce et aimable."

31.

But when I loitered in foreign climes,
And I dreamed there regardless of seasons and times,
My darling found that the time went slow,
And she stitched and contrived for herself a trousseau,

And as husband in tender arms she wound
The dullest young dullard for miles around.
My love is so gentle and fair to see,
That her gracious image still haunteth me;
The violet eyes and the cheek's rose-hue
Will bloom and will blossom the whole year through;
To let slip by so charming a wife
Was the dullest of all the dull acts of my life.

32.

The violets of her eyes, the rose
That on her cheek so softly glows,
The lilies her white hands disclose—
These bloom as sweetly as before,
But the heart is rotten to the core.

33.

So fair is the world, and so blue the sky,
The airs breathe so balmy and tenderly,
On the meadows the flowers with open eye
Sparkle and gleam where the dewdrops lie,
And men are exulting as I pass by.
But I would lie in the grave's strait bed
And nestle close to a love that is dead.

34.

Oh sweet my darling, when the gloom
  Of the sad grave shall hide thee,
I will descend into thy tomb
  And nestle close beside thee.

All silent and pallid and cold as thou art—
  With trembling, rejoicing, and sighing
I will kiss thee and strain thee, close, close to my heart,
  Till I too am swooning and dying.

The dead shall arise at the midnight sound,
  In airy circles sweeping,
But thou and I will stay 'neath the ground;
  In thine arms shall I be sleeping.

The dead shall arise to delight or despair
  As the Judgment Day is breaking;
But we shall lie, without thought or care,
  In each other's arms unwaking.

35.

There stands a lonely fir-tree
  Far north on a naked height;
He slumbers—the ice and snowdrifts
  Enfold him in mantle white.

He is dreaming of a palm-tree
That far in the Eastern land
Grieves lonely and uncomplaining
On a waste of scorching sand.

36.*

Beauteous stars, with golden ray,
Greet my dear one far away;
Tell her, weak and worn I feel,
Sick at heart, but true as steel.

37.

(*The Head speaks.*)

Oh that the footstool I might be
Whereon my darling's feet are set;
Though she should sore betrample me,
Never would I complain or fret.

(*The Heart speaks.*)

Oh that the cushion I might be
Wherein her pins my darling sticks!
Though she should stab and prick at me,
I would rejoice in stabs and pricks.

(*The Song speaks.*)

Oh that the paper I might be
  Wherewith she curls her sunny hair!
Then all that lives and breathes in me
  In whispers to her ear I'd bear.

38.

From the hour my dearest fled
All my trick of laughter's dead;
Jests fly round from many a bore,
But I laugh no more, no more.

From the hour she left me lone
All my power of weeping's gone;
Breaks my heart with anguish sore,
But I weep no more, no more.

39.

From out my sorrow comes forth song,
  The tiny songs I utter;
  They spread their wings and flutter
To the heart I have trusted long.

They found their way in a minute;
  But soon they return complaining,
  Complaining but not explaining
What things they had seen within it.

40.

I cherish the sweet recollection,
Thou woman so fair, so adored,
How I owned thee in all thy perfection,
Of thy body and soul I was lord.

Thy body—ah! might I still hold it—
That body so young and so fair—
For thy soul—in the grave thou might'st fold it,
I have quite soul enough for the pair.

My soul then dividing with thee, love,
I'll breathe half of it into thy breast;
And, clasping thy body I'll be, love,
With thee—soul and body—at rest.

41.

In the meadows smug burghers are straying
In Sunday best dressed out;
They are frisking, and shouting, and saying,
"'Tis beautiful here-about."

They peer with eyes a-blinking
Where buds and blossoms peep,
Whilst with long cocked ears they are drinking,
The sparrow's romantic cheep.

But I my windows have covered
With hangings black as night;
For familiar ghosts have hovered
About me in broad daylight.

And she who once did love me
Came back from the spirit-spheres;
She wept as she bent above me,
And melted my heart with her tears.

42.

The visions of times forgotten
Are rising from the dead,
Revealing, when thou wast near me,
The kind of life I led.

By day I moved, without purpose,
In dreams through the city's ways;
I was so dumb and wretched,
The passers stared in amaze.

By night it was something better,
When streets were clear of men,
And I alone, and my shadow,
We wandered in silence then.

Across the bridge I wandered,
My footsteps echoing loud;
The moon gave me solemn greeting,
Just bursting through the cloud.

Before thy house I lingered,
Staring up from below,
Staring up at thy lattice.
My heart was aching so.

Often and oft from thy lattice
Thou hast looked, I know it well,
And seen me stand, like a column,
Alone where the moonbeams fell.

43.

A young man loves a maiden
Who would fain be another's wife;
That other's in love with some other,
And has taken her for life.

The maiden, piqued and angry,
Just weds the first good man
Who happens to come across her.
The youth fares as he can.

It is an ancient story,
  Yet one for ever new;
But he to whom it happens,
  It cleaves his heart in two.

44.*

True friendship—true love—the philosopher's stone—
Good people who prize all the three I have known:
And I prized, and have sought them since manhood
  began,
But I have not yet found them—do all that I can.

45.

I hear the old song waking
  My love sang long ago,
My heart goes near to breaking,
  So fierce and wild my woe.

And full of yearning sadness,
  I seek the wooded knoll,
Where tears assuage the madness
  Of frenzied heart and soul.

46.*

The flowers are one and all gazing
At the shining God of day—
The rivers are one and all taking
To the shining sea their way.

My songs are one and all flying
To the shining eyes of my dear—
Take with you my tears and my sighing,
Ye songs, so mournful and drear.

47.

I dreamt of the child of a mighty king,
All wan with weeping and pining;
We sate 'neath the lime-trees green with spring,
In each other's arms reclining.

"I covet not thy father's throne,
Nor his sceptre jewel-laden;
I covet not his diamond crown;
I want but thee, sweet maiden."

And she replied: "That may not be,
For in the grave I lie;
Only by night I come to thee,
Because love cannot die."

48.

O Love, in our boat together,
  How wrapt in each other were we;
In the silent evening weather
  Drifting far o'er the sea.

In haze the moon came stealing
  Round the beauteous spirit-isle;
Whence lovely sounds were pealing,
  And light mists danced the while.

More sweet grew that music peerless,
  And waving, swayed the haze;
But we passed by and cheerless
  Drifted on wide sea-ways.

49.

From ancient fairy stories
  Beckons a snow-white hand,
And voices sing the glories
  Of the Enchanted Land.

Where gorgeous flowers languish
  At golden eventide,
Gazing with tender anguish,
  As bridegroom looks on bride:

Where all the trees have voices
And join the choral song;
Where every brook rejoices
And, singing, bounds along;

Where love-songs sound more sweetly
Than any mortal lays,
Till rapt desire completely
The joyous senses sways!

Oh in that Land Enchanted
To dwell in ecstasy!
No more by sorrow haunted,
But whole, and gay and free!

Oh, Land of all my yearning,
I see it in my dream.
It flies with day's returning
Like foam upon a stream!

50.

I have loved thee, still love thee, and evermore
Amid a world's undoing,
The flames of my love for thee shall soar
From out the shattered ruin.

And after I have loved thee so,
When my death-hour is near me,
I shall bear with me to the grave below
The deep love-wounds that sear me.

51.

In the beaming daybreak of summer
I wander through the grove;
The flowers prattle and whisper,
But silent, alone, I rove.

The flowers prattle and whisper,
And with pity my face they scan;
"Bear no ill-will to our sister,
Thou pale, unhappy man."

52.

Veiled in a dusky glory
My love sheds forth her light,
Like a dim, woeful story
Told in a summer-night.

"In a magic grove two lovers,
Are silently wandering;
Around them the moonlight hovers,
Above them the nightingales sing.

"The lady stands fixed and defiant;
Before her kneels the knight;
From the forest strides forth the giant;
The lady flees in affright.

"In his blood the knight lies dying;
The giant plods back to his hold"—
When I in my grave am lying,
The end of the tale may be told.

53.

My brethren have angered me sorely,
Tortured me early and late;
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

Into my cup dropped poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate;
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

But she who has tortured and crushed me,
And grieved me all others above—
She never gave me her hatred,
She never gave me her love.

54.

The glowing warmth of summer
  Upon thy cheek doth rest;
The icy chill of winter
  Is of thy heart possessed.

Ere long 'twill all be altered,
  My dearest and my best;
Winter will reign upon thy cheek,
  And summer in thy breast.

55.

When comes the hour of parting,
  Then tears stream from the eyes;
Then hands grasp one another
  With endless sobs and sighs.

We two wept not at parting;
  We made no sigh, no moan!
Our sighs and tears, my darling,
  They came when all was done.

56.

As they sipped their tea round the table,
  Their talk was of Love alone;
The gentlemen's arguments were able,
  The ladies', more tender in tone.

"Love surely should be platonic,"
Said the Councillor wizened and dry;
His consort's smile was ironic,
Yet she none the less sighed a sigh.

Quoth the ponderous Canon clearly:
"Love must not be gross, you know,
Or health will suffer severely."
The young lady simpered: "How so?"

Cried the Countess in accents heart-rending:
"Love, love seems resistless to me!"
And, graciously unbending,
She handed the Baron his tea.

You were missing amid the tattle;
One chair stood empty, my Love.
How pretty had been your prattle,
My sweetest, about your love.

57.

Poisoned, they say, are my verses;
What other result could there be,
When into my blooming springtime
Poison was dropped by Thee?

Poisoned, they say, are my verses;
What other result could there be?
In my heart I've a brood of serpents,
And amongst them, my charmer, Thee.

58.

I dreamt again the dream of yore;
The sweet May night was glowing,
We sate 'neath the linden-tree once more,
Eternal fidelity vowing.

There was vowing and swearing well-nigh to the morn,
And kisses, and whispers, and laughter;
That I might be mindful of what I had sworn
You bit my hand just after.

O darling, with eyes so bright and clear,
Provoking, enslaving, delighting—
The swearing was quite *en règle*, my dear,
But you might have spared the biting.

59.

Standing upon the hill-top
In sentimental strain;
"If I were a little birdie,"
I carol again and again,

If I were a little swallow,
My child, I would fly to thee,
And close beside thy window,
My nest should builded be,

And were I the nightingale surely,
My child, I would fly to thee;
And sing thee songs till the morning,
From the green linden-tree.

And were I a robin-redbreast,
I would fly at once to thy heart;
For thou art partial to redbreasts,
And hast balm for a cock-robin's smart.

60.

My carriage is rolling slowly
Through merry forest green;
Through flowery vales enchanted,
Blooming in summer sheen.

I think of my best Beloved,
And muse and dream as I ride;
When three shadowy shapes salute me,
Thrusting their heads inside.

They caper with strange grimaces,
  They mock yet seem half in dread;
Like mists they whirl into each other,
  And titter—and whoop! they are sped.

61.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
  I dreamt that thou wast dead,
I woke, but still in waking
  My constant tears were shed.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
  I dreamt thou wast false to me;
I woke and still was weeping—
  My tears flowed bitterly.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
  I dreamt you loved me well;
I woke, but still unceasing
  The stream of tear-drops fell.

62.

Love, whom in dreams I nightly greet,
  Whose answering smile I see;
Weeping I fall at thy dear feet,
  And tell my woe to thee.

Thou look'st on me with sad surmise,
Thy fair head gently shaking;
The tear-drop pearls within thine eyes
Are gathering slow, and breaking.

Thou giv'st a spray of cypress-tree,
Thou whisperest one word lowly.
I wake, and the cypress no more I see,
And the word is forgotten wholly.

63.

What rain! what howling and tearing!
The autumn night is wild.
Ah! how may she be faring,
My poor dear timid child?

At her window I see her leaning,
In the poor deserted room;
Her dear wet eyes are straining
Fixedly into the gloom.

64.

The forest is shaken in darkness
By the cold, wet autumn breeze;
With my grey cloak wrapped about me,
I ride alone through the trees.

And as I am riding my fancies
  Ride faster along my road,
And bear me blithe and lightsome
  To my own Love's abode.

The dogs are barking, the servants
  Come forth with torches alight;
My spurs clank on the marble,
  I rush up the winding flight.

In the bright-lit tapestried chamber
  How perfumed it is! how warm!
She awaits me there in her beauty,
  I hold her in my arm!

The wind whirls thro' the branches,
  The giant oak-tree screams:
"What wouldst thou, frantic horseman,
  With all thy frantic dreams?"

65.

A star is falling swiftly
  Swift from its dazzling sphere;
The star of love 'tis surely,
  Which I see falling here.

From the apple-tree in showers
  Blossoms and leaves do fall,
And the mocking breezes come blowing
  And make their sport of all.

The swan on the lake is singing
  And sailing to and fro;
And he dives in the grave of waters,
  Singing low and more low.

All is so dark and silent!
  Blossom and leaf decay;
The star flickers out in the blackness;
  The swan's song dies away.

66.

The Dream-God brought me to a mansion vast
  Gleaming with light, and sultry with perfumes;
Where streams of gay-clad guests were streaming fast
  Through many a labyrinthine tortuous room.
With piteous cries, and hands to Heaven up-cast,
  Towards the portals hastened page and groom;
Ladies and knights wheeled onwards with the throng,
  And by the crowd I too was borne along.

But all at once I am alone, and lo!
The crowd has disappeared, to my amaze
Onward alone with speedy steps I go
Through all the chambers and their winding ways.
My foot is lead, my heart is fear and woe;
Dread not to find the door my heart dismays.
At length to the last door of all I draw—
Would pass it—God! who was it that I saw?

There at the door did my Beloved stand,
Care on her brow, and on her full lip pain;
She drove me back again with waving hand—
Was it in warning? was it in disdain?
Yet from her eyes a sweet glance darted, and
It flashed and thrilled alike thro' heart and brain.
As, strange and angered, from her eyes there broke
That look which yet was sweetness, I awoke.

67.

Cold and still did the forest loom,
As groaning I strayed thro' the midnight gloom.
I woke up the trees in unmannerly fashion,
They only nodded their heads in compassion.

68.*

At the crossways lies he buried
Whose own hand wrought his doom:
There a blue flower is growing—
"The wretched Sinner's bloom."

I stood at the crossways sighing—
Cold was the dark night's gloom—
In the moonlight slowly waving
I saw the Sinner's bloom.

69.

Darkness dead and dense broods on me;
Everywhere the darkness lies,
Since there beams no more upon me
Light, my dearest, from thine eyes.

Those sweet love-stars that shone o'er me
Now have quenched their glorious light,
Earth is gaping wide before,
Hide me, oh primeval night!

70.

Night lay upon mine eyelids,
My lips were choked with clay;
With brain and heart all rigid,
Deep in my grave I lay.

How long I may have slumbered
In sooth I cannot tell;
A knock upon my gravestone
Woke me—I heard it well.

"Wilt thou not rouse thee, Henry,
The day of judgment breaks;
Behold, the dead are rising,
Eternal bliss awakes."

"How should I rise, my dearest?
For still I cannot see;
Alas! my eyes are blinded
With weeping,—utterly."

"From thy dear eyelids, Henry,
Will I kiss off the night;
Thou shalt behold the angels,
And all the Heavens' delight."

"How should I rise, my dearest?
My heart still bleedeth sore,
From the sharp wound you gave it
With one sharp word of yore."

"I'll lay so softly, Henry,
My hand upon thy heart,
Then shall it bleed no longer,
Then shall be healed the smart."

"How should I rise, my dearest?
Still from my head doth burst
The blood shed by my pistol
What time I lost thee first."

"With my soft tresses, Henry,
I will stop up the wound;
I will drive back the blood-stream,
And make thee whole and sound."

Her prayer was soft and loving,
I could no more delay;
Gladly would I have risen
And made to her my way.

When the old wounds re-open,
From chest and forehead break
The torrents of my life-blood,
And lo! I wake! I wake!

71.

My songs, so old and bitter,
My dreams, so vile and drear,
Come, bury them for ever,
What ho! a coffin here!

Much will I lay within it
  Which yet I may not tell.
The size of Heidelberg's famed tun
  That coffin must excel.

See that a bier be furnished
  Of stout and seasoned pine;
Let it be longer than the bridge
  At Mainz that spans the Rhine.

And summon me twelve giants,
  Men of a mightier mould
Than Christopher the Sainted,
  In Köln's cathedral old.

Let these bear forth the coffin
  And drown it in the sea;
For to so huge a coffin
  The grave as huge must be.

Wouldst know wherefore the coffin
  Must be so strong and vast?
There all my love and anguish
  I'll lay to rest at last.

THE HOME-COMING.

1.

In my life's deep gloom and darkness
Once a lovely form shed light;
Now that lovely form has vanished,
I am all enwrapped in night.

Just as children's spirits falter
If they're kept in darkness long;
And to drive away their terror
They set up some noisy song.

I, an untrained child, am singing
Loudly in the darkness here;
If the song be not melodious,
It has freed me from my fear.

2.

I know not what it presages
That I am so sad to-day;
A legend of far-off ages
Will not from my thoughts away.



The air is cool and darkling,
Unruffled flows the Rhine;
The crest of the mountain is sparkling,
The evening sunbeams shine.

There sits on that summit olden
A maiden strangely fair;
Bright flash her jewels golden,
She combs her golden hair.

As she combs that golden treasure
Her song peals from the height;
A wild mysterious measure,
Of overpowering might!

The boatman his shallop steering
It thrills with a wild unrest;
He sees not the reef he is nearing,
He sees but that mountain crest.

I know that full soon the eddy
Engulfed both sailor and skiff,
And this was the work of the Lorlei
Who sang to him from the cliff.

3.

My heart, my heart is mournful
  Tho' May is full of glee;
High up on the ancient rampart
  I lean 'gainst the linden-tree.

Below me in calm unbroken
  Glides on the purple moat;
A boy is fishing and whistling
  As he drifts along in his boat.

Beyond it, brilliant with colour,
  Smiling and peaceful, one sees
Villas, and gardens, and people,
  And cattle, and meadows, and trees.

The girls are bleaching linen;
  They frolic, and go, and come.
The mill-wheel scatters diamonds;
  I hear its distant hum.

A sentry-box is standing
  The old, grey tower below;
A young recruit in scarlet
  Is pacing to and fro.

He dallies with his musket;
It shines in the sunbeam's red;
He is making ready—presenting—
I wish he would shoot me dead!

4.

I stray through the forest sighing,
The throstle sits on the tree;
He is springing and singing, and crying,
Ah! sweetly: "What aileth thee?"

If the swallows, thy sisters, willed it,
They could tell thee, child, why I pine;
For they dwell in nests deftly builded
Where my darling's windows shine.

5.

The night is wet and stormy,
And starless is the sky;
'Neath the roaring trees of the forest
I wander silently.

From the keeper's lonely cottage
A glimmering light shines dim;
It shall not tempt me thither,
The place looks stern and grim.

In the old armchair of leather
The grandmother sits upright;
Sightless and rigid as granite,
And silent from morn to night.

Stamping about and cursing,
The keeper's red-headed son
Bursts out into coarse, brute laughter,
As he flings aside his gun.

The fair girl weeps at her spinning,
On the flax her tears fall fleet;
Her father's spaniel whimpers,
And nestles close to her feet.

6.

When I met one day on a journey
My sweetheart's relations by chance,
Small sister, and father and mother,
They recognised me at a glance.

They asked if my health was stronger,
And at once began to exclaim
That, except for being paler,
I looked exactly the same.

I asked after aunts and cousins,
  And many a family bore;
And after the little puppy
  Whose bark was so gentle of yore.

And after my married darling
  I asked, by-the-bye; and they said,
With an evident wish to be friendly,
  That she was just brought to bed.

I offered congratulations,
  Lisping stock phrases inane,
I desired my kindest remembrance
  To her, again and again.

Small sister meanwhile was shrilling:
  "The puppy so gentle and small
Grew big and awfully savage,
  And was drowned in the Rhine after all."

The little one's like my darling;
  And when she laughs I see
Those self-same eyes whose sweetness
  Has brought such woe on me.

7.

We sat in the fishing pavilion,
  The sea before our eyes;
And soon the mists of evening
  Slowly began to rise.

The lights within the lighthouse
  Were lighted one by one;
And we saw far off in the distance
  One ship in the setting sun.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
  Of the wild life sailors led,
Hovering 'twixt sky and water,
  And between mirth and dread.

And we talked of distant regions,
  Of South and of North we spoke,
Of strange, outlandish customs,
  And strange, outlandish folk.

By the Ganges there's lustre and perfume;
  There blossomed trees do tower;
And beautiful, placid people
  Kneel to the lotus-flower.

In Lapland the people are filthy,
  Flat-headed, and wide-mouthed, and small;
They cower round fires and bake themselves
  Fishes, and jabber and squall.

The girls intently listened.
  Soon no one spoke. The barque
Could be descried no longer.
  All the wide world was dark.

8.

Oh, lovely fisher-maiden,
  Come steer thy boat to land;
Come to me, and sit beside me,
  Close whispering hand-in-hand.

Rest thy sweet head on my bosom,
  Have no more fear of me;
Dost thou not trust thyself, fearless,
  Each morn to the savage sea?

My heart is like the ocean;
  It storms, and ebbs, and flows,
And many a pearl resplendent
  Doth in its depths repose.

9.

The moon has risen, throwing
Over the waves her light;
Our hearts are overflowing,
I clasp my darling tight.

Locked in her fair arms lying,
None near, I rest on the strand;
"What hearest thou in the wind's sighing?
Why trembles thy white hand?"

"'Tis the mermaid's song thou hearest,
And not the wind's low sound;
The song of my sisters, dearest,
Whom the lone sea hath drowned."

10.

On the clouds the moon is pillowed,
Like a monster orange gleaming,
Moving o'er the dusky sea,
One broad streak of golden beaming.

All alone I pace the shore,
Where the snowy surf is breaking,
Hearing many a dulcet word,
Dulcet through the waters speaking.

But my heart must fain speak out,
For the night is long and weary:
"Come, fair water-nymphs, and bring
Eerie songs and dances eerie.

"Lay my head upon your laps;
Soul and body I deliver;
Kiss and sing me to my death,
Kiss my life from me for ever."

II.

Wrapt in grey clouds they are sleeping,
All the mighty gods together;
And I listen to their snoring,
And we're having awful weather.

Awful weather! tempests threaten
Our poor barque with sore disaster;
Who is there to curb these billows,
And the winds that own no master?

I can't help it! masts and timbers
In the storm must creak and snap too.
Come, I'll wrap my cloak about me;
Like the gods, I'll take my nap too.

12.

The wind he pops his breeches on,
  His foam-white water breeches;
He flogs the flood with a will, and anon
  How it howls, and tosses, and pitches!

The rain-gusts stream with savage might
  From Heaven's black commotion;
It is as though primeval night
  Would drown primeval ocean.

The sea-mew hoarsely shrieks and raves,
  And to the shrouds clings faster;
In wild dismay her wings she waves,
  And prophesies disaster.

13.

The storm tunes up for dancing,
  With rush and roar and whiz!
Hurrah! how our ship is leaping!
  The night how wild it is!

The turbulent water is building
  A living mountain chain;
There yawns a night-black chasm,
  Here it piles itself up again!

A cursing, a retching, a praying
  Comes up from the cabin door;
I hold on tight to the mainmast,
  And wish I were home once more!

14.

Swift fell the veil of gloaming,
  A mist crept o'er the sea;
From billows dimly foaming,
  A whiteness rose near me.

The troubled billows leaving,
  The mermaid stole to my side;
Her beautiful bosom's heaving
  The gauze veil did not hide.

She clasped me and caressed me,
  'Twas almost pain to bear;
"Too tightly hast thou clasped me,
  Thou water-nixie fair!"

"My arms round thee I'm twining,
  I clasp thee with all my might;
Upon thy breast reclining,
  Warm me this chilly night."

"How dimly the moon is peeping
From the watery twilight air;
Thy wet sad eyes are weeping,
Thou water-nixie fair!"

"Nay, mortal, thou see'st not rightly:
'Tis true mine eyes are wet,
For the ocean spray clings to me,
And will not quit them yet!"

"The sea is seething and yelling,
The sea-mews shriek despair;
Thy heart is wildly swelling,
Thou water-nixie fair!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
Is heaving and swelling wild;
For I love thee past all telling,
O lovely mortal child!"

15.

When in the early morning
Slow past thy house I pace,
It cheers me to see at thy lattice,
My child, thy fair young face.

With eyes of darkest hazel,
  Wistful my face dost scan:
"Who art thou, and what ails thee,
  Thou friendless, suffering man?"

I am a German poet,
  Known through our Germany;
When the best names are spoken,
  Men speak of mine and me.

And that, my child, which ails me,
  Ails others in Germany;
When they speak of the bitterest sorrows,
  Men speak of mine and me.

16.

Where the latest rays of evening shone
  The wide sea spread unbroken;
By the fisherman's lonely hut alone
  We sat, and no word was spoken.

The waves did heave, the mists did rise,
  The gulls were coming and going,
And from thy tender loving eyes
  The silent tears were flowing.

I bent my knee to touch thy hand,
  Thy tears were falling on it;
I drank up from thy snowy hand
  The tears that fell upon it.

Since then my body wastes away,
  Desire my bosom sears,
The witch has poisoned me for aye
  With her unholy tears.

17.

There towers a noble castle
  High on the hill above;
There dwell three fair young ladies
  Who have given me proofs of love.

On Saturday Marion kissed me,
  On Sunday Elizabeth,
And on Monday fair Kunigunde
  Hugged me almost to death.

My three fair friends of the castle
  Gave on Tuesday a brilliant fête;
From the country round came flocking
  Gentle folks little and great.

But I was not invited,
And that was a blunder, my dears;
All the spiteful old maids and tabbies
Perceived the omission—with jeers.

18.*

Ah, Lily, I love thee so madly
As thou standest in dreams mid the grass,
And look'st in the streamlet so sadly,
And murmurest "Ah" and "Alas."

Away with thy love and thy coaxing,
I know how deceitful thou art!
Thy tenderest words are but hoaxing,
For my cousin, the Rose, has thy heart.

19.

Away on the fair horizon
The city with spire and tower
Appears like a vision in cloudland,
Veiled by the twilight hour.

A wet sea-breeze is crisping
Our grey path over the sea,
And the pulsing oars chime sadly
As the boatman roweth me.

Once more the sun, resplendent,
  Mounts from the ocean-floor,
And shows me the spot where my dearest
  Was lost for evermore.

20.*

All hail to thee, thou city,
  Mysterious, awful, great,
Within whose ample circuit
  My darling dwelt of late!

Tell me, ye gates and turrets,
  Hold you my darling still?
I gave her to your keeping,
  You must the pledge fulfil.

The turrets, I hold, are guiltless;
  They are fixed, and could not give chase,
When she, with boxes and parcels,
  Hastily left the place.

But the wicked gates, they saw her,
  And, when she passed, stood still—
The way is always open
  When the wayward work their will.

21.

I tread the ancient road again,
The well-known street I've taken;
And pause before my sweetheart's house,
'Tis empty, closed, forsaken.

In the street there's not e'en elbow-room!
The pavement's past all bearing!
The houses fall about my ears!
I'm off with speed unsparing!

22.

Again the echoing halls I tread
Where truth she promised, weeping.
And where her ready tears were shed
I see vile serpents creeping.

23.

Calm is the night, the streets are lonely;
My love dwelt here in this house of yore;
'Tis long since she left the city—only
The house still stands where it stood before.

There too stands a man staring up at the casement,
And he wrings his hands with the anguish he feels;
I look at his face with a shuddering amazement,
It is myself that the moon reveals!

Thou ghastly fellow, thou wraith, thou double!
How darest thou mimic the agony
Which on this spot racked my soul with trouble
Night after night in the time gone by?

24.

Thou knowest I am living,
How can thy sleep be sound?
Old wrath revives and I sunder
The bonds whereby I am bound.

Knowest thou the ancient ballad,
How a dead boy had power
To bear to his grave in the churchyard
His love at the midnight hour?

O child so wondrous lovely,
So wondrous sweet and fair:
I live, and am far stronger
Than ever dead men were!

25.

The young girl sleeps in her chamber,
The quivering moon looks in;
Without, there's a twanging and singing
Like merry waltzers' din.

"I'll just peep forth from my lattice
To see who breaks my rest."
A skeleton stands 'neath the window,
And fiddles and sings its best.

"Thou didst promise me once a measure,
Didst break thy word to me;
To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
Come thither, I'll dance with thee!"

The spell hath seized the maiden,
It lures her out at the door;
She follows the spectre, that singing
And fiddling struts on before.

It fiddles, and dances, and prances,
And clatters its bones to the tune,
And waggles its skull grotesquely,
As it leaps in the rays of the moon.

26.

I stood and stared at her portrait
With fixed and dreamy pain,
And the well-loved face most strangely
Began to live again.

About her lips was playing
The wonder of her smile;
And with tears of love and yearning
Her eyes were bright the while.

My tears began to gather,
And down my cheeks flowed free.
And oh! I cannot yet believe
That thou art lost to me.

27.

Ah me, ill-fated Atlas! who must bear
A world, a world of sorrow on my shoulders.
Bear the unbearable the while my heart
Is perishing within me.

O haughty heart, yet thou hast chosen so.
Demanding happiness, yes, bliss unending,
Or else unending sorrow. Haughty heart,
And now thy fate is sorrow.

28.

The years are coming and going,
  Generations sleep 'neath the grass,
But the love that burns within me
  Will surely never pass.

Once more would I behold thee,
  And as on my knee I fell,
With my latest breath would I tell thee,
  "Madam, I love you well."

29.

I dreamt again. Sad shone the moon,
  The stars shone sadly o'er me;
To that distant town where she dwells full soon
  The cheating vision bore me.

Swiftly it bore me to her abode,
  And I pressed my lips to the stone
Of the staircase her little feet had trod,
  And her skirts had trailed upon.

The night was long, the night was cold,
  The marble steps were chill;
A pale form at the window showed
  White in the moonlight still.

30.

What means this lonely tear-drop
That so bedims my gaze?
Ah, in mine eye it lingers
From the long vanished days.

They all have vanished from her,
Her glistening sisters fair;
With all my joys and torments,
Vanished in night and air!

They too, like mists have vanished,
Those star-like eyes of blue,
Which smiled into my bosom
Those joys, those torments too.

Alas! all love has vanished
From me like idle breath!
Poor tear, thou lone, sad relic,
Vanish thou, too, in death.

31.

From the clouds the autumn half-moon
Looks out with sickly glance,
And alone at the end of the churchyard
There stands the silent manse.

The mother reads the Bible;
  The son stares with stony eyes;
The elder daughter dozes;
  The younger daughter cries:

"How one day after another
  Drags on with weary pace!
And excepting when someone's buried
  There's nothing to see in the place!"

The mother speaks while she's reading:
  "Not so—only four have died,
Since the day they buried thy father
  The churchyard gate beside."

Then yawns the elder daughter:
  "I will not starve with you here;
To-morrow I'll go to the squire,
  He's rich, and he holds me dear!"

The boy shrieks out with laughter:
  "Three poachers carouse at 'The Sun';
They fill their pockets finely;
  They'll tell me how it is done."

The mother hurls her Bible
  At the haggard face of her son;
"And wouldst thou be a felon,
  O God-accursed one?"

They hear a rap at the window:
  They see beseeching hands;
And, clad in his gown as a preacher,
  There the dead father stands.

32.

Hey, what atrocious weather,
  Tempest and rain and snow;
I sit at my window gazing
  Into the darkness below.

One dim light, moving slowly,
  Is the only thing in the street;
By her lantern a little old woman
  Crosses with tottering feet.

I think she's been buying butter
  And eggs and flour, to bake
For that fair young maiden, her daughter,
  Whom she loves so well, a cake;

The maiden blinks at the candle,
  Curled up in a great arm-chair;
Around her sweet face glistens
  A halo of golden hair.

33.

They think that I'm heart-broken
  With lover's grief profound,
And at last I myself believe it
  Like all the world around.

Small child with big eyes, bethink thee,
  Did I not always say
That I never could tell how I loved thee,
  That love ate my heart away?

But alone in my chamber only
  Did I dare to utter such cry;
Alas! I was always silent,
  Whenever thou wast by.

For then there were evil angels
  By whom I was tongue-tied too;
And alas! there are evil angels
  Who still are working me woe.

34.

Oh, thy fair white lily-fingers,
Might I only once more kiss them,
Only press them to my heart,
Only die in silent weeping!

Oh, thy clear eyes, violet-tinted,
Float before me day and night—
And it tortures me—what mean ye,
O ye sweetest, bluest riddles?

35.

Has she never made one comment,
Seeing you so sore love-smitten?
In her soft eyes have you never
Read that Love for Love was written?

Could you never, by close study
Of those eyes, pluck out their mystery?
Yet in such things you're no donkey,
Friend, to judge you by your history!

36.

They loved one another, yet neither
Would tell the other so;
With love they were almost heartbroken,
Yet each looked on each as a foe.

They parted at last—and sometimes,
Though only in dreams, they met;
They had long been dead, those lovers,
But themselves scarce knew it yet.

37.

When I told you with tears of my sorrow that day,
You all of you yawned, and had nothing to say.
When I made them the theme of my versification,
You vouchsafed me your liveliest approbation.

38.

I called the Devil, and he came,
And I looked on him in sheer amaze;
He isn't ugly, he isn't lame,
He's a charming fellow in all his ways.

A man indeed in the prime of life,
Courteous, obliging, experience-rife.
As a diplomatist too he's great,
And holds correct views upon Church and State.
No wonder his face is far from ruddy,
For not only Sanskrit, but Hegel's his study,
And of all the poets his favourite's Fouqué.
He'll have nothing whatever to do with critique,
But leaves all that to his grandmamma, eke
His revered old grandmamma, Hecate.
Of my taking to Law he highly approved,
Himself had once towards it been moved.
He vowed that no value too high could be set

On my friendship—and then, why he fancied we'd
met,
He added, and gave me a knowing glance,
At the Spanish ambassador's, as he surmised—
And eying more keenly his countenance,
An old acquaintance I recognised.

39.

Brother, never mock the Devil;
Life is short to travel o'er;
That damnation is eternal,
Is no idle old folk-lore.

Brother, pay your debts to all men,
Life is long to travel o'er;
And you'll often have to borrow,
As you oft have done before.

40.

The Holy Three Kings from the East besought
In every hamlet: "Tell us,
Which is the way to Bethlehem,
Ye dear little maids and fellows?"

Nor young folks, nor old folks, could show them the way—
The Kings they further journeyed;
They followed where led a golden star
Whose pure bright light they discernèd.

The star stood still over Joseph's house;
And there they entered fairly;
The oxen lowed, the suckling screamed,
The Holy Three Kings sang cheerly.

41.

My child, we once were children,
Two children, small and gay;
We crept to the tiny hen-house
And hid ourselves under the hay.

We cackled just like chickens,
And as folks passed to and fro:
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" till they all believed,
It was really the old cock's crow.

We draped the chests in our courtyard
With hangings and carpets bright,
And made the genteelest of villas,
And dwelt there from morning till night.

Our neighbour's aged tabby,
Came often to call in state;
We received her with bows and curtseys,
And compliments many and great.

And after her health we asked her
In friendly, solicitous chat;
We have since said the same, how often!
To many another old cat.

We sat together conversing,
As sage as old folks in our ways;
And grumbled that all things were better
In our own youthful days;

That Love, Truth, Faith, for ever
Had vanished from our sphere;
That money was hard to come by,
And coffee mighty dear!

Past are those games of childhood,
As all things pass in sooth.
Time, and the world, and money,
And Faith, and Love, and Truth.

42.

My heart is sore oppressed and swelling,
  Yearning for days that once have been;
Then was the world a goodly dwelling,
  And people's lives flowed on serene.

Now all things from their course are driven;
  Pressure and want on every side;
The Lord has passed away from Heaven,
  Below the Devil too has died.

And grim looks every sight and thing too,
  Perverse and chill, below, above;
And nothing would be left to cling to,
  Were there not just a little Love.

43.

As the moon the dark cloud curtains,
  Parts, and goes her radiant way,
Rises from dark times behind me,
  Memory of one brilliant day.

We exulted while we floated
  Down the Rhine, in light serene,
As the sun-rays of the evening
  Brightened all that summer sheen.

I myself was seated musing
At a peerless lady's feet,
And the ruddy gold of sunset
Tinged her features pale and sweet.

Lutes were tinkling, students singing;
Merriment beyond compare!
And the very sky grew bluer,
And the soul expanded there.

Hill and castle, field and forest,
Like a fairy-tale passed by,
And I saw it all refulgent
In that peerless woman's eye.

44.

In a dream I saw my beloved one,
A woman of fears and care.
How haggard—ah me! how faded,
The form that was once so fair.

She bore in her arms an infant,
Another dragged at her dress;
In gait, and look, and clothing,
Were want and wretchedness.

She tottered across the market
  And there we met once more;
She looked at me, and calmly
  I spoke, though my heart was sore

"Come with me to my dwelling,
  For thou art pale and ill;
And meat and drink will I find thee
  By constant work and skill.

"And I will tend and foster
  The children thou hast borne,
And thyself above all others,
  Thyself, poor child forlorn!

"But that I loved thee dearly,
  That secret I will keep;
And only when thou diest
  I'll come to thy grave and weep!"

45.

Come, my friend, we're tired of hearing
  Your eternal threnodies;
Will you sit for ever hatching
  Stale old love-eggs such as these?

After all the expectation
From their shells the chickens look,
Flutter in their perturbation—
And you coop them in a book!

46.

Wax not too impatient with me,
If among my newer lays
Some sad chords resound too clearly
From the songs of olden days.

Only wait! even now is dying
This faint echo of my pain,
And a May of song will blossom
From a heart made whole again.

47.

'Tis time good sense came to mine aid,
From folly I'd be free, dear;
Too long comedian-like I've played
A comedy with thee, dear.

The scenes were gorgeous to behold
In the high romantic line, dear;
My knightly mantle blazed with gold;
My feelings were superfine, dear.

And now that from this foolish craze
I have got quit and free, dear,
I shall be wretched all my days
As when I mimed with thee, dear.

O God! I spoke what I felt—in jest,
Nor knowing until later;
I played, with death in my own breast,
The "dying Gladiator."

48.

The great King Wiswamitra
Is making a mighty row,
With penances and fighting
To gain Washista's cow.

O great King Wiswamitra,
Oh, what an ox art thou
To go through such penance and fighting,
And all about a cow!

49.

Heart, my heart, yield not to sorrow,
Manfully endure your fate;
What the winter took of late
Spring will render you to-morrow.

And how much is left to cheer you,
  And how fair the world is still!
  And my heart, if you but will,
You may woo whate'er comes near you.

50.

Like to an opening blossom,
  So fair and pure thou art;
I gaze at thee, and sorrow
  Stirs dumbly in my heart.

My hand upon thy forehead
  I fain would lay in prayer
That God may keep thee ever,
  So sweet and pure and fair.

51.

Child, to love me were thy ruin;
  So I toil with all endeavour
That for me thy gentle spirit
  Feel no glow of passion ever.

Yet at times it almost grieves me
  To have won success so clearly,
And in spite of all I whisper:
  "Oh, that she might love me dearly!"

52.

When I am lying pillowed
With darkness round and above,
There hovers o'er me a gracious
Exquisite image of love.

And scarce does silent slumber
Upon mine eyelids light,
When the image comes gently stealing
In the first sweet dream of night.

Nor with the breath of morning
Will the image pass away;
In my heart I bear it with me
Through all the livelong day.

53.

Maiden with the mouth so rosy,
With the eyes so sweet and clear,
Ever am I thinking of thee,
O my little maiden dear.

Long are now the winter evenings,
Ah, what would I give to be
Sitting in thy little chamber,
Chatting cosily with thee.

I would press a thousand kisses
On thy little snowy hand;
I would let my tears fall on it,
On thy little snowy hand.

54.

Though in drifts the snows may lie,
Though it hail, though storm winds cry,
Hurtling at my window pane,
Never more will I complain.
For within my heart I bear
Springtide joys and thoughts of Her.

55.*

Saints, apostles, virgins, none—
Holy Mother, Paul or Peter—
Will I kneel to—thou alone
Hast my prayers, thou radiant sun.

Shine upon me, fairest one!
Joy and kisses give me ever!
Brightest sun among the maidens!
Fairest maid beneath the sun!

56.

Did not my white, wan face betray
My love and anguish to thee?
And wouldst thou that my haughty mouth
In beggar's tones should sue thee?

Too haughty is my mouth for aught
But kisses and jest-making;
Perchance 'twould speak some mocking word
Even while my heart was breaking.

57.

My dear fellow, you're in love;
And you suffer pains infernal;
In your head thick darkness gathers!
In your heart is light supernal.

My dear fellow, you're in love;
You're in love, and won't avow it,
But I see where passion's flames,
Bursting through your waistcoat, show it!

58.

I longed to rest from worry,
To loiter near to you;
You left me in a hurry,
"You had so much to do!"

My soul's entire submission
To you alone I vowed;
You curtsied gay derision
With rippling laughter loud.

Fresh tricks, fresh whimsies starting,
You made me more downcast,
And you refused on parting
Even a kiss at last.

I shall not die, believe me,
Though you may vex me sore;
For, sweet, though these things grieve me,
I've borne them all before.

59.

Blue sapphires are those eyes of thine,
So innocent, my sweeting;
And ah! thrice happy is the man
To whom they give Love's greeting.

Thy heart it is a diamond
That fires divine hath captured;
And ah! thrice happy is the man
For whom it glows enraptured.

Red rubies are those lips of thine,
Lovely beyond expression;
And ah! thrice happy he to whom
They make Love's sweet confession.

Oh that I knew the happy man!
That I might find him wending
His lonely way thro' the green wood—
His bliss would have an ending!

60.

I have lied myself, by sighing
Lovers' vows, into thy breast;
In my own toils tangled lying,
Now to earnest turns the jest.

But shouldst thou in sportive gladness
Claim thy right and from me speed,
Fiends will haunt me, and in sadness
I shall shoot myself indeed.

61.

The world and our life are too full of confusion;
From the German Professor I'll seek a solution.
'Tis he who can set human life in order,
For constructing a system, why, he is the man;
With his night-cap's tassel and dressing-gown border,
He'll stop you the chinks in creation's plan.

62.

I have long been racking my brains with thinking,
With thinking and musing by night and day;
But those sweet eyes of thine, my dear one,
To resolution have shown me the way!

Yes, I will abide where those eyes will light me,
And follow the starry guiding ray;
Though I never thought I should know what Love was,
Never again to my dying day.

63.

To-night they are giving a party,
And the house is all a-blaze,
To and fro at the shining window
A shadow passes and stays.

Thou seest me not; in darkness
I stand in the street apart;
Even less can'st thou pierce the shadows
And look in my sad dark heart.

My darkened heart, it loves thee;
It loves thee and breaks. Its lot
Is to quiver and break, while its life-blood
Flows—and thou seest it not.

64

I would that my sea of troubles
Could flow into one word alone;
To the blithesome winds I would give it,
They blithely would waft it to one.

Would waft it to thee, beloved,
That word of pain and care!
Thou shouldst hear it at every instant,
Shouldst hear it everywhere.

And soon as, when night came upon thee,
Thine eyelids closed in sleep,
Through the deepest depths of thy dreaming
My word should surely sweep.

65.

Thou hast pearls and diamonds in plenty,
All things on which hearts set store,
And thine eyes are the very brightest—
What wouldst thou, my love, have more?

In praise of those brightest eyes, love,
I have written sonnets galore,
A host of immortal verses—
What wouldst thou, my love, have more?

With those brightest eyes thou hast brought me
An endless heartache sore,
Thou hast ruined me, soul and body—
What wouldst thou, my love, have more?

66.

He who for the first time loves,
Albeit hopeless, is a god.
But for him whose love is hopeless,
Once again—he is a fool.

I am such a fool, and hopeless
Love once more, no true love winning;
Sun and moon and stars are laughing,
I am laughing too—and dying.

67.*

No—your tepid and your vapid
Soul could not, I know, obey
My love's torrent, fierce and rapid
That through rocks could force its way.

Love's high-road for you's best sorted,
I can see you walking there,
On your husband's arm supported—
With good hopes of coming heir.

68.*

By a languishing son of the Muse be it said,
Kind lady, permit me to rest
In slumber this weary, poetical head
On your white and beautiful breast.

"How dare you say such things to me,
Sir, amongst all this company?"

69.

Counsel and wise old saws they offered,
Overwhelmed me with honours proffered,
Bade me wait a little—and see;
'Twas their firm intention to patronise me.

But none the less for their patronising
My death from starvation had not been surprising;
When lo! there turns up a worthy man,
Who sets about helping me all he can.

Worthy man! He provides me my dinner!
I'll never forget it, as I'm a sinner!
I'd give him the heartiest hug I can,
Only—I am myself this worthy man.

70.

This most amiable youngster
  Can't be held in too much reverence;
Frequently he stands me oysters,
  With liqueurs or hock for preference.

Clad in trim-cut coat and trousers,
  With a neck-tie gay as Iris,
Each forenoon he waits upon me,
  Just to make polite inquiries.

Of my fame, my grace and humour,
  He goes rambling on for ever;
Swears, to aid and do me service
  Is his duty, his endeavour.

And of evenings, to the ladies,
With a face of inspiration,
He recites my deathless poems
With appropriate declamation.

Oh! to light on such a being
Is indeed immensely cheering,
In these days when worthy people
More and more are disappearing.

71.

This was my dream. I'm God Himself
In lofty heaven sitting;
With angels round to praise my verse,
With praises unremitting.

Plumcake I eat and confitures,
That cost a pretty penny,
And wash them down with rare milk-punch,
And debts! I haven't any!

But lack of pastime bores me much;
On earth I'd fain be living;
If God I were not, to old Nick
My soul I would be giving.

Ho! long-legged angel Gabriel,
Quick to thy heels, I prithee;
Away to earth and bring me thence
My friend Eugenio with thee.

Seek him not in his college halls;
Seek him mid jingling glasses;
Seek him not at St. Hedwig's church;
Seek him among the lasses.

Then down to earth by spreading wings,
Is angel Gabriel driven;
He claws the dear old scapegrace up,
And brings him straight to Heaven.

Yes, fellow, I am God Himself,
And rule heaven, earth and ocean;
I told you I should do great things,
I've always had the notion.

Each day I work my miracles,
You'll think them vastly pretty;
And for your mirth I'll bring about
The bliss of Berlin city.

The paving stones along the street,
Shall open in a trice, boy;
And every stone shall hold within,
An oyster fresh and nice, boy.

On every oyster, lemon juice
  Shall fall in dewy showers;
While through the city's gutters all,
  The noblest Rhenish scours.

How jolly are the Berlin folk,
  In speed to gorge and fill them!
Their Worships of the County Courts,
  The kennel streams, they swill them!

How jolly are the poets too!
  At such a god-like sally!
The cornets and lieutenants, all
  Are lapping street and alley.

These cornets and lieutenants are,
  Of all mankind most clever;
Wonders they think, like this to-day,
  Will happen scarcely ever.

72.

When I left you, July was in its glory,
  I find you again in December's snow;
And ye who then basked where the heat was glowing,
  Have changed—grown cold perhaps; even so!

I leave you again. When next I come hither,
Then will ye be nor warm nor cold;
And I shall pass the graves you lie in,
And my own heart will be poor and old.

73.

Driven away from fairest arms, and harried
From fairest lips that once bent fondly o'er me!
One poor day more how gladly had I tarried,
When lo! the post-boy with his team came for me.

Yes, that indeed is Life! an endless moan, love,
An endless farewell, and an endless parting!
Couldst thou not grapple my heart to thine own, love,
Could not such eyes as thine delay my starting?

74.

We travelled alone in the gloomy
Post-carriage throughout the night;
On the other's heart each rested,
Hearts that were merry and light.

But as the day was dawning,
My child, how astounded we looked,
For between us sat Cupid—a traveller
For whom no place had been booked.

75.

God knows only where the madcap
  Girl has stowed herself away;
I've been racing round the city
  Cursing, all this rainy day.

From one tavern to another
  I have scurried without rest;
Many a most uncivil waiter
  All in vain have I addressed.

Lo! I see her at the window,
  And she nods and titters—well!
Who'd have dreamt thou didst inhabit,
  Girl! so splendid an hotel!

76.

Like houses half seen in a vision,
  Stretches the street's long row;
Close muffled in my mantle,
  In silence unbroken I go.

The tower of the city minster
  Proclaims the midnight hour,
And my love, all beguilements and kisses,
  Awaits me now in her bower.

The moon is my companion;
To light me's a labour of love.
I stand at her threshold, and joyous
Call out to the moon above:

"I thank thee, my trusty old comrade,
For making my pathway bright;
Now am I fain to excuse thee,
Let the rest of the world have thy light.

"And if thou shouldst chance on a lover
Who desolate makes his moan,
Console him as you consoled me
Long ago in the days that are flown."

77.*

Thou hast kissed my lips until they bleed,
Now kiss them till they heal;
And if thou hast not time by day,
When twilight shadows steal,
Wilt thou not have the long, long night,
Oh, well-beloved of me?
Ah, many a kiss, in that long night,
May pass 'twixt me and thee!

78.

And when you're once my wedded wife,
They'll envy you, my treasure,
For then you'll lead a jolly life,
One round of mirth and pleasure.

And if you scold, and if you curse,
I'll bear it as I may, dear;
But if you do not praise my verse
I'll put you straight away, dear!

79.*

When she flung her arms round me, with tenderest pressure,
My soul rose to Heaven in a rapturous flight:
And I let it ascend while I drank of the pleasure
Her honeyed lips gave me with frenzied delight.

80.*

What deceit may lurk in kisses!
What delight in make-believe!
To cheat others, sure, a bliss is!
If I'm gulled too, should I grieve?
Play the prude demure, my dearest,
Thou'lt relent in time, I trow;
I'll believe whate'er thou swearest,
What thou'dst fain believe, I'll vow.

81.

Upon thy snow-white shoulder
I have rested my weary head!
I heard thy heart beat, and its longing,
Its hopes and its wishes I read.

The blue Hussars are bugling
And riding into the town;
And to-morrow she will desert me,
My dearest and my own!

And if thou wilt leave me to-morrow,
To-day thou art surely my own,
So twofold shall be my rapture
Whilst round me thine arms are thrown.

82.

The blue Hussars are bugling
And riding out of the town;
I enter it, dearest, to bring thee
My roses freshly blown.

Swashbucklers that eat up the country!
Hubbub and wild uproar!
E'en thy small heart found billets
For half-a-dozen or more!

83.

In my years of young desire,
From sweet love's devouring fire
Many a pain I had;
Nowadays the fuel's dearer,
And the fire does not burn clearer,
Ma foi, it's not so bad!

Ponder this, my pretty sweeting,
Let thy silly tears go fleeting,
And love's silly pains and harms;
And if only life is left thee,
Why, forget the love that's reft thee,
Ma foi! in my arms.

84.

Art thou truly grown so hostile?
Art thou changed so utterly?
To the wide world I'll proclaim it,
All thy graceless cruelty.

O ungrateful lips, how can you,
Dare you, speak in harsh dispraise
Of the man whose kisses thrilled you,
In those dear and far-off days?

85.

Ah, again the eyes which ever
  Smiled a welcome sweet, I see!
And again the lips which ever
  Made all life seem sweet to me!

'Tis again the voice which ever
  I was wont to hear so gladly!
Only I am changed—returning
  To my home, I enter sadly.

With her fair white arms about me
  Close and lovingly entwining,
I am lying on her bosom,
  Weary-hearted and repining.

86.*

O shame me not, my darling fair—
  Unter den Linden, greet me not;
Soon we shall meet at home, and there
  All shall be settled and forgot.

87.*

Here, *Unter den Linden*, my friend,
Your heart will be satisfied;
For here you may find, without end,
Fair women's beauty and pride.

They blossom so dainty and sweet,
In their delicate silks attired,
Like "Flowers on wandering feet,"
Said a poet in words inspired.

Ah, the hat with its sweeping plumes,
Ah, the folds of the Kashmire shawl,
Ah, the youthful cheek and its bloom,
And the swan-neck, fairest of all!

88.

Rarely did ye understand me,
You, I rarely understood;
But we understood each other
When we both were in the mud.

89.

But all the eunuchs grumbled
When my voice rang out with force;
They grumbled and they mumbled,
My singing was very coarse.

And daintily sounded and cheerly
Their tinkling falsetto notes,
The crystalline *fiorituri*
Shrilled gay from the bird-like throats.

They sang too in accents pathetic,
Of love—its raptures and fears;
Delights so truly æsthetic
Drowned all the ladies in tears.

90.

Where on Salamanca's ramparts
Airs blow soft and sweet from Heaven,
I and my beloved Donna
Stroll on many a summer even.

Round the beauty's waist so slender
Gently now my arm is stealing,
And her bosom's haughty swelling
My too happy hand is feeling.

Natheless an anxious whisper
Flutters through the lindens shady,
And the mill-stream, dark below us,
Mutters gloomy dreams, sweet lady.

Ah, Senora, drear foreboding
  Tells we must be rent asunder,
And on Salamanca's ramparts
  Nevermore shall we two wander.

91.

Don Henriquez, styled "The Handsome,"
  Lives in the same house beside me;
Our apartments are adjoining,
  From him flimsy walls divide me.

As he strides along the pavement,
  Spurs a-clanking, moustache twirling,
With a pack of dogs about him,
  Many a lady's brain is whirling.

But he sits at home and lonely,
  Often through the silent gloaming;
In his hands his mandolina,
  Through his soul sweet fancies roaming.

He begins extemporising,
  Eager chords the strings are thrilling;
Ugh! no caterwauling plagues me
  Like his growling, quavering, trilling.

92.

Heart answered to heart when we first saw each other,
I marked it plainly in voice and in eye;
And I think we should straightway have kissed if your mother,
The marplot, had not been standing by.

But hence with the morning must I be starting
To speed on my weary journey anew,
And my blue-eyed darling will watch my departing,
As I waft to her window my fond adieu.

93.

Over the mountains breaks now the sunlight,
The lambs' bells tinkle across the plain;
My darling, my lamb, my sunlight, my one light,
I long to look on thee once again!

With straining eyes I gaze at thy shutters;
Farewell, my child, I must part from thee!
In vain, in vain—not a curtain flutters!
She lies still asleep,—and dreams of me!

94.

At Halle in the market-place
There stand two mighty lions;
Ha! truculent Halle lion-folk,
Ha, ha! how tame we've made you!

At Halle in the market-place
There stands a mighty giant;
He grasps a sword, yet never stirs,
Terror has petrified him.

At Halle in the market-place
There stands a mighty minster;
Where citizens and country folk
Have space to pray in plenty.

95.*

Pretty, hospitable lady,
House and court are trim and neat,
Stable, cellar, all well cared-for,
Farming careful and complete:

Every corner in the garden
Is well-weeded, gay enough;
All the straw the flails are thrashing
Will be used the beds to stuff.

But thy heart and lips, fair lady,
Unregarded, fallow lie;
And thy bed-chamber, so cosy,
Lacks another's company.

96.

Over blooming woods and meadows
  Broods the waning summer twilight;
  From the skies the golden moonbeams
Dart their light among the shadows.

Grasshoppers chirp by the river,
  And a movement stirs the water;
  And the loiterer hears the ripple,
Hears the very silence quiver.

To the stream the wood nymph tender
  Shyly comes to bathe her beauty;
  In the golden moonbeams glisten
Neck and arm so white and slender.

97.

O'er the strange paths night is brooding,
  Heart is sick, and limbs are sore,
Then thy light in silent blessing,
  Gentle Moon, streams down once more.

Gentle Moon, before thy radiance
  Vanish all the night-tide's fears;
Silently my griefs steal from me,
  And my eyes are dewed with tears.

98.

Death is to me the cool, still night,
And life the sultry day.
It darkens—let me slumber;
I'm weary of the light.

Over my bed the willows weep;
There sings the young sweet nightingale,
She sings of love, love only;
I hear it even in sleep.

99.

Say, where's now your pretty sweetheart
You extolled in lyric fashion,
When your youthful being kindled
With the magic glow of passion?

Ah, my heart is sad and frozen,
And the flame no longer flashes,
And this little book's an urn which
Sepulchres my love's cold ashes.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

Now May is here, with all her golden sunbeams,
With all her silken airs, and spicy perfumes,
Benignly she allures with snow-white blossoms,
And greets with thousand violet-eyes of azure,
And spreads abroad her green and flowery carpet
Woven of sunshine and of morning dew;
Summoning all the children of mankind.
The bashful folk obey her earliest call:
The men all put their nankeen trousers on,
Their Sunday coats with glittering gilded buttons;
The ladies dress themselves in virgin white;
The young men twirl their newly grown moustaches;
Young maidens feel their bosoms swell with pleasure;
And the town poets stick into their pockets
Eye-glass, note-book and pencil. Jubilant
The jostling crowd is pressing through the town-gate,
And, lying down on the green turf outside,
Admires the trees—how splendidly they flourish—
Plays with the gaily-coloured tender blossoms—
Harks to the songs of all the lusty warblers—
While their shouts reach the blue expanse of Heaven.

May came to me—even me—three times she rattled
Upon my door, and called out: "I am May!
Thou pallid dreamer, come, and I will kiss thee!"
But I my door kept bolted, and I cried:
"In vain thy wiles thou triest on me—ill-comer—
For I have seen thee through, and also seen through
The structure of this world. I have seen too much—
And much too deep—and so all joy has vanished,
And everlasting pains lodge in my heart.
I see right through the hard and stony casing
Of mortals' houses, and of mortals' hearts,
And see in both falsehood, and tricks, and meanness—
Upon men's faces do I read their thoughts,
A sorry revelation. In the girl's blush of shame
I see her secret passion's greedy tremors.
On the youth's proud enthusiastic head
I see the mocking, yellow fool's cap settle:
And nought but masks grotesque, or sickly shadows,
I see upon this earth—nor can I tell
Whether a madhouse 'tis, or hospital.
I see right through the base of this old Earth
As though it were of glass; and see the horror,
May strives to cover with her joyful green—
Strives, but in vain. And then I see the dead.
They lie below there, in their narrow coffins,
With folded hands, and with their eyelids open.
White is their clothing, and their faces white,
And through their lips the yellow worms are crawling.

I see the son there, sitting with his sweetheart,
To sport and wanton on his father's grave:
The nightingales sing jeering songs above them;
The gentle meadow-flowers are laughing slyly;
While the dead father turns him in his grave,
And painfully old Mother Earth doth shudder.

Thou poor old Earth—thy pains, too well I know them.
I see the fire which rages in thy bosom,
I see the blood start from thy thousand veins,
I see thy wound tearing itself wide open,
And wildly streaming flame and smoke and blood.
I see thy bold defiant giant-sons—
Thy eldest brood—from gloomy deeps arising,
And their red torches in their hands high swinging;
I see them set their iron ladders up
And wildly storm the fortress of high Heaven;
While black dwarfs clamber after them; and crackling
Vanish from heaven all the golden stars.
With impious hand one tears the golden curtain
Of God's own shrine. The holy Angels
Prone on their faces fall, shrieking aloud.
Upon his throne sits God, with terror pale—
Plucks from his head the crown, and tears his hair
And nearer presses on the savage horde.
The Giants toss their blazing torches high
Into vast Heaven's realm; the foul dwarfs smite
With whips of flame the Angels on the back,

Who creep about, and tortured, writhe in pain,
And then are dragged out fairly by the hair.
And my especial Angel see I there,
With his blonde locks, and with his gentle features,
And with th' eternal love around his lips,
And with the bliss that lives in his blue eye.
And one outrageous, ugly, dusky Kobold
Snatches from Heaven's floor my pale white Angel.
Grinning he leers upon his shining beauty,
Then clasps him tight in tenderest embraces.
A shriek of horror rings throughout all space;
Its pillars crumble; Earth and Heaven fall crashing
Together, and old Night is Lord of all.

RATCLIFF.

The Dream-God brought me once into a country
Where weeping willows waved to me a welcome
With their long leafy arms, and where the flowers,
With sober sisters' eyes gazed gently on me,
Where the birds' twitter seemed familiar to me,
Where ev'n the dogs' bark seemed to me well known;
Where voices and where persons greeted me
Like an old friend; and yet where all things
So strange seemed to me, wonderfully strange.
I stood before a pretty country house.
My breast was troubled; yet within my brain
Peace reigned; and peacefully I shook off
The dust that clung about my travelling garb.
Sharp clanged the bell, and soon the door stood open,

And there were men and women—many well-known
Faces; but silent grief on all was painted,
And secret, shrinking fear. With strange emotion—
Almost with pitying mien—they gazed upon me,
Till I myself felt, shuddering through my bosom,
Something like presage of unknown disaster.

There sat old Margaret, whom I knew at once;
Questioning I looked at her, but still she spoke not.
"Where is Maria?" asked I; but she spoke not.
She took me gently by the hand, and led me
Through many long and brightly lighted rooms,
Where luxury and state and silence reigned;
Led me at last into a misty chamber,
Then motioned me, with countenance averted,
Toward a form that on the sofa sat.
"Are you Maria?" asked I, and I shuddered
To the heart's core at the solemnity
With which I spoke; and, stony and metallic,
Rang back the voice: "The people call me so."
A cutting pain went coldly through me then,
For that same hollow, freezing tone was still
The voice—once so melodious—of Maria:
That woman in the faded lilac gown
Thrown carelessly around her; breasts down hanging;
Eyes fixed and glassy; and the cheeks, and muscles
Of her pale visage limp and loose as leather—
Ah yes! that woman was the once so fair,
The blooming, lovely, lovable Maria!
"You've been long on your travels," she broke out,
With cold familiarity uncanny;
"Good friend, you look no more so languishing.
How strong you seem—your loins and calves stand out,
And show solidity." A sickly smile
Fluttered around the pale and yellow lips.

In my confusion this I blurted forth:
"Why, some one told me, sure, that you were married."
"Oh yes!" she coolly said, loud-voiced and smiling,
"I have a wooden stick which, covered over
With leather, is called 'husband.' Still, plain wood
Is wood." She laughed, a low repulsive laughter.
Then a cold pang ran through my very soul,
And doubt seized on me. Can those be the pure
Lips—pure as opening flowers—Maria's?
But then she stood up all her height, took quickly
Her shawl from off the chair, and wrapped it
About her neck, then hung upon my arm,
And drew me thence, first through the open house-door,
Then on and on through plain and wood and meadow.

The sun's red, glowing disc had now sunk down
Full low, and with his purple light he coloured
The trees and all the flowers and the river,
Which in the distance rolled majestic on.
Maria sudden cried: "See you how shimmers
The great gold eye in yonder azure water?"
"Silence, poor thing!" I said. And I beheld then
A wondrous pageant floating in the twilight.
For misty shapes were rising from the meadows,
Circling each other in their soft white arms.
The violets sweetly looked on each other;
The lily-bells bowed, each to each, enamoured;
A glow of pleasure crimsoned all the roses;

A flame seemed burning in the pinks' hot breath;
The flowers all revelled in the rapturous odours,
And all were weeping quiet tears of joy,
And all in chorus chanted, "Love, love, love!"
The butterflies were fluttering, and the brilliant
Gold-beetles hummed their fairy lays together.
The evening breezes whispered in the oaks,
The nightingale sang with voluptuous languor.
'Midst all this sound of whispering, rustling, singing,
The faded woman hanging on my arm there
Chattered with leaden, toneless voice and frigid,
"I know your nightly doings at the castle.
'The lanky-shadow' 's a good-natured fool;
He nods and bows to everything you want.
'The Blue-coat' is an angel; but the red one,
With shining sword, he hates you like the devil."
And many other incoherent stories
She babbled of, until at last she sat,
Quite wearied, down with me on the green hillock
That stands beneath the aged oak-tree's branches,
And there we sat together, still and mournful,
Gazed each on each, with growing melancholy.
Like to a dying man the oak-tree sighed,
And shrill with pain the nightingale wailed from it.
But then, rays of red light streamed through the leaves,
And played around Maria's visage pale,
And waked a glow within her stony eyes.
And with her old sweet voice she said to me:

"How knewest thou, then, that I was so wretched,
As I have lately read in thy wild songs?"

A chill shot through my breast. I stood in awe,
Scared by my frenzy, which could thus
Foresee the future; darkness fell upon my brain,
And in my terror I awoke from sleep.

DONNA CLARA.

In the evening-lighted garden
Paces the Alcalde's daughter;
Blare of kettle-drums and trumpets
Sounds triumphant from the palace.

"Ah! a burthen are these dances,
And the sugared words of flatterers,
And the knights with pretty phrases
Who compare me with the sunshine.

"All things are a mighty burthen,
Since I saw in gleaming moonlight
That one knight whose lyre enticed me
After night-fall to my window.

"As he stood there, brave and slender,
And his eye shot forth keen lightning
From his pale and noble visage;
'Twas St. George who stood before me."

Thus was Donna Clara musing,
Gazing on the ground before her;
As she raised her eyes, before her
Stood the unknown gallant stranger.

Hand-in-hand, with loving whispers,
Through the moonlit groves they wander,
Kissed by soothing airs while roses
Greet them as in fairy legends.

Greeting as in fairy legends,
Roses glow like love's familiars;
"O my dearest, tell me wherefore
Comes such sudden flush upon thee?"

"O my love, the midges stung me;
And in summertime the midges
Are by me as much detested
As the long-nosed Jewish rabble."

"Take no thought of Jews or midges,"
Spoke the cavalier caressing;
And a million snowy bloom-flakes
Drop upon them from the almonds.

And a million snowy bloom-flakes,
Lavish all around their sweetness.
"O my dearest, tell me truly,
Is thy heart mine and mine only?"

"Yes, I love thee, my beloved!
Let me swear it by the Saviour
Whom the God-accursed Hebrews
Murdered in their evil malice."

"Take no thought of Jews or Saviour,"
Spoke the cavalier caressing;
In the distance rise white lilies,
Gleaming softly in the radiance.

Snow-white lilies, gleaming softly,
Gaze up to the stars in Heaven.
"O my dearest, give true answer,
Hast thou not sworn falsely to me?"

"Dearest, falsehood is not in me;
Just as in my heart there flows not
Any drop of blood that's Moorish,
Or of filthy Jewish people."

"Take no thought of Moor or Hebrew,"
Spoke the cavalier caressing;
And he led the Alcalde's daughter
To a secret myrtle bower.

As it were with nets of passion,
He had stealthily enmeshed her;
Briefest words, but long-drawn kisses,
While their hearts were overflowing.

Sweetest nightingales sang melting
Bridal songs from out the thicket;
On the grass around, the glow-worms
Moved as in a dance of torches.

Through the bower silence deepened;
Nought was heard, except the secret
Whisper of discreetest myrtles,
And the breathing of the flowers.

All at once the drums and trumpets
Burst forth loudly from the palace.
Suddenly awaking, Clara
Tears herself from his embraces.

"Hark! they shout for me, my dearest!
Yet ere we are parted, tell me
What fair name thou bearest; tell me
What thou long hast hidden from me!"

And the knight out-laughing gaily,
Kissed the fingers of his mistress;
Kissed her on the lips and forehead,
And he spoke the slow words slowly:

"I, Senora, your beloved,
Am the son of the most worthy
Erudite and reverend Rabbi
Israel of Saragossa."

ALMANSOR.

I.

In Cordova's great cathedral
There are columns thirteen hundred,
Thirteen hundred giant columns
Bear the dome upon their shoulders.

And on walls and dome and columns,
There extend from top to bottom
Arab texts from the Alcoran,
Deftly turned like twining flowers.

Moorish kings in bygone ages
Built their house to Allah's glory;
But since then all things have altered,
Swept along in Time's dark whirlpool.

From the tower where the Muezzin
Summoned all the town to worship,
Now we hear the mournful droning
Of the bells of pallid Christians.

On the steps where true believers
Sang the message of the Prophet,
Now the shaveling tricksters juggle
With their childish Eucharist.

And there's scraping and there's twisting
Of the many-coloured puppets;
And 'mid smoke and bells and mumming,
All the silly tapers flicker.

There in Cordova's Cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
Gazing silent on the columns,
Murmuring these phrases softly:

"O ye columns strong, gigantic,
Once adorned for Allah's glory,
Ye are forced to servile homage
To the Christian faith detested.

"Yielding to the times ye live in,
Patiently ye bear the burthen,
Ever so we who are weaker
Must more readily submit us."

And Almansor ben Abdullah
Bows his head with cheerful seeming,
O'er the carven stone of baptism,
In Cordova's great Cathedral.

II.

Swift he strode from the Cathedral,
  Galloped on his coal-black charger,
Till the damp curls on his forehead,
  And his plume, waved in the breezes.

On the road to Alcolea,
  Following the Guadalquiver,
Where the rosy almond blossoms,
  And where glows the perfumed orange.

Thither speeds the gallant horseman,
  Whistling, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds around join with him,
  And the river's sounding waters.

For in Alcolea's castle
  Dwells fair Clara de Alvarez,
In Navarre her sire is warring,
  So she joys in larger freedom.

And Almansor hears far distant,
  Stirring bray of horns and trumpets,
He beholds the castle cressets
  Gleaming through the leafy branches.

In the halls of Alcolea
  Twelve bejewelled dames are dancing,
And twelve knights in knightly raiment,
  But the stateliest is Almansor.

Borne along by buoyant humour,
  Through the hall he flits incessant,
Knowing well how best to whisper
  To each dame his gentle flattery.

Quick he kisses Isabella's
  Snowy hand and quits her swiftly;
And he seats himself and gazes
  Joyously at fair Elvira.

Laughingly he asks Lenora
  If he now finds favour with her,
And he shows upon his mantle
  Crosses worked in gold embroidery.

And he vows to every lady
  In his heart he bears those crosses,
And a score of times protesteth,
  Swearing, "As I am a Christian."

III.

Now in Alcolea's castle
  Mirth and music all are silenced,
Knights and ladies all have vanished,
  And the tapers are extinguished.

Donna Clara and Almansor—
  These alone remain together;
One last lamp is left to light them
  With a pale and lonely glimmer.

On a lofty chair sits Clara,
  And Almansor on the footstool
Bends his forehead, slumber-weary,
  On the knees of his beloved one.

From a golden flask the lady,
  Pensive, drops sweet oil of roses
On the brown locks of Almansor,
  And a deep sigh heaves his bosom.

Sweetest kiss from lips so tender
  The sweet lady presses pensive
On the brown locks of Almansor,
  And his lofty brow is clouded.

Pensive tears the lady sheddeth
From her radiant eyes love-lighted
On the brown locks of Almansor,
And his lip with passion trembles.

For he dreams that he is standing
With his head bowed low and dripping,
There in Cordova's Cathedral,
Hearing countless gloomy voices.

All the lofty giant columns
Murmur to his ears indignant,
They will bear the load no longer,
And they quiver and they stagger.

And they crash together wildly
On the livid priests and people,
And the dome itself falls headlong
While the Christian Gods are wailing.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother's at the window,
In bed her sick son lies.
The pilgrim train is passing,
"William, wilt thou not rise?"

"I am so ill, O mother,
Hearing and sight are fled;
My heart is aching sorely;
I think of Gretchen dead."

"Arise, we will to Kevlaar,
Take book and rosary;
God's Mother will make whole there
Thine aching heart for thee."

And loud bursts forth the chanting,
The banners flutter gay,
The pilgrim train is starting
From Köln this very day.

The mother follows the pilgrims;
Her sick son leadeth she;
And both sing in the chorus:
"Praised be thou, Mary!"

* * *

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Wears all her bravery;
The sick folk come in hundreds,
And much to do has she.

And all the suffering mortals
Bring each an offering;
Limbs that of wax are moulded,
Wax hands, wax feet they bring.

And whoso brings a wax hand,
Cures on his hand his wound;
And whoso brings a wax foot,
His foot is straightway sound.

Thither came some on crutches
Who now can dance on the rope;
Some play the viol whose fingers
Were all diseased past hope.

The mother bought wax tapers
  And shaped them to a heart;
"Go—bear it to God's Mother,
  And she will heal thy smart."

With sighs he took the wax heart,
  He sought the shrine with sighs;
His words gushed from his heart-spring,
  The tears gushed from his eyes.

"O blessèd 'mid the blessèd,
  O God's own maiden pure,
O Queen of Heaven, hearken
  What sorrow I endure.

"In Köln, the famous city,
  I and my mother dwell,
Köln that doth by the hundred
  Its shrines and churches tell."

"And near to us dwelt Gretchen,
  But she is dead and past!
O Mary, take this wax heart,
  And cure my heart at last.

"My piercèd heart, oh! heal it,
  That so my prayer may be,
Fervent, and late, and early,
  'Praised be thou, Mary!'"

III.

The sick youth and his mother
  In their small chamber slept;
And lo! God's Mother gently
  Across the threshold stepped.

Above the sick boy bending,
  She laid her hand awhile
Upon his heart in silence,
  And vanished with a smile.

In dreams the mother saw it,
  She saw much more beside;
She woke up from her slumber,
  The watch-dogs howled and cried.

There lay upon his pallet
  Her son—and he was dead!
And on his pale cheek glimmered
  The daybreak's gleaming red.

She folded her hands in silence;
  No tears, no plaints had she—
Then spoke in meek devotion,
  "Praised be thou, Mary!"

TRAVELS IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

Prologue.

Black dress-coats and trim silk stockings,
  Oily words, effusive greeting,
Courtly ruffles, shirt fronts snowy,
  Oh, if in them hearts were beating!

Had they hearts within their bosoms,
  In their hearts were love prevailing!
Ah! I perish with the sing-song
  Of fictitious lovers'-wailing!

I will climb the mighty mountains,
  Climb the simple huts among,
Where the breast expands in freedom,
  Where the airs are free and strong.

I will climb the mighty mountains,
  Where the swarthy fir-trees rise,
Where sing bird and brook, and cloudlets
  Dance in glee across the skies.

Farewell to the gay assemblies,
  Smirking men and dames beguiling!
I will climb the mighty mountains,
  And look down upon you smiling!

MOUNTAIN IDYLL.

I.

On the mountain stands the cottage,
  Dwelling of the miner old;
There the dark-green fir-tree murmurs,
  There the moonbeams shine like gold.

And a chair stands in that cottage,
  Strange with carvings rich and rare;
Happy is the wight who fills it—
  I'm the happy one, I swear!

And my young love on her footstool
  Rests her arm upon my knee;
And her eyes are stars of azure,
  And her mouth's a rose to see.

And those dear blue stars look on me,
  Growing wider than the sky;
And she lays her lily fingers
  On the rosebud laughingly.

No, thy mother does not heed us,
  Fast her spinning-wheel doth croon;
And thy father plies his zither,
  And he sings the dear old tune.

And the dear child whispers gently,
  Soft and low-toned, drawing near;
Many and many a mighty secret
  Has she trusted to my ear.

"Since we lost the dear old Auntie,
  We can't go to Goslar Fair,
Where they hold the shooting-matches;
  Oh! it was delightful there.

"Here far up the chilly mountain
  We are all alone, you know;
And in winter we are almost
  Buried underneath the snow.

"And I'm but a timid maiden,
  And like any child I fear
Evil spirits, who are busy
  All night in our mountains here."

All at once the dear child pauses,
  Both her little hands doth hold
Over anxious eyes, as frightened
  By the things herself has told.

Louder still the fir-tree murmured,
And the swift wheel crooned and whirred,
And the zither sounded blithely,
And the dear old tune was heard.

Have no fear, my little darling,
Of the evil spirits' might;
All the angels, little darling,
Watch beside thee day and night.

II.

At the lonely casement tapping
Comes the fir with fingers green,
And the moon, the silent watcher,
Casts within its golden sheen.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
Hark the sound their breathings make!
But we two with blissful chatter
Keep each other wide awake.

"It is hard to think thou prayest
Often, as thou dost declare;
When I see thy lips twitch coldly,
Surely that comes not from prayer?

"Ever that cold, scornful twitching
Makes me tremble with dismay;
But thy quiet gentle glances
Chase my gloomy fears away.

"Yet I doubt if thou believest
What as faith we cherish most;
Hast thou faith in God the Father,
In the Son and Holy Ghost?"

Child, when as a little fellow
At my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
All controlling, great and good;

Who this beauteous earth created
And the wondrous human race;
Who to suns and moons and planets
Pre-ordained their course and place.

And, my child, as I grew bigger,
More I understood anon;
Understood and grew in reason,
And believed then in the Son.

The Beloved, whose revelation
To God's love did testify;
Who received the wonted guerdon,
Whom the mob did crucify.

But when I had grown to manhood,
Much had read and travelled too,
Heartfelt faith from heart o'erflowing,
In the Holy Spirit grew—

He, who did the greatest marvels—
Greater marvels still doth he,
For he broke the tyrant's stronghold
And he set the bondsman free.

He makes whole the ancient death-wounds,
He renews the ancient Right;
All the race of men, born equals,
Are as nobles in his sight.

From the brain he clears the cobwebs,
Drives the evil clouds away,
Which embitter love and gladness,
Which bemock us night and day.

He hath chosen full a thousand
Valiant knights in helm and mail,
Has inspired their souls with courage
That his purpose may prevail.

And their trusty swords are flashing
And their goodly banners wave!
Ah, my child, 'twould surely please thee
But to look on knights so brave?

Well, then, look on me and kiss me,
  Look, my child, without affright,
I am of this chosen order,
  Am the Holy Spirit's knight.

III.

Silently the moon is hiding
  Now behind the fir-tree's gloom,
And our lamp is flickering faintly,
  And it hardly lights the room.

Yet those same twin stars of azure
  Shine on me with brighter rays,
And the rosebuds red are shining,
  And the little darling says:

"Yes, the gnomes and little people
  Steal our ham and bread away;
In the pan it lies at evening,
  And 'tis gone before the day.

"From the milk the little people
  Greedily the cream will sup;
Then they leave the bowl uncovered,
  And what's left the cat laps up.

"And our cat's a witch—that's certain!
For in night and storm she'll creep
Over to the Haunted Mountain,
To the ancient shattered keep.

"There in old time stood a castle
Bright with arms and beauty's glance;
Gallant knights and dames and squires
Led the stately torchlight dance.

"Castle, people too, were cursèd
By a sorceress unblest;
Ruins only were left standing,
Where the screech-owl builds her nest.

"Poor dear Auntie used to tell us,
Speak but the one word aright,
On the one right spot out yonder,
At the one right hour of night—

"That one word shall change the ruins
To a castle fair again,
Where will dance in merry measures
Knights and dames with all their train.

"Then shall pass to him who speaketh
Castle, people, all in truth,
Drums and trumpets sounding homage
To the splendour of his youth."

Thus, even thus, old legends blossom
From the sweet mouth's rosy red;
Over them the azure starlight
Of her eager eyes is shed.

And she twines her golden tresses
Round my hands at her sweet will;
Gives sweet nicknames to my fingers,
Laughs and kisses, and is still.

In the silent chamber all things
Like old friends upon me gaze;
Table, sideboard, all, I've known them
Surely in the olden days.

And the clock discourses gravely;
From the untouched zither stream
Tones so low you scarce might hear them,
And I sit there in a dream.

Surely this is the right moment,
Surely the right place is this;
And the right word will glide gently
From these lips of mine, I wis!

"Dost thou see, child, how the midnight
Now already dawns and stirs?
And the hoary mountain wakens,
Louder murmur streams and firs.

"Zithers sound and fairies carol;
From the cloven mountain-side
Starts to life a sheet of flowers,
As in reckless April-tide.

"Flowers, daring wondrous flowers,
Broad, smooth leaves and curious stem,
Perfumed, many-hued, and quivering,
As if passion mastered them.

"From the whirling chaos, roses
Darting tongues of flame arise;
Lilies shoot like crystal columns
Upward to the very skies!

"On the earth with fiery yearning
Stars more vast than suns do gaze;
Into giant bells of lilies
Streams the torrent of their rays.

"More than all, ourselves are altered,
Oh, my darling, I and thou;
Torch-like glare and silk and jewels
Glitter all about us now.

"Thou, child, art become a princess,
This poor hut a lordly hall,
And again they dance exulting,
Knights and ladies, squires and all.

"I have won those halls, those people,
Won, my child, thyself in truth;
Drums and trumpets sound their homage
To the splendour of my youth."

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

King is yonder shepherd stripling,
Yon green hillock is his throne;
And the sun that gilds his tresses
Is his glorious golden crown.

At his feet the sheep are lying,
Servile mob with crimson crosses;
Bull calves are the swaggering warriors,
Each his haughty helmet tosses.

And the goats are court comedians,
And the hosts of birds and kine
Are musicians of the chamber,
With their bells and flutings fine.

Gentle tinklings, dulcet voices!
Mingling with them come the deep
Murmurs of the trees and waters,
And the King drops off to sleep.

While he slumbers rules as Regent
His Prime Minister the Hound,
Who with surly growl and barking
Wakes the echoes all around.

Drowsily the young King mutters,
"Governing is such a bore;
Ah! I would that I could get me
Home to my sweet Queen once more!

"On my queenly Consort's bosom
I will rest my head from pain;
In her eyes, so sweet and tender,
Lies my measureless domain!"

ON THE BROCKEN.

With the sun's first tiny glimmer
Now the east is growing clearer;
Floating on the vast cloud-ocean
Shine the mountains, vaster, nearer.

Seven-league-boots—ah! if I had them,
O'er the mountain peaks I'd hurry
To the cottage of my darling
With the wind's impetuous scurry.

Softly would I lift the curtains
From the bed where she reposes;
Softly would I kiss her forehead,
Softly kiss her mouth's red roses!

In her ears—like little lilies,
I would still more softly sigh:
"Dream we love each other dearly,
Dream we never said good-bye."

ILSE OF ILSENSTEIN.

I am the Princess Ilse
I dwell at Ilsenstein;
Come to my castle with me,
Bliss shall be thine and mine.

With water of my fountain
Will I bedew thy brow,
And thou shalt forget thy sorrows,
Poor boy, so care-sick now.

Upon my snowy bosom,
Locked in my arms of snow,
Thou shalt lie and dream of legends
And joys of long ago.

I'll kiss thee, and caress thee,
As oft I kissed of old
My lover, Kaiser Heinrich,
Who now lies stiff and cold.

The dead are dead for ever,
And only the living live!
My heart is leaping with laughter,
I've beauty and bloom to give.

Come 'neath the wave to my castle
Into my crystal hall;
There ladies and knights are dancing,
The squires are exulting all.

Rustles the silken garment,
Clatters the iron spur;
Gnomes fiddle, and play the trumpet,
Strike lute and dulcimer.

My arm shall cling around thee,
As round the Kaiser of yore,
His ears with my hands I covered,
When trumpets sounded for war.

THE NORTH SEA: FIRST CYCLE.

I. THE CORONATION.

Ye verses, O my valiant verses!
Up, up, and be ye armed!
Let all the trumpets flourish,
And raise upon a shield
The youthful Maiden,
Who now enthrals my heart,
  Aye, my whole heart as Queen!

All hail, all hail, young Queen!
From the sun above me
Snatch I the shining, ruddy gold,
And weld therefrom a coronet
For thine anointed head.
From the fluttering silk of Heaven's blue canopy
I'll cut a costly fragment,
And hang it as a coronation-robe
  On thine imperial shoulders.

A kingly household will I bring thee
Of sonnets strait-laced and formal,
Haughty terzets and supple rhymes;
For running footman take my wit,
For fool my rollicking fancy,
As herald—my shield bears a tear that is laughing—
Let my humour serve thee!
But for myself, O Queen of mine,
Before thee in dust I am kneeling,
And tender on crimson velvet-cushion
Homage—tender to thee
The morsel of brains,
Which thy predecessor in the realm
In pity spared to me.

2. TWILIGHT.

On the yellow shore of ocean
Burthened with thought, I was sitting, and lonely.
The sun sank lower and lower, and threw
Crimsoning paths athwart the waters;
And the white and unending waves,
Urged by the driving tide,
Foamed and resounded nearer and nearer.
A marvellous noise as of whisper and whistle,
Of laughter and murmurs, sighing and sobbing,
And through it all pierced a sound as of song,

A gentle homely song, sung by a cradle.
Methought that I heard distant echoes
Of lovely old-world stories,
Which, in days of childhood,
From neighbours' children I learnt;
Which in the summer evenings
We huddled together to tell,
On the stone steps of the houses,
With tiny hearts aglow to listen,
Eyes that were keen with wonder—
And meanwhile at the windows
Opposite to us were sitting,
Behind the scented flower-pots,
The grown-up girls of the village,
Faces like roses,
Smiling bright in the moonlight.

3. SUNSET.

The crimson glowing sun descends
Down, down to the widespread tremulous
Silver-grey Ocean.
Airy shapes, rose-tinted,
Float in his wake, and across the sky
From the glimmering cloud-veils of Autumn,

With mournful death-pallid visage
Bursts forth the moon;
Following her, bright facets of light,
Nebulous, glimmer the stars.

Once in wedlock united
Shone in Heaven
Luna the Goddess and Sol the God;
And there hovered and swarmed around and about them
The stars, their innocent children.
But tongues malicious darted forth discord,
And the proud and light-bearing couple
Were severed henceforth in hatred.

Now by day in his glory alone
Above us wanders the Sun-God,
Who for his splendour's sake
Is crowned with the songs and the worship
Of haughty men whom good fortune has hardened.

But all the night
Fair Luna moves through the heavens,
A hapless mother
With orphaned star-children about her,
And she shines in silent sorrow,
And love-stricken maidens and soft-souled poets
Bring her their tears and their verses.

O gentle Luna! A woman at heart!
She loves and yearns for her splendid consort.
At eventide, trembling and pale,
Secret she looks from her light veil of clouds
And watches in grief his departure,
And fain would she cry in anguish "Come,
Come! The children hunger for thee!"
And he, the truculent Sun-God,
At the sight of his consort he flushes
In twice-glowing purple,
With wrath and pain;
And deaf to entreaty, he speeds
Down to his cold widowed couch in the heavens.

* * *

Evil slanderous tongues
Wrought in this wise pain and undoing
Even among Gods eternal;
And the hapless Gods, high in Heaven
Wander in anguish disconsolate,
In their appointed circles,
And cannot perish,
But drag on with them
Misery resplendent.

But I who am Man,
Who am placed so low, whom Death can gladden,
I will murmur no longer.

4. NIGHT ON THE SHORE.*

Starless and cold is the night,
Wide yawns the sea;
And over the sea, stretched flat on his belly,
Lies the uncouth North-wind;
And in secret, with sobbing voice, under his breath,
Like a peevish old grumbler, an old acquaintance,
He prattles away to the water,
And tells it many wild stories—
Stories of giants, with resonant death-blows,
Ages-old sagas of Norway—
And between them wide-sounding he laughs, and he howls out
Conjuration songs of the Edda,
Runic sentences, too,
So darkly-defiant, and mighty in magic,
That the white daughters of Ocean
Leap up on high and exult
In mad delirious excitement.

Meanwhile, on the level sea-shore,
Over the tide-moistened sand,
Strides a stranger, who brings there a heart
Wilder yet than wind or billows.
Wherever he plants his feet
Sparks glitter—the sea-shells crackle,

And he wraps his grey cloak round him,
And strides swift through the blustering night:
His trusty guide a tiny candle,
That shines so inviting and loving
From a lonely fisherman's cottage.
Father and brother are out at sea,
And all by herself in the cottage
Tarries the fisherman's daughter,
The fisherman's lovely daughter.

On the hearth she is sitting,
And listening the while to her kettle
Singing and murmuring its song—sweet yet foreboding.
Then she scatters some crackling twigs on the fire,
And blows it up,
Till its flashing red flame-jets
With magical grace are reflected
On her sweet blooming visage,
On her tender white shoulder,
That peeps so touchingly
Out of her rough grey shift,
And on the little careful hand,
Tying her petticoat faster
Over her shapely hips.

But all on a sudden the door flies open,
And the night-walking stranger comes in.
Lovingly, trustingly, resteth his eye
On the fair-skinned, slender maiden,

As trembling she stands before him
Like to a startled lily.
And he throws his cloak on the floor down,
And smiles as he says:
"Child, as thou seest, I keep my word,
And I come, and with me comes
The old time, when the Gods out of heaven
Came down to the daughters of man:
And the daughters of man embraced them,
And with them engendered
Sceptred races of monarchs,
And heroes, the wonder of this world.
Still—marvel, my child, no longer
At my divinity,
But I beg you to make me some tea with rum in it,
For it's cold out of doors;
And in such a night air
Even we, the immortal Gods, get the shivers;
And we easily catch the most godlike catarrhs,
And a truly immortal cough."

5. POSEIDON.

The sun's bright rays were playing
Over the far-away rolling sea;
Far in the roadway sparkled the ship
Which soon should bear me homeward swiftly;

But we were waiting for favouring breezes,
And I sat unmoved on the gleaming sand-hills,
Alone on the beach.
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The ancient story that is ever young;
Forth from whose sea-resounding pages
Gleefully came to meet me
The breath of Immortals,
And the light of Humanity's spring-time,
And the flowering heaven of Hellas.

Faithfully my constant heart did follow
The son of Laertes in wandering and peril,
Sat at his side, with a troubled spirit,
At welcoming hearths,
Where Queens were seated, weaving purple,
And helped him in lying, and helped him in flitting
From giants' caverns and arms of the Naiads,
Followed his steps in Cimmerian night,
And through storm and shipwreck,
Suffering with him unspeakable anguish.

Sighing I spoke: "Oh, evil Poseidon,
Thy wrath is fearful,
Dread fills my soul
For my voyage homeward."

Scarce spoke I the words, when
Foam whitened the sea;
And from the seething waters rose
The sedge-wreathed head of the sea-God,
And scornful he cried:

"Banish thy fear, Poetaster!
Not in the slightest will I imperil
Thy pitiful bark;
No, nor make wretched a life so precious
By all-too-alarming a rocking,
For thou, Poetaster, hast never aroused
My anger; in Priam's thrice-sacred stronghold
No tiny turret hast thou harmed;
No hair, however minute, hast thou singed
On the eyebrow of son Polyphemus,
And the goddess of Wisdom, Pallas Athene!
Sure never directed thy way with her counsels."

Thus Poseidon bawled
Whilst plunging back to the sea;
And lo! at the insolent sea-dog's wit,
Amphitrite, the portly fishwife,
And the silly daughters of Nereus,
Laughed aloud under the water.

6. DECLARATION.

The evening came stealing in twilight,
Wilder sounded the flood;
On the shore I sat and gazed
At the snow-white dance of waters;
And then my breast heaved big like the sea,
And yearning desire for home o'ercame me,
For thee, thou loveliest,
Who everywhere hoverest near,
Who everywhere call'st on me,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In sounding of wind, in resounding of sea,
And in sobbings which breathe from my heart.

With a slender reed I wrote on the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But evil billows came streaming
Over the tender avowal,
And washed it away.
Oh, too fragile reed! oh, thou unstable sand!
Ephemeral waters, to you I trust nevermore.
The heavens grow darker, my heart more reckless,
And with mighty hand from Norway's forests
Tearing the loftiest pine,
Deep do I plunge it

Into Etna's fierce glowing maw, and I write with
This pen of the Giants', flame-sodden,
I write on the dark vault of heaven:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

Each night returning glows evermore
Above me the flame-scroll eternally,
And races of children to come, thro' all ages,
Joyous shall read those heavenly words:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

7. AT NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

The sea hath its pearls,
The Heaven hath its stars;
And my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea, and the Heaven,
But greater still my heart;
And fairer than pearls or than starlight
Is the radiance of my love.

O little girl, my darling,
Come thou to my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the Heaven
Are fainting, are dying for love.

* * *

On the azure vault of Heaven,
Where the lovely stars are twinkling;
Would that I might press my lips there,
Press them wild with storm of weeping.

For these stars are my beloved's
Eyes, a thousand times reflected,
Shining down in tender greeting,
From the azure vault of Heaven.

To the azure vault of Heaven,
To the eyes of my Beloved,
Lift I arms of deep devotion,
And I pray her and implore her:

Tender eyes, twin lamps of mercy,
Do ye make my spirit blissful!
Let me die so I may win you,
You and all the heavens about you.

* * *

From those eyes of Heaven above me,
Golden sparks do fall and quiver
Through the dark, and all my spirit
Opens wide as love, and broadens.

O ye eyes of Heaven above me,
Shed your tears out on my spirit,
Let those star-tears falling softly
Overflow my stormy spirit.

* * *

Cradled by the swelling waters,
Cradled by my dreaming fancies,
I lie silent in the cabin,
In my berth in darkest corner.

And I see through open port-holes
Shining stars high up above me;
Eyes so dearly loved, so tender,
Of my sweetest, best Beloved.

Eyes so dearly loved, so tender,
Keeping watch beside my pillow;
And they gleam and beckon to me
From the azure vault of Heaven.

Towards the azure vault of Heaven
Blissful hours long I lie gazing,
Till the silver veil of sea-mist
Veils the dear eyes shining on me.

* * *

On the planks of our vessel
Where was resting my dreamy head,
Broke all the breakers, the boisterous breakers,
With roaring and murmur
That reached to my ear:
"O foolish fellow!
Short is thine arm, and the Heavens are far,
And the stars are nailed as with nails above thee;
Yes, nails of gold.
Thy yearning is fruitless, and fruitless thy sighing,
'Twere well to close thine eyes and sleep."

* * *

And then I dreamt of heathland far extended,
Enveloped far and wide in white, white snow;
And underneath the white snow I was buried,
And slept the lonely, frozen sleep of Death.

Yet still above me from the darkened Heavens
The starry eyes gazed on my grave unceasing;
O sweetest eyes! whose glances beamed victorious,
Cheerful and calm, and filled with love undying.

8. STORM.

How rages the storm!
How he scourges the deep!
And, foaming with rage, it raves and the waves
Pile themselves up, and the white water-mountains

Heave as with life!
And the good ship climbs up them,
Straining and toiling,
Then plunges down madly
In the dark gaping chasm of billows.

O Sea!
Mother of Beauty, the foam-sprung goddess,
Grandam of Love, have pity on me!
For the white spectral sea-mew flutters
With a wail as of spirits departed,
And sharpens her bill on the yard-arm,
And greedily gapes for the heart
Which is filled with the praise of thy daughter,
The heart which thy grandchild, the tiny rogue,
Takes for his toy.

In vain are entreaties and tears!
My cries die away on the bellowing storm,
In the wind's battle-roar,
And it whistles and screams, and rattles and howls,
Like a Bedlam of noises.
Yet amidst all I hear clearly
Tones of entrancing harps,
Song that is wild with yearning,
Melting the soul and racking the soul,
And the voice is one that I know.

On the iron-bound coast of Scotland
Afar, where the grey old castle rises,
By the tumultuous sea,
There at the high-vaulted window
Standeth a woman, suffering and lovely,
Tender, translucent, and marble pale.
And she touches the harp and sings,
And the wind whirls through her streaming tresses,
And bears her gloomy song
Over the wide, storm-ridden sea.

9. A CALM AT SEA.

Deep-sea silence! All the glitter
Of the sun lies on the water,
And the ship ploughs green-blue furrows
Through the jewelled, heaving billows.

Near the rudder lies the boatswain,
Snoring lightly on his belly.
Near the mainmast, patching sailcloth,
Cowers the cabin-boy, bewildered.

Underneath his cheeks so grimy
Red blood sparkles; apprehension
Twitches his wide mouth, and misery
From his great dark eyes looks mutely.

For the captain stands above him,
Curses, roars, and calls him rascal:
"Rascal, thou hast stolen a herring,
Stolen a herring from the barrel."

Deep-sea silence! From the waters
Some small canny fish emerges;
Warms his noddle in the sunshine,
Wags his little tail right gaily.

But the sea-gull from mid-Heaven
Swoops down on the tiny minnow;
Swift shoots upward to the azure,
Bearing in his beak the booty.

10. A SEA-GHOST.

But I lay on the side of the vessel,
And was gazing—with half-dreaming eyeballs—
Down into the mirror-like water;
And kept gazing deeper and deeper—
Till far in the depths of the Ocean,
At first like a darkening fog-mist,
But slowly, with colours distincter,
Domes of churches and towers took substance,
And at last, sunny-bright, a whole city
An old-world, Netherlands-city,
Crowded with people—

Sober-eyed men, clothed in black mantles,
With starched white ruffs, and with chains of office,
With their long swords, and with their long faces,
Are striding through the great square and its bustle,
To the courthouse up the high staircase,
Where great stone statues of Kaisers
Keep watch with their sceptres and swords.
Near by—before long rows of houses,
With windows shining like mirrors,
And lime-trees cropped into cone-shapes,
Walk young maidens in rustling silk dresses—
Slender girls with their fresh, rosy faces
Modestly framed in quiet, black mobcaps,
Their golden hair bursting from under;
While gay cavaliers, attired Spanish-fashion,
Are strutting before them, and bowing
  Dames of advanced age,
In dark dresses long out of fashion,
With prayer-book and rosary in hand,
Are hastening with tripping steps
Towards the mighty Cathedral,
Urged on by the chime of the bells
And the pealing tone of the organ.
Myself, I am seized with great horror,
Sprung from that distant clang:
And endless longing, profoundest pity
  Streams into my heart—
My heart which is yet scarce healed—

I feel as though all its wounds
Had been kissed by my dear one's lips.
And so set bleeding again—
Bleeding hot, red, blood-drops—
And that these long and slowly trickle
On an old house there below
In the city down in the Ocean—
On an old high-gabled house,
Which lies desolate, void of all dwellers,
Except that at one lower window
There sits a maiden,
With her head bent down on her arm,
Like a poor and forgotten child—
"Ah! well I know thee, poor, forgotten child!
In such depths, as deep as Ocean,
Thou hidst thyself from me,
Only in childish temper,
But could'st no more emerge:
And there thou sat'st a stranger 'mid strange people,
Whole centuries it seemed.
While I, with my soul full of pain,
Was seeking thee, the wide world over,
And always seeking but thee,
Thou ever-beloved—
Long lost,
But found in the end.
Yes, I have found thee; again can I gaze on
Thy fair, sweet face,

Thy wise, true eyes,
Thy dearly-loved smile—
And ne'er will I lose thee again.
I will come down in the deep to thee,
And with arms far-extended
I will rush to thy heart."
But just in the nick of time
The captain caught me by the leg,
And dragged me away from the gunwale,
And cried with an angry laugh,
"Why, Doctor, the devil is in you!"

II. PURIFICATION.

But thou stay deep in ocean,
Thou crazy dream,
Which with false bliss through many a night
Didst torture in old time my heart,
And like a sea-spectre now
Threaten'st me even in brilliant noontide,
Remain thou deep-sunken for evermore!
Yet more will I hurl to thee into the deep—
All my transgressions and sorrows,
And the cap and bells of my folly
Which so long round my head have jingled,
And hypocrisy's serpent skin,
Slimy and chill,
Which so long hath twisted about my spirit,

My wounded spirit,
Denier of God, denier of Angels,
My ill-starred soul.
Yo ho! Yo ho! The wind is here!
Up with our sails! They flutter and swell;
Over the waters, so smooth and deadly,
Speeds the good ship,
And the soul in her freedom rejoices.

12. PEACE.

High in Heaven the sun was standing,
The white clouds billowy around him.
The sea was calm,
And musing I lay at the stern of our vessel,
Musing and dreaming, and half in waking
And half in sleep, I gazed on Christus,
Redeemer of Man!
In snowy flowing garments,
Giant-like strode he afar
Over land and sea.
His head reached up to the welkin;
His hands were stretched in blessing,
And as his heart did he bear
The sun itself in his bosom,
The sun ablaze and encrimsoned,
And the blazing, crimsoning sun-heart
Poured forth his rays of mercy,
And his gracious love-bearing beams

Illuming and warming,
Over land and sea.

Bells resounding drew us solemnly,
Hither and thither drew us like swans.
With bands of roses drew our gliding ship,
And drew it sportive to shores of verdure,
Where men were dwelling in many-towered
And lofty cities.
Oh, marvel of calm! Still lay the town;
The dull, heavy sound of its trade,
The clatter and fever, were over;
And through the clean-swept, echoing street ways
White-vestured men crowded together
Bearing palm-branches;
And where two came together
Each gazed on each in communion,
And quivering with love and a sweet self-negation
Kissed on the brows one another,
And gazed up on high
To the Saviour's glowing sun-heart,
Which shed on its rays its crimsoning blood,
Gladly atoning,
And rapt in three-fold bliss they cried,
"Blessèd be Jesu Christ!"

What wouldst not thou have given
To have evolved such a vision,
Dearly beloved?

O thou of feeble head and loins
And of mighty faith?
Thou, who honouring the Trinity in Unity,
And daily beslavering
Thy great patroness' pug and her cross and her paw,
Hast crawled devoutly upward
To sit in the seats of the mighty—
Hofrath, Justizrath, and finally Privy Councillor
In that virtuous city,
Famed for its sand and its piety,
Where Sprea, the holy river,
Patiently washes the souls and waters the tea of the faithful.
Dearly beloved,
Thou hadst forthwith offered it for sale
In the highest quarters.
Thy pallid, blinking face
Had been transfused with modest rapture;
Her Serenity
Had sunk on her knees with thee,
And her eye, rolling in pious ecstasy,
Had held out sweet promise
Of additional income—
Some hundred Prussian thalers—
And, folding thine hands, thou had'st stammered:
"Blessèd be Jesus Christ!"

THE NORTH SEA: SECOND CYCLE.

I. HAIL TO THE SEA!

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Oh, let me hail thee, eternal sea!
Oh, let me hail thee ten thousand times
From spirit exulting,
As once thou wast hailed by
Ten thousand hearts of Hellas
Struggling with misery, yearning for home delights,
World-renowned hearts of Hellas.

The billows were heaving,
Were heaving and roaring;
And freely the sun poured upon them
Its radiance of rose and of opal;
Startled, the flocks of sea swallows
Fluttered afar, loud-screaming;
The war steeds were stamping, the bucklers were clanging,
And a cry like the shouting of conquerors arose:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Oh, let me hail thee, eternal sea!
The speech of my country I hear in thy waters;
Like dreams of my childhood once more I see sparkling
The surging realm of thy waves;
And memory tells me once more the old story
Of all the exquisite toys thou dost cherish,
Of all the bright dazzling gifts of Christmas,
Of all the scarlet branches of coral,
Gold-fishes, pearls, and many-hued shells,
Which thou secretly hoardest
In thy deep, transparent crystal house.
Ah, in strange lands how I languished in desolation!
Like a poor faded flower
Enclosed in the zinc of a botanist's vasculum,
My heart lay dead in my breast.
I feel like one who through long months of winter
Has waited hopeless in the dark sick-chamber,
And who against hope once more issues forth.
For, dazzling there shines forth to meet me
Spring, decked with emeralds, roused by the sunbeams,
Whilst snow-white the blossoming fruit-trees whisper,
And newly-born flowers gaze on me
With eyes of colour and perfume,
And all things are scent and music, soft breath and laughter,
And the birds sing aloud in the blue of the heavens,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

O heart retreating, yet undaunted!
How oft, how oft, to thy cost
Did barbarian maids of the North Land press on thee!
From large and victorious eyes
They shot forth flame-bearing arrows;
With harsh words, curved like scimitars,
They threatened to tear my breast asunder;
They beat on my poor bemused brain
With dainty small cuneiform notes.
In vain I upheld my shield against them;
The darts came hissing, the blows crashed cleaving,
And the barbarian maids of the North Land
Pressed me slow to the sea,
The well-loved, rescuing sea,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

2. STORM.

Heavily lies on the ocean the tempest,
And through the sombre rampart of clouds
Darts the forked lightning flash,
Sudden illuming, vanishing sudden,
Like a shaft from the brain of Kronion.
Over the heaving, desolate waters
Booms the thunder afar,
And the white glancing manes of the coursers leap up
Which the North-wind begot
On the ravishing mares of Erichthon.

The flocks of wild sea-birds flutter in terror
Like shades of the dead at the Styx,
Whom Charon repels from his night-hued skiff.

Poor little, light-hearted boat,
Dancing out yonder an evil dance!
Æolus sends thee the nimblest of comrades,
Who wildly tune up for the merriest reels.
And one pipes shrill, and one drones deep,
And a third scrapes on the dull bass viol,
And the staggering seaman stands by the helm
And fixes his constant eyes on the compass,
The tremulous soul of his vessel,
And casts up to Heaven his hands in entreaty:
"O Castor, thou horseman heroic, preserve me,
And thou, Pollux, great prince of the bruisers!"

3. WRECKED.

Hope, hope and love, all shattered for ever!
And I lie, like a corpse I lie here,
Cast out by the sea in its wrath.
On the shore I am lying—
The barren, naked shore.
Before me tumbles the waste of waters;
Behind me lie only misery and sorrow.
And high overhead the clouds are floating,
Grey, shapeless daughters of air,

Who draw up the water in buckets of mist
From the ocean,
And toilsomely drag it and drag it,
And again pour it forth to the sea—
A wearisome, sorrowful task,
And useless as is my life.

The waves are murmuring, the sea-gulls shrieking;
Old recollections breathe on me anew;
Dreams long forgotten, forms that have faded,
Full of sweet torment they rise up again.

There dwells far North a woman,
A fair woman, royally fair.
Slender and tall as a cypress, clad
In raiment of dazzling white;
The raven mass of tresses,
Dark as a night of bliss, streams downward
From the proud head, crowned by a coil of braids,
Enframing softly, sweetly as in dreams,
The face so pale and tender;
And from the face so pale and tender
Shines forth an eye large and subduing
As might be a black sun.

Oh, thou black sun! how many a time
Ecstatic did I drink from thee
The untamed fire of inspiration,

And stood and staggered, drunk with flaming fire;
Then hovered a smile of dove-like gentleness
On the stately curve of the haughty lips;
And the stately curve of the haughty lips
Breathed out words sweet as moonlight
And soft as the breath of roses—
And lo! my spirit spread her wings,
And, eagle-like, flew up to very heaven!

Silence, ye waves and ye sea-gulls!
For all is fled;
Love, too, and hope! On the shore I am lying,
A shipwrecked, desolate man,
And my burning face I bury
In the wet sea-sand.

4. SUNSET.

Beautiful, peaceful,
The Sun has now dipped again to the sea.
Already the heaving waters are tinged
With the deepening night;
Only the evening crimson
Still scatters sparks as of golden tapers,
And the mighty force of the tide,
Drives to shore all the snowy surf-waves
Which hurry on, hasty and gleeful,

Like flocks of woolly lambkins
Which, as the night falls, whistling, the shepherd
Drives to their fold.

"How lovely the sun is!"
Thus spoke my friend after a long-drawn silence,
Wandering along the shore with me;
And joking half, and half in sadness,
He thus assured me: "A lovely girl
Is the Sun, who, loving honours and lucre,
Has wedded the hoar Sea-God.
The livelong day she wanders, rejoicing,
High in the skies, arrayed in purple,
And blazing with brilliants,
Beloved of all, admired of all men,
And of all things created.
Gladdening the hearts of all creatures around her
With the light and warmth of her glances;
But with the nightfall, cheerless, a victim
Must she return again
To the watery home, to the barren arms
Of her hoary old spouse."

"Trust me!" added my friend,
Laughing and sighing, and laughing again,
"Theirs is the tenderest marriage!
For either they slumber or they are quarrelling,
Till even here loud trembles the sea,

And the seaman hears in the echoing waves
How the old fellow scolds his wife:
'Thou round universal harlot!
Radiant wanton!
The whole long day glowing for others,
But at night only weary and icy for me!'
And after much curtain-lecturing,
As matter of course, the haughty Sun
Bursts forth into weeping, her misery bewailing;
Wails such a weary time that the Sea-God,
Desperate, leaps from his bed on a sudden,
Quick swimming up to the ocean-surface
For air, to recover his senses.
'Twas thus I beheld him only last night,
Issuing breast-high from the waters.
He wore just a jacket of yellow flannel,
With it a nightcap white as a lily,
Above his withered face."

5. THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

As evening falls it dimmer grows at sea,
And alone, with his own lonely spirit,
There sits a man upon the naked sea-shore,
And gazes, with death-cold look, aloft
To the wide and death-cold vault of heaven;
And gazes abroad on the wide-rolling sea.

Sailing through air his sighs go forth,
And return again disconsolate:
For they found that the heart was tight-barred
In which they had hoped to anchor.
And he groaned so loud, that the white seamews
Were scared from their nests in the sea-sand,
And fluttered in swarms around him;
And thus he spoke to them in jesting accents:
"You black-legged sea-fowl,
You with white wings, floating over the ocean,
You with curved beaks sucking-in the sea-water,
And gorging the oily, fat seal-flesh—
Your life is bitter, as is your diet,
While I, the high-favoured, taste nothing but sweetness.
I taste the sweet breath of the rose,
The bride of the nightingale, fed on the moonshine.
I taste, too, all sorts of sugary confections,
Filled with the softest of whipped cream.
And the sweetest of all that I taste is
Sweet love, and its tender return!
She loves me! she loves me! the beautiful maiden!
She stands now, at home, at the oriel window,
And peers through the twilight afar down the causeway,
And is listening and longing—for me, I am certain!
Vainly she gazes all round, and then such a sigh comes,
And sighing she passes down into the garden,
And saunters midst perfume and moonlight;

And talks to the flowers, and is telling them
How lovely I am—her belov'd one—
And how worthy of love—I am certain.
And after, in bed, in her sleep, in her dream,
My dear image hovers around her.
  And even at morning—at breakfast,
Upon the shining bread and butter,
She sees my countenance smiling;
And she eats it all up out of love—I am certain."

So he went on chattering and chattering,
And in pauses the seamews kept shrilling
A cold, ironical snigger.
The grey mists of twilight were rising:
From a dark blue cloud-bank, and eerily
Peeped out the yellow-green moon!
Hoarsely the sea-waves are roaring,
And deep from the hoarse-roaring sea,
Mournful as storm-blast in darkness,
Sounds the song of the daughters of Ocean,
The lovely, the pitiful sea-nymphs.
And clear above all the voice, so sweet-sounding,
Of the silvery-footed consort of Peleus.
  And they sigh, and they sing:
'O thou fool, thou fool, thou boastful fool!
Tortured by doubt and anguish!
From henceforth thy hopes all are slaughtered.
Those children thy fond heart has dandled,

And, like Niobe's, thy heart, too, alas!
Turns to stone from sorrow!
In thy brain there is Night,
And the lightnings of madness dart through it,
And thou boastest in anguish.
O fool, thou fool, thou boastful fool!
Stiff-necked art thou, like thy grandsire,
The lofty Titan, who stole heaven's fire
From the Gods, and gave it to men,
And vulture-tormented, and chained to the rocks,
Hurled scorn at Olympus, defied it, and groaned
Till we heard him in depths of the Ocean,
And came to his comfort with song.
O fool, thou fool, thou boastful fool!
But thou art far weaker than he;
And 'twere wise did'st thou honour the Gods,
And bear in patience thy misery's burden:
Bear it in patience for long, and yet longer,
Till Atlas himself shall lose patience,
And pitch off the load of the world from his shoulders
Into Night's chaos eternal!"

So sounded the song of the daughters of Ocean,
The lovely, the pitiful sea-nymphs;
Till the waves sounded louder and drowned it.
The Moon hid herself in the cloud-bank,
And night yawned around me.
Full long sat I there in the darkness, and wept.

6. THE GODS OF GREECE.

O full-blooming Moon! how in thy light
Like a flood of molten gold the sea sparkles!
The clearness of day, touched with twilight enchanted,
Broods over the far-spread plain of the sea-sands.
On the clear-blue, starless heavens
Hover the snow-white clouds,
Like to colossal statues of Gods,
Of white, gleaming marble.

No—nevermore—no clouds are there yonder!
'Tis themselves I behold, the great Gods of Hellas,
Who once held sway o'er the world, rejoicing,
But now, expelled and extinguished,
Purposeless wander, shadowy, gigantic,
On the midnight vault of the heavens.

Marvelling, strangely bedazzled, I am watching
This aerial Pantheon,
These solemnly silent, weirdly unresting
Shapes of the giants.
There, there is Kronion, the king of Heaven;
Snow-white fall the locks from his head,
The world-renowned locks which made tremble Olympus,
Quenched is the lightning he grasps in his hand;
Sorrow and misery brood on his features,

And yet the ancient pride still reigns there.
Those were far happier days, O Zeus,
When thou rejoicedst with rapture celestial,
With striplings and nymphs and a thousand offerings!
But even the Gods do not govern for ever;
The younger will drive forth the elder,
As thou thyself didst drive thy hoary father,
And all the brood of thy Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida!
Thee too, I know, O haughty Hera!
Spite of thy jealous terrors and strivings,
Now has another won from thee the sceptre,
And thou art no longer Queen of Heaven;
And fixed is thy large, bright eye,
And those lily arms of thine are powerless;
And never again will thy vengeance
Strike the god-impregnated virgin,
Nor the wonder-working son of the gods.

Thee too I know, O Pallas Athene!
With thy shield and thy wisdom, how didst thou fail
To save the Gods from their downfall?
And thee too I know, Aphrodite,
Golden in old time, in these days silver!
Still, still art thou decked with thy girdle's witchery,
But now thy beauty thrills me with horror;
And shouldst thou vouchsafe me the joy of thine
exquisite body,

As to so many heroes, terror would slay me.
A corpse-like Goddess seem'st thou to me,
Venus Libitina!
The terrible Ares yonder
No longer casts eyes of desire upon thee.
And sad is the gaze of Phœbus Apollo,
The stripling. Mute is the lyre
Which made glad music at the banquet of Gods.
Still sadder the gaze of Hephæstus;
Nevermore in sooth will the lamester usurp
Hebe's office, and pour out
The exquisite nectar. Silent and quenched
Is the Gods' irrepressible laughter.

Ye Gods, I have never loved you!
For ever the Greeks were repulsive to me,
And even the Romans also I loathe.
But sacred compassion and shuddering pity
Stream through my heart,
When now I see you there above me,
Gods, but deserted;
Faded, night-wandering shadows,
Feeble as mists which the wind drives before it;
And when I think how craven and windy
Those new Gods are who overcame you,—
Gods new, overbearing, yet doleful,
Malignant, yet wearing the sheepskin of lowliness—
Then am I filled with glowing wrath!

And fain would I break their new-raised temples,
And battle for you, ye Gods of the old times,
For you and your valid ambrosial Right;
And again at your altars exalted,
Fair once more, and fragrant with offerings,
I myself would kneel and worship,
And lift up my arms in entreaty.
Yet thro' all time, ye Gods of the past,
Ye in the struggles of men have ever
Ranged all your strength on the side of the victors;
But Man is of loftier spirit than you,
And now in this struggle of Gods I take part
With the Gods who are vanquished.

Thus I exclaimed. And the bright flush of shame
Sped o'er the pallid shapes in the cloud-land,
And they gazed as in death-throes upon me,
Sorrow-transfigured, and vanished.
The Moon hid herself then
Behind vapours that surged up more darkly;
Loudly murmured the sea,
And the eternal stars came forth victorious in Heaven.

7. QUESTIONINGS.

At night by the sea, the wide-stretching sea,
Stands a youthful man,
His brain is all doubt, his heart all sorrow,
With sad lips, the waves he gloomily questions:
"The riddle of life, oh, solve me,
Tormenting primeval riddle,
Which so many heads have pondered:
Heads in hieroglyphical caps,
Heads both in turbans and black birettas,
Powdered, wigged heads, and a thousand other
Sweating, hard-working, poor human heads.
Say—What is the meaning of man?
Say whence he has come and whither he goes,
Who dwells up above the gold stars of heaven?"
Their murmur the waters are ceaselessly murmuring,
The wind gently stirs, the cloudlets are floating,
The bright stars are twinkling, indifferent, cold—
And a Fool waits for answer.

8. THE PHŒNIX.

There comes on wide wings a bird from the Westward.
He flies to Eastward,
To his garden home in the Orient,
Where grow the spices, perfumed, luxuriant,
And palm trees rustle and springs shed freshness,

And flying, the wonder-bird is singing:
"She loves him! She loves him!"
She bears in her little heart his image,
She bears the sweet and deep-hidden secret,
And herself knows not!
But in her dream before her he stands,
She kisses his hands with beseeching and weeping,
And calls him by name;
And calling she wakes, and she lies in terror,
And passes fair hands o'er fair eyes in amazement.
"She loves him! She loves him!"

* * * *

'Gainst the mainmast reclined on the high quarter-deck,
I stood and I marked the song of the bird.
Like coursers dark-green, with silver manes streaming,
Leapt on ahead the white-crested waters;
Like trains of swans there came drifting past us
With sails white and gleaming the Heligolanders,
The bold nomad race of the North Sea.
In the eternal blue overhead
Floated the glimmering clouds,
And the sun in his glory eternal,
The rose of the heavens, a flower of fire,
Which joyous the ocean was mirroring;
And the heaven and the sea, and the heart in my breast
Repeated and echoed:
"She loves him! She loves him!"

9.* SEA-SICKNESS.

The afternoon clouds, all darkly,
Sink deeper over the Sea:
And the Sea rises darkly against them;
While the ship races through in their midst.
Seasick, there I sat by the mast all alone,
And many reflections I made on myself,
Primitive, ash-grey reflections—
Resembling in this Father Lot's,
Who, after enjoyment of too much good cheer,
Found himself truly in evil case.
Meanwhile I muse upon far-away legends:
How pilgrim Crusaders of old time,
On a stormy sea voyage, the comforting image
Would kiss, with faith in the holy Madonna:
How knights to get comfort, when tossed on the ocean,
The glove of their mistress, so dear to their heart,
Would press to their lips, and straight be consoled.
While I'm sitting here, and am sulkily chewing
An ancient herring, that salt consolation
For a man with hot coppers or down with the horrors.
All the time, the ship is battling
With the wildly-swelling flood;
Like prancing war-horse, rearing now

On her stern till the rudder cracks,
Then plunging her bows down again
In the howling watery gulf;
Then again, as if happy and languid with bliss,
She strives to lay herself down
On the dark bosom of some giant wave,
That comes mightily roaring onward.
And suddenly rushes upon us,
A wild sea-cataract, seething and simmering,
That has covered me over with foam.
This tottering, and whirling, and tossing,
I cannot endure it!
In vain my eye strains eagerly, seeking
The German coast. All alas! is yet water,
And water again—tempestuous water!
As the winter-traveller at evening longs
For a comforting hot cup of tea,
So now is longing my heart after thee,
My German fatherland!
For evermore be thy sweet soil covered
With madness, hussars, and bad verses,
And tepid, dull little pamphlets!
For evermore may thy zebras
Gorge upon roses, instead of on thistles!
For evermore may thy high-born monkeys
Flaunt and preen themselves in leisured splendour,
And think themselves better than all of the other
Commoner cattle so tardy of movement!

Evermore may thy Snails' Assembly
Hold themselves as immortal,
Because their pace is so tardy—
And every day may they put to the vote
"Whether the cheese belongs or not to the maggots,"
And spend a long time in consulting
"How to improve the sheep-breed of Egypt,"
That so their wool may grow better,
And the shepherd be able to shear them like others,
Without any difference—
Evermore may injustice and folly
Cover thee wholly, O Germany!——
Yet in spite of all do I long for thee,
For at least thou art *terra firma*.

10. IN PORT.

Happy the man who has got into harbour,
And left far behind him the sea, and the tempests,
And now is seated, warm and tranquil,
In the jolly town-cellar at Bremen.

See how pleasant and lovely the world
Mirrors itself in the magic beaker;
And how the ripping microcosmus
Warmly streams into the thirsty heart!

All things see I in the glass,
Stories of ancient and modern nations,
Turks and Greeks, and Hegel and Gans;
Lemon-groves, and parades of Guards.
Berlin and Schilda and Tunis and Hamburg;
But before all things, the face of my dear one,
Her angel's head on the Rhine-wine-gold background.

Oh, how lovely, how lovely thou art, dear!
Thou art like a rose!
Not like the rose of Schiraz,
The nightingale's bride, whom Hafiz has sung!
Not like the rose of Sharon,
The sacred purple flower, renowned of the prophets!
Thou art like the Rose in the Bremen town-cellar!
That is the Rose of all roses!
The older she grows the more lovely blooms she,
And her heavenly perfume, it has entranced me,
It has inspired, and it has o'ercome me;
And had I not been held fast by the hair of my head,
By the town-cellar's master at Bremen,
I should have been done for!
Thou worthy man! We were sitting together,
And drinking like brothers;
We were speaking of high confidential concerns,
And we sighed as we sank in each other's arms;
And he made me a convert to Love's own religion;
I drank to the health of my bitterest foe,

And all the bad poets forgave I,
As I hope I one day may myself be forgiven;
And I wept from pure fervour; and lastly,
The gates of bliss opened before me,
Where the twelve Apostles, those casks full of saint-
hood
Preach, although silent, yet plain to the reason
Of every people.

There are men for you!
Their outside is plain, in their rough wooden doublets;
But within they are fairer and brighter
Than all the proud Temple Levites,
Than all the attendants and courtiers of Herod,
Tricked out with gold, and clothed in purple!
But have I not always said—
And that, not among quite common people—
No! in the very best society—
"May the King of Heaven live for ever!"

Hallelujah! how sweetly wave o'er me
The palm-trees of Bethel!
How balmy the myrtles of Hebron!
How the Jordan is roaring and reeling for joy;
My immortal soul too is reeling,
And I'm reeling with it, and reeling.
The worthy town-cellar's master of Bremen
Carries me up the steps into daylight;

Thou worthy town-cellar's master of Bremen,
Dost see, sitting there on the roofs of the houses,
The Angels, drinking and singing?
  The glowing sun, up above there,
  Is only a red grog-blossomed nose—
The nose of the Weltgeist—
And round the red nose of the Weltgeist,
The whole drunken world is a-spinning!

The Epilogue.

Even as ears of the wheat in wheat-fields,
So flourish and sway in the spirit of man
  Thoughts and fancies.
But the tenderest fancies and thoughts are
Thoughts of love, like the flowers amongst them,
  Flowers, blue and scarlet.

  Flowers, blue and scarlet!
The reaper disdainful rejects you as worthless,
Stout ashen flails will descend on you mocking;
  Even the penniless wanderer
Whom your loveliness charms and inspirits,
  Shaking his head,
Calleth you slight, pretty weeds.
But the poor village maiden,
Twining her wreaths for the fête,

Will gather and guard you;
Decks with your beauty her fair young tresses,
And brightly adorned hastes to the dancing,
Where fluting and fiddling sound gaily;
  Or to the silent copses,
Where the voice of her dearest sounds yet more
    delicious
  Than fluting and fiddling.

ON THE HARDENBERG.

Rise again, ye ancient visions,
  Let thy heart's gates wide be set,
For the joy that song awakens,
  For the tears of soft regret.

Through the fir-trees let me wander,
  Where the merry brooklet springs,
Where the stately red deer loiter,
  Where the darling throstle sings.

Let me climb the lofty mountains
  To the crag's stupendous height,
Where the castle's dim grey ruins
  Rear themselves in morning's light.

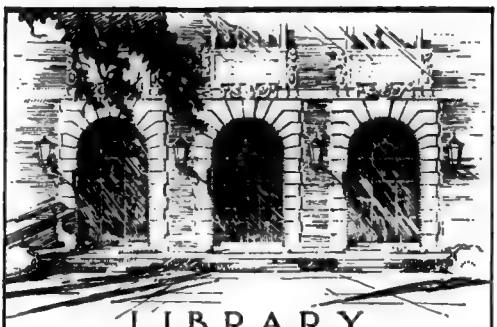
I will rest awhile in silence,
  Thoughtful of their ancient day,
Of old races once so mighty,
  Of old splendours passed away.

Grass o'ergrows the ancient tilt-yard
  Where once charged the haughty knight,
Who subdued the bravest hero,
  And bore off the prize of fight.

Ivy creeps along the daïs
  Where once beauty gave the prize,
Vanquishing the haughty victor
  With the lustre of her eyes.

Woe for victor and for victress,
  Both o'ercome by Death's keen thrust;
He, the bloodless knight, scythe-emblemed,
  Lays all mortals in the dust.

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Edition de Luxe

This Edition of the Works of HEINRICH HEINE *is limited to One Thousand numbered and registered copies for America.*

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HEINRICH HEINE

Drawn from Life by J. H. W. Tischbein, 1826 or 1828.



The Works of

Heinrich Heine

Translated by

Charles Godfrey Leland

NEW POEMS

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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NEW POEMS.

NEW POEMS.

NEW SPRING.

(1831.)

PROLOGUE.

THERE'S a knight upon whose story
  Oft in galleries you'll chance,
Grimly girt for battle-glory,
  With his doughty shield and lance.

But the little loves that call him
  Steal his lance and sword with glee:
With their flower-chains enthrall him
  When he struggles to be free.

So in golden chains I dally,
  Glad and grieving as I rhyme,
While my comrades rise and rally
  To the battle-field of Time.

I.

White the tree where you are sitting;
  You can hear the far wind railing,
And you watch the brooding heavens
  That the sullen mists are veiling;

And you see how shorn the meadow,
  And how dead and drear the wold is:
Winter round you and within you,
  For your frozen heart as cold is.

On a sudden fall the snowflakes,
  And you fancy, vexed a minute,
That the tree has rained upon you
  All the snow that it had in it.

'Twas not snow that fell so whitely;
  Sweetly startled, you discover
Spring has loosed her fragrant petals,
  And they tease, and star you over.

Ah, the rapture and the wonder!
  Where the snow was, blossoms thronging;
Merry May, instead of winter;
  For your heart, new love and longing.

2.

Like a maiden shy for gladness,
Leaves unfold them in the wood;
"Gentle Spring, I give thee greeting!"
Laughs the sun in merry mood.

'Tis, O nightingale! thy music
'Plaining blissful in the grove;
Long and sweet thy notes are sobbing,
And thy song is utter love!

3.

The lovely eyes of the spring-sweet night
Look down and heal my pain:
"Has Love abased thee with his might,
O Love will raise again."

And Philomela on the lime
Now sweetly sings her sadness;
The music's goal is in my soul,
That hears, and swells for gladness.

4.

I'm in love with a flower, but know not which;
So I grieve apart.
I peer in each cup for a treasure rich;
I look for a heart.

In the sunset gold the nightingales pine,
The flowers are sweet.
I look for a heart that's as fond as mine,
And as fond shall beat.

The nightingale sings, and I know, I know
What her song says clear;
We are both so fearful and full of woe,
Of woe and fear.

5.

With many a bud and posy,
O May is come anew!
And clouds are sailing rosy,
Above in heaven's blue.

The nightingales are singing
From their high, embowered seat;
The lambkins white are springing
In the clover green and sweet.

Too sick for singing, springing,
Alone on a grassy spot,
I hear a distant ringing,
And dream, I know not what.

6.

In my heart there's music low,
  Lovely bells are chiming;
Little song, swell out and go
  Springward with your rhyming.

To the bowers that house the flowers
  Hasten for the meeting.
If you chance upon a rose,
  Say, I send her greeting.

7.

The butterfly is in love with the rose:
  Flits round her for delight;
But himself the amorous sunbeam woos,
  Hovering soft and golden-bright.

And who is the rose in love with, say?
  I've sought the answer far;
Is it the singing nightingale?
  Is it the silent evening star?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
  But each and all love I,—
The rose, the sun, the evening star,
  The nightingale and the butterfly!

8.

All the trees are ringing music,
  There's a singing in each nest—
In this woodland orchestration,
  Who is leader of the rest?

Can it be the grey-winged plover,
  Nodding grave and circumspectly?
Or the pedant who, up yonder,
  Times his "cuckoo" so correctly?

Or perhaps the stork who sternly
  Looks the leader to the life,
And with noisy bill is tapping
  In the loud, melodious strife?

No, the leader's in my bosom
  Who's conducting all the grove;
I can hear the time he's beating,
  And I think his name is Love.

9.

In the Beginning first was made
  The nightingale; "Jug! Jug!" she sang.
Green grass and violets filled the glade,
  And apple-trees in blossom sprang.

She bit her bosom till it bled,
  And from the blood there grew a rose;
It blossomed where the blood was shed;
  She sings to it her love and woes.

And now we birds may dwell in peace,
  Our sins, through blood, forgiven all;
But, should the rose-song ever cease,
  Our wood must straight in ruins fall.

Thus on the oak the sparrow wise
  Tells to his son the story blest;
While, perched above with watchful eyes,
  The mother peeps into the nest:

A thrifty wife and never sour,
  Her only care to build and breed;
The father, just to pass an hour,
  Instructs his children in the creed.

10.

So sweet with spring the night and warm,
  That flowers are peeping through;
My heart must guard it well from harm,
  Or it will love anew.

But which of all the flowers dear
Is like to be the snarer?
The nightingales are singing clear,
"The lily; so beware her!"

II.

I must up and do, the bells are ringing;
And oh! I have lost my senses quite!
The spring and a pair of lovely eyes
Have leagued them against my heart for spite.

The spring and a pair of lovely eyes
Tempt me to folly, and folly's ruing!
I think that the roses and nightingales
Are deep in the plot for my undoing.

12.

Ah, mine eyes in tears would steep them—
Lovers' tears of bliss and woe;
'Tis my heart would have me weep them,
And I fear that they will flow.

Love, the giver of sweet anguish,
Love, the bitter and the blest—
Love has come again to languish
In my scarcely healëd breast.

13.

Blue eyes of spring are smiling,
And in the grass awake;
'Tis of the pretty violets
My posy I will make.

I pluck them, musing sweetly,
And lo! with raptured tongue,
What my heart was only sighing,
The nightingale has sung.

Yes, what I thought she's singing,
She's singing loud and clear;
My tender secret's ringing
For all the wood to hear.

14.

If your gown but, in your going,
Brush me soft and unaware,
Sings my heart, and wildly follows
Where your foot has made it fair.

But, when you turn with great sweet eyes,
My heart's confounded so,
That it hardly dares to follow
Where your feet, beloved, go.

15.

The slender water-lily
  Dreams from the lake below,
Toward the moon who greets her
  With shining love and woe.

Above the waves she bends her—
  Abashed her beauty sweet—
And sees her lover pining
  And pale before her feet.

16.

If, with eyes that serve you truly,
  You but scan my songs with care,
You will see a pretty maiden,
  For I know she wanders there.

If your ears are quick of hearing,
  You will hear her very voice,
And her laughter, sighs, and singing
  Will befool you, and rejoice.

With her words and with her glances
  She'll perplex, like mine, your mood;
And in spring, a dreaming lover,
  You will wander through the wood.

17.

What drives thee on through the spring-sweet night?
Thou hast maddened the flowers; with affright
The violets shrink and alter!
The roses for very shame are red,
And wan the lilies as the dead:
They wail, and fail, and falter!

Dear moon, what a pious folk is this!
And yet my deed was much amiss,
And they may well reprove me!
But how could I know they listened, and heard
Each wild and love-delirious word
I raved to the stars above me?

18.

When soft on me, beloved,
Thy blue eyes fondly gaze,
I am as if in dreamland,
And dumb for sweet amaze.

Upon thine eyes of blue, dear,
I think where'er I go:
The blue thoughts, like a sea, dear,
Fill deep my heart and flow.

19.

Once again my heart is conquered,
And the dreary wrong that maddened
Is forgot, and May is breathing
The delight of old that gladdened.

In the streets the most frequented,
In the hope of happy chancing,
'Neath each hat the fair one seeking,
Late and early I keep glancing.

On the bridge again I linger,
By the water greenly flowing—
Ah, if only she should cross it,
And should gaze on me in going!

And I hear a gentle sighing
In the water's rush and falling,
And my blissful heart hears plainly
What the white-tipped waves are calling

And I lose my way when dreaming
Through the lanes and alleys winding,
And the birds upon the bushes
Mock the fool whom love is blinding.

20.

The rose smells sweet—but if to her own finding
She sweetly smells: whether the nightingale
Has felt through her own soul the rapture winding,
As we, when her fond echoes ring and fail:—

I know not. But the truth will often grieve us!
And if the rose, and if the nightingale
But feign, the lie that can so sweet deceive us
May, like some others, be of some avail.

21.

Ah, blame me not! I flee thy face
Only because I love thee so.
How could thy face of blooming grace
Match mine that is so full of woe!

Because I love thee I am wan.
So lean my cheek and fallen from grace,
That hateful it would seem anon—
Ah! blame me not, who flee thy face!

22.

I wander 'mid the flowers, dear,
And with the flowers blow;
I wander as in dreamland,
And totter as I go.

Uphold me! At thy feet, dear,
I shall fall if I but move;
The garden's full of folk, dear,
And I am drunk with love.

23.

As the imaged moon may tremble
On the tumult of the deep,
Yet her quiet path securely
Through the vault of heaven keep:

So, beloved, sure and steadfast
In thy going still thou art,
And thy image only trembles
On the tossing of my heart.

24.

Our hearts the Holy Alliance
Have made and ratified duly;
They have beaten close together,
And know each other truly.

But the rosebud that your bosom
Made lovelier with its breath,
Our luckless little ally,
Is almost crushed to death.

25.

Tell me the man who first, misguided,
Time into minutes and hours divided.
He was a cold and a dismal wight
Who would sit and brood through the winter night,
And count the squeaks of the mice in the wall,
And the regular tick of the wood-worm small.
Tell me who kisses invented first.
Oh, a happy man with a mouth athirst.
With never a thought he kissed away;
And that was in the month of May,
When earth was bright with flowers springing,
When laughed the sun, and birds were singing.

26.

Ah, the gilly flowers, how fragrant!
Lo! the wistful stars of even
Like a swarm of bees are golden
In the violet-blue of heaven.

White and fain the manor glimmers
From the chestnuts' shadowy reaches,
And I hear the glass door rattle:
Hear the whispered lovers' speeches.

Sweet alarm and blissful trembling!
  Secret, fearful, tender clinging!—
And the budding roses hearken,
  And the nightingales are singing.

27.

Once before have I not dreamed it—
  Dreamed delight as sweet as this is?
Tree for tree the same, dear, seemed it:
  Trees and flowers, looks and kisses.

Was the leaf-veiled moon not peeping
  On this bower, where a rill was?
Were the marble gods not keeping
  Watch without, that then as still was?

Ah, these dreams and their endearments—
  Dreams, too happy, of a lover!
Well I know that snowy cerements
  Hearts and trees alike will cover.

Shunned, forgotten, each by each, dear,
  We'll grow colder like the weather:
We who now, with tender speech, dear,
  Cling, and crush our hearts together.

28.

In the dark the kisses stolen,
  In the dark the kiss returned—
Ah, how blessed are such kisses
  To the soul where love has yearned!

Sad with memory and foreboding
  Thinks the soul, while kisses last,
Many a mournful thought, unbidden,
  Of the future and the past.

But to think so much and doubt, is
  Doubtful wisdom when we kiss;—
Ah, my soul, try weeping rather,
  Weeping's easier than this!

29.

There was an aged king once;
  His heart was sad, his head was grey.
The poor old king, he wedded
  A maiden young and gay.

There was a pretty page once;
  His head was blond, his heart was fain.
The youthful queen he followed,
  To carry her silken train.

'Tis an old old song. Do you know it?
It rings so sweet, it rings so drear
For they had both to perish—
Alas! they loved too dear.

30.

The pictures dim and faded
Again in memory glow—
In your voice what is the music,
That it should move me so?

Ah, say not that you love me!
Though, matched with that, the spring,
And love, and all that's fairest
Would seem a little thing.

Ah, say not that you love me!
Be dumb, and kiss instead;
And smile, when, on the morrow,
I show you roses dead.

31.

"Linden blossoms, drunk with moonlight,
Pour their scent in fragrant showers,
And the nightingales, with music,
Flood the air and fill the bowers.

"It is sweet to sit, beloved,
'Neath the linden, sweet together,
When the moon is glinting golden
Through the leaves in golden weather.

"Mark this leaf! and, in its shaping,
Clear a heart you will discover;
That is why beneath the linden
Sits so gladly every lover.

"But you smile as if, in dreamland,
Fond and far your thoughts were winging—
What desires, my heart's beloved,
In the heart I love are springing?"

I will tell, and tell thee gladly:
Might but now a north wind, blowing
Cold and bitter, on a sudden
Set the heavens whitely snowing!

In a sleigh bedecked and merry,
In our furs were we but riding,
Whips a-cracking, bells a-ringing,
Over field and river gliding!

32.

Through the wood, and through the shining
Of the moon, I saw them going:
Saw the elves where they were riding,
Bells a-ringing, horns a-blowing;

And a golden antler carried
All the white and gleaming horses,
And wild swans they seemed in flying
Through the air upon their courses;

And the elfin queen was laughing,
And she nodded to me under.
Was my love, my new love greeted?
Was it death she meant, I wonder?

33.

Every morn I send thee violets
Found at dawn in woodland bowers,
And at night I bring the roses
I have plucked in dusky hours.

Dost thou know the fragrant secret
That the pretty flowers tell?
Through the day thou shalt be faithful,
And at night shalt love me well.

34.

Your letter only proved, dear,
  There's very little wrong;
You said, no more you loved, dear—
  But, still, the letter's long.

Twelve pages neat and full, dear!
  A volume for perusal!
One writes less as a rule, dear,
  When sending a refusal.

35.

Never fear I will betray, dear,
  To the world my love for thee,
When my mouth thy beauty praises,
  And the metaphors flow free.

Underneath a wood of flowers,
  In the quiet shade concealed,
Lies our sweet and glowing secret—
  Deep it burns and unrevealed.

Never fear if, from the roses,
  Some suspicious sparks should throng!
In such flames the world believes not:
  It will only think it song.

36.

Spring, that turns my days to music,
  Fills the night with music too;
To my deepest dreams it follows—
  Greenly echoes, piercing through.

Only there the birds sing sweeter:
  Flute as birds of fable did;
Winds are softer; from the violet
  Milder yearns the fragrance hid.

And the roses, blooming redder,
  Wear a childlike golden glory,
Like the little heads of angels
  In some holy, painted story.

And, a nightingale myself then,
  To the roses red I seem
To be pouring out my passion—
  Magic music in a dream;

Till the sun, arising, wakes me
  Or, perhaps, the lovely song
Of the nightingales—those others—
  That before my window throng.

37.

Stars with little feet and golden
  Move above me, hushed and light,
Lest they wake the earth who's sleeping
  In the quiet lap of night.

And the silent forests listen,
  Every leaf an ear of green,
And the mountain stretches forward
  With his shadow-arm serene.

Some one called? The music echoes,
  In my heart it rings and fails.
Was it she, my soul's beloved?
  Was the voice the nightingale's?

38.

Grave is the spring; she dreams of sadness,
  And moved with grief the flowers blow;
The nightingale, for all her gladness,
  Hides in her song a note of woe.

Ah, smile not thou, my dear, my fair one!
  Thy friendly smile too joyful is.
Nay, weep! A tear, did it but bear one,
  From off thy cheek I fain would kiss.

39.

Once more my heart is torn untimely
From the dear heart I love so true,
Once more my heart is torn untimely—
How fain to stay, ah, would you knew!

The carriage rolls, the bridge shakes under,
The river glides below so drear;
And bliss and I, we go asunder;
I leave the heart I love so dear.

The stars rush on through heaven's spaces,
As if before my woe they flew—
Farewell, dear love! though far my place is,
My heart will always bloom for you.

40.

The tender wishes blossom,
And wither at a breath,
And bloom again and wither—
Until they cease in death.

'Tis knowing this that saddens
For me the love most blest:
My heart has learned such wisdom
That it bleeds within my breast.

41.

With a single eye of red,
And the drifting clouds for hair,
Frown the heavens overhead,
Like an old man's face of care.

Were a glance to light on earth,
Flower and bud would ruined fall;
In the heart, forlorn of mirth,
Love and songs would wither all.

42.

Loathing, reluctant, with a heart of lead,
I travel sullen through a world as cold.
Autumn is almost over, mists enfold
A land that is already bare and dead.

The whistling winds dishevel boughs that shed
The reddened leaves, fast loosening from their hold;
The pastures steam around the sighing wold,
And now the rain brings misery to a head!

43.

Autumn mists, that linger over
Hill and hollow, wanly dream.
Storms have stripped the trees of cover;
Bare and thin, like ghosts, they seem.

There is one, and one tree only,
That its foliage has not shed;
Tear-bedewed it stands and lonely:
Shakes a sad and leafy head.

Ah, this wilderness my heart is!
Summer-green, by storm unmoved,
Like the trees your fairer part is,
Woman lovely and beloved!

44.

Heavens workaday and weary!
And the town the same as ever!
Still reflected dull and dreary
In the Elbe, the houses shiver.

Still the same eternal blowing
Of the noses long and ugly;
Still the hypocrites are going,
Just as servile, just as smugly.

Beauteous South, more fair behind me
Seem thy heavens and thy gods,
Since I turned from thee, to find me
With this weather and these clods!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

(1832–1839.)

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SERAPHINA.

I.

THROUGH the wood when I am wandering
  In the dusky eventide,
Goes a dainty form in silence
  Always closely by my side.

Is not this thy veil, the white one?
  This the gentle face I love?
Is it merely moonlight breaking
  Through the gloomy firs above?

Is that sound the sound of weeping
  From mine own eyes welling deep?
Or dost thou, beloved, truly
  Walk to-night by me and weep?

2.

Through the clouds the moon is breaking;
  Hushed, the shore is lying under;
On the waves the night has fallen,
  And they whisper and they wonder:

"Is yon man some silly creature,
  Or a prey to lovers' madness,
That his mien should be so merry,
  And withal so marred with sadness?"

But the moon, she laughs and answers—
  Answers clear: "If you must know it,
He is both in love and silly,
  And, what's more, he is a poet."

3.

Tis a white and lonely sea-gull
  That flaps against the sky,
Far over the darkling waters;
  The moon in heaven is high.

From the waves the shark and the rayfish
  Snap upward where they lie;
The sea-gull is mounting, falling;
  The moon in heaven is high.

Dear soul, that so terror-driven
And fearfully dost fly,
The water is too near thee,
The moon in heaven is high!

4.

The sea lies hushed beneath the moon;
The waves are murmuring low;
I think upon a sad old tune,
And my heart is full of woe;—

On the sad old song, and how it sings
Of the cities lost and fair,
Whence, upward from the deep, there rings
The sound of bell and prayer.

But neither prayer nor bell will save
Those cities doomed of yore,
For what is buried in the grave
Returns again no more.

5.

Although I knew you loved me:
For long had known it clear:
When at the last you told me,
My heart was filled with fear.

I walked upon the mountain,
And sang aloud for glee,
And, when the sun was sinking,
I wept beside the sea.

My heart is like the sun now,
That flames in fire above;
It sinks, as great and golden,
In a boundless sea of love.

6.

How curiously the sea-gull
Looks down and tries to guess
Why, on your lips, my ear thus
So warm and close I press.

What from your mouth you pour, love,
Is what she fain would hear:
Whether with words or kisses
You fill my asking ear.

Ah, knew my soul itself, dear,
What murmurs there so kind!
The words are with the kisses
So strangely intertwined!

7.

She fled before me like a roe
  That swiftly makes for cover:
With hair that streamed upon the wind,
  Flew up the crags and over.

But, where the cliffs fall downward sheer,
  I found her, following fleetly;
And wooed, until her heart was mild,
  With words of sweetness, sweetly.

And there we sat so heaven-high,
  And glad with heaven's wonder;
Below us, in the dusky sea
  The sun went slowly under.

Below us, in the dusky sea
  The sun went down and darkened;
The waves, for rapture, tossed and sang,
  And shouted where we hearkened:

Ah, mourn him not: he is not dead
  'Neath yonder billows hoary;
Within my heart he's lying hid,
  And flames in all his glory.

8.

The Church of the third New Testament
Upon this rock we build,
That, founded strong, it may endure;
Grief's measure is fulfilled.

The difference betwixt us twain
No more shall fool and sever;
The stupid torment of the flesh
Is ended, and forever.

Dost hear how God in yonder sea
Speaks with a thousand voices?—
How God above us, in His stars,
His thousand stars, rejoices?

God dwells in light, and has His home
Within the dark abysses;
For everything that is, is God—
Yea, God is in our kisses.

9.

All the little stars are shining,
Grey with night the waves are falling;
Long-resounding, through the darkness
I can hear the waters calling.

With the lusty, naked billows
  Plays the north wind rude and hoary;
And they trip and swell and clamour,
  Like an organ-peal of glory.

Pagan, Christian notes are mingled
  In that song the waves are voicing,
And it mounts to heaven, surging,
  Till the stars can hear, rejoicing:

Till they hear, and grow for gladness
  In their golden-clustered places,
And each star, a sun for splendour,
  Treads the void, eternal spaces:

Till they circle to the music,
  Whirl and dance the maddest measure,
And a nightingale each star is,
  Singing loud and sweet for pleasure.

In a vast, tumultuous chorus
  Sea and sky together thunder,
And a giant-rapture fills me,
  And my heart is big with wonder.

10.

Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,
  Shadow-life—the whole how strange!
Dost thou think, sweet fool, that this is
  Only true, and will not change?

All we hold was made for losing,
  Swift as dreams we cannot keep;
Hearts forget without their choosing,
  And the eyes, they fall asleep.

11.

Beside the sea the maiden
  Stood sighing deep for woe;
Her heart was heavy-laden,
  The sunset moved her so.

Dear maid, there's naught to grieve you,
  'Tis an ancient trick. You'll find
Though the sun in front may leave you,
  He'll rise again behind.

12.

With sails of black my ship I sail
  Over the stormy sea;
Thou knowest well how sad I am,
  And how thou grievest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind
That flutters loose and free;
With sails of black my ship I sail
Over the stormy sea.

13.

How bad thy deed and shameful,
Though from men I may withhold it,
I have sailed away to the open sea,
And to the fishes told it.

Although on land untarnished
I choose to leave thy name,
Away, in the whole wide ocean,
They have been told thy shame.

14.

The waves roll in and thunder,
With crash and roar;
They swell, and break asunder
Upon the shore.

They surge and mount unceasing:
Tumultuously spend
Their passionate increasing—
And to what end?

15.

The Runic stone from the sea rears high,
Where I sit and dream and ponder;
The winds, they pipe; the sea-gulls cry;
The billows foam and wander.

Oh, many a maiden loved have I,
With many a lad gone roaming.—
Where are they now? The winds, they sigh;
The billows wander foaming.

16.

The sea is shining in the sun,
As if he were of gold;
When I am dead, my brothers,
Bury me in the sea.

For I have always loved the sea;
His healing waves of old
Have cooled my heart so often!
Good friends were I and he.

ANGELICA.

I.

Now that heaven nods its favour,
  Shall I stand, a mute confounded:
I who, knowing sorrow's savour,
  Sang my woes till they resounded?—

Till a thousand youths despairing
  Echoed after: told their passion
In the songs of my preparing,
  Served anew in feebler fashion.

Nightingales, whose chorussed voices
  In my soul I carry ringing,
Up and tell how love rejoices!
  Tune your throats for raptured singing!

2.

One backward glance you always threw me,
  However quick you passed me by,—
Your mouth, as if for question, open,
  And pride tempestuous in your eye.

Would I had never sought to stay it:
That gown of white that went so fleet!
Would I might lose the track for ever,
Left lovely by your little feet!

Vanished at last is all your wildness;
Tame, like the rest, you meekly bow,
Serene, and kind beyond enduring;
And ah! you even love me now!

3.

Pretty maiden, I believe not
What your lips so harshly say;
Eyes so big and black and melting
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip the lies off, for I love you—
Brown-streaked lies that would delude!
Kiss me with your heart that white is—
Heart of white, hast understood?

4.

How the fancy of a moment
Leads to tenderest of ties!
From the trivial beginning
How the boundless passions rise!

For this lady, hourly waxes
  Yearning deep within my heart,
Till I almost am persuaded
  That I love her, for my part.

Fair her soul is,—although, frankly,
  That is just as it may be;
Of her lovely face I'm surer,
  That my eyes can plainly see.

Ah, the waist! And ah, the forehead!
  And the nose! Her smile, how tender
On her lips it grows and gladdens!
  And how straight she stands and slender!

5.

Ah, how fair you are when sweetly
  You your mind to me disclose,
And, with sentiments the noblest,
  Your oration overflows!

When you tell me how so worthy
  And so lofty are your views:
How to pride of heart you never
  Can a sacrifice refuse!

And how vainly one, with millions,
Would essay your love to buy—
Ere you sold yourself for money,
You would much prefer to die!

And I stand and meekly listen
Till the story's fully told,
Like a dumb adoring statue;
And my hands I meekly fold.

6.

I close her eyes and keep them tight,
And on her mouth I kiss;
And now she plagues me day and night,
To know the cause of this.

From evening late till morning light
She's always asking this:
"Why do you close my eyes so tight
When on my mouth you kiss?"

I tell her not; I know not quite
Just what the reason is—
I close her eyes and keep them tight,
And on her mouth I kiss.

7.

When, blest by the warmth of your kisses kind,
  Enraptured in your arms I lie,
Talk not of Germany, never of that;
  I cannot endure it—there's reason why.

Leave me in peace as to that, I entreat you!
  Plague me not endlessly, asking reply,
As to kindred and home, and manner of living;
  I cannot endure it—there's reason why.

Green is the oak there, blue-eyed are the women,
  The women of Germany; softly they sigh
Of love and of hope, of hope and believing!
  I cannot endure it—there's reason why.

8.

Fear not, love; from every danger
  You are hidden safe and sure;
None will steal us: on each stranger,
  See, I bolt the door secure.

You may mock the storm, unmovëd,
  For these walls are builded stout;
And in case of fire, beloved,
  I will blow the candle out.

Should my arms your neck enfold, dear,
I entreat you, do not chide;
One so soon may catch a cold, dear,
When one's shawl is thrown aside.

9.

— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —

White, how lily-white her hands are!
How her hair in dreamy ringlets
Falls about her rosy face!
Perfect is her loveliness.

Yet to-day—(though why, I know not),—
She is scarcely, to my fancy,
Quite so slender as she once was,
She might easily be slimmer.

10.

After other people's treasures
While I'm peering round, and prying
At the doors of lovely strangers:
At their windows yearning, sighing:

Other people may be seeking
In another place their pleasure:
May be ogling at the windows
Where myself I keep my treasure.

'Tis but human! God in heaven
Bless our goings still, and guard us!
Bless and keep us, all and sundry,
And with fortune good reward us!

II.

You're indeed my ideal; I never was loth
To admit it, and oft, to my pleasure,
Have confirmed it with many a kiss and an oath;
But to-day I am not at leisure.

To-morrow come 'twixt two and three;
New flames will show you whether
My love could more devoted be;
And then we'll dine together.

If still for sale some tickets are,
I might prolong the revel:
Might to the opera go—so far;
They're playing *Robert the Devil.*

A great and wondrous work is this,
On Devils' love affairs;
By Scribe the bad libretto is;
The music's Meyerbeer's.

12.

Dismiss me not, though now your thirst
Is quenched with love's sweet wine;
But keep me still three months or so,
Till I have sated mine.

If thou canst be my love no more,
Be still my lovely friend;
'Tis meet that friendship should begin
When love is at an end.

13.

Now the carnival of loving,
And the heart-intoxication
Ends at last, and, disenchanted,
Leaves us yawning at each other.

We have drunk and drained the goblet
To the brim that foamed and sparkled
With delirium of the senses;
We have drained the goblet dry.

Dumb the fiddles now that fiddled
Tunes so lusty for our dancing,
For the dancing of our senses;
Mute the fiddles now and dumb.

And the lamps are dim and darkened,
Lamps that poured their light fantastic
On the garish masquerading;
Now the lamps have all been quenched.

And Ash-Wednesday's to-morrow,
And the sign upon your forehead
Of the ashen cross I make now:
Woman, know that thou art dust!

DIANA.

1.

Lo! this fair and noble form
  Of colossal womanhood
  Yields with rapture to my mood:
Yields her, unresisting, warm.

Had I given passion reins—
  Sought by force to win and keep—
  I had rued, and rued it deep!
She had thrashed me for my pains.

Throat, neck, bosom! Fairer even,
  (Could I see so high) the face!
  Ere I trust to her embrace,
I'll commend my soul to heaven.

2.

'Twas by the Bay of Biscay
  That first she drew her breath;
Already, in the cradle,
  She crushed two cats to death.

She crossed the Pyrenees then,
In barefoot loveliness;
At Perpignan they showed her—
A youthful giantess.

The Faubourg Saint-Denis, now,
With her style and state resounds;
She costs the little Sir William
A cool ten thousand pounds.

3.

Dearly loved and noble Doña,
When I gaze upon your grace,
I remember old Bologna,
And the ancient market-place.

'Neath the Fountain of the Giant
Once again I seem to stand—
'Neath the Neptune, moulded pliant
To Giovanni's master-hand.

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HORTENSE.

1.

ALL the kisses taken, given
By a woman, once I thought
From of old were fixed by heaven
And with Destiny inwrought.

So I kissed, and, with the kissing,
Was as earnest and as true
As if fear might be of missing
What was laid on me to do.

As with other things, I know now
There are kisses and to spare;
So I take the kiss and go now,
Light of heart and debonair.

2.

'Twas at the corner of the street,
We stood an hour and over;—
Discussed the tender bond of souls
'Twixt lover dear and lover.

And still we stood a hundred times
Our love with speeches proving;
'Twas by the corner of the street;—
We never thought of moving.

The Goddess of Occasion then—
A merry wench beguiling—
Came briskly up to where we stood,
And flitted past us smiling.

3.

In dreams I dream when waking,
And in waking thoughts by night,
In my soul your lovely laughter
Rings always for delight.

You remember Montmorency's,—
How you rode a donkey, gay,
Till you fell from off the saddle,
And in the thistles lay?

The donkey munched the thistles,
The donkey did not fret—
And ah! Your lovely laughter
I never shall forget.

4.

(*She speaks.*)

In a lovely garden growing,
  Hangs an apple on a tree;
And, about the bough, a serpent
  Coils him lithely, and I see
Serpent-eyes that glimmer softly
  And that hold me; in the hiss
I can hear a golden promise
  That allures like sweetest bliss.

(*The other speaks.*)

'Tis the fruit of life, this apple;
  Taste its sweetness—only taste,
That the time you have for living
  Run not utterly to waste.
Tender dove and beauteous maiden,
  Taste it quick and unafraid—
'Tis your wise old cousin's counsel,
  You may trust what she has said.

5.

I have tuned anew my cithern,
  New the melodies I sing.
Old the text is! "Woman's bitter."—
  So said Solomon the king.

She'll deceive her lover surely,
  As her husband in the past;
And the drops are only wormwood,
  In love's golden bowl at last.

Do the Scriptures tell us true, then,
  When the story they rehearse,
How the serpent drew upon you
  First your dark and awful curse?

On its belly still the serpent
  Lurks in every grove for harm,
And you hearken to his whisper,
  Yielding softly to the charm.

Ah, how cold and dark! The ravens
  Croak and circle to and fro
Round the sun; and love and gladness,
  They were buried long ago.

6.

Your lying promise of delight
  Deceived not long my heart;
Like a deceitful dream of night,
  You came but to depart.

The morning broke, the mists dissolved
  Before the shining sun;
We were already at the end
  Ere we had well begun.

CLARISSA.

1.

When I offer love the truest,
You are troubled and decline it;
But you straightly fall to weeping,
If as "no" I should divine it.

I have seldom prayed—so hear me,
God Almighty! Help this maid;
Of Thy grace her brain enlighten;
May her pretty tears be stayed!

2.

Where you go you always see me,
Always see me, your pursuer;
And the worse I am entreated,
I but cling to you the truer.

Pretty scorn in bondage holds me,
Just as kindness will remove me.
Would you really send me flying,
It but needs that you should love me.

3.

Devil take your cruel parents,
  Take your father, take your mother,
In the theatre who hindered
  Us from seeing one another!

Broad in finery they sat there;
  Scarce a loophole could I find
For espying you, beloved,
  In the box concealed behind.

On the ruin of two lovers
  Calm they gazed with tranquil eye,
And they clapped immense approval
  When they saw the lovers die.

4.

Through the naughty quarters go not—
  Streets that pretty eyes are bright'ning.
Ah! too kindly they will spare you
  Hint of peril from their lightning.

From the lofty windows smiling,
  Eyes will fall on you and greet you:
Eyes so friendly (Death and Devil!),
  Like a sister's they will meet you.

Vain the struggle: you're already
On the way; a load of sorrow
You'll return with on your bosom,
That will last for many a morrow.

5.

Now, when fairest is the summer,
Wounded deep, and sick and ailing,
To the wood, a lonely comer,
I have borne my bitter wailing.

Birds around, in pity vying,
Hush their song my woe to hearken,
And the wind my plaint is sighing,
Where the linden branches darken.

And I grieve where I am seated
In the hushed and grassy hollow.
"Ah, my kitten!" Soft repeated
By the hills, the echoes follow.

"Kitten, kitten, winsome kitten!
Why hast wounded me so badly?
Ah, thy tiger claws have smitten
Deep my heart, and torn it sadly!

"For believe, my heart sincerely
Long was closed to love's beguiling,
Till I loved again too dearly,
Saw and loved your pretty smiling.

"Sweet and low you seemed to mew it:
'You'll be neither scratched nor bitten,
Only trust; you will not rue it;
I am such a gentle kitten.'"

* * *

6.

In the woods her wild sweet measure
Philomela careless sings;
But you needs must find your pleasure
In canaries—fluttering things!

In their cage I watch you feed them,
Pretty tame and yellow folk;
For their sugared morsel pleading,
At your finger see them poke.

To the angels must the beauty
Of a scene like this be dear!
'Tis so touching that, in duty,
I myself must shed a tear!

7.

The spring has come with wedding gifts,
With music and rejoicing,
Congratulations to the bride
And to the bridegroom voicing.

It brings the jasmin, violets,
Sweet herbs, the rose in pride, too;
It brings the bridegroom celery,
Asparagus for the bride, too.

8.

Guard you God from overheating,
And your heart from palpitation;
Keep you safe from overeating,
And excessive perspiration!

Love, so warm this marriage morning,
May the years of wedlock nourish:
May it never turn to scorning;
And your bodies, may they flourish!

9.

Gentle maiden, on my case
You can now decide with right:
"Of a truth the man is base,
He would vex me just for spite;—

"Me who never spoke a word
That could possibly offend him;
Who, if blame he had incurred,
Would so zealously befriend him—

"Me, who went so far, in fact,
That I might have loved him dearly,
Had he but contrived to act
Less insanely, more sincerely!"

10.

How you mock and sulk and snarl,
When by jealous fancy bit!
How you writhe for spite and anger,
Though you love me not a whit!

Roses red, you will not smell them,
Will not kiss the fragrant rose;
But you sniff among the briars
Till you scratch your foolish nose.

11.

Too late, alas! your pretty smiling,
Your tender sighs, alas! too late!
For buried long is now the passion
You treated once with scorn and hate.

Too late, alas! is love's returning,
  These loving looks, too late to save!
Upon my heart they fall as fruitless
  As sunshine falling on a grave.

. . . . . .

Ah, if I only knew where sojourn
  Our souls at last, from life released!
Where is the fire to ashes fallen?
  Where are the winds that blew and ceased?

YOLANTE AND MARY.

1.

How the poets should be honoured,
  Well these ladies understand;
Self and genius they invited
  To a luncheon they had planned.

Ah! how excellent the soup was,
  How restorative the wine!
And how well the hare was larded,
  And the chicken, how divine!

I believe we talked of poetry;
  And, when satisfied at last,
For the honour great I thanked them
  They had shown by their repast.

2.

Which of the two to fall in love with?
  So amiable are both, and kind!
The mother's still a handsome woman;
  The daughter's fair and to my mind.

So moving to behold, the form is,
That still is innocent and white!
The genial eye is also charming,
That reads one's tenderness at sight.

My heart our hoary friend resembles
Who stands, in contemplative zest,
Between two bundles of his fodder,
Uncertain which will taste the best.

3.

Plain the tricolor of flowers
That you wear upon your breast
Says, "This heart is free, nor cowers
In the chains the free detest."

Mary, monarch of my heart,
Fourth of Maries it has owned,
Many queens that played your part,
In disgrace have been dethroned.

4.

The bottles are empty, the breakfast was good,
The ladies are rosy and pleased.
They have drunk just a little more wine than they should:
Their bodices boldly they've eased.

Their bosoms and shoulders are fair, I can vouch;
  My heart is a-flutter with fright,
As, laughing, they throw themselves down on the
    couch;
  The counterpane hides them from sight.

Before them, for comfort, the curtains they pull,
  They snore for a wager, in fact.
I gaze on the couch, left alone, like a fool,
  Perplexed as to how I should act.

5.

Courage quickens now that, daily,
  Youth recedes and grows more dim,
And my bolder arm now gaily
  Circles many a waist more slim.

Some have listened, shocked, demurely,
  Who have yielded all the same;
Flattery has conquered surely
  Lovely scorn and timid shame.

Yet the best—I mark it wondering—
  Triumph holds for me no more.
Can it be the sweet and blundering
  Asininity of yore?

JENNY.

My years now number five-and-thirty,
And scarce fifteen for you have sped. . .
But, when I gaze on you, O Jenny,
A dream awakes that long was dead!

In eighteen hundred and seventeen, dear,
I saw a maiden wondrous fair;
Her manner and her form were yours, dear,
And just like you she wore her hair.

I was about to start for college,
And pleaded with her, "Wait for me,
'Twill soon be time for my returning."
She said, "My joy is all in thee."

At Göttingen the law I studied;
Three years had passed since I began;
Then came the news, my faithless sweetheart
Was married to another man.

Spring smiled in every field and valley:
  It was the first of May, and glad
The birds were singing in the sunshine,
  Not even the meanest worm was sad.

But, as for me, my strength forsook me;
  Ailing I grew, and sick and white;
And only God knows what I suffered
  Through the long watches of the night.

Yet I recovered; and my health now
  Is sturdy as an oak's and strong . . .
But when I gaze on you, O Jenny,
  That dream awakes, forgotten long!

EMMA.

1.

He stands as stiff as a tree trunk,
In frost and wind and heat;
His arms are skyward lifted,
Rooted in earth his feet.

Bagíratha, self-tormented
Thus stands, until his woe
Moves Brahma, from high heaven
To bid the Ganges flow.

But I, beloved, suffer
My martyrdom in vain;
From the heaven of your eyes, dear,
There falls no healing rain.

2.

Four-and-twenty weary hours yet,
Till my rapture is complete—
Rapture, that with sidelong glances,
Lovely eyes have promised sweet.

What a clumsy thing a word is,
And how poor is speech alone!
Blurt it out, and, flitting past you,
Lo! the butterfly is flown.

But a look is vast and boundless:
At a look the lover's breast
Can become a starry heaven,
Heaven infinite and blest!

3.

Not a kiss, though months are over
Since I saw and loved you first!
Poorest among men you leave me,
Leave me standing, mouth athirst.

Once was happiness so nigh me,
I could feel it breathing sweetly.
But my lips it held aloof from—
Held aloof, and passed discreetly.

4.

Emma, tell, and tell me truly,
Was it love that made me silly?
Or, because I was so silly,
Did the love but follow duly?

By my passion even, Emma,
  By my lovers' madness even,
  I'm tormented less and troubled,
Than I am by this dilemma.

5.

Jar and wrangle, waste of breath!
  When together, always strife!
  So I go, and find that life
Life no longer is, but death.

Night is spent in wonder sad
  Whether death or hell the worse is;
  Ah! I think my torment's curse is
That already I am mad.

6.

Hateful night with shadows dreary
  Steals upon us, furtive, wan,
And our souls are sick and weary;
  Heavy-eyed we gaze and yawn.

You grow old, and I grow older:
  Dead our spring, and fallen its bloom;
You grow cold, and I grow colder,
  While the winter nears with gloom.

Ah, the last is always sorrow!
Love's sweet sigh is but a breath;
Loveless sighs will come to-morrow,
And the end of life is death.

KITTY.

1.

Eyes of beauty, long forgotten,
Once again ensnare and bind me;
Once again a maiden's glances,
As of old, bewitch and blind me.

Back to vanished days that beckon,
Loving lips have kissed me sweetly:
When by day I swam in folly,
And at night was drowned completely.

2.

That you in secret love me well,
My vanity assures me;
My judgment says, because your heart
Is generous, it endures me.

In honour you would hold the man
Whom others underrate so,
And doubly kind would be to him
Whom others wound and hate so.

You are so friendly and so fair!
So soft your arm encloses!
Your words, that sweet as music ring,
Are fragrant as the roses.

A star of heaven you seem to me,
In shades of night who languish:
A star whose greeting glads the night,
And sweetens all my anguish.

3.

Fair gleams the sun that sinks in glory,
Yet fairer are those eyes of thine;
Those eyes of thine and the sunset glory
Into my heart so sadly shine!

"Farewell" the red of eve betokens:
Night for the heart, and bitter woe.
Between thine eyes and my heart that loves them,
Soon wide the sundering sea will flow.

4.

Her letter well may move me:
She writes that she sincerely,
Beyond all speech, so dearly,
For evermore will love me.

The days are dull, with yearning
  Both heart and bosom ache—
  "To England, for my sake,
Ah! hasten your returning."

5.

My ship towards the mark
  Speeds like a mountain goat,
  Now up the Thames we float,
Now we're at Regent's Park.

'Tis there that dwells my Kitty,
  The girl that I delight in;
  There's not a skin so white in
The West End or the City.

She knows I'm almost due,
  So she up and fills the kettle,
  And forward wheels the settle;
I come, and there's tea for two.

6.

The joy that kissed me yesterday
  Endures not till to-morrow,
'Tis long since any loved me true:
  I know it to my sorrow.

There have been those who seemed to love,
When curious they were only:
Who, when at last they saw my heart,
Have fled and left me lonely.

The one would pale before she went,
The other laugh to grieve me;
But only Kitty wept for woe
When it was time to leave me.

TANNHÄUSER.

TANNHÄUSER.

A LEGEND.

(1836.)

I.

Good Christians all, avoid the snare
When Satan's guile entices!
I'll sing you the Tannhäuser song,
To warn from his devices.

Tannhäuser was a warrior bold,
Who, loves delight pursuing,
Dwelt seven years in the Venusberg,
Seven years to his undoing.

"O Venus, mistress fond and fair,
My love, my life, farewell now!
For, with your leave, I fain would go—
No longer here would dwell now."

"Tannhäuser, noble knight, this day
You have withheld your kisses.
O kiss me quick, and tell me true,
If aught in me amiss is.

"The wine that day by day I pour:
Say, sweet have you not found it?
And day by day, with roses red,
Your head, have I not crowned it?"

"O Venus, mistress fond and fair,
Of your wine so sweet in flavour,
Of your kisses warm, my soul is sick—
Some sourness I would savour.

"Jested and laughed too long have we:
I yearn for weeping bitter;
I want no roses for my head—
A crown of thorns were fitter."

"Tannhäuser, good and noble knight,
With cruel words you grieve me;
You have promised me a thousand times
That you would never leave me.

"Come, let us to our chamber go,
And taste again love's gladness;
My lovely body, lily-white,
Will chase away your sadness."

"O Venus, mistress fond and fair,
Your charm will never perish;
As men have loved you in the past,
They still will love and cherish.

"Yea, when I think upon the Gods
And Heroes who have lusted
After your body lily-white,
My soul recoils disgusted.

"Your lovely body lily-fair
Well-nigh my soul affright will,
If I but think how many more
Your beauty yet delight will."

"Tannhäuser, noble knight and good,
You shall not thus accuse me;
O liefer were I beaten sore,
As you were wont to use me.

"Yea, liefer were I beaten sore,
Than that such words were spoken,
Or that by you, a Christian cold,
My pride of heart were broken.

"Because I have too fondly loved,
I hearken while you chide now;
Farewell, I give you leave to go:
Myself the door throw wide now."

2.

In Rome, in Rome, in the holy town,
They are tolling from every steeple;
The procession with ringing and singing goes:
The Pope in the midst of his people.

'Tis the pious Urban who passes along,
The triple crown he's wearing;—
He is clad in his purple robe of state,
The barons his train upbearing.

"O holy Father, Urban, hear!
A sinful tale to tell is;
Thou shalt not move another step,
Till saved my soul from hell is."

The folk, they fall in a circle back,
Hushed are the anthems holy;
"Who is the pilgrim wan and wild,
That kneels to the Pope so lowly?"

"O holy Father, Urban, thou
Canst bind and loose from evil;
Deliver me now from the pains of hell,
And the power of the Devil.

"I am Tannhäuser, the noble knight,
Who, love's delight pursuing,
Dwelt seven years in the Venusberg,
Seven years to his undoing.

"A lovely woman Venus is,
With many a grace to charm one;
Like sunshine and the scent of flowers,
Her voice can soothe and warm one.

"As the butterfly, fluttering, sips from the cup
Of the fragrant flower posies,
So flutters my soul for ever round
Her lips as red as roses.

"Her blooming curls flow dark and free,
Her noble face enwreathing;
Her great eyes, when they gaze on you,
Will almost stop your breathing.

"Ah, if her eyes but gaze on you,
A captive fond you languish!
To win away from the mount at last
Has cost me bitter anguish.

"Yea, though I now am won away,
Still shine her eyes and yearn there;
The eyes of the woman follow me,
And beckon to return there.

"By day I am a sorry ghost;
My life awakens nightly;
For by night I dream of my mistress fair:
She sits by me laughing lightly.

"So whole of heart she laughs, and gay,
Her teeth like pearls peeping!
If on her laughter I but think,
I straight must fall a-weeping.

"I love her with a boundless love,
Nothing will stay its urging;
'Tis like a swirling cataract,
You cannot stem its surging.

"From rock to rock it leaps and foams:
The thunder-voices roar on;
If it broke its neck a thousand times,
The mighty flood would pour on.

"To Venus I would gladly give,
Were it mine, the whole of heaven;
I would give her sun, I would give her the moon,
And all the stars of even.

"I love her with a mighty love,
With flames that burn and consume me—
Are these already the quenchless fires
To which I feared to doom me?

"O holy Father, Urban, thou
Canst bind and loose from evil;
Deliver me from the pains of hell,
And the power of the Devil."

In sorrow the Pope has raised his hands,
In sorrow he has spoken:
"Tannhäuser, thou unhappy man,
The spell may not be broken.

"The Devil that is Venus named,
Of all the fiends the worst is;
The man she holds in her lovely claws
For evermore accurst is.

"For the lust of the flesh thy soul must pay,
Must pay the bitter cost now;
Thou art damned to hell's eternal woe:
Thou art for ever lost now."

3.

Tannhäuser, the knight, he walked so fast,
That his wounded feet were bleeding;
'Twas midnight when, at the Venusberg,
He stayed at last his speeding.

Venus awakened from out her sleep,
And blithe from her couch upspringing,
Round her lover she threw her milk-white arms,
And held him, closely clinging.

Down from her nose the red blood ran,
Her eyes with tears gushed over;
The tears and blood besmeared the face,
And wet the cheek of her lover.

The knight awearied sank on the bed,
Ere a single word was spoken;
To cook in the kitchen Venus went,
That his fast might straight be broken.

She gave him soup and she gave him bread;
Herself his wounds washed featly;
His matted hair she brushed and combed,
And laughed the while full sweetly.

"Tannhäuser, noble knight, 'tis long
Since you left me, and wandered forth, now;
O where have you been this weary while—
In what land of the south or the north, now?"

"'Twas in Italy, my Venus fair,
That business made me tarry;
From Rome I have returned as fast
As hasting feet would carry.

"O Rome is built on seven hills,
Beside the Tiber River.
I saw the Pope, who mentioned you,
And said, 'My greetings give her.'

"Through Florence I passed on my homeward way,
And Milan. Then I started
To climb the heights of Switzerland,
Light-footed, eager-hearted.

"Over the Alps I toiled apace,
And there the snow was falling;
The lakes of azure laughed to me,
The eagles hoarse were calling.

"'Neath the care of six-and-thirty kings
Lay Germany, like a dotard,
Snoring in happy peace below
Where I stood, on the Mount Saint Gothard.

"I saw the Swabian poet-school—
That set of darling ninnies;
They sat in a row with guards on their heads,
So careful each of his skin is.

"At Frankfort I stopped a while at Schwabb's,
And the famous dumplings ate there;
For religion the folk are far renowned,
And the giblets are first-rate there.

"A dog, who was once of the better sort,
I saw at Dresden, sadly;—
Too aged now to bark at all,
His teeth he misses badly.

"At Weimar, the widowed muses' seat,
A voice to sorrow giving,
They wept because Goethe, alas! was dead,
And Eckermann was living.

"At Potsdam I heard a deafening din,
And asked them what the cause was.
For Gans, who read them at Berlin
Last century's tale, the applause was.

"At Göttingen learning blooms apace,
Though scanty fruit 'tis bearing;
No light I spied as I passed it through,
In the murky midnight faring.

"The bridewell I saw at Zell was used
For Hanoverians purely.
O Germans, a national gaol and whip,
Were meet for Germany surely!

"At Hamburg I asked—I was fain to know—
Why the streets so vilely stank there.
And Jews and Christians answered, both,
'Twas the river was to thank there.

"In Hamburg, in the city good,
O many a rascal strange was!
I thought I was back in the gaol at Zell,
When it merely the Exchange was.

"From Hamburg I went to Altona:
The neighbourhood is pleasant;
You shall hear of that another time;
Let this suffice for the present."

SONGS OF CREATION.

I.

FIRST of all God made the sun,
  Then the stars that nightly shine;
By the sweat of His own brow,
  Fashioned next the gentle kine.

Then He made the savage beasts—
  Lions with their claws so grim,
And, in likeness of the lion,
  Formed the kitten soft and slim.

Next, the wilderness to people,
  He from dust created man,
And the interesting monkey,
  Fashioned on the same good plan.

'How He copies His own work,"
  Jeered the Devil with a laugh;
"In the likeness of the oxen
  He will make, in time, the calf!"

2.

To the Devil spake the Lord thus:
Answered Satan and his laugh:
"True, the stars the sun resemble;
From the ox I made the calf;

"Like the lions, maned and clawed,
Are the kittens, dainty-pawed;
After man I formed the ape;
But there's nothing you can shape.

3.

"The lions, the oxen, man, and the sun,
I made to glorify my might.
But the stars, calves, kittens, apes, each one,
I fashioned for my own delight.

4.

"When the work of Creation I began,
In seven days it was concluded;
But over the shaping of the plan
A thousand æons I had brooded.

"The work itself is merely motion:
Short time it takes to make or miss;
The plan's the *crux*—the original notion—
That shows you who the artist is.

"Three centuries passed before I saw
How fashioned for the best might be
The learned doctor of the law,
Yea, even the humble little flea."

5.

On the sixth day said the Lord,
"Now my labour is complete.
Vast and fair, the whole Creation
Is accomplished as was meet.

"See the sun, how red and golden
On the ocean falls his sheen!
And the trees, how bright their verdure!—
Almost like a painted scene.

"Are the lambkins on the meadow
Not as white as alabaster?
When so natural is Nature,
Does it not proclaim the Master?

"Now fulfilled are, with my glory,
Earth and heaven, moon and sun;
Man shall magnify and praise me
While the endless ages run!

6.

"You find not the stuff whereof poems are wrought
By sucking the finger merely;
Neither God nor singer can fashion from naught
His world, his poem, clearly.

"From the ancient mud of æons dim
Was man in pride created:
Out of the rib I took from him,
With lovely woman mated.

"I shaped the heavens from the earth,
Angels from women moulded;
'Tis the form that gives the substance worth,
By the artist's hand unfolded.

7.

"The reason why I made at all
This world so glorious, would you learn?
Within my soul there seemed to burn
A flaming and resistless call.

"'Twas sickness at the last which lured
My hand to the stupendous deed.
Creation satisfied my need;
Creation ended, I was cured."

FREDERICA.

(1823.)

I.

O LEAVE Berlin: the thick and dreary sand,
Weak tea, and over-witty folk who show
How well the world, themselves, and God they know,
And with Hegelian insight understand!
O fly with me to India's sunny land,
Where sandal-buds afar their perfume throw,
And, festal-robed, toward the Ganges go
White pilgrim hordes, in many a prayerful band!—

Where waves the palm by water smiling sweet,
Where yearns the lotus by the sacred shore
To Indra's citadel, the eternal blue.
There will I fall devoutly at your feet,
And, pressing them, will cry while I adore,
"Lady, of women all, the fairest, you!"

2.

The Ganges roars; from the green shadows stare
  The bright-eyed antelopes, that lightly fling
  And gallop past; the strutting peacocks swing
And flaunt the jewelled feathers that they wear.
Flowers you never saw are blooming there:
  Deep from the heart of sunny meads they spring;
  With voice love-drunken doth Cocila sing,
"Beyond all other women you are fair!"

God Cama peeps and smiles from out your face,
  His home is in your bosom's tent of white,
    He breathes from you, in songs of sweetness welling.
Vassant upon your dewy lips I trace;
  Within your eyes I find new worlds of light—
    Too narrow now the old world for my dwelling.

3.

The Ganges roars tumultuous and hoarse;
  Their vesper-gold the Himalayas wear;
  From the dark banyan groves, with sudden blare,
The trampling elephants a pathway force—
Oh, for an image! I would give my horse
  To find some image for your beauty rare,
  Who are incomparably pure and fair,
And of my heart's delight the radiant source!

You see me seek for images in vain,
And watch me strive with passion and with rhyme,—
And only smile to see me so undone!
But smile! For, when you smile, Gandarvas fain
Reach for their citherns sweet, and sing and chime,
High in the golden chambers of the sun.

CATHERINE.

1.

Upon my night has risen a lovely star
That smiles and whispers comfort from afar:
"The herald of new life am I"—
Ah, do not lie!

For, as the sea swells upward to the moon,
My raptured soul toward the gracious boon
Of thy dear light must surge and sigh—
Ah, do not lie!

2.

"Would you be presented duly?"
In my ear the duchess said.—
"Nay, my courage fails, for, truly,
I've already lost my head."

I cannot look on her unshaken!
When she is nigh, I seem to know
That life anew for me must waken,
With olden bliss and olden woe.

I turn from her affrighted even,
But longing holds when I would flee.
Like stars of fate in a stormy heaven,
Her lovely eyes shine out on me.

Her brow's serene. But, to confound me,
The future lightnings gather there:
The coming storm, that soon around me
Will beat, and bring my soul despair.

The mouth is gentle, but with terror
Beneath the rose I mark, forlorn,
The snake that soon will prove my error
With faithless kiss, with lovely scorn.

Sweet perilous spot! I needs must near her—
Longing compels—I have no choice—
Already I have turned, and hear her—
Like flame and music is her voice.

She asks, and sets my heart a-flutter,
"Sir, who was singing?" I recall
My foolish wits enough to stutter,
"I did not hear the song at all."

3.

Now like Merlin, fond magician,
I am powerless at last:
In the magic circle fast,
That I wove to my perdition.

I am bound, and lying lowly
At her feet, and evermore
Looking upward I adore,
While the hours are drifting slowly.

Hours, and days, and weeks, unbroken—
Like a dream they drift and go.
What I read I hardly know:
Hardly know what she has spoken.

And I fancy oft, in yearning,
That her lips are laid on mine—
In my soul a flame divine
Kindles then to raptured burning.

4.

Quite heavenly I thought the day,
With the evening just as pleased was;
The wine was good and Kitty was fair,
And my heart still unappeased was.

Her rosy lips bewildered me,
So fond and wild their wooing;
Her dear brown eyes, they gazed and smiled
So tender, warm and cooing.

She held me fast, and, at the last,
I fled by cunning only;
About her hands I bound her hair,
And left her sitting lonely.

5.

You lie in my arms so gladly,
On my heart so fain you rest!
You are my dearest star, love,
I am your heaven blest.

Below us swarm in their folly
The children of men; for spite
They cry and rage and quarrel,
And each alone is right.

They go with their fool's caps ringing,
With needless gibes and frowns;
They go with their clubs a-swinging,
And crack each other's crowns.

Ah, well for us, beloved,
That we sit so safe and far—
You hide within its heaven
Your head, my dearest star!

6.

It is true our souls will ever
Cling in close Platonic union,
And that strong against destruction
Is the spirit's pure communion.

Yes, and even were they parted,
They would surely come together,
For the soul has wings that light are
As the butterfly's swift feather.

And, besides, they are immortal,
And Eternity's enduring,
And who seeks, with time for seeking,
Needs must finish by securing.

But the bodies suffer sorely
When they part from those they cherish,
And, instead of wings for flying,
They've a pair of legs, and perish.

So bethink thee, lovely Kitty,
And be wise. Till April weather
Stay in France, and we will travel
Back to England, gay together.

7.

When the nightingale was singing,
And the rose was sweet and young,
Thou wert here to kiss and hold me,
And our hearts together clung.

Now that autumn strips the roses,
And the nightingale is flown,
Thou hast spread thy wings and followed,
And I linger here alone.

Dark and chill the nights are growing—
Ah, how long wilt thou delay?
Must I only dream for ever
Of a joy that's passed away?

8.

I love a tender soul thus housed
Within a body white and fair:
Great fearless eyes, and forehead wreathed
With heavy clouds of shadowy hair!

You are so right in every way;
  What I have sought in every land!
Besides, your worth enables you
  So well my worth to understand!

You've found in me the man you need,
  And, for a time, will fully pay
With love's delight, and kisses fond—
  And then, as usual, betray.

9.

Spring stood with welcome at the door,
  A gay and smiling warden;
The land, bedecked with blossoms o'er,
  Is like a flower garden.

The carriage speeds apace and flies,
  Beside me sits my treasure;
Her heart, I feel it beat; her eyes
  Are soft with love and pleasure.

And it's oh, the trill and the scented sun!
  Green-jewelled earth, how gay!
The trees their white heads every one
  For very rapture sway.

And peeping up, the flowers rejoice,
  And turn their curious faces
On the lovely woman of my choice,
  And on me, the man she graces.

Ah, fleeting bliss! The scythe will pass
  Above the seed to-morrow;
The spring will fade; my love, alas!
  Prove faithless, to my sorrow.

10.

Kitty's dying! I can see
  How her cheek grows pale and paler;
Yet, ah, miserable me!
  I must leave her now and fail her.

Kitty's dying! and her bed
  Will be soon the churchyard cold;
And she knows it! Yet, for each,
  She is thoughtful as of old.

And she begs, this coming winter,
  To protect me from its harm,
I will wear the lamb's-wool stockings
  She has knitted for me warm.

II.

The yellow woodland shivers,
And sheds its leafy bloom;
So all that's lovely passes,
And sinks into the tomb.

Around the tree-tops sadly
A wistful radiance glows;
It may be summer kissing
Farewell before she goes.

And from my soul, for sorrow,
I'm fain to weep and sigh;
The scene recalls so clearly
The hour we said good-bye.

Alas! I had to leave thee
With cruel death so near,
I was the parting summer,
And thou the woodland sere.

12.

In a dream of late I dreamed
That I walked abroad in heaven,
Walked with thee—for heaven without thee
Were a hell and not a heaven.

There I saw the just, the chosen,
Saw the good men and the righteous,
Such as mortified their bodies
To insure their souls' salvation!

Early Fathers and Apostles,
Hooded friars, hermits holy;
Queer old fellows, young ones also—
Young ones uglier than the old ones!

Long and pious were their faces,
Broad their tonsures, grey their beards
(For some Jews were of the number),
And they passed us frowning sternly;

Passed without so much as glancing,
Though so fond, my lovely sweetheart,
Thou wert hanging on my arm,
Flirting, laughing, and coquetting.

There was only one among them
Who regarded thee with favour:
Only one, the only fair one,
And his face was very noble.

On his lips was human kindness,
Peace divine was in his eye;
As upon the Magdalene once,
So he gazed on thee in pity.

Ah! I know that well he meant it:
There is none so pure and holy—
Yet my heart was sorely troubled,
With a jealous pang was smitten—

And alas! I must confess
That in heaven I grew uneasy:
Incommoded, God forgive me!
By our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

13.

On holiday they all come flaunting
  With pretty sweethearts for delight,
  And frolic in the blossoming night;—
I walk alone; the best is wanting.

An ailing man, I wander lonely;
  I flee the mirth, the dancing feet,
  The shining lamp, the music sweet;—
I think of England only.

I pluck the rose, and know not whither
  Its budding beauty to bestow;
  Musing I walk and full of woe—
My heart and the roses wither.

14.

For many a day, too sad for singing,
I grieved, but now the numbers throng;
Like sudden tears from anguish springing,
With sudden music comes the song.

Melodious measures plaintive weaving,
I sing of love and mightier woe,
Of hearts that bring each other grieving,
Yet break when they asunder go.

Often I hear, in fancy swaying,
The German oaks above my head;
Low words of welcome they are saying—
It is a dream—and they have fled.

Often I hear, in fancy singing,
The old, the German nightingales—
How sweet their songs about me ringing!—
It is a dream—the music fails.

Where are the roses that, like lovers,
Once gladdened me?—Their bloom is shed!—
Ah! sad and ghostly still there hovers
Within my soul the fragrance dead.

ABROAD.

1.

From place to place, you know not why,
You haste with hurrying feet.
A gentle word the breezes sigh;
You turn in wonder sweet.

The dear one that you left behind
Has called you soft and low:
"In thee alone my joy I find;
Come back, I love thee so!"

But further, further, driven and tost,
You needs must haste and flee;
What you so dearly loved and lost,
You nevermore shall see.

2.

"Oh, the dear, delightful singer!
And his songs, how sweet their burden!
Were he only here beside us,
Many a kiss would be his guerdon!"

But while dear, delightful ladies
  Thus are thinking, I, the loved,
In a foreign land am pining,
  Quite a hundred miles removed.

In the North it helps one little
  That there's sunshine in the South;
Nor can hungry hearts grow fat on
  Kisses promised to the mouth.

3.

I dreamed of a child with braided hair:
  I thought we sat together
'Neath the lindens green, when the nights were fair
  And blue in the summer weather.

O, fond were we, and we kissed for love,
  And we talked of love and pain,
Till the yellow stars sighed soft above,
  For envy of us twain.

From dreams I wake, I gaze around,
  I am alone, 'tis night.
The shining stars, they make no sound,
  Nor heed me on their height.

4.

I have not known thee of thy cheer
So sad for long, so sorrow-bowed;
Adown thy cheek there steals a tear,
And frequent are thy sighs and loud.

Say, are thy thoughts in yearning turned
Where, far in mist, thy home doth stand?
Confess that thou hast often yearned
For thy beloved Fatherland.

Dost think of her who in the past
With pretty petulance beguiled?
How grieved wert thou, till, at the last,
With laughter you were reconciled.

Dost think upon thy comrades true,
Who in the hour of rapture fell
Upon thy neck—when stormy grew
Thy heart with thoughts too deep to tell?

Upon thy mother dost thou think?
Thy sister? Dear to both wert thou.
Thy courage high begins to sink,
Thy reckless mood to melt, I trow.

Dost think upon the trees that grew—
The birds—within that garden fair,
When love's young dream was sweet and new:
The hope of love, and love's despair?

The hour is late, and wan doth shine
The pallid night with melting snow.
And I, alas! must dress me fine,
And forth into the world must go.

5.

O I had once a beauteous Fatherland.
High used to seem
The oak—so high!—the violets nodded kind.
It was a dream.

In German I was kissed, in German told
(You scarce would deem
How sweetly rang the words): "I love thee well!"
It was a dream.

TRAGEDY.

1.

O FLY with me and be my wife,
And rest forever on my heart!
My heart will be thy Fatherland,
Thy father's house, where'er thou art.

O come! or I must perish here,
And thou be left alone, forlorn—
A stranger and an exile drear,
Within the house where thou wert born.

2.

(*A genuine folk-song which Heine claims to have heard on the Rhine.*)

There fell a frost one night of spring
Upon the little flowers blue;
They shrivelled and they faded.

There was a youth who loved a maid;
They fled in secret from the house,
Unknown to father, mother.

They wandered here, they wandered there,
But they had neither luck nor joy,
And so, uncherished, perished.

3.

Upon the grave a linden grows,
There sing the birds, the night wind blows;
And underneath, upon the grass,
The miller's lad sits with his lass.

The winds, they wail so soft and drear,
So sweet the birds, so sad to hear,
The lovers hush their talk and sigh:
They weep, themselves they know not why.

SONGS.

I.

Ah, the symmetry how dainty
Of the limbs uprearing slender!
On the little neck, how charming
Of the lovely head the poise is!

Half alluring, half pathetic
Is the face, whereon the glances
Of a woman mingle warmly
With a child's unsullied laughter.

Were there not upon thy shoulders
Here and there, like sombre shadows,
Of the dust of earth some traces,
I should liken thee to Venus—

To the goddess Aphrodite,
Rising lovely from the ocean,
Sweetly blooming, fair and shining,
And, I need not mention, clean.

2.

"Eyes, ye lovely stars that perish!"
So the little song went ringing
That in Tuscany I heard once,
By the sea, a maiden singing.

'Twas a little maid that sang it,
By the sea her net she mended;
And she gazed until I kissed her:
To her mouth of roses bended.

When I saw you I remembered
Song and net and sea of glory—
I must stoop and kiss you also,
Just to finish off the story.

3.

'Tis a love-song ringing purely,
All I think and feel and sigh.
Ah! the God of Love must surely
Have a finger in the pie.

In my bosom he's conductor;
To his time my heart must beat;
All I think and feel, already
He has set to music sweet.

4.

What do yellow roses mean?—
  Love with bitterness at strife,
  Wrath that grudges Love his life,
Love that perishes of spleen.

5.

We gaze on one another
  With laughter and with woe,
That our hearts should love so truly,
  And our heads should doubt it so.

Dost feel how fondly, darling,
  My throbbing heart entreats?
She shakes her head and whispers,
  "God knows for whom it beats!"

6.

A man, although he's happy,
  Grows tired as well, 'tis true,
When he has three lovely sweethearts,
  And his legs are only two.

I visit the first in the morning;
  I visit the second at night;
Beneath my roof the third comes
  At noon, in broad daylight.

Farewell, my three beloved ones,
Two legs are all I own;
I'll pay my court to nature,
In some sylvan spot, alone.

7.

With stupid maidens I have thought,
"These stupid maidens bore me sadly!"
But when the clever ones I sought,
I seemed to prosper just as badly.

The clever ones were far too wise:
They asked too much, I loathed their chatter;
And they would laugh, and shirk replies,
When questioned on the weightiest matter.

THE FAITHLESS LOUISA.

THE faithless, fair Louisa
Came in with a whisper low;
There sat the wretched Ulrich
In the taper's sunken glow.

She kissed him and she cozened—
She thought to mend his cheer . . .
"My God, how you have altered,
Your laugh no more I hear!"

She kissed him and she cozened,
And at his feet she lay . . .
"My God, how cold your hands are,
The flesh has pined away!"

She kissed him and she cozened;
Again she paused and said . . .
"My God, as grey as ashes
Is the hair upon your head!"

There sat the woful Ulrich,
His heart was like to break;
He kissed his cruel sweetheart,
But not a word he spake.

ROMANCES.

(1839–1842.)

ROMANCES.

(1839–1842.)

I.

A WOMAN.

THEY loved one another beyond belief;
She was a pickpocket, he was a thief.
When he told how his tricks had sped,
She would roll and laugh on the bed.

They spent the day in joy and jest,
By night she lay upon his breast;
When they haled him to prison, she threw
From the window a laughing adieu.

He sent her a message: "Oh, come to me!
The livelong day I call for thee;
I yearn, I faint," he said;
She laughed, and shook her head.

At six in the morning they hanged him high,
In his grave at seven they laid him by.
At eight his love laughed cheerily,
And drank her red wine merrily.

2.

THE FESTIVAL OF SPRING.

'Tis the mournful festival of Spring!
The blooming maids, with maddened cry
And streaming hair, dishevelled fly;
In wild lament their voices ring—
"Adonis! Adonis!"

The night descends; the torches gleam.
They search the wood, that, thrilled with fear,
Re-echoes to their wailing drear,
And laughs, and weeps with sob and scream—
"Adonis! Adonis!"

The youthful form so wondrous fair
Lies wan upon the ground and dead;
His blood has stained the flowers red
And sounds of mourning fill the air:
"Adonis! Adonis!"

3.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE's a dreary bark and weary
  And it's sailing black for woe;
Keeping ward round their lord,
  Sit the muffled mutes arow.

Hushed the place, bared the face,
  Of the poet dead and white;
Eyes of blue, yearning true,
  Upward still, to heaven's light.

And the deep waters weep
  Like a faëry bride forlorn;
And the hoar billows roar
  Round the bark, and break and mourn.

4.

THE INCANTATION.

THE young Franciscan sits alone
  In the dreary cloister cell;
He reads in a book of magic, called
  The Mastery of Hell.

So fierce at last his longing grew,
When struck the midnight drear,
The powers of the Underworld
Pale-lipped he bade appear.

"Ye spirits! fetch me from the grave
The fairest woman dead.
If but this night she while away,
The boon were great," he said.

He conjures with the awful word;
His wish is straight allowed;
The poor dead beauty rises up
In her white and ghostly shroud.

Her frozen bosom rent with sighs,
In sorrow she has come.
She sits her down beside the monk;
They gaze and they are dumb.

5.

FROM A LETTER.

(*The Sun speaks.*)

WHAT have my glances to do with thee?
'Tis the right of the sun, since time began,
To shine upon master alike and man.
I am bright, for bright I needs must be.

What have my glances to do with thee?
Get thee a wife and rear a brood;
Live as an honest German should;
Turn to thy duties and let me be.

I am bright, for bright I needs must be;
I wander in heaven to and fro,
'Tis only when weary I look below.
What have my glances to do with thee?

(*The Poet speaks.*)

That I have borne those glances flung:
The blinding charm, the flaming bliss,
The light with soul for ever young:
And have not quailed, my virtue is.

But now my gaze, that long was bold,
Is weary of its heavenward quest,
And eve her darkling veil doth fold
Around mine eyelids fain for rest.

(*Chorus of Apes.*)

We apes, we apes,
How each of us gapes
And stares at the sun,
Who, though so high, can hinder none.

(*Chorus of Frogs.*)

In the water 'tis wetter,
'Tis wetter and better
Than on the earth.
With frolic and mirth,
We delight in
The sun and his glances that brighten.

(*Chorus of Moles.*)

Was ever nonsense heard to match
This of the sun, with his glance and glow?
A genial itch is all we know,
And when we feel it—why, we scratch.

(*A Glowworm speaks.*)

How self-important is the sun,
Whose glory with the day is done.
I am not half so proud and vain,
And yet to all my splendour 's plain
By night, by night!

HEINE'S MOTHER



6.

THE FLIGHT.

O'ER the sea the moon is trailing
Her silver glory wan.
A little boat comes sailing:
Two lovers sit alone.

"How pale thy cheek is growing,
Beloved and most dear!"—
"I hear the splash of rowing;
My father follows near."

"Then swim we for our life now,
Beloved and most dear!"—
"His raging cries, at strife now
With his curses, I can hear."

"Hold up thy head more boldly,
Beloved and most dear!"—
"Alas! the waves so coldly
Are thundering in my ear."

"The water surges over,
And leaden are my feet!"—
"Oh, even death, beloved,
Must in thine arms be sweet!"

7.

THE UNLUCKY STAR.

BRIGHT was the star of even,
But it faded, it fell from heaven.
What is the love by poets sung?
A star, my child, in a heap of dung.

Like a mangy dog that dies,
Bestrewn with dust it lies.
The cock will crow, and the wallowing sow
Grunt where the fallen star lies now.

I would fall where the waiting flowers
Are sweet in my garden bowers;
Where oft I have longed, in the scented gloom,
For a virgin death, a fragrant tomb.

8.

ANNO 1829.

GIVE me a wide and noble field,
  Where there at least is room to die!
O from this narrow huckstering world,
  Ere I am stifled, let me fly!

Their meat and drink is of the best,
And, blind as moles, they take their pleasure;
The opening in a poor-box lid
Their charity would more than measure.

Cigar in mouth, and idle hands
Stuck in their pockets, see them pass!
Their stomachs are beyond reproach—
'Tis how to stomach *them*, alas!

They deal in every spice that grows,
But roots, the sweetest, cannot quell
The putrid foulness of their souls,
That vile as rotten haddocks smell.

O had I seen some monstrous vice,
Some crime colossal, bloody, found—
Aught save these virtues, morals smug
Of twenty shillings in the pound!

Ye clouds above, O bear me forth
To Africa, to Lapland drear:
To Pomerania itself—
No matter where, if far from here!

O take me with you! But the clouds
Are far too wise to pause or heed.
For, when they travel o'er this town,
They hurry on at double speed.

9.

ANNO 1839.

O GERMANY, so far, so dear,
Thy memory dims mine eye with woe!
This merry France seems sad and drear,
Her lightsome folk a burden grow.

'Tis reason only, cold and bare,
In witty Paris that is crowned—
O foolish bells! O bells of prayer!
Yonder at home how sweet ye sound!

These men how mannerly! And yet
Their courteous bow I take amiss.—
The rudeness that of old I met
Where I was born, was joy, to this.

These smiling women! For their lives
They chatter like a turning mill!
Give me the silent German wives,
That go to bed demure and still.

Here round and round in frantic chase
  Things whirl as in a dream, and move!
There all seems nailed into its place,
  And glides along the ancient groove.

The watchman's horn, I hear it blow:
  Familiar, faint, from far it hails;
The watchman's song, I hear it grow
  And mingle with the nightingale's.

Those were the poet's golden times,
  'Neath Schilda's oaks of shadowy boon;
Where once I wove my tender rhymes
  From the violet's breath and the light o' the moon.

10.

AT DAWN.

On the Faubourg Saint Marceau
Lay, this morning, thick and heavy,
Like a clinging pearly night,
Pensive mists of dying autumn.

Like a moonbeam, filmy, fair,
Through the pearly night there wandered,
Woman-like, a gracious form
On the path, athwart my going.

Yes, she moved and vanished light,
Soft and coyly as a moonbeam.
I have never seen in France
Limbs so exquisite and slender.

Was it maybe Luna's self,
Some Endymion young and lovely
Of the Latin quarter, loth
At the peep of dawn, forsaking?

On my homeward way I mused,
"Did the Goddess think me Phœbus,
Phœbus, driver of the sun,
That she fled before my glances?'

II.

SIR OLAVE.

I.

By the door of the cathedral
Stand two figures scarlet-coated,
And the king himself the one is,
And the other is the headsman.

Says the monarch to the headsman,
"From the hymn the priests are singing
Seem the nuptials to be over—
Let thy goodly axe be ready."

Peal of bells and roll of organ;
Stream of folk from out the minster;
Festal-robed in the procession
Move the lovers newly wedded.

Spectre-pale, and sad, and fearful,
Is the monarch's lovely daughter;
Bold and debonair, Sir Olave,
And his rosy mouth is smiling.

Gay he greets the gloomy monarch
With his smiling mouth and rosy:
"Father freshly won, good morrow;
Forfeit duly is my head now.

"Since to-day I surely perish,
Let me live—ah, live!—till midnight,
That, with feast and torchlight dancing,
I may celebrate my wedding.

"Let me live till drained and empty
Is the last of all the goblets;
Let me dance till dance is over—
Let me live and love till midnight!"

Spake the king then to the headsman,
"To our son-in-law a respite
Until midnight be accorded—
Let thy goodly axe be ready."

II.

At his wedding feast Sir Olave sups;
He drains the last of all his cups.
Upon his shoulder lies
His wife and sighs—
By the door the headsman is standing.

The dance begins; by the torches' blaze
Sir Olave clasps his bride, nor stays
His foot till, wild and fast,
They have danced their last—
By the door the headsman is standing.

The fiddles strike up so merry and glad,
The flutes, they sigh and grieve so sad!
The watchers gaze with woe,
As they come and go—
By the door the headsman is standing.

And, as they dance to the music's cheer,
Sir Olive stoops and whispers drear,
"The half of my love is untold,
And the grave is so cold"—
By the door the headsman is standing.

III.

Sir Olave, 'tis the midnight hour;
Thy life is sped and over!
Thou hast enticed a prince's child
To take thee for her lover.

The priests, they murmur the funeral mass,
The man in scarlet's ready;
He stands beside the sombre block,
And holds his good axe steady.

Sir Olave steps to the court adown,
Where the gleaming lights and swords are:
His rosy mouth is smiling gay,
And gay as his mouth his words are:

"I bless the sun, I bless the moon,
And I bless the stars of even;
I also bless the little birds
That pipe in the blue of heaven.

"I bless the sea, I bless the land,
And the flowers upon the meadow;
The violets too, for, like my bride's,
Are their eyes of wistful shadow.

"Ye violet eyes of my bride, so blue,
For your sake my life is over!
Yet most I bless the elder tree
Where you took me for your lover."

12.

THE WATER NYMPHS.

THERE'S a murmur of waves on the lonely strand,
The moon o'er the deep has risen;
The warrior rests on the white sea sand,
His dreams are a radiant prison.

The lovely nymphs in their filmy dress
Mount up from the waters under;
They fancy the youth is asleep, and press
Around him with stealthy wonder.

A marvelling finger the first one laid
On the plumes he wore in his bonnet;
With his woven armour another played,
And the bandolier upon it.

With gleaming eyes then laughed the third,
As she snatched from the sheath its treasure;
She leaned upon the naked sword,
And smiled on the knight for pleasure.

The fourth drew near with a merry dance,
And yearned till the words welled over:
"Fair mortal flower, sweet the chance
If thou hadst been my lover!"

The hand of the knight the fifth held fast,
And kissed it long and dumbly.
The sixth was coy, but she kissed at last
His mouth and his cheeks so comely.

To the wily knight it seemed far from wise
To wake, that the joy should miss him;
So motionless under the moon he lies,
As long as they care to kiss him.

13.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

A NOBLE pride in all his features,
Upon his brow thought's furrowed score,
The hearts of men were but his creatures:
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

He lured the lioness and caught her,
The queen of the Plantagenet;
Both sons he won, he won the daughter:
He sang them all into his net.

And how he fooled the king and stirred him!
In tears would melt his rage and scorn,
If, sweet discoursing, he but heard him:
The troubadour, Bertrand de Born.

14.

SPRING.

The waters are twinkling and eddying down—
One loves in the spring so sweetly!
By the river the shepherdess weaves a crown,
She fashions it fair and featly.

There's a budding, and flowing, and fragrance glad—
One loves in the spring so sweetly!
The shepherdess sighs with a bosom sad:
"By whom were my crown worn meetly?"

By the river a knight comes riding past,
He greets her as gay as the weather!
Such a sorrowful look the shepherdess cast
After his vanishing feather!

She weeps, and into the water flings
  Her garland fashioned featly.
Of love and of kisses the nightingale sings—
  One loves in the spring so sweetly!

15.

ALI BEY.

Maiden arms entwine him softly,
Ali Bey, the Faith's defender:
Glimpse of pleasures Paradisal
Are on earth by Allah granted.

Odalisques, as fair as houris,
Like gazelles, as supple, graceful—
Curls his beard the one, the other
Smoothes the wrinkles from his forehead;

While the lute a third one smiting,
Sings and dances, laughs, and drops him
On his heart a kiss that kindles
Into flames of utmost rapture.

But, without, a sudden clamour,
Trumpet-blare and clash of sabres,
Call to arms, and musket volley—
"'Tis the Franks, my lord, advancing!"

And the hero mounts his war-horse,
Flies to battle; like a dreamer
Feels the maiden arms around him,
Maiden arms that soft entwine him.

While he sabres by the dozen
Frankish heads from off their shoulders,
He is laughing like a lover;
Yea, his laugh is sweet and tender.

16.

PSYCHE.

In her hand the lamp so little,
In her heart the glow so great,
Psyche steals toward the chamber
Of her lovely sleeping mate.

And she blushes and she trembles,
When she sees him fair as day—
But the God of love, uncovered,
Wakens up and flies away.

Eighteen hundred years of penance!
And the poor thing almost dies!
Still she fasts because, once only,
Love lay naked to her eyes.

17.

THE UNKNOWN ONE.

I AM sure to meet her daily,
Meet my golden-headed fair one,
Where the chestnuts in the garden
Of the Tuileries are blooming.

Every day she promenades there
With two ancient ugly ladies—
Are they aunts? Dragoons were liker,
Masquerading petticoated!

Of this grim moustachioed couple
Who accompany her, fearful:
Even worse intimidated
By my heart and its misgiving:

I have never dared to whisper,
When we met, or sigh a greeting;
I have hardly dared, with glances,
To inform her of my passion.

But to-day I have discovered
What her name is: she is Laura,
Like the fair Provençal lady
Whom the famous poet worshipped.

She is Laura! I'm as lucky
As was Petrarch, he who honoured
And extolled the lovely woman
In his canzonets and sonnets.

She is Laura! I can riot
And platonically revel
In the beauty now and sweetness
Of the name—He did no more.

18.

CHANGE.

I AM weary for the present
Of brunettes! This year I swear
Once again by eyes of azure,
Once again by golden hair.

She is blond, the maid I worship,
She is pious, mild—would stand
Fair as any holy picture,
With a lily in her hand.

And her form is slim and dreamy—
Little flesh, abundant soul;
All her spirit-fires burn upward,
Faith and hope and love their goal.

And she says she knows of German,
(Though I doubt it), not a line;
"Have you never read the poem
Of our Klopstock, so divine?"

19.

THE WITCH.

"WORTHY neighbours, by your leave!
Oft a witch, who would deceive,
And a mortal's soul endanger,
To an animal will change her.

"Now, your cat there is my wife;
She's her image to the life;
By her purr, her lick, her smell,
And her eyes, I know her well . . ."

The neighbour and his wife exclaim,
"Avaunt with her, in heaven's name!"
The watch-dog barks, "Bow! Wow!"
The yelling cat shrieks, "Miau!"

20.

FORTUNE.

Madame Fortune, 'tis in vain
That you play the prude so plain!
Toil and struggle will supply me
With the favours you deny me.

You shall bow beneath my stroke;
I will bend you to my yoke.
You will drop your weapons idly—
But my wounds will gape so widely

That my blood will ebb away,
Quenched the courage once so gay;
In the fight I shall be glorious,
But shall perish when victorious.

21.

LAMENT

OF A MEDIÆVAL GERMAN YOUTH.

'Tis well to win sweet Virtue's smile,
  Ah, woe! if she refuse it!
I met with bad companions,
  Who tempted me to lose it.

They won my gold by fraud and guile,
With cards and dice undid me;
The maidens, with their laughter,
Of sorrow sweetly rid me.

But, when they had made me drunk and vile,
They tore my garments off me;
And I, poor youth, was driven
To the door, for all to scoff me.

I woke at morn, and thought awhile
Some trick my fancy played me!
I sat, poor youth, at Cassel—
A soldier they had made me.

22.

AWAY!

The day is in love with darksome night,
The spring's in love with winter;
Life is in love with death—
And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lovest me—and shadows grim
Already close around thee;
Thy bloom and beauty fade;
Thy soul to death is bleeding.

Ah, let me be! and only love
The butterflies that gaily
Flit i' the scent and sunshine—
Forsake me and my sorrow!

23.

DAME METTE.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

WITH Sir Peter at wine Sir Bender sat,
Said Sir Bender, "I wager securely,
Though your singing compel all the world beside,
Dame Mette withstandeth it surely."

To which Sir Peter: "I'll lay my horse
Against your hounds, Sir Bender,
Dame Mette will hie to my hall this night:
'Tis thither my song will send her."

And lo! when the hour of midnight fell,
Sir Peter began his singing;
Over the water, and over the wood
His notes came sweetly ringing.

Hushed is the river, the listening pines
Are mute where the forests darken,
The pale moon trembles above in heaven,
The stars with their wise ears hearken.

Dame Mette has heard it; she starts from her sleep:
"What singer without is wooing!"
She draws on her gown and forth she steps—
She hastens to her undoing.

And through the water, and through the wood,
She wanders far and fleetly;
'Twas Sir Peter who drew her for doom to his house,
With the song he sang so sweetly.

And when she returned by the morning light,
At his door Sir Bender sought her;
"Oh, where have you been, Dame Mette, this night?
Your kirtle is full of water."

"I have been to the pool where the witches dwell,
Who the future dark uncover;
And there, by the teasing water-sprites,
I was wet and sprinkled over."

"The sand by the witches' pool is soft,
Not thither, I ween, your going;
For wounded and bloody are both your feet,
And your face with blood is flowing."

"I have been to-night to the elfin wood,
To watch the fairies dancing,
And there I wounded face and feet,
'Gainst boughs and brambles chancing."

"The elves, they dance in the month of May
On the smooth and flowery meadows;
But the winds of autumn are blowing cold,
They howl in the forest shadows."

"By Peter Nielson I've been this night;
He sang a song of wonder,
And through the water, and through the wood
He drew me to him yonder.

"The notes he sang are as strong as death,
In my bosom they burn and sigh now;
They drew me to death and a doom of woe;
I know that I must die now."

The minster door is hung with black,
There's mournful music rolling;
For Dame Mette, who came to a pitiful end,
The passing bell is tolling.

Sir Bender he stood beside the bier,
And a sorrowful sighing made he:
"Alack! I have lost my faithful hounds,
And eke my lovely ladye."

24.

A MEETING.

THERE is music beneath the linden trees,
And a dancing of youths and maidens;
'Mid the dancers are two whom nobody knows;
They gracefully move to the cadence.

And it's up and down, with a motion strange
They foot it, glancing shyly;
Then they laugh to each other and shake their heads,
And the maiden whispers slyly,

"'Tis a curious lily, my lovely youth,
That trembles upon your bonnet;
It only grows i' the depth o' the sea—
No son of Adam won it.

"You are the merman who comes to woo
The village maids to your wishes.
As soon as I saw you I knew you well
By your teeth like bones of fishes."

And it's up and down, with a motion strange,
They foot it, glancing shyly;
Then they laugh to each other and shake their heads,
And the gallant whispers slyly,

"My lovely lady, I'm fain to know
Why your icy hand so cold is;
And tell me why, of your garment white,
The hem so wet i' the fold is.

"As soon as I saw you I knew you well,
By your nods and curtsies tricksy,
I knew you were no child of earth,
But my cousin, the water nixie."

The fiddles give over, the dance is done,
They part with a courteous greeting;
They know one another alas! too well,
And crave for no further meeting.

25.

KING HAROLD HARFAGER.

The great King Harold Harfager
Sits in the sea below,
Beside his lovely water-fay;
The years, they come and go.

He cannot live, he cannot die,
Bewitched in his magic tomb;
Already for two hundred years
He has dreed his blissful doom.

The head of the king on the lovely lap
Of the woman lies, and still
He gazes upward on her eyes,
He cannot gaze his fill.

His golden hair grows silver-grey,
And, from his face so pale,
The bones of his cheek, like a ghost's, stick out,
His body is withered and frail.

And many a time from his dream of love
On a sudden he starts, and shakes,
For the billows on high are raging wild,
And his crystal palace quakes.

And oft in the wind he seems to hear
The Norseman's battle-call,
And lifts his arms in gleeful haste;
Then sadly lets them fall.

And even the sailors he will hear,
Who sing as they sail along,
And praise King Harold Harfager
In a glorious hero-song.

And then the king from his inmost soul
  Will groan and sob and weep;
But the water-fay will quickly bend,
  And kiss his woe to sleep.

26.

THE UNDERWORLD.

I.

PLUTO sighs—he's sick of life—
  "Would I were a single man!
  Since my married life began
  I have learned that hell itself
Is not hell, without a wife.

"O to be unwed! For bound
  Thus to Proserpine, I crave
  Only for a quiet grave!
  When she scolds, the barking even
Of my Cerberus is drowned.

"Still in vain I strive for peace.
  In this world of shades, such woe
  None of all the damned can know!
  Toiling Sisyphus I envy—
Envy the Danaïdes."

II.

In the realm of shadows, in golden state,
Enthroned by the side of her royal mate,
Sits Proserpine proud,
Her sad head bowed;
And her sorrowful heart keeps crying :

"For the red o' the rose and the nightingale's song,
For the kiss o' the sun, I thirst, I long.
Here, far from my meadows,
'Mid ghosts and shadows,
I lose my youth in sighing.

"I am forged to wedlock, body and soul,
In this dark, accursëd, rat-like hole.
The ghosts, when I sleep,
Through my windows peep,
And the Styx has the voice of the dying.

"I invited old Charon to dinner to-day—
The man has no calves, he is bald and grey;
And the judges have faces
As dull as the place is—
The sweet o' my life is flying."

III.

While the underworld so drear is,
And the mounting trouble grows,
On the earth above wails Ceres,
And the crazy goddess goes,
Hair dishevelled, kerchief flying;
Still she hastens, and her word
Is the old lament and crying
You have all so often heard.

"Has the spring brought back her fairness,
Is the earth renewed and young,
That the hills have lost their bareness,
And the icy bands are sprung?
Jove, with not a cloud for cover,
Laughs from out the rivers blue,
Light the wings of Zephyr hover,
And the buds are peeping through.
Every grove with song is yearning,
And the Oread whispers chill,
'All thy flowers are returning,
But thy daughter lingers still.'

"Ah, how long, without her heeding,
I have toiled to win her back!
All thy rays, O Titan, speeding,
I have sent upon her track;

But her lovely face is hidden,
  None hath told me where it bides,
To the day she is forbidden,
  Though he findeth all besides.
Mighty Jove, art thou the snarer?
  Or, enkindled by her charm,
Did the gloomy Pluto bear her
  To his Stygian floods of harm?

"Who will seek her should she tarry,
  To my sorrow, on that strand?
Only shades the boat will carry,
  Though it put so oft from land.
Never happy eye had knowing
  Of that realm of night forlorn:
Since the Styx began its flowing
  None alive its wave hath borne;
Though a thousand steps lead under,
  There's no stairway for return;
Earth and hell remain asunder,
  Though a mother's tears may yearn."

IV.

"Mother of my wife, good Ceres,
  Weep no longer, questing sadly!
I will grant you what so dear is—
  I myself have suffered badly.

"Grieve no further for your daughter;
I will honourably share her:
To the world from which I brought her,
Half of every year will spare her.

"When the orchard trees are laden,
She will help you in the summer:
Wear the straw hat of a maiden,
Wreathed with flowers that become her.

"She will dream and sigh when heaven
Sets the flames of dusk a-glowing,
And some loutish swain at even
On the shepherd's flute is blowing.

"She will lead, in harvest dances,
Lads and lasses heavy-footed:
'Mid the clowns and geese—the chance is—
Be a lioness reputed.

"Blessed peace! In comfort single
I can breathe and live my life now!
Can my punch with Lethe mingle,
And forget I have a wife now."

V.

"Some grief, I think, thy cheek has paled,
And secret yearning dims thine eye—
I know thy sorrow and its cry:
O life, O love, whose fruit has failed!

"Thy head droops sad! I cannot put
The seasons back and make thee young,
Nor heal the heart that pain has wrung:
O life, O love, that have failed of fruit!"

POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

(1839–1846.)

POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

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I.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

Beat the drum with a bearing bold,
  And kiss the pretty vivandière.
A wisdom that's better you'll learn from none,
  No book will teach you a truer, I swear.

Beat reveillé with all your might,
  Waken sleepers to rise with the sun;
Beat rub-a-dub as you march along:
  A wisdom that's better you'll learn from none.

Hegel's philosophy's nothing but this;
  Because I am wise I have understood;
No book will teach you a truer, I swear;
  I know, for, you see, I'm a drummer good.

2.

ADAM THE FIRST.

GENDARMES of heaven with flaming sword
Were sent by Thee unkindly,
To drive me forth from Paradise;
'Twas harshly done and blindly.

I took my wife and wandered far;
In other lands I range now;
But I have eaten wisdom's fruit—
That fact can never change now.

Thou canst not hide from me Thy weak
And despicable blunders,
However great Thou wouldst appear,
By dint of death and thunders.

O God, how pitiful is this
Consilium abeundi!
I call it a *Magnificus*
Of earth, a *Lumen Mundi!*

I would not have the Paradise
From which I once was chidden;
No Eden can that Eden be
Which holds a fruit forbidden.

The right to freedom must be mine;
  Where power to compel is,
The Paradise, however fair,
  A prison and a hell is.

3.

A WARNING.

PARLOUS is your case, my friend!
  Books like these to dream of printing!
  Would you win or wealth or honour,
You must toady, fawn, and bend.

I had wished you one who cowers,
  Not who speaks before the people
  Thus of holy priests and parsons,
Principalities and powers!

To destruction you're consigned!
  Long and strong the arm of princes,
  Long the tongues of priests and parsons,
Long the public ear, you'll find.

4.

TO A POLITICAL POET.

You sing as once Tyrtæus sang,
  Moved by heroic rapture;
But you have chosen ill your time,
  A public hard to capture.

'Tis true they listen with applause:
  The soaring thought inspires them;
Your perfect mastery of form
  To acclamation fires them.

Over their wine your name they'll shout,
  And toast you, a gallant fellow,
And many a stirring battle-song
  With lusty throats will bellow.

Your hymns of freedom lads will sing
  In the pothouse with a zest, too:
They add a flavour to their beer,
  And help them to digest, too.

5.

PIOUS EJACULATIONS.

MODERN doubt must all deplore!
If they steal our God, no more
Can we curse to heart's content—
Heaven—Lord God—Sacrament!

We'll forego our prayers gladly,
But one needs one's curses badly
When the foot is foeward bent—
Heaven—Lord God—Sacrament!

Not for love, for hate alone,
Leave us God; if He were gone
None could give his curses vent—
Heaven—Lord God—Sacrament!

6.

A FRAGMENT.

THE owl, she studied the Pandects,
  Canonical law and the *Glossa*,
And when she came to Italy,
  She asked, "Where lies Canossa?"

The ravens old and weary
Answered with drooping wings,
"'Tis long since the old Canossa
Passed with perishing things.

"We might haply build a new one,
But gone, with the ancient town,
Are the marble blocks and the freestone,
And the guests with a golden crown."

7.

TO A QUONDAM FOLLOWER OF GOETHE.

(1832.)

Is your soul, then, such a climber!
Has she really left beneath her
Now the cold unruffled ether
Of the ancient bard of Weimar?

Klärchen's company is dreary,
Gretchen, Serlo's maid, defective?
The affinities elective
Of Ottilia only weary?

'Tis for Germany you'll fight now,
And the day of Mignon's over?
And Philina, freedom's lover,
Does not satisfy your flight now?

For the people's cause, as meet is,
With a Lüneburger's valour
You will boldly talk till pallor
Strikes the despots and their treaties!

I am pleased that, far and wide, a
Rumour tells me you are lauded:
As the Mirabeau applauded—
Of the Lüneburger Heide!

8.

THE SECRET.

We sigh not, but, serene and tearless,
We often smile—yea, laugh aloud;
No woful glance betrays the secret
That silence will for ever shroud.

Although its dumb and hidden torture
Within our bleeding soul lies deep:
Though in our stormy heart it clamours:
The pain-drawn lips their counsel keep.

Go, ask the suckling in the cradle;
Go, ask the dead men i' the mould.
Perchance from them you may discover
The secret I have never told.

9.

ON THE WATCHMAN'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

"O HURRYING watchman, hither come,
You flee as from some ill at hand!
How are the dear ones in my home,
And have they freed the Fatherland?"

"All's well; as in some house secure,
The blessing grows and yields increase;
Our Germany develops sure:
But from within, by ways of peace.

"Not superficially like France,
Whose outward life such freedom dares;
The German, warier of mischance,
Deep in his soul his freedom wears.

"The minster at Cologne's complete,
Thanks to the Hohenzollern grit;
Hapsburg gave money, as was meet;
A Wittelsbach sent glass for it.

"A constitution, freer laws,
Are pledged us by the royal word—
A word that's worth as much as was,
Deep in the Rhine, the Nibelung hoard.

"Oh, none shall rob us of the Rhine,
That Brutus free 'mongst rivers famed!
His feet the Dutch in bondage twine,
His captive head the Swiss have tamed.

"And God will grant a fleet at length,
And German galleys, by the score,
Employ superfluous German strength;
Then prison stripes will wound no more.

"Spring blossoms, seed-pods burst and fall,
We draw our breath, like Nature, free!
And when we dare not print at all,
The censorship will cease to be."

10.

THE DRUM-MAJOR.

'Tis the old drum-major, luckless knave;
How low his lot and dreary!
In the Emperor's time he blossomed brave:
How bright he was and cheery!

He balanced his stick and loudly smote,
His eyes with laughter dancing;
The silver lace upon his coat
I' the sun was always glancing.

And when he entered a village or town
With drum and martial cadence,
An echo went beating up and down
In the hearts of the wives and maidens.

He came, he saw, he conquered straight;
No handsomer man you met then;
With women's tears (they were his fate)
His black moustache was wet then.

Bear it we must! In every land,
When the foreign conqueror came there,
The lord was felled by the tyrant's hand,
The drummer subdued the dame there.

Patient and dumb as a German oak,
We bore the grief that galled us,
Till freedom's word the Powers spoke,
And forth to vengeance called us.

Like the bison in his battle-charge,
We raised our horns and rushed then;
We sang our Körner's songs at large,
The might of France we crushed then.

Those awful lays that thrilled us through,
The tyrant's ear will dread long;
The Emperor and the drummer, too,
They fled affrighted headlong.

The wage of sin at last they won,—
Oh, sad the end of such is!—
The Emperor Napoleon
Was caught in England's clutches.

On Saint Helena, England's yoke
To durance vile compelled him,
Till cancer of the stomach broke
The bitter bonds that held him.

The poor drum-major, once so bold,
Has lost his post as well now;
To save himself from hunger cold
He serves in our hotel now.

He scours the pot and tends the grate,
Must wood and water carry,
And up the stairs with palsied pate,
He coughs, and dares not tarry.

And Fritz, who calls here, never can
Deny his tongue its pleasure;
The long and slouching queer old man
He harries out of measure.

A truce to mockery, O Fritz!
Germania's sons should scorn thus
To polish bright their cruel wits
On greatness grown forlorn thus.

Such folk we should not so deride,
But treat with reverence rather;
Perhaps, upon your mother's side,
The grey-beard is your father.

II.

DEGENERACY.

Has nature altered for the worse, then?
Our human failings has she learned?
To me the animals, the flowers,
Seem, like the rest, to liars turned.

I doubt the chasteness of the lily.
The butterfly, that coxcomb gay,
Hovers about her with his kisses,
And steals her purity away.

Nay, I am not so very certain
Even of the modest violet.
She thirsts in secret after glory;
Her scent's the lure of a coquette.

And does the nightingale feel truly
  What in her song so sweetly thrills?
'Tis only from routine, I fancy,
  She rapturously sobs and trills.

Truth from the world is disappearing,
  And faith, I fear, has vanished too.
The dogs still smell and fawn about us,
  But are, alas! no longer true.

12.

HENRY.

In Canossa's castle courtyard
Stands the German Kaiser Henry,
In his shirt of penance, barefoot,
And the night is wet and chilly.

Watching figures peer above him
Through the casement, and the moonlight
Gleams on Gregory bald-pated,
Gilds the bosom of Mathilda.

And the pale-lipped Henry murmurs,
Murmurs pious paternosters,
But he grinds his teeth in secret,
In his kingly heart he whispers,

"Far in Germany, my country,
Soar the high and mighty mountains;
In their silent mines the iron
For my battle-axe is growing.

"Far in Germany, my country,
Tower the oaks in many a forest;
In the highest oak the handle
For my battle-axe is growing.

"Thou, my dear, my faithful country,
Thou wilt bring the man to birth too
Who will crush this snake that tortures:
With the battle-axe will smite him."

13.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

SUNBEAMS that flicker! with laughter and song
A vessel that merrily swings along!
With a lightsome heart and comrades dear
I sat inside with never a fear.

But the ship was wrecked and fell asunder;
My friends, weak swimmers all, went under.
By the Fatherland they sank in the sea;
To the shores o the Seine the storm bore me.

And now I sit in another boat;
With comrades new I toss and float
On foreign billows, without a chart—
My home how far! How sad my heart!

And we sing and we laugh, o'er the waters driven—
But the wind pipes up, and the planks are riven—
Quenched in the sky is the last lone star—
How sad my heart! My home how far!

14.

THE NEW JEWISH HOSPITAL AT HAMBURG.

A HOSPITAL for sick and needy Jews,
For the poor sons of sorrow thrice accursed,
Who groan beneath the heavy, threefold evil
Of pain, and poverty, and Judaism.

The most malignant of the three the last is:
That family disease a thousand years old,
The plague they brought with them from the Nile valley—
The unregenerate faith of ancient Egypt.

Incurable deep ill! defying treatment
Of *douche*, and vapour-bath, and apparatus
Of surgery, and all the healing medicine
This house can offer to its sickly inmates.

Will Time, the eternal goddess, in compassion
Root out this dark calamity transmitted
From sire to son?—Will one day a descendant
Recover, and grow well and wise and happy?

I know not. Let us praise and bless him meanwhile,
Whose tender heart so lovingly and wisely
Sought to allay such woes as can be softened,
Upon the wounds a kindly balsam dropping.

The dear, good man! He builded here a refuge
For troubles that the art of the physician
(Or Death, at worst!) could heal, providing fully
For pillows, soothing draughts, and careful tendance.

He was a man of deeds and did his utmost:
Gave to good works, when life had reached its evening,
The wage of his laborious days, humanely
Finding refreshment after toil in mercy.

He gave with open hand—yet alms more costly
Fell from his eyes: tears fair and very precious,
With which he often wept the vast and hopeless
Incurable affliction of his brothers.

15.

TO GEORGE HERWEGH.

Herwegh, thou lark of iron,
Winging aloft with a clang and a shout
To the holy light o' the sun!
Is the German winter done?
Is Spring abroad with her blossoms out?

Herwegh, thou lark of iron,
Because thy heavenward flight is strong,
Thou dost not see the earth below—
The spring that thou hast sung doth blow
Beautiful only in thy song.

16.

TO THE SAME.

My Germany was drunk, and you—
You drank her toasts and joined the wassail:
Believed in every pipe-bowl; true
Acclaimed each black-red-golden tassel.

But when the transport sweet was o'er,
You were surprised, my friend, past measure;
For lo! the folk were sick and sore,
An hour ago so flushed with pleasure!

Foul apples now for wreaths of pride,
And rudeness from the lower orders;
Gendarmes escorting by your side,
They bring you to the German borders.

And there you stand, and moan, "Alack!"
The boundary posts through tears descrying:
Those pillars like a zebra's back;
And thus you ease your soul by sighing:

"Aranjuez, those days, how good!
That vanished on thy sands too fleetly,
When I before King Philip stood,
Among his grandees honoured meetly!

"When Marquis Posa was my *rôle*,
With what delight the king applauded!
My verse how loud he would extol,
Although my prose he never lauded!"

17.

THE TENDENCY.

GERMAN bard! acclaim the glory
Of our German freedom high;
Be your song a brand to fire us;
To heroic deeds inspire us,
Like the *Marseillaise* of story.

Turn from Werther and his cooing,
For his Lotte let him cry.
Voice the message to your people
That has rung from every steeple—
Dagger, sword, and doughty doing.

Let the flute be trampled under,
With the soul's idyllic sigh.
Be your nation's trump of battle,
Boom of cannon, musket rattle;
Blow and crash and kill and thunder.

Loud with thunder let each day be,
Till the tyrants all shall fly.
Take my counsel for your banner,
But be sure you keep your manner
Vague and general as may be.

18.

THE CHILD.

God grants the good in dreams their prayer;
Perhaps 'twas so with thee!
Thou hast conceived half unaware,
O Virgin Germany!

In course of time thou shalt bring forth
A boy, a goodly son:
An archer bold, whose fame and worth
Shall match what Cupid won.

He'll pierce the eagle, though his flight
Be ne'er so high in heaven;
The double-headed eagle's might
Shall by his bolt be riven.

But never, like the God of Love,
That pagan blind, I wot,
Will he his hose and shirt remove,
And turn a sans-culotte.

Here climate, morals and police,
On old and young impress
A thing they recked not of in Greece—
The tyranny of dress.

19.

THE PROMISE.

GERMAN freedom, in the mire
You no more shall soil your feet,
Boots and stockings for the street
You shall have to heart's desire.

And your head a cap shall sport,
  Made of fur whose comfort warm
  Will protect your ears from harm
When the days are bleak and short.

You shall even have your food—
  Ah, the future that is dawning!—
  But be sure no satyr fawning
Tempts you further than is good!

Be not bold to court disasters!
  Show the reverence that inferiors
  Ought to yield to their superiors,
And respect your burgomasters.

20.

THE CHANGELING.

An infant with a pumpkin head,
A grizzly cue, moustachios red;
With spidery arms, but strong to draw;
No bowels, but a giant's maw,—

A changeling that a corporal left
Within our cradle when, by theft,
He bore away our babe, unseen;—
Abortion born of lies unclean,
Or offspring, maybe, of the hound
The ancient sinner fondled round,—
The monstrous thing I need not name,—
Burn, drown it quick, for very shame!

21.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

My father was a worthless knave
To whom a lie came handy;
But I'm a monarch bold and brave,
And like my glass of brandy.

A magic drink is Schnaps! I know,
For I have felt its power.
I toss a bumper down, and lo!
My China bursts in flower.

My Middle Kingdom, purged of strife,
A blooming mead is merely;
A fruitful vine becomes my wife,
And I, a man—or nearly.

Abundance blossoms everywhere,
The sick recover straightly;
Confucius, my philosopher,
Thinks lucidly and greatly.

On almond cakes my soldiers fare—
Rye bread there's not enough in;
And silk and satin are the wear
Of every ragamuffin.

My invalided ancient knights—
My mandarins—go bragging
Abroad again like lusty wights,
Their pigtails bravely wagging.

The great pagoda's built at last,
Faith's symbol and her wonder;
And every Jew abjures his past,
And wears the Dragon-order.

The spirit of revolt is tamed;
The noblest Manchoos shout now,
"We want no constitution framed,
We want the rod, the knout now."

The sons of Æsculapius
Cry out on dissipation;
I drink my brandy—(let them fuss!)—
To benefit my nation.

Then here's a dram, and one dram more!
It tastes like very manna!
Their wretched wine my people pour,
And shout with me, "Hosanna!"

22.

THE NEW ALEXANDER.

I.

THERE is a king in Thule still,
A doughty champagne-lover;
And, when this king has drunk his fill,
His tearful eyes well over.

And sitting thus his knights among,—
The whole historic school's there,—
The king of Thule's heavy tongue
Will babble like a fool's there.

"The Grecian Alexander, when
His little band victorious
Had conquered all within his ken,
Became a drunkard glorious.

"But such a thirst his fighting wrought—
A thirst beyond your thinking—
That more he drank than mortal ought,
And died at last of drinking.

"A wiser man am I than he,
And have his scheme amended;
The drinking has come first with me:
I've started where he ended.

"More glory, being drunk, I'll win,
For, like a hero hurled,
I'll stagger on from inn to inn,
And conquer all the world."

II.

He babbles in his drunken mirth,
This modern Alexander:
Expounds his plan whereby the earth
Shall hail him its commander:—

"Lothringia, and Alsatia, too,
Will yield, nor tax our prowess;
The horse must needs the mare pursue,
The calves are where the cow is.

"But I long for the better land, Champagne,
Where green the vines are growing
That blissfully illume the brain,
And set life's sweets a-flowing.

"'Tis there I'll show my martial mood,
For we'll commence our task there.
With a popping of corks, the amber blood
Will foam in every flask there.

"There to the stars will mount my name,
And, since he's lost who tarries,
I'll follow up those deeds of fame,
And boldly march on Paris.

"And, having reached the Barrier wall,
I'll halt, nor enter straightway;
They charge no duty on wine at all
Before the Barrier gate-way.

III.

"My teacher, my Aristotle,
Was at first a priest, no more:
One of the Gallic colony:
And priestly bands he wore.

"Then later, as philosopher,
Extremes he reconciled;
And, of this system, I, alas!
Was reared, the luckless child.

"I grew up neither fish nor flesh,
But something bred betwixt—
A jumble of the time's extremes,
Preposterously mixed.

"I am not bad, I am not good,
Am neither quick nor slow;
If I went forward yesterday,
To-day I'll backward go;

"An obscurantist full of light,
And neither mare nor horse,
Both Sophocles and Canute are
My inspiration's source.

"In Jesus Christ I put my trust,
To Bacchus closely cling,
Together the divine extremes
Contriving thus to bring."

23.

HYMN TO THE KING OF BAVARIA.

I.

'Tis Louis of Bavaria,
Few beings are so splendid;
In him his people reverence
The monarch king-descended.

A connoisseur, he bids them limn
The fairest women's faces,
And then, as eunuch of the arts,
His painted harem paces.

At Ratisbon a Golgotha
Of marble, builded stable,
He bade them rear, and, for each head,
Himself he wrote the label.

The great "Walhalla Brotherhood"—
A master work—each man is
For soul and deeds and service praised,
From Teut to Schinderhannes.

Luther alone is barred; no word
You'll find, his glory vaunting—
In museums of natural history
The whale is often wanting.

King Louis is a poet great,
And when he sings, Apollo
Drops humbly on his knee, and prays,
"Enough! lest madness follow."

King Louis is a warrior bold,
Like Otto, his son victorious,
Who, sick at Athens, fouled his throne—
A deed of valour glorious.

And when King Louis dies, at Rome
The Pope will canonise him.
He will look as well as our cat in cuffs,
In the halo they'll devise him.

When monkeys and when kangaroos
In Jesus seek salvation,
King Louis is the patron saint
They'll choose for adoration.

II.

King Louis of Bavaria
Said, sorrowfully sighing,
"The leaves, they fade, the winter's near,
And swift the summer's flying.

"Though Schelling and Cornelius
Forsook me, 'tis no matter;
The former had his reason lost,
His fancy fine, the latter.

"But that my crown's most precious pearl
They stole—ah! that was cruel;—
My master of gymnastic feats,
My Massmann, peerless jewel.

"'Tis this that has subdued my soul:
With grief has overcome it;
I miss the man who, in his art,
Had reached the highest summit.

"His stumpy legs, his nose so flat,
I shall no more, alas! see;
Nor the somersaults, that gay he turned
Like a poodle in the grass, see.

"German according to Zeune and Grimm
Was all that he was pat in;
In foreign tongues his lore was scant,
He knew nor Greek nor Latin.

"He drank oak-coffee, his patriotism
Was strong and none could quell it;
He devoured the French, and Limbourg cheese:
You could not fail to smell it.

"Give me my Massmann back again,
O brother-in-law! His face is
'Mongst other faces what, 'mongst bards,
My own poetic place is.

"Cornelius keep, O brother-in-law!
And Schelling; (without saying,
'Tis understood that Rückert's thine),
But chide my Massmann's straying.

"Content thee, O my brother-in-law,
With having eclipsed my glory,
And forced on me the minor *rôle*
In Germany's proud story." . . .

III.

At Munich, in the Chapel Royal,
A fair Madonna stands;
Her Christ, the joy of earth and heaven,
She cradles in her hands.

When Louis of Bavaria
This holy picture saw,
He knelt and stammered blissfully
With reverence and awe.

"O Mary, Queen of Heaven high!
Princess from blemish free!
Thy courtiers all are saints of God,
And angels wait on thee.

"The wingëd pages do thy will,
And in thy golden hair
Twine flower-bands, and, after thee,
Thy trailing robes upbear.

"Mary! thou lily without stain,
Thou pure and morning star!
Oh! many are thy miracles,
And great thy wonders are.

"Then sprinkle, from thy mercies' fount,
One drop upon my face;
On me, most high and blessed one,
Bestow some sign of grace."

She moves: the lips are moved in prayer
Of Jesus' Mother mild;
Impatiently she shakes her head,
And whispers to her child,

"Oh! well that in my arms thou art,
And not within my womb;
Well that no misadventure now
Thy life unborn can doom.

"For had I, ere my time was come,
Beheld this hateful clod,
To a monster I had given birth,
Instead of to a God!"

24.

CHURCH-COUNCILLOR PROMETHEUS.

Good Sir Paulus, noble robber,
  Gloomy-browed the gods regard thee;
Direst anger and displeasure
  Is the meed they will award thee.

Thou hast stolen from Olympus,
  From the treasures that divine be;
And, if Jove's policemen catch thee,
  The Promethean doom will thine be.

True, he stole what even worse was:
  Stole the light in flame upwelling,
To illume the souls of mortals—
  Thou hast stolen the works of Schelling:

Just the opposite of radiance;
  Their abysmal darkness such is,
(Like the plague of ancient Egypt),
  That one handles it and touches.

25.

TO THE WATCHMAN.

(ON A MORE RECENT OCCASION.)

KEEP but unspoilt your style and heart,
And you are free to choose your part.
My friend, I will not judge or blame you,
Even though a counsellor they name you.

They're making an absurd ado
About this counsellorship and you.
From the Seine to the Elbe, (how great your glory!)
I have heard for months the selfsame story.

Do the legs that hurried on, to-day
With equal speed retrace their way?
On Swabian crabs do you backward wander?—
With princes' courtesans philander?

Perhaps you are tired, and fain for rest.
All night you boldly blew your best;
Your trusty horn you will hang on the wall now,
Let blow who will to the rabble's call now.

You go to bed and shut your eyes,
But find no peace; by the mocking cries
They raise without, your slumber's shaken:
"Art sleeping, Brutus? Save! Awaken!"

Bawlers like these can never know
Why the best of watchmen cease to blow;
Young braggadocios, ripe for riot,
Guess not why men at last grow quiet.

You ask of me, how wags my world.
The weather's fine, the wind upfurled,
The weathercocks in a quandary:
The breezes neither blow nor vary.

26.

A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

We sleep as Brutus slept of old,
But he awoke; the dagger cold
He plunged in Cæsar's breast—no scratch
Gave Rome's oppressors their despatch.

We smoke tobacco, no Romans we.
Each people has its taste, you see:
After its fashion at greatness looks!
A peerless dumpling Swabia cooks.

O we are Germans, decent and kind!
We sleep like hogs, with an easy mind,
We wake with a thirst, 'tis very true,
But princes' blood is not our brew.

Faithful are we as the oak, long tried,
Or the linden tree—'tis our chiefest pride.
The land of the oak and the linden fair
No Brutus hath borne, nor will ever bear.

And even were a Brutus found,
No Cæsars grow on German ground;
For such 'twere vain to look: instead,
We make delicious gingerbread.

And we have six-and-thirty lords;
('Tis not too many!) each one wards
His breast with a star above the starch;
No need to fear the Ides of March.

We call them Fathers, and Fatherland
The country that this royal band,
From sire to son, have parcelled out.
We love our sausage and sauerkraut.

And when our Father walks abroad,
We lift our hats, to reverence awed.
A nursery this of children good,
And no assassins' den of blood.

27.

A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

A TOPSY-TURVY world is this,
  Each walks upon his head,
And woodcocks, by the dozen, shoot
  The sportsmen they should dread.

It is the calves who roast the cooks,
  And men are ridden by horses;
On education and on light
  The Catholic owl discourses.

The herring is a sans-culotte;
  Bettina falsehood flees.
And Puss-in-boots upon the stage
  Is acting Sophocles.

An ape has built a Pantheon
  For German sons of glory;
Massmann of late has combed his hair—
  The journals give the story.

The German bears, grown atheists bold,
  Their former faith are spurning;
French parrots, on the other hand,
  Good Christians all are turning.

The *Moniteur* of Uckermark
Would seem with madness smitten:
A dead man, on a living one,
An epitaph has written.

Brothers! Who swims against the stream
Will but in vain distress him!
Come, climb the Tempelhof hill, and cry,
"Long live the King! God bless him!"

28.

ENLIGHTENMENT.

HAVE your eyes their scales obscuring
Shed, O Michael? Have you seen
How the morsels most alluring
They purloin, and leave you lean,

With a promise, glibly given,
Of celestial rapture sweet,
Where the angels cook, in heaven,
Bliss devoid of butcher-meat?

Grows your faith, O Michael, weaker?
Or your appetite more strong?
You have seized life's brimming beaker,
And you sing a hero-song!

Dare to drain the bowl that's flowing;
  Fill your belly with the best;
In the grave, where we are going,
  You'll have leisure to digest.

29.

GERMANY.

GERMANY'S still a little child,
  But he's nursed by the sun, though tender;
He is not suckled on soothing milk,
  But on flames of burning splendour,

One grows apace on such a diet;
  It fires the blood from languor.
Ye neighbours' children, have a care
  This urchin how ye anger!

He is an awkward infant giant;
  The oak by the roots uptearing,
He'll beat you till your backs are sore,
  And crack your crowns for daring.

He is like Siegfried, the noble child,
  That song-and-saga wonder;
Who, when his fabled sword was forged,
  His anvil cleft in sunder!

To you, who will our Dragon slay,
Shall Siegfried's strength be given.
Hurrah! how joyfully your nurse
Will laugh on you from heaven!

The Dragon's hoard of royal gems
You'll win, with none to share it.
Hurrah! how bright the golden crown
Will sparkle when you wear it!

30.

ONLY WAIT!

Because my lightnings never blunder,
You fancy (but you fancy wrong)
That impotent must be my thunder!
In thunder I am quite as strong.

In fear and dread you'll find your error
When dawns at last the day of harm;
Then shall ye hear my voice with terror:
My voice of thunder and of storm.

That tempest many an oak will shiver,
And, tottering at the awful sound,
Full many a palace proud will quiver,
And many a steeple strew the ground.

31.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When on my land I think by night,
The boon of sleep forsakes me quite;
My burning eyes I cannot close,
And many a tear for sorrow flows.

The years they come, the years they pass!
Twelve years have vanished since, alas!
I saw my mother, and amain,
The longing strengthens and the pain.

My longing grows to such a pitch,
The woman surely is a witch!
My thoughts on her for ever dwell.
May God preserve and guard her well!

The dear old woman loves me so!
How tremulous her hand and slow,
How deep the mother's heart is moved,
Her every letter plain has proved.

My mother's always on my mind,
Twelve weary years now lie behind,
Twelve weary years since last I pressed
My dear old mother to my breast.

My Germany will last for aye;
Sound to the core, it mocks decay;
Strong with its oaks and lindens, still
I'll find it waiting when I will.

Thirst for my country I could bear,
But that my mother tarries there;
Germany will not fade nor fly,
But ah! my mother, she might die.

Since last my Fatherland I trod,
So many lie beneath the sod,
That once I loved: I count the roll,
And bleed within my very soul.

I count and count—the numbers grow
Until my heart is big with woe;
Dead men seem waltzing on my breast—
Thank God! they stop and give me rest.

Thank God! at last my window's bright
With France's gay and cheerful light;
My wife comes in, like morning fair,
And smiles away my German care.

32.

THE WEAVERS.

With dismal eyes of tearless gloom
They gnash their teeth beside the loom:
"Germany, lo! o'er the shuttle bowed,
Of a threefold curse we weave thy shroud—
We are weaving, weaving!

"A curse for the idol we knelt to in vain,
In winter's cold and hunger's pain;
We waited and hoped, to patience schooled,
But he only mocked, and jeered, and fooled—
We are weaving, weaving!

"A curse for the king, the rich man's king,
Whose heart our misery could not wring:
Who took our pennies and squeezed us dry,
And let us be shot, like dogs to die—
We are weaving, weaving!

"A curse for the Fatherland false and base,
Where nothing can fatten but disgrace;
Where crushed is each flower's tender form,
And decay and corruption feed the worm—
We are weaving, weaving!

"The shuttle flies in the roaring loom;
By day and by night we weave the doom.
Old Germany, lo! o'er our labour bowed,
Of a threefold curse we weave thy shroud.
We are weaving, weaving!"

OUR NAVY.

(A NAUTICAL POEM.)

WE dreamed of a gallant fleet erstwhile,
And already, with hope to lead us,
On a sea unfurrowed had set our sail,
With a favouring wind to speed us.

To our frigates we gave such names of dread
As must strike the foe with pallor:
Hoffmann von Fallersleben and *Prutz*—
Resounding names of valour.

The cutter *Freiligrath* was there;
Her figure-head was a meet one:
The Moorish king, like an ebony moon,
Was carved on the prow to greet one.

And *Gustav Schwab* went sailing along,
With *Pfizer*, and *Kölle* and *Mayer;*
Each bearing the form of a Swabian bold,
Who strummed on a wooden lyre.

The brig *Birch-Pfeiffer* flew from her mast
The famous ensign olden
Of the Admiralty: it flaunted free
Its tatters red-black-golden.

In jackets short, and in tarry hats,
We swarmed up the bowsprit, which is
The right sort of thing for a sailor to do,
And we sported nautical breeches.

And many a decent married man,
Who had drunk but tea, grown haler,
Now chewed his tobacco and swallowed his rum,
And swore like a true-bred sailor.

On the good old fire-ship's ancient deck—
On the *Fallersleben*—many,
When the wind piped up, were as sick as dogs,
But none of them cared a penny.

So sweet was the dream, we had almost won
A naval battle glorious—
When the sun of the morning chased away
Both fleet and dream victorious.

And there we lay in our beds at home,
Our bones stretched out at the dawning;
And, rubbing the sleep from our drowsy eyes,
We muttered, lazily yawning,

"The world is round: what boots it, then,
To sail on the idle billow!
You come at last to the spot you left:
To the selfsame home and pillow."

ATTA TROLL.

A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(1841–1842.)

ATTA TROLL.

A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(1841–1842.)

Caput I.

Where the dark encircling mountains
Overtop each other proudly,
Lulled asleep by foaming torrents
Like a dream-begotten picture,

Cauterets, the haunt of fashion,
Nestles whitely in the valley;
On the balconies the ladies,
Lovely ladies, laughing loudly,

Watch a bear and she-bear dancing
To the music of the bagpipes,
In the market-place below them
Where the motley crowd is surging.

It is Atta Troll who dances
With his mate, the swarthy Mumma,
And the wondering Biscayans
Shout and cheer them to the echo.

Stiff and earnest, grave and solemn,
Dances noble Atta Troll;
But his shaggy spouse is wanting
Both in carriage and decorum;

There is even in her dancing,
To my fancy, a suspicion
Of the cancan, and the license
Of the Grand'-Chaumière at Paris.

Even the keeper, honest fellow,
By the chain who holds and leads her,
Marks a something scarcely moral
In the manner of her dancing.

And he often reaches over
With his whip to reprimand her;
Then the swarthy Mumma bellows
Till the mountain echoes waken.

On his pointed cap he carries
Six Madonnas to protect him
From the bullets of his foemen,
Or from lice to shield and guard him.

On his shoulder, brightly coloured
Hangs an altar-cloth that serves him
As a mantle; underneath it
Lurk the pistol and the dagger.

In his youth a monk, in manhood
He became a robber-captain;
Then, to join the two vocations,
Took the service of Don Carlos.

When Don Carlos fled, defeated,
With his Knights of the Round Table,
And his paladins were driven
To pursue an honest calling—

(One, Schnapphahnski, turned an author)—
Then our knight, the Faith's defender,
Started touring through the country,
Leading Atta Troll and Mumma,

Whom he forced to dance in public
On the open market-places:
In the square in fetters dances
Atta Troll at Cauterets!

Atta Troll, who once so proudly
Lodged, a monarch of the desert,
Free and high upon the mountains,
To the lowland rabble dances!

Must for money vile and sordid
Dance and foot it—he aforetime
So invincible and lofty
In the majesty of terror!

On his youth and vanished lordship
Of the forest when he muses,
Dismal growlings surge and rumble
From the soul of Atta Troll.

Grim he looks then, like some swarthy
Moorish prince of Freiligrath;
Bad the drumming of the one is,
Bad the dancing of the other.

But alas! he wakes no pity,
Only laughter. Even Juliet
From the balcony is laughing
At his sad despairing antics.—

Juliet lives upon the surface:
She is French, and shallow-hearted;
But, to look on, how delightful
And enchanting is my Juliet!

For her glances are a lovely
Net of sunbeams in whose meshes
Captive hearts, like little fishes,
Writhe with tenderness and longing.

Caput II.

That a Moorish prince, created
By our Freiligrath, his yearning
On the kettle-drum should rattle
Till it loudly snaps asunder:

To the drum 'tis most affecting,
To the drum 'tis deeply moving—
But conceive the consternation
When a bear has burst his fetters!

Dumb the laughter, dumb the music;
From the market-place the people
Fly and scurry, shrieking wildly;
Pale and speechless are the ladies.

Yes, the fetters that enslaved him,
Atta Troll at last has riven.
Through the narrow streets he rushes;
Bounding, rushing in his frenzy—

(None so rude as to delay him)—
Up the rocky steep he clambers,
Glances downward, as if mocking,
And is lost among the mountains.

On the market-place forsaken
Stands alone the swarthy Mumma
With her leader. In his fury
To the ground his cap he dashes,

And he tramples the Madonnas
Under foot! He tears the cover
From his hideous naked body;
The ingratitude he curses,

Black and cruel, of the ingrate
Atta Troll; for as a comrade
And a friend has he not used him,
And instructed him in dancing?

All he has, to him he owes it,
Even his life! A hundred thalers
He was offered, offered vainly,
For the skin of Atta Troll!

On the black and wretched Mumma,
Who, a form of silent sorrow,
On her hinder paws imploring,
Stands before him in his passion,

Falls at length his rage and fury
Doubly heavy; and he beats her,
Even names her Queen Christina,
Madame Muños, and Putana.—

'Twas an afternoon of summer
Warm and lovely when it happened,
And the summer night that followed
Fell serenely and superbly.

Half the night I lingered sweetly
On the balcony with Juliet,
With my Juliet gazing upward
To the golden stars above her.

And she sighed, and said, "In Paris,
Ah! the stars are surely fairest:
Of a winter evening mirrored
In the streets and in the puddles."

Caput III.

A fantastic dream begotten
Of the summer night! As aimless
Is my song as life or love is,
As Creator, as creation!

Guided only by his pleasure,
Whether galloping or flying,
Through the realm of fancy courses
My beloved Pegasus—

No laborious, plodding cart-horse,
Virtuous toiler for the people,
But a battle-steed of party
With his wistful stamp and whinny!

Glorious, golden-shod the hoofs are
Of my white, my wingëd charger,
And the reins are strings of pearls,
And I hold them loose and gaily.

Bear me forward at thy fancy
O'er the steep and merry hill-paths,
Where the torrents, loud with menace,
Warn from folly's dark abysses.

Through the silent forests bear me,
Where the solemn oaks rear upward,
And the sweet, primeval legends
From the gnarled roots distil.

I would steep mine eyes and drink there—
Ah, my soul is sick with yearning
For that shining, magic water
That bestoweth sight and knowledge!

I am blind no more! My vision
To the deepest cavern pierces—
To the hole of Atta Troll—
And I understand his language.

Strange! How curiously familiar
In mine ear this speech of bears is!
As a child have I not heard it
In my dear and distant country?

Caput IV.

Roncesvalles, thou noble valley!
When I hear thy name, the fragrance
Of the blue, forgotten flower
In my heart awakes and quivers!

And the shining dream-world rises
From the dim and vanished ages;
And the great-eyed ghosts regard me
Till I shrink and am afraid!

And, with crash and roar of battle,
Frank and Saracen meet headlong;
As if wounded and despairing,
Rings and echoes Roland's horn.

In the Vale of Roncesvalles,
By the yawning gap of Roland—
Named in honour of the hero
Who, to hew himself a pathway,

With such fierce and deadly fury,
With his trusty sword Duranda,
Smote the rocky wall, that traces
Linger yet to wake our wonder—

There, the mountain gorge o'ershadowed
By the wayward growth of pine-trees,
Deeply hidden in the brushwood,
Is the hole of Atta Troll.

There, his family around him,
He is resting from the labour
Of his flight, and from the sorrows
Of publicity and travel.

Happy meeting! In the cavern
Dearly loved he found his children,
Where with Mumma he begat them—
Four the sons, the daughters twain,

Daughters blond as any parson's,
Sleek and smooth with careful licking;
Brown the boys, alone the youngest
With a single ear of black;

For the youngest was the apple
Of his mother's eye, who, biting
Once his ear by misadventure,
Had for very love devoured it.

'Twas a genial lad and merry,
With a talent for gymnastics:
Turned a somersault as nimbly
As the famous gymnast Massmann.

Sprig of autochthonic culture;
With his mother-tongue contented,
Knowing nothing of the jargon
Of the Greeks or of the Romans;

Fresh and free and gay and artless,
Soap of every sort abhorring,
He revolts as much as Massmann
From the modern craze for washing.

But his gayest self the lad is
When he swarms the tree that rises
From the depths of the abysm
Where the precipice is sheerest,

And that towers to the summit
Where the children gather nightly,
Chatting fondly round their father
In the balmy cool of evening.

Then the old one loves to tell them
His experience of the world:
How that many men and cities
He has seen, and suffered greatly,

Like Laertes' son heroic,
With the difference that always
By his side his spouse, his faithful
Black Penelope, has followed.

Atta Troll would also tell them
Of the huge applause and glory
He had won where men had witnessed
His consummate skill in dancing.

Young and old, he would assure them,
Had acclaimed him long and loudly,
When he danced and pirouetted
To the bagpipes playing sweetly.

More especially the ladies,
Kindly connoisseurs and charming,
Were beside themselves with rapture,
And had smiled on him with favour.

Oh, the vanity of artists!
Even the dancing bear remembers
The display he made in public
With a smirk of satisfaction;

Till, a prey to self-laudation,
And by actual performance
To approve himself no boaster,
But a dancer and a great one,

From the ground he springs, and sudden
On his hinder paws uprearing,
Foots it, dances, as aforetime,
The gavotte, his favourite measure.

Mute, with muzzles wide for wonder,
Gape the young ones while the father,
Leaping strangely, cuts his capers,
Jigs and antics in the moonlight.

Caput V.

In the hole among his dear ones,
Sick and ailing in his spirit,
On his back lies Atta Troll,
And he sucks his paws and muses:

"Mumma, Mumma, dark-hued pearl
That I fished from out the ocean
Of our life, within its waters
I have lost thee to my sorrow!

"Shall I never more behold thee,
Till, beyond the grave transfigured,
I shall see thy soul untrammelled
By the shaggy locks of earth?

"Ah! ere then might I but lick her,
Lick my Mumma on the muzzle!
Muzzle fair as if anointed
With the sweet of virgin honey!

"Once again to sniff the odour
Clinging only to my Mumma,
To my dear, my swarthy Mumma,
Like the scent of fragrant roses!

"But my Mumma's left to languish
In the fetters of the race
That is known as Man, and prides it
On the lordship of the world.

"Death and hell! Those men so mighty,
Those aristocrats exalted,
Look contemptuously downward
On all animals created;

"Steal our wives from us and children,
Chain us, shamefully entreat us;
Even kill us, in our bodies
And our skins that they may traffic!

"And they deem themselves entitled
To inflict such deeds of evil
On the bears beyond all others,
And they call it Rights of Man!

"Rights of Man, forsooth! Who was it
That enfeoffed you with the rights, then?
Nature? No; for Nature never
Was unnatural to any.

"Rights of Man, forsooth! Who gave you
Then those privileges sacred?
Reason? No; for Reason never
Was unreasonable yet.

"Are ye better, then, than others
O ye men! because your dinners
Must be either boiled or roasted?
We devour our dinners raw.

"But the consequences surely
Are the same—it is not eating
That upraises or ennobles;
Noble is that noble does.

"Are ye better for the reason
That ye cultivate, with profit,
Arts and sciences? We others
Are not altogether fools.

"Were there never learned dogs?—
Never horses who could reckon
Like a councillor of Commerce?
Are not hares the best of drummers?

"Have not beavers gained distinction
In the art of hydrostatics?
Were not storks our benefactors
In the matter of the clyster?

"Are reviews not penned by asses?
Are not monkeys good comedians?
Could a mimic well be greater
Than Batavia the meercat.

"Are the nightingales not singers?
Is not Freiligrath a poet?
Who could sing the lion better
Than his countryman the camel?

"In the noble art of dancing
I am more expert than Raumer
As an author—is his writing
More expert than my performance?

"How, O men! are ye then better
Than we others? Upright, truly,
Ye can hold your heads, but abject
Are the thoughts that crawl within them.

"Are ye better, then, than others,
O ye men! because your skin is
Smooth and shining? That advantage
With the snakes ye have in common.

"Snakes bifurcated ye men are;
I can well conceive the uses
Of your trousers; serpent-naked,
Ye must borrow wool to clothe you.

"Flee and shun them, O my children!
Always shun those bald abortions!
Never trust the thing, my daughters,
That approaches you in breeches!"

I refrain from telling further
How the bear, with giddy notions
Of equality, continued
On the human race to reason.

For, when all is said, I also
Am a man, and I will never
Recapitulate the follies
Which are, after all, offensive.

Yes, a man am I, and better
Than the other mammals surely;
I will never prove a traitor
To the interests of birth.

In the war with other creatures
I will still be staunch and loyal
To my kind, and to the holy
And the inborn Rights of Man.

Caput VI.

Yet to man, the upper circle
Of creation, there may haply
Be some profit in thus learning
How the lower classes reason.

Yes, beneath us, in the gloomy
Social ranks of woe and sorrow:
In the dumb, the lower, strata,
Brood resentment, pride and want.

What by right of common custom
And by treatises on Nature
Has for ages been established,
Snouts audacious give the lie to.

And this heresy the old ones
Grimly growl into the young ones,
Till Humanity and Culture
Are imperilled on our planet.

"Children!" grumbles Atta Troll,
As uneasily he tosses
On his bed without a blanket,
"Ours at least shall be the Future!

"Were each bear of my opinion—
Thought the other beasts as I do—
With our forces leagued together,
We should fight and throw the tyrants.

"Then the boar would form alliance
With the horse; in love fraternal,
The proboscis elephantine
Would entwine the ox's horn.

"Bears and wolves of every colour,
Goats and monkeys, even hares,
For a time would work in common,
And assured would be our triumph.

"What we need to-day is union—
Union! Union! Disunited,
They enslave us; but, united,
We shall overreach the despots.

"Union! Union! And we conquer;
Vile monopoly shall crumble!
We will found a righteous kingdom
Of the animals at last;

"On the basis we shall found it,
That God's creatures all are equal,
Irrespective of their odour,
Or their hide, or their religion.

"Strict equality! Each donkey
To the highest post entitled;
On the other hand the lion
To the mill the sack shall carry.

"And the dog, although I grant you
He's a fawning servile cur,
Seeing men so long have used him
As no better than a dog,

"Shall regain in our Republic
His inalienable rights,
And, I trust, will soon recover
His nobility of being.

"Yea, the very Jews shall share in
Civic rights, and taste of freedom:
By the law shall be acknowledged
On a par with other mammals.

"Only dancing in the market
For the Jews shall be illegal;
I but mention this amendment
In the interests of art.

"For the race is sadly lacking
In a sense of style: in motion
The severe and plastic misses:
And might spoil the public taste."

Caput VII.

In his gloomy cavern, gloomy
'Mid the circle of his dear ones,
Atta Troll, thus misanthropic,
Squats and growls, and grinds his teeth.

"Men, conceited, pert *canaille!*
Laugh away! The day of vengeance
Soon must dawn that shall deliver
From your yoke and from your laughter!

"'Twas that bitter-sweet grimacing
Of the mouth that most annoyed me.
Unendurably disgusting
Was that human trick of smiling!

"When I saw that fatal twitching
Of the white, detested faces,
I would sicken with the loathing
And the fierceness of my anger.

"More impertinently far
Than by words, a man discloses
By his smile, his deep and boundless,
Brazen impudence of soul.

"They are always laughing, laughing!—
In their love's most solemn moment,
When the circumstances surely
Call for gravity profound!

"They will even laugh when dancing!
In such bold and shameless fashion
They profane the noble science
One should cherish as a cult.

"Yes, a pious act of worship
In the olden days was dancing;
Round the altar whirled devoutly
Many a priestly form and holy.

"In the ancient days King David
Danced for joy before the Ark;
For the dance was public worship:
Was a prayer with the legs!

"And as such it was my habit
To regard my own performance
When I danced before the people,
And received their loud ovation.

"The applause—I must confess it—
To my heart was often grateful;
To compel the admiration
Of one's enemies is sweet!

"But enthusiasm even
Cannot wean them from their smiling,
Even dancing cannot cure them—
Their frivolity remains."

Caput VIII.

Decent burgesses have often
Smelt offensively, while perfume
Has been shed by royal lackeys—
Ambergris and lavender.

There are virgin souls among us
Who indulge in soaps the vilest,
Whereas vice may be anointed
With the fragrant oil of roses.

Wherefore, gentle reader, sneer not
If the hole of Atta Troll
Be in no way reminiscent
Of the spices of Arabia.

Linger with me, gentle reader,
In that air of heavy odours,
While our hero offers counsel
To his son as from a cloud:—

"Child, my child, the latest offshoot
Of my life, toward my muzzle
Lean thy single ear, attentive
To my earnest words and solemn!

"To the human mode of thinking
Never yield assent: 'twill ruin
Soul and body; for among them
Not a man is worth the name.

"Even the Germans, once the noblest:
The descendants of Tuisco,
And our own primeval cousins:
For the worse have altered sadly.

"They are creedless now and godless;
They are atheistic ranters—
Child, my child, avoid the errors
Both of Feuerbach and Bauer!

"Be no atheistic, monstrous
Bear-abortion, the Creator
With irreverence regarding—
'Twas a God who made the world.

"Sun and moon in heaven above us,
Stars and planets—tailed and tailless—
One and all reflect the radiance
Of the everlasting power;

"While, below, both land and ocean
Are the echo of His glory;
Every creature sings the praises
Of His majesty divine.

"Even the silver louse, the smallest,
On the bearded holy pilgrim,
Shares the mortal, earthly sojourn:
The eternal pæan hymns!

"In yon shining star-pavilion,
On a golden throne exalted,
World-controlling and majestic,
Sits a Polar Bear colossal.

"And His coat is fair and spotless,
White and gleaming; and His forehead
Wears a diamond crown that sparkles
To the utmost ends of heaven.

"On His face, serene, harmonious,
Rest the silent deeds of thought;
At a signal from His sceptre
All the spheres resounding sing.

"At His feet in lowly worship
Sit the sainted bears who meekly
On the earth endured, upholding
In their paws the martyr's palm.

"First the one and then the other,
As the Holy Spirit moves them,
Leaping up in jubilation,
Joins the sacred dance, adoring:

"Dance divine, where grace effulgent
Renders talent quite superfluous;
Where the soul for very rapture
From the skin is fain to leap.

"Oh shall I, unworthy Troll,
Share the joys of the redemption,
Far to realms of bliss translated
From these mean and earthly sorrows?

"In the star-pavilion yonder,
Heaven-drunken shall I also
With the palm and with the halo
Dance in awe before the Throne?"

Caput IX.

Like the tongue of flaming scarlet
That some swarthy Moorish monarch
Of our Freiligrath, in anger,
From his mocking mouth might point us,

From the dark and lowering heaven
Steps the moon; while night re-echoes
With the sullen, sleepless thunder
Of the everlasting torrents.

On the rock he always chooses,
Perched aloft stands Atta Troll,
Howling lonely to the night-wind,
And the depths of the abysses.

"Yes, a bear am I; I own it:
Just a bear, a common bear—
Growler, Isegrimm, and Bruin—
Heaven knows the names ye call me.

"Yes, a bear am I; I own it:
Just the beast uncouth and clumsy,
The ungainly dromedary
Of your cruel scorn and laughter.

"Yes, I serve your wit for target:
Am the monster with whose terrors
Of a night ye scare your children,
Scare your naughty human children.

"I am he whose form distorted
In your nursery lore has figured.
Loud and boldly I proclaim it
To the despicable world.

"Hear and mark: I am a bear,
Of my origin ashamed not;—
Am as proud as if descended
From a Moses Mendelssohn!"

Caput X.

Pushing forward on all fours,
Savage, fierce, a pair of figures
Force a pathway, pioneering
Through the forest-depths at midnight.

It is Atta Troll, the father,
With his youngest son, Sir One-Ear.
Where the moonlight glimmers faintly
By the stone of blood they halt.

"Once this stone," growls Atta Troll,
"Was the altar where the Druids
In an age of superstition
Offered human sacrifices.

"Oh, the ghastly, gruesome horror!
Why, my hair, uprising, bristles
On my back to think that ever
God was glorified by murder!

"Grown toward a clearer vision,
It is true that men no longer
Slay each other, fiercely zealous
In the interests of heaven.

"'Tis no more a dream fantastic,
Foolish frenzy, fond delusion:
'Tis the love of self constrains them
Now to homicide and slaughter.

"After worldly wealth and treasure
Now they strive as for a wager,
Each purloining and amassing
In an endless brawl and scuffle.

"Yes, the earth we all inherit
Has been seized by private plunder,
And the thief discourses blandly
On the rights of private owners.

"Rights of property, forsooth!
Oh, the robbers and the liars!
None but man could have invented
Craft and folly so compounded.

"'Twas no paltry private owner
Made the earth that we inhabit;
Never yet was mortal born
With a pocket in his skin.

"None was ever born provided
With a little bag at birth
In his body's outer garment,
For concealing what he pilfered.

"Only man, the smooth, the furless,
Who so artfully has clothed him
In the wool of other creatures,
Had the art to plan a pocket.

"As unnatural are pockets
As the ownership they further:
As the right to stolen treasure—
Man's a pocket-picking knave.

"Oh, my hate is deep and burning!
I bequeath to thee my hatred.
Oh, my son, upon this altar
Swear eternal hate to man!

"Be the mortal foe, I charge thee:
Foe implacable and deadly:
Of the wicked, vile oppressors.
Swear it, swear it, O my son!"

So, like Hannibal, the stripling
Swore the oath. The moon shone yellow
On the grisly stone of slaughter
And the misanthropic couple.

How the youthful bear unbroken
Kept his solemn oath we'll tell you,
To his praise another epic
On our lyre anon entuning.

As for Atta Troll, him also
We will turn from now, that later
We may find him all the surer
With the death-bestowing bullet.

Thou hast come to the conclusion
Of thy brief against the glory
Of humanity; to-morrow
As a traitor thou shalt perish.

Caput XI.

Ranged like bayaderes in slumber,
Clad in white and filmy garments
By the winds of morning ruffled,
Lie the mountains drear and chilly.

But the sun-god, rising golden,
Wakes them gaily with his greeting,
And their cloudy raiment scatters,
Till they shine in naked beauty.

At the dawn of day I started,
Started hunting with Lascaro
For the bear. 'Twas noon already
When we reached the Pont-d'Espagne:

When we reached the bridge that crosses
Into Spain, into the country
Of those savage West-barbarians
Who, in social modes and customs,

Lag a thousand years behind—
In the Fatherland we others,
We barbarians of the East,
Have but lingered for a hundred.

With a doubting foot and fearful
I forsook the soil of France,
France, the home of light and freedom
And of women that I love.

On the bridge an aged Spaniard
Sat in squalor; want was peeping
Through the tatters of his mantle,
There was famine in his eye.

And he strummed with bony fingers
On a mandoline—an old one—
Till the discords shrilled and clamoured
Through the deep, re-echoing gorges.

And he leaned at times and nodded,
Laughing down to the abysses;
Then would strum the wilder, singing
To his music strange this song:

"There's a little golden table,
And it stands within my heart;
And around the golden table
Are four little golden chairs.

"On the golden chairs are seated
Little ladies playing cards,
Golden arrows in their chignons;
And my Clara always wins,

"Plays and wins with roguish laughter.
Ah! my Clara, none but thee
In my heart could be the victor,
All the trumps are in thy hand."—

As I passed I murmured, musing,
"Strange that madness should be singing
On the bridge that crosses over
To the land of Spain from France!

"Is yon crazy fool an emblem
Of what follows when the nations
Try to interchange ideas?—
Or his country's title-page?"

To the dusk the day was darkening
When we reached the mean Posada.
There we found the Spanish hotch-potch
In the dirty vessel steaming.

And my supper was of chick-peas,
Heavy, big, like rifle bullets,
Taxing even the digestion
Of a German reared on dumplings.

Fitting sequel to the cooking
Was the bed with insects peppered—
Ah! the foes most dire and deadly
Of the human race are bugs.

What are elephants, a thousand,
In comparison, for fury,
With a single little bug
Crawling, creeping on the blanket?

If you let him meekly bite you
'Tis an evil—but a greater
'Tis to crush him, for he'll plague you
All the night long with his odour.

Yes, there's nothing in the world
Worse than fighting filthy vermin,
With their stench alone for weapon—
Oh, the duel with a bug!

Caput XII.

How the poets, even the tame ones,
Rave and rhapsodize on Nature:
Singing, saying that our world
Is the temple of the Lord,

Bearing witness in its splendour
To the glory of the Maker,
Sun and moon and stars above us,
In the dome as lamps suspended.

All the same, my worthy poets,
Ye must own that inconvenient
Are the stairways of the temple—
Oh, the squalid crooked stairs!

All this toil o'er hill and hollow,
All this leaping over boulders,
Is a trial most exhausting
To my legs and to my spirit.

By my side Lascaro plodded,
Long and sallow, like a taper,
Never speaking, never laughing:
Dead, they say,—a witch's son.

Yes, the story runs he perished
Long ago, and by the magic
Of his mother, old Uraka,
Masquerades among the living.

Oh, the cursed temple stairway!
To this day I often marvel,
Recollecting those abysses,
That my neck escaped unbroken.

How the torrents roared and shouted!
How the pines beneath the scourging
Of the tempest howled! The heavens
Crashed and thundered—fearful weather!

In the little fisher's cottage
On the Lac-de-Gobe a shelter
We discovered, with some trout
That were excellent and toothsome.

In an easy-chair, on cushions,
Sat the ferryman reclining,
Grey and sick; his pretty nieces
Like a pair of angels nursed him:

Sturdy angels, somewhat Flemish—
Might indeed have stepped to greet us
From a Rubens; clear and healthy
Were their eyes; their hair was golden.

In their dimpled cheeks of damask
Peeped and lurked the roguish laughter;
Strong, voluptuous their limbs were,
Waking fear as well as pleasure.

Charming, pretty, kindly creatures,
Sweetly quarrelling together
As to what the sickly uncle
For a drink the most would relish.

While the one a goblet offers
Filled with brew of linden blossom,
Just as pressing is the other
With her elder-flower decoction.

"I will drink to-day of neither,"
Cried the old man, out of patience;
"Fetch me wine, that something better
I may taste and give my guests."

Whether wine indeed I drank there
By the Lac-de-Gobe, I know not.
If in Brunswick I had met it,
I had taken it for mum.

Made of goat-skin black and goodly
Was the bottle—stinking foully;
But the old man drank delighted,
And grew cheerier and haler.

He recounted the achievements
Of the smugglers and banditti,
Who live merrily and freely
In the Pyrenean forests.

In the hoarier traditions
He was also versed, and told us
Of the battles of the giants
With the bears in times primeval.

Yes, before the immigration
Of the human race, the giants
Fought the bears to win the lordship
Of the forests and the valleys.

But when man arrived, the giants
Fled in panic from the country,
For such heads, although enormous,
Are not overcharged with brain.

Having reached at last the ocean,
And perceiving heaven mirrored
In the blue and shining water—
Then the fools, they tell us, thinking

That the water blue was heaven,
Pushing forward, tumbled headlong
In the sea, and, trusting blindly
In the care of God, were drowned.

While the bears by human prowess
Are exterminated slowly.
Year by year their number dwindles,
And they vanish from the mountains.

"So on earth," observed the speaker,
"One is ousted by the other.
When the human race has perished,
Then the dwarfs will be the masters;

"Clever, thrifty little people,
In the bosom of the mountains,
Busy gathering and picking
In the rich and golden gorges.

"How they peep through every crevice,
With their tiny heads and cunning!
I have seen them in the moonlight,
And I tremble for the future.

"Ah, that power gold-begotten
Of the pigmies! Will our sons,
Like the giants, fleeing headlong,
In a watery heaven perish?"

Caput XIII.

In the black and rocky cauldron
Lie the lake's unfathomed waters;
Pale and melancholy stars
Gaze from heaven. Night and silence.

Night and silence. Splash of oars;
And the skiff, a murmuring secret,
Floats along; the pretty nieces
Play the ferryman, to speed us.

Brisk and gay the swinging oars.
In the dark beneath the starlight
Gleam the bare and strenuous arms,
Glance and gleam the eyes of blue.

And beside me sits Lascaro
Pale as ever, still and speechless,
And the fancy shudders through me:
Can the man indeed be dead?

Am I dead myself, and sailing
To the darksome under-world,
With these ghost-companions steering
To the chilly realm of shadows?

Is this lake the gloomy water
Of the Styx? Has Proserpine,
Disappointed of her Charon,
Sent her maidens forth to fetch me?

Nay, I am not dead; within me
Unextinguished, unabated,
Leaps the vital flame exultant,
In my soul it burns and blazes.

And these maidens, blithely pulling
At the oars with jest and laughter,
Who besprinkle me with water,
As it splashes showering upward:

These robust and blooming wenches
Are no pallid forms and ghostly,
Maidens wan of Proserpine,
Shadow-maidens sent from hell!

To convince my doubting senses
That the upper-world their home was,
And, by facts, my faith to strengthen
In my own abundant life,

With my lips I leaned, and pressed them
On the dimpled cheeks and rosy,
And I reasoned, syllogising:
Yes, I kiss: am therefore living.

And once more I kissed the maidens
When we reached the shore, at parting.
In no other coin but this one
Would they let me pay my passage.

Caput XIV.

From the sunny golden hollows
Laughed the violet-tinted mountains.
To the slope, aloft and fearless,
Clung a hamlet, like a nest.

Thither climbing, I discovered
That the parent birds were flown,
And that none were left but young ones,
Scarcely winged as yet for flying;

Pretty boys and little maidens,
Almost hid in woollen bonnets
White and scarlet. They were playing
At a wedding in the square.

Undisturbed the game continued,
And I saw the princely lover
Kneel, incarnate in a mouse,
To the cat-king's lovely daughter.

Luckless prince! He's joined in marriage
To the fair one. Fierce and shrewish,
She has bitten and devoured him.
With his death the game is over.

Well-nigh all the day I lingered
With the children, and we chattered
Frank and friendly, and they asked me
Who I was, and my profession.

"Little friends, my native country
Is called Germany," I answered.
"'Tis a land where bears are plenty:
I have hunted many a bear.

"I have caught and skinned them often:
Pulled the skin the bear-ears over:
By the paws of bears have often
Been most cruelly maltreated.

"But my soul grew sick and weary
Of the daily bout and wrestle
With the unlicked cubs that flourish
In the land I love so dearly.

"So I rose and journeyed hither
In the search of better quarry;
Now I go my strength to measure
With the mighty Atta Troll.

"Him I deem a noble foeman
Worth the fighting. Ah, how often
In my home I've won a battle
Where the victory has shamed me!"

When I turned at last to leave them,
In a ring the little creatures
Danced and circled round me, singing,
"Girofflino, Girofflette!"

Then the youngest, sweet and saucy,
Stepping forward, stood before me:
Curtsied twice and thrice and four times,
And she raised her voice and sang,

"If the king should chance to meet me,
Twice I curtsy to the king.
If the queen should chance to meet me,
Then I drop her curtsies three.

"If I chance to meet the devil,
See him coming with his horn,
Curtsies two, three, four, I make him—
Girofflino, Girofflette!"

"Girofflino, Girofflette!"
The refrain was sung in chorus,
And the chorus and the dancing
Circled teasing round my legs.

As I wound towards the valley,
I could hear the echo follow
Like the sound of birds a-twitter—
"Girofflino, Girofflette!"

Caput XV.

Rocky boulders, huge, misshapen,
Grimly twisted and gigantic,
Gaze and frown on me like monsters
Turned to stone in times primeval.

And how strange! The clouds above them,
Grey and weary, drift like wraiths:
Flimsy counterfeit presentments
Of those savage, stony figures.

From afar the torrent rages;
Winds are roaring through the pine-wood—
Sounds implacable and cruel,
And as fatal as despair.

Dreary solitudes and awful!
On the firs decayed and rotten
Throng the sable-suited jackdaws,
Flapping languid wings and feeble.

And Lascaro walks beside me
Pale and silent. A beholder
Might imagine I was Madness
In the company of Death.

'Tis a hateful, barren region.
Does it lie beneath some ban?
Yonder stunted tree is surely
Red and bloody round the root.

And the hut beneath its shadow,
In the earth for shame half hidden,
Has a roof of straw that gazes,
As in abject prayer, upward.

The inhabitants are Cagots:
Wretched folk—the sorry remnant
Of a race engulfed in darkness,
Lingering on, though trodden under.

For the hearts of the Biscayans
Still are gnawed by secret horror
Of those Cagots: gloomy relic
Of the days of superstition.

In the Minster of Bagnères
Lurks a narrow, grated portal
Which, the Sacristan informed us,
Was the door reserved for Cagots.

Other access to the building
Was aforetime interdicted;
Furtive-footed they must enter
Even the temple of their Maker.

On a lowly footstool yonder
Sat the Cagot at his prayers,
From the other folk who worshipped
Set apart, as if infected.

But the consecrated tapers
Of our century burn brightly,
And have chased away the terror
Of the mediæval shadows!—

At the door Lascaro waited
While I slipped into the hovel
Of the Cagots: to a brother
Gave my hand in friendly greeting.

And I kissed the tiny baby
That was sucking at the bosom
Of his wife, and clinging closely
Like a sickly little spider.

Caput XVI.

When you see these mountain summits
From afar, they glance and sparkle
As if decked in gold and purple,
In the sunlight, proud and regal.

But the splendour fades when nearer,
For with this, as with so many
Of the glories of the world,
'Tis the play of light deludes you.

And what golden seemed and purple
In the distance, now is snow—
Merely snow, that, dull and fretful,
Finds the hours too long and lonely.

Where I walked I heard above me
How the crepitating snow,
To the callous wind and chilly,
Wailed and sighed its white despair.

"In this barren waste," it murmured,
"Ah, how slow the hours in passing!
Frozen eternities the hours are,
So interminable, weary.

"Never snow was so unhappy!
If, instead of on these mountains,
I had only fallen yonder
In the vale, where flowers blossom!

"I had melted to a streamlet,
Where the fairest village maiden,
Leaning lovely o'er my water,
Might have washed her face with laughter.

"Yes, and haply flowing seaward,
To a pearl I might have changed me,
And effulgent shone for ever
On some golden, kingly crown."

But I answered, having hearkened
To its plaining, "Dearest snow,
Much I doubt if such a future
Had been thine in yonder valley;

"Wherefore comfort thee. Not many
Are transmuted into pearls.
In some puddle, maybe falling,
Into slime thou hadst been trampled."

While I held this conversation
With the snow, a shot resounded;
On a sudden from the heavens
Dropped a tawny vulture headlong.

'Twas a joke of friend Lascaro's:
Just a sportsman making merry.
Stern and fixed his face as ever,
But his gun was hot and smoking.

From the tail he tore a feather,
And without a word he stuck it
On his pointed cap of felt,
And again went striding forward.

Most uncanny was the picture,
As his shadow with the feather
Moved along against the whiteness
Of the gleaming snowy summits.

Caput XVII.

Like a lane there runs a valley
Which they call the Pass of Spirits.
Dizzy precipices bound it,
Rising ruggedly and sheer.

From that awful slope the hovel
Of Uraka, like a watch-tower,
Views the valley. Thither wending,
In Lascaro's wake I followed.

By a code of secret signals
He consulted with his mother
As to methods for enticing
And for slaying Atta Troll.

For, his trail with zeal pursuing,
We had tracked him down so surely,
That no loop-hole now was left him.
Atta Troll, thy days are numbered!

Whether old Uraka really
Was a witch of wondrous powers,
And as potent as the people
Of the Pyrenees asserted,

I will never try to settle;
But I know that her exterior
Was suspicious; most suspicious
Were her bloodshot eyes and rheumy.

Evil, squinting, were her glances.
If a cow, it was reported,
She but glanced at, on a sudden
Dried the milk within its udder.

They maintained that swine the fattest,
Nay, the strongest oxen even,
She could kill by merely stroking
With her wrinkled, bony fingers.

For such crimes they would accuse her
To the Justice of the peace;
But that worthy man, it happened,
Was a follower of Voltaire:

Just a modern, shallow worldling,
Neither pious nor profound,
Who would turn away the plaintiff,
Disbelieving, almost scoffing.

Quite an honest occupation
Was ostensibly Uraka's,
For she dealt in mountain-simples,
And the birds she stuffed for selling.

Full of specimens her hut was,
Vile with scent of cuckoo-flowers,
Mixed with rupture-wort and henbane
And with withered elder-blossom.

A collection, too, of vultures
Was most cleverly displayed,
With the pinions stretched for flying,
And the horrid monster beaks.

By the stupefying odour
Was my brain perhaps bewildered,
That I gazed upon the vultures
With an odd, uncanny feeling?

There are maybe men accursëd
Pining, prisoned in the semblance
Of those stuffed, unhappy creatures,
Held in durance vile by magic.

With a look so fixed and mournful,
Yet impatient they regard me!
And I seem to see them squinting
At the witch with furtive glances.

But the witch, the old Uraka,
In the chimney-corner cowers,
Melting lead and casting bullets,
By her side her son Lascaro:

Casting fatal bullets destined
For the death of Atta Troll.
On the witch's face how swiftly
Dance the leaping flames, and quiver?

With her thin old lips she murmurs
Low and toneless, never pausing.
Is she crooning incantations
On the casting of the bullets?

To her son she nods and chuckles,
But, unmoved and unregarding
He pursues his work as grimly
And as silently as death.—

Filled with horror and misgiving
I approached the window, panting
For the air, and viewed the valley
Stretching far and wide below me.

What I saw that awful midnight,
'Twixt the hours of twelve and one,
I will tell you fairly, fitly,
In the chapter that shall follow.

Caput XVIII.

And it was the time of full moon,
On Saint John the Baptist's eve,
That the spectral hunt went coursing
Through the Spirit-Pass at midnight.

From the witch-nest of Uraka,
From the window, quite distinctly
I could see the ghostly legion
As it sped along the valley.

'Twas a perfect post for viewing,
From above, the hurrying pageant;
And I saw the dead uprisen
Riding forth upon their pleasure.

Crack of whips, hallooing, shouting!
Barking hounds and neighing horses!
Winding horns and merry laughter!
How triumphantly it echoed!

Bounding forward like a vanguard
Flew the strange fantastic quarry:
Stags and boars in herds careering,
The pursuing hounds behind them.

Sportsmen strangely met together
Out of sundered climes and ages;
Hard by Nimrod of Assyria
Rode, for instance, Charles X.

High on milk-white chargers seated,
On they rushed. Piqueurs with leashes
Swift afoot came running after,
And the pages with the torches.

In the wild procession many
Seemed familiar—yonder horseman
In the golden harness gleaming,
Was not he the great King Arthur?

And Sir Ogier, he of Denmark,
Wore he not that iridescent
Coat of mail, in which he glimmered
Like a frog gigantic, greenly?

In the train was many a hero
For his thought and learning famous.
By his glance of genial brightness
I identified our Wolfgang—

For, since Hengstenberg has damned him,
In his grave he cannot slumber,
And with pagans now indulges
In the chase he loved while living.

And I recognised that William
By his smiling mouth and gracious,
Whom the puritanic spirit
Held, no less, as one accursëd.

Forth must ride this sinner also,
On a coal-black charger mounted,
While, beside him on a donkey,
Rides a man——And holy Heaven!

By his meek and pious manner,
And his white and worthy nightcap,
By his anguished soul I knew him,
Knew our former friend, Franz Horn.

For his commentaries written
On that worldling, William Shakespeare,
He must share—the poor old creature—
In that wild, tumultuous hunting!

He must ride, this Franz so peaceful,
Who for walking scarce had courage,
Active only at his prayers,
Or when talking over tea-cups!

With what horror will the spinsters
Whose caresses cheered his leisure
Learn that Franz—their Franz beloved—
Is a wild and reckless hunter!

When they break into a gallop,
Mocking glances fall from William
On the wretched commentator
Trotting after on his donkey.

Weak and pitifully helpless,
Clinging closely to the pommel,
Faithful dead, no less than living,
Still he follows up his author.

There were many ladies also
In that ghostly train fantastic:
Slender nymphs whose youthful bodies
Were a miracle of beauty,

Set astride upon their horses,
Mythologically naked,
But whom ringlets long and flowing,
Like a golden mantle, covered.

On their heads were twisted garlands,
And in gay, abandoned postures,
Backward leaning, bold and merry,
Leafy wands they swung and balanced.

Tightly habited beside them,
Mediæval damosels
Sat obliquely on their saddles,
On the wrist a chainëd falcon.

On their skinny palfreys mounted,
As in parody, behind them
Came a cavalcade of women,
Like comedians, decked, bedizened.

Very lovely were their faces,
If, perchance, a trifle brazen;
And they cried and clamoured madly,
With their rouged and wanton cheeks.

How the echoes rang, rejoicing!
Winding horns and merry laughter!
Bark of dogs and horses neighing!
Crack of whips, hallooing, shouting!

Caput XIX.

Three were fair as beauty's trefoil,
Far excelling all the others:
Gracious forms of lovely women—
Ah, I never shall forget them!

Unmistakable the first was,
From the crescent on her forehead;
Pure and proudly, like a statue,
Rode and passed the mighty goddess.

High upgirdled was her tunic,
Veiling half the hips and bosom;
On her white voluptuous body
Played the torch-light and the moonlight.

White as marble was her face, too,
And as cold as marble; fearful
Were the fixity and pallor
Of the stern and noble features.

But within her eye of shadow
Leapt and flamed an awful fire,
Sweet, uncanny, and mysterious,
Spirit-blinding and consuming.

Ah! how altered is Diana:
She who changed the young Actæon
To a stag, for dogs to mangle,
In her chastity unbending.

Does she expiate her error
'Mid this company licentious?
Like the frailest among mortals
Now, a ghost, by night she travels.

Late, indeed, yet all the fiercer
In her heart desire awakens,
In her eyes it burns devouring
Like a very brand of hell.

For she rues the vanished ages
When the men were nobler, fairer:
Seeks, in numbers, compensation
Now that quality has dwindled.

By her side there rode a beauty
From whose features, less severely
On the classic model chiselled,
Shone the Celtic grace and charm.

'Twas the lovely fay Abunde,
And I knew her, knew her straightway,
By the sweetness of her smiling,
By her mad and merry laughter.

Ah, the blooming face and rosy,
Such as Greuze had haply painted!
Like a heart her mouth, and open,
With enchanting pearly teeth.

And her gown was blue; it fluttered,
For the wind was fain to lift it.
In the fairest of my visions
I have never seen such shoulders.

From the window, in my longing,
I had almost leapt to kiss her—
And my neck had surely broken
In the hazardous adventure.

Ah! if bleeding I had fallen
At her feet in the abysses,
She had only laughed—such laughter
I have heard, alas! too often!

Was the third, the third and fairest
Of the women that so deeply
And so strangely stirred my bosom,
But a devil like the others?

Whether fiend she was, or angel,
For my life I could not tell you.
It is hard to say, with women,
Where the fiend in angel merges.

On her face aglow with fever,
Lay the Morning-land's enchantment,
And her costly robes reminded
Of the tales of Scheherazade.

And her lips were like pomegranates,
And her nose a curving lily,
And her limbs were cool and slender
As the palm in the oasis.

On a palfrey white she rode,
Led by negroes twain who trotted
Swift afoot beside the princess,
By the golden bridle holding.

Oh, in truth, a royal lady
Was the queen of old Judæa:
Herod's lovely wife who lusted
For the head of John the Baptist!

For this deed of blood accursëd,
As a night-tormented spirit
She must join the rout and gallop
Till the final day of doom.

In her hand she holds the charger
With the head of John the Baptist,
Holds it evermore and kisses,
Yes, she kisses it with fervour.

For she loved Saint John the Baptist;
Though it stand not in the Bible,
'Mongst the folk the legend lingers
Of Herodias' bloody passion.

'Tis the only supposition
That explains the lady's longing.
Will a woman ask the head
Of a man she does not love?

She was maybe wroth a little
With her lover—cut his head off;
But when, bleeding on the charger,
She had won the head so precious,

Wildly weeping she went crazy,
Wept and died of love's delirium—
(Love's delirium! Phrase redundant!
Love—delirium—they are one!)

From the grave uprising nightly,
As I said, she rides a-hunting,
In her hand the bloody charger;
Yet, with woman's mad caprice,

Now and then with childish laughter
She will hurl the gruesome burden
Through the air, and catch it lightly
And adroitly like a plaything.

As she galloped past she saw me;
And her nod was so coquettish
And so languishing, that deeply
To its core my heart was shaken.

Thrice the cavalcade went surging,
As I watched, before my window,
And the lovely ghost in passing
Nodded thrice to me in greeting.

When the hunting throng had vanished,
And the tumult sunk to silence,
Still the sweetness of that greeting
Burned and smouldered in my brain.

And the livelong night I tumbled,
Tossing fevered limbs and weary
On the straw—Uraka's hovel
Was unblest with beds of down;—

And I mused upon the meaning
Of that strange, mysterious greeting.
Why so tenderly and softly
Didst thou gaze on me, Herodias?

Caput XX.

Sunrise. Golden arrows aiming
At the mists which whitely hover,
Till they redden as if wounded,
And dissolve in light and splendour.

So the struggle ends in triumph,
And the day, the mighty victor,
Plants his foot in dazzling glory
On the vanquished mountain's neck.

And the noisy feathered people
In their hidden houses twitter,
And a smell of herbs arises
Like a concert of sweet odours.

With the early dawn we started,
And descended to the valley.
While Lascaro followed nimbly
On the traces of his bear,

I made shift to speed the passage
Of the moments with my musing.
Thought, however, only wearied,
Also saddened me a little.

Weary, sad, at last I flung me
On a soft and mossy bed
By a great ash overshadowed,
Where a little brook was flowing.

The mysterious, gentle murmur
Fooled and charmed my soul so strangely,
That the thoughts I had been thinking
From my head entirely faded.

And a frantic yearning filled me
For a dream, for death, for madness,
For those fair and phantom riders
In the cavalcade of ghosts.

Oh, ye lovely midnight faces
That the fires of morning banished,
I would know where ye have fleeted,
Where by day ye have your dwelling!

Under ruins of old temples,
In the ancient far Romagna
Hides Diana (so they tell us)
From the noonday sway of Christ.

In the dark of midnight only
From her hiding-place she ventures:
Tastes again the joy of hunting,
With her pagan playmates riding.

And the lovely fay Abunde,
Of the Nazarenes mistrustful,
Through the sunlit hours seeks shelter
In the Isle of Avalon.

In that magic island hidden
In the far and quiet ocean
Of Romance, that none can win to
Save on wingëd steeds of fable:

By whose shore care never anchors,
Where no steamer ever calls,
Landing Philistines intrusive,
Pipe in mouth, intent on prying:

Where no echo ever pierces
From our tiresome gloomy bells,
With their dreary ding-dong jangle
So detested by the fairies.

There, in mirth and joy untroubled,
And in youth that blooms immortal,
Dwells our sweet and merry lady,
Dwells our gay and blonde Abunde.

And she strolls with happy laughter,
While the sunflowers nod above her,
Wooing Paladins for courtiers,
Long departed from the earth.

Ah! but thou, Herodias, tell me
Where thou tarriest?—I know it!
Thou art dead, and liest buried
By the town Jerusalem.

With the dead by day thou sleepest
In thy cold and marble coffin;
But at midnight thou awakest
To the crack of whips and shouting;

And the frantic host thou joinest,
With Diana and Abunde,
With thy merry fellow-hunters,
Who abhor both cross and anguish.

Ah, companionship how blissful!
Could I only follow after
Through the forests! Thou, Herodias,
Art the one that I would ride by!

For 'tis thou I love the dearest!
More than stately Grecian goddess,
More than laughing northland fairy,
I adore thee, Jewess dead!

Yes, I love thee! By the trembling
Of my soul I know I love thee.
Love thou me, and be my darling,
Sweet Herodias, fairest woman!

Love thou me, and be my darling!
Hurl away the bloody charger
With the stupid head, and glut thee
On a dish of better savour.

I am just the knight thou needest—
What care I that damned already,
Dead and damned thou art for ever—
Free from prejudice am I—

As regards my own salvation
There's some hitch, I rather fancy,
I am often very doubtful
Of my place among the living.

As thy faithful knight engage me—
As thy *cavalier servente*—
I will bear thy mantle gladly,
And thy whims, without a murmur.

Every midnight I will gallop
In the reckless rout beside thee;
We will talk and laugh together
At my wild and foolish speeches.

I will while away and shorten
Thus the night; but joy will vanish
With the dawn of day; then, weeping,
I will sit upon thy tomb.

I will sit me down and weep there
On the crumbled tomb of kings,
On the grave of my beloved,
By the town Jerusalem.

And the ancient Jews, in passing,
Will imagine that I mourn
The destruction of the Temple
And the town Jerusalem.

Caput XXI.

Argonauts without a ship,
Launched afoot upon the mountains,
And, in lieu of golden fleece,
Aiming only at a bear-skin—

We are poor and paltry devils,
Of the modern cut heroic,
And no classic bard will ever
In his song immortalize us.

Yet we none the less encountered
Many a peril! What a deluge
Overwhelmed us on the summit,
Far from trees and hackney-coaches.

What a storm! The floods were loosened,
And the rain came down in buckets!
Such a shower-bath on Colchis
Surely never wetted Jason.

"An umbrella!" loud I shouted.
"Six-and-thirty kings and kingdoms
For the use of an umbrella!"
And the rain still pelted on.

Long the night had seen us toiling
When we reached the witch's cottage,
Very cross and deadly weary,
Like a pair of dripping poodles.

On the fire-lit hearth Uraka
Sat industriously combing
At her pug obese, ungainly;
But she speedily dismissed him

To attend to our requirements,
And my bed was shortly ready.
Then she loosed my espardilloes,
That uncomfortable foot-gear;

And she helped me with undressing:
Drew my trousers off that clung
To my legs, as close and faithful
As the friendship of a fool.

"Now, a dressing-gown!" I shouted,
(On my back my shirt was steaming),
"Six-and-thirty kings and kingdoms
For a dressing-gown—a dry one!"

For a space I stood and shivered
On the hearth, with teeth that chattered,
Till, bewildered by the firelight,
On the straw at last I sank.

Sleep I could not, but kept blinking
At the witch beside the chimney,
On whose lap her son was leaning
With his shoulder while she stripped him.

By her side the pug ungainly
Stood erect upon his haunches,
With his forepaws very deftly
Holding up a little goblet,

While Uraka from the goblet
Took a reddish fat, and rubbed it
On the ribs and on the shoulders
Of her son with trembling haste.

As she rubbed she crooned and murmured,
Crooned a lullaby to soothe him,
Through her nose, while up the chimney
Leapt the flames and crackled weirdly.

Like a corpse, so thin and yellow,
Lay the son against the mother,
Sad as death, with eyes unseeing
Widely open, pale and stony.

Can the man be dead indeed, then?
Does the love maternal nightly
To enchanted life restore him
With this potent magic ointment?

Strange the wakeful sleep of fever!
Weary limbs in leaden fetters,
And the senses overwrought,
And so horribly awake!

How I suffer from the odour
Of those pungent herbs and simples!
I have smelt the like already,
But in vain I wonder where.

How I fear the wind that's howling
In the chimney!—like the sighing
Of poor parched and withered ghosts—
And the voices seem familiar.

But my torment was the greatest
From the birds that, stuffed and life-like,
On a shelf were ranged above me
Near the place where I was lying.

With a slow and horrid motion
Of the wings they stooped towards me,
Craning down towards my pillow
With their beaks like human noses.

Ah, such noses! Where already
Have I seen such beaks? At Hamburg?
Or at Frankfort in the Ghetto?
Reminiscence dim, unhappy!

Sleep completely overpowered me
In the end, and, in the place of
Wakeful fantasies of fever,
Came a deep and healthy dream.

In my dream the wretched hovel
All at once became a ball-room
Carried high on lofty columns,
And by candelabra lighted.

There invisible musicians
Played, from *Robert-le-Diable*,
The abandoned wanton dances
Of the nuns. I was alone.

But at last the doors were opened,
And, advancing up the ball-room,
Pacing solemnly and slowly,
Entered guests the most amazing.

All were either bears or spirits;
Every bear was walking upright
With a spectre for his partner
Whitely muffled in her shroud.

Paired together thus, they started,
To and fro they waltzed and whirled.
'Twas a curious sight, provoking
Both to terror and to laughter!

To keep step and dance in rhythm
With those white and airy figures
Who so lightly swayed and circled,
Was a bitter task for bears.

But the wretched beasts were driven,
Forced inexorably onward,
Till the double-bass orchestral
By their snorting was outrumbled.

Now and then the waltzing couples
Would collide; on which the bear
Would kick out against the spectre
That had jostled him in passing.

In the tumult of the dancing
Oft some bear would pull the cerement
From the face of his companion,
And disclose a grinning death's-head;

Till the trumpets and the cymbals
Blared and crashed at last together,
And the drums boomed out their thunder,
And the gallopade began.

But the dream was never ended,
For a bear uncouth and clumsy
On my corns so rudely trampled,
That I shouted and awoke.

Caput XXII.

Phœbus in his sunny chariot
Lashed along his flaming horses,
And his journey through the heavens
Had already half accomplished,

While I lay in slumber, dreaming
Of the bears and of the spirits
Strangely intertwined and woven,
Like some arabesque fantastic.

It was noon when I awakened,
And I found myself alone,
For my hostess and Lascaro
On the chase betimes had started.

None was with me in the hovel
Save the pug, who, standing upright
On the hearth before the kettle,
Held a spoon with both his paws.

They had admirably trained him,
When the soup was boiling over,
With the spoon at once to stir it,
And to skim away the bubbles.

But am I myself bewitched then?
Or can fever still be burning
In my brain? My ears must surely
Play me false. The pug is speaking.

Yes, he speaks; indeed the language
Is the simple, homely Swabian;
As if lost in thought, he muses
With a dreamy air, as follows:

"Oh, unhappy Swabian poet,
Who, afar in exile weary,
As a cursëd pug must languish,
Set to watch a witch's kettle!

"What a shameful crime and cruel
Is this sorcery! How tragic
Is my fate: these human feelings
In the body of a dog!

"In my home had I but tarried
With my tried and trusty schoolmates!
They are certainly no wizards,
Not a soul have they enchanted.

"Had I only tarried yonder
With Karl Mayer, in my Swabia
With the wallflowers of my country,
And its simple, honest broth!

"I could die to-day of longing
For my home—to see the chimneys
And the smoke, where they are cooking
Vermicelli in my Stukkert!"

With emotion deep I heard him;
From my bed in haste upspringing,
On the hearth I sank beside him,
And addressed him with compassion.

"Noble singer, what has brought thee
To this wretched witch's hovel?
Whence this gruesome transformation
To the semblance of a dog?"

Overjoyed the poet answered,
"Is it true?" Thou art no Frenchman,
But a German, and the meaning
Of my monologue hast followed?

"Ah, my brother, what a pity
That, when over pipes and beer
In the inn we sat discoursing,
Kölle, councillor-of-legation,

"On the point was so insistent,
That one only gained through travel
The refinement and the culture
He himself had won abroad.

"That my legs, with use grown suppler,
Might be cured of their uncouthness:
That my manners might, like Kölle's,
Take a finer worldly polish,

"I forsook my home and started
To enlarge my mind by travel,—
To the Pyrenees directed,
Reached the hovel of Uraka,

"With a note of introduction
From my friend, Justinus Kerner,
Never dreaming that my comrade
Was in wicked league with witches.

"I was welcomed by Uraka,
But her friendship, to my horror,
Soon degenerated vilely
Into hot, unholy passion.

"Yes, impure desire still flickered
In the loathly withered bosom
Of the foul, abandoned creature:
She attempted to seduce me.

"But I prayed, 'Excuse me, Madam;
I belong not to the flighty,
Frisky followers of Goethe,
But to Swabia's school of poets.

"'Virgin Modesty our muse is,
And her drawers are made of leather—
Thickest leather—Do not tamper
With my virtue, I entreat thee!

"'Other poets have their genius,
Have their fancy, or their passion;
We, the poet sons of Swabia,
Take our stand upon our virtue.

"''Tis indeed our sole possession.
Rob me not, then, of this cover
For my nakedness—this moral
And religious beggar's mantle!'

"So I spake; but grim, ironic,
Smiled the woman, and, thus smiling,
Took some mistletoe and touched me
With a twig upon the head.

"Then I felt a cold discomfort
All at once, as if a goose-skin
Had been drawn across my body;
But alas! it was no goose-skin,

"It was worse—for, with a dog-skin,
She had covered and unmanned me—
From that dire and dreadful moment
I have been the pug you see me."

Not another word, poor fellow!
Could he utter for his sobbing;
So disconsolate his weeping,
That in tears he almost melted.

I said sorrowfully, "Listen.
Peradventure I might free thee
From the dog-skin, and restore thee
To humanity and art."

But he raised his paws to heaven,
Inconsolable, despairing,
And made answer, sighing deeply,
Groaning bitterly made answer,

"Till the Day of Doom, imprisoned
In this pug-skin I must languish.
Only virginal devotion
Can unloose the spell that binds me.

"Yes, a spotless virgin only,
Whom no man has ever sullied,
Can deliver me, if faithful
To the following condition:

"On the night of Saint Sylvester
Must this virgin without blemish
Read the works of Gustav Pfeizer,
Without dozing off to sleep.

"Could she stay awake while reading,
Keep her modest eyes from slumber,
The enchantment would be broken:
I should breathe, a man, undogged."

"Ah, if that be so," I answered,
"'Tis indeed beyond my power
To deliver thee; for, firstly,
I am no unspotted virgin.

"And still less could I accomplish,
In the second place, the reading
Of the works of Gustav Pfeizer,
Without falling fast asleep."

Caput XXIII.

From the witch's care uncanny
We descended to the hollow.
On the Positive we planted
Once again our feet securely.

Hence ye ghosts! Ye midnight faces!
Forms of air, and dreams of fever!
We will sensibly devote us
To the death of Atta Troll.

In the hole beside the young ones
Lies the father lapped in slumber:
Snores the snore of honest virtue,
And at last awakens yawning.

Perched beside him, Master One-Ear
At his furry head keeps scratching,
Like a rhyme-pursuing poet;
With his claws he marks the scansion.

Atta Troll's beloved daughters,
On their backs beside the father,
Lie in slumber, softly dreaming—
Lilies innocent, four-footed.

Ah, what fond and tender fancies
Fill the budding souls with yearning—
Souls of bears so white and virgin?
Tear-bedewed their gentle eyes are.

The most deeply thrilled and shaken
Is the youngest. Blissful leaping
Of the heart she feels already—
Foretaste sweet of Cupid's power.

Yes, the little god transfixed her
With his arrow through the fur,
When she saw the fate-decreed one,
Who—ye heavens!—is a man,

And no other than Schnapphahnski.
As he fled for life one morning
From the foe, he chanced to pass her,
Hot of foot upon the mountain.

Heroes fallen on misfortune
Always wake a woman's pity.
On our hero's face were graven
Pallid want and gloomy sorrow.

All his military chest—
Two-and-twenty silver groschen—
All he brought to Spain was forfeit,
And the spoil of Espartero.

Nothing saved! His very watch
Left behind at Pampeluna
In a pawn-shop, though an heirloom
Very precious, solid silver.

So with long-legged speed he passed her;
Never dreamed that he was winning
Something better than a battle,
More than victory—a heart!

Luckless bear! She loves and pines for
The hereditary foe!
Did her father guess the secret,
How terrific were his growling!

From the aged Edoardo
Who, with civic pride transported,
Stabbed Emilia Galotti,
Atta Troll would take example.

He would sooner slay his daughter,
With his claws himself destroy her,
Than paternally resign her
To the arms of even a prince!

But his mood is for the moment
Soft and tender; far from prompting
To the crushing of a rosebud,
Ere the stormy winds have stripped it.

In the cavern, by his children,
Pensive, mild, lies Atta Troll.
Yearning fills him—solemn omen—
For the land of the hereafter!

With a sigh he murmurs, "Children,"—
And the sudden tears well over—
"Now my pilgrimage is ended
On the earth, and we must part.

"For I dreamed this noon while sleeping,
Dreamed a dream of solemn import;
To my soul the blissful foretaste
Of approaching death was granted.

"I am far from superstitious—
Am no foolish bear—yet many
Are the things 'twixt earth and heaven
That no thinker can unravel.

"While the world and fate I pondered,
Yawning wearily, I slept;
And I dreamed that I was lying
With a spreading tree above me.

"Yes, I dreamed that purest honey
From the branches green was dropping:
That it glided down my muzzle,
And I felt a wondrous bliss.

"Blinking upward in my rapture,
I could see that on the topmost
Of the boughs were seven bears,
Little bears that slid and gambolled.

"They were tender, dainty creatures,
And their coats were red as roses,
With a fluffy, silky something
Like a wing upon the shoulders.

"Yes, those little bears like roses
Were adorned with silken wings,
And they sang a song celestial
With their sweet and flute-like voices!

"While they sang, my skin grew icy,
But my soul from out my body
Like a flame to heaven mounted,
With a bright and burning glory."

Thus with tremulous emotion
Softly grunted Atta Troll;
Sat a moment sad and silent;
Then he pricked excited ears,

And began to quiver strangely;
From his couch he sprang, and shaking
With his joy, for joy he bellowed,
"Did ye hear that sound, my children?

"Was not that the voice beloved
Of your mother? Oh, I know it,
Know the growling of my Mumma,
Of my own, my swarthy Mumma!"

Atta Troll, when he had spoken,
Darted headlong from the cavern
Like a madman, to his ruin!
Ah, he rushed upon his doom!

Caput XXIV.

In the Vale of Roncesvalles,
On the spot where once the nephew
Of King Charlemagne in battle
Fell and yielded up his spirit;

Fell and perished Atta Troll:
Fell by treason, as that other
Fell by Ganelon of Mainz
Who gave Chivalry its Judas.

What, alas! in bears is noblest—
Faithful conjugal affection—
Was the snare by which Uraka
Lured our hero to perdition.

With such mastery she mimicked
Swarthy Mumma's growl and bellow,
That poor Atta Troll was tempted
From the safety of his cavern.

Borne along on wings of yearning,
To a rock below he hurried;
Stood with puzzled tender snuffing;
Fancied Mumma was behind it—

'Twas, alas! Lascaro hidden
With the gun; who aimed and shot him
Through the heart that beat so gladly—
Forth the crimson blood came streaming.

Once or twice his head he waggled;
Then he sank with piteous groaning;
Gave a last convulsive quiver;
And his latest sigh was, "Mumma!"

So the noble hero fell.
So he died. But from his ashes
He will rise, and live for ever
In the bard's immortal numbers.

He will rise again in song,
And his fame will be colossal.
On four-footed trochees proudly
He will stride across the world.

And a monument King Louis
Will erect him in Walhalla,
And inscribe it with this legend
In his lapidary manner:

"Atta Troll, a bear of bias;
Good, religious; loving husband;
Sans-culotte of sylvan breeding,
With the age's folly tainted;

"Wretched dancer; stern convictions
In his shaggy bosom nursing;
Stinking badly on occasion;
Talents *nil;* a character!"

Caput XXV.

Three-and-thirty aged women,
On their heads the old Biscayan
Hood of scarlet, stood with welcome
At the entrance to the village.

One like Deborah was dancing,
On the tambourine was smiting—
Hymned the praises of Lascaro,
Of the mighty bear-destroyer.

Four robust and stalwart natives
Bore the slaughtered bear in triumph,
On his haunches seated upright
Like a patient at the baths.

And behind him like relations
Of the dead there came Lascaro,
With Uraka nodding greetings
Right and left, though much embarrassed.

The assistant Mayor gave them
Quite a speech before the town-hall,
Where the proud procession halted.
He discoursed on many subjects;

For example, on the increase
And importance of the navy;
On the press, the beetroot question,
And the curse of party-spirit.

After copiously expounding
Louis Philippe's many merits,
He proceeded to the bear
And Lascaro's great achievement.

"Thou, Lascaro!" cried the speaker,
As he wiped his sweating forehead
With his Spanish sash tricoloured,
"Thou, Lascaro! Thou, Lascaro!

"Who hast France and Spain delivered
From the fear of Atta Troll,
Both the lands acclaim thee hero,
Pyrenean Lafayette!"

When Lascaro heard his prowess
Thus officially exalted,
In his beard for satisfaction
Laughing low, he blushed for pleasure,

And in words abrupt and broken
That came stumbling o'er each other,
He expressed himself as grateful
For the proud, prodigious honour.

All with wonder and amazement
Viewed the spectacle unwonted,
And the aged women murmured
In alarm beneath their breath,

"Why, Lascaro has been laughing!
Why, Lascaro has been blushing!
Why, Lascaro has been speaking!
He, the witch's son, the dead man!"—

As for Atta Troll, they skinned him,
And they sold his hide by auction;
It was purchased by a furrier
For a hundred francs that day.

Very handsomely he dressed it;
With a scarlet border trimmed it;
And disposed of it for double
The amount that he had given.

Then my Juliet, as owner,
Came the third in the succession.
In her room it lies at Paris,
As a rug beside her bed.

Oh, at night how often barefoot
On the brown and mortal cover
Of my hero I have trodden,
On the skin of Atta Troll;

And, when sorrowfully musing,
Have recalled the words of Schiller:
"What in song shall be immortal,
First must perish from the earth."

Caput XXVI.

What of Mumma? Ah, poor Mumma
Is a woman, therefore weak!
Frailty's name, alas! is woman:
Porcelain is not half so brittle.

When the hand of fate had snatched her
From her great and glorious husband,
To her sorrow she succumbed not,
Did not pine and die of grieving.

On the contrary, existence
Was as gay for her as ever;
Still she danced before the public,
Courting daily its approval;

Till a permanent appointment
And establishment for life
She obtained at last in Paris,
In the famed Botanic Garden.

In that garden, with my Juliet
When I walked the other Sunday,
Holding forth to her on Nature,
On the beasts and plants and flowers,

On the golden pheasants, cedars
Of Mount Lebanon, giraffes,
On the dromedary, zebra—
While we strolled along conversing—

On the way we stood together
By the rampart of the pit
Where the bears are kept,—and Heavens!
What a spectacle transfixed us!

An enormous desert-bear
From Siberia, white and shaggy,
Much too amorously sported
Down below us with a she-bear;

And the she-bear was our Mumma!
Was the wife of Atta Troll!
By the moist and tender gleaming
Of her gentle eyes I knew her.

Yes, 'twas she, the swarthy daughter
Of the South! 'Twas she, our Mumma,
Living mated with a Russian,
A barbarian of the North!

Said a negro with a simper,
Who had sidled up towards us,
"On the earth could aught be fairer
Than the sight of happy lovers?"

And I answered, "Prithee, tell me
Who thus honours me by speaking."
But the negro cried, astounded,
"Has my face, then, been forgotten?

"I am he, the Moorish monarch
Who in Freiligrath went drumming.
In your Germany most wretched
Was my life—such isolation!

"Here, however, where as keeper
I have duly been appointed,
'Mongst the plants, the lions, tigers
Of my home amid the tropics,

"It is vastly more congenial
Than of old, when as a drummer
At your German fairs I figured,
Daily drumming, badly fed.

"And but recently I married
An Alsatian cook, a blonde.
By her ample arms encircled,
I am solaced in my exile.

"When I see her feet they mind me
Of our elephants for grace,
While her French recalls the sweetness
Of my black, my mother tongue.

"When she scolds—and that is often—
I can hear the rattling drum,
See the skulls that dangled round it—
Snakes and lions fled before it.

"But by moonlight she is tender,
And she weeps with soft emotion
Like the crocodile, for coolness
From the tepid river peeping.

"And the dainty toothsome morsels
That she gives me! I am thriving:
Have an appetite as healthy
As of old, beside the Niger.

"I am fat; am now the owner
Of a paunch—a swarthy crescent
That my shirt of snowy linen
Like a fleecy cloud envelops."

Caput XXVII.

(TO AUGUST VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.)

"Where in heaven, Master Louis,
Did you ferret out and fish up
All this crass and crazy rubbish?"
D'Este the Cardinal exclaimed,

Reading Ariosto's poem
On the frenzy of Orlando,
Which was dedicated humbly
To his Eminence exalted.

Yes, my good old friend Varnhagen,
Yes, your lips, I see, are moving
With the very words he uttered,
With a smile as keen and subtle.

As you read I hear you laughing!
Yet at times the thoughtful furrows
In your lofty brow will deepen,
And old memories awaken.

"Was not that the very music
Of the dreams I dreamed by moonlight
In my youth, beside Chamisso,
And Brentano, and Fouqué?

"Was not that the holy chiming
Of the long-lost forest chapel,
With the cap and bells familiar
In the pauses slyly jingling?

"Through the nightingale's sweet chorus
Booms the double-bass of bears,
Which, in turn, resolves and changes
Into soft and ghostly sighing.

"Here would madness pose as wisdom!
Here is wisdom gone demented!
Dying groans that in a moment
Cease, and bubble into laughter!"

Yes, the sounds, my friend, come ringing
From that time of dreams forgotten,
Though some modern trills and quavers
To the olden tunes are added.

And for all the gay bravado,
You will find despair in plenty—
To your charity long-proven
Be this poem, then, commended!

'Tis perhaps the last unfettered
Woodland song of the Romantic!
In our daylight din of battle
It will sadly die and cease.

Other times and other birds!
Other birds and other songs!
What a cackling! It reminds one
Of the geese who saved the city.

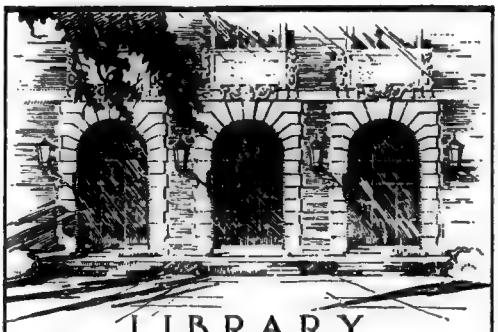
What a chirping! 'Tis of sparrows,
In their claws a farthing rushlight,
Aping Jove's celestial eagles
With the awful thunderbolt!

What a cooing! 'Tis of doves,
Turtle-doves no longer lovers:
Haters now who, false to Venus,
Draw the chariot of Bellona!

What a buzzing shakes the world!
'Tis the loud colossal May-bugs
Of the spring-time of the people,
With insensate fury smitten.

Other times and other birds!
Other birds and other songs!—
That belike would give me pleasure
Had I only other ears!

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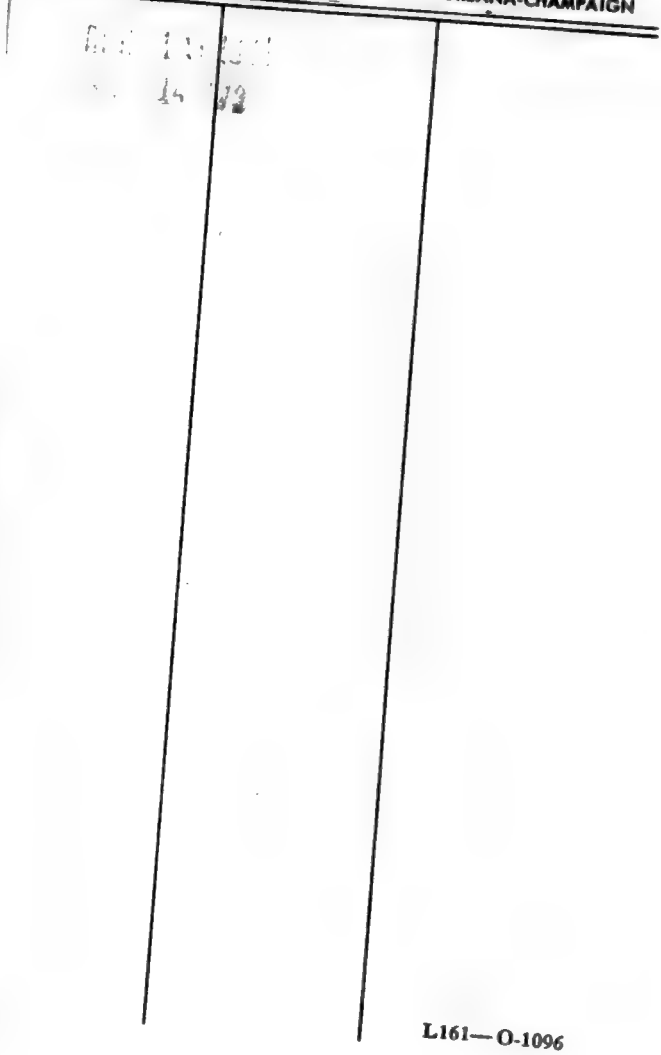
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Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

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GERMANY

ROMANCERO

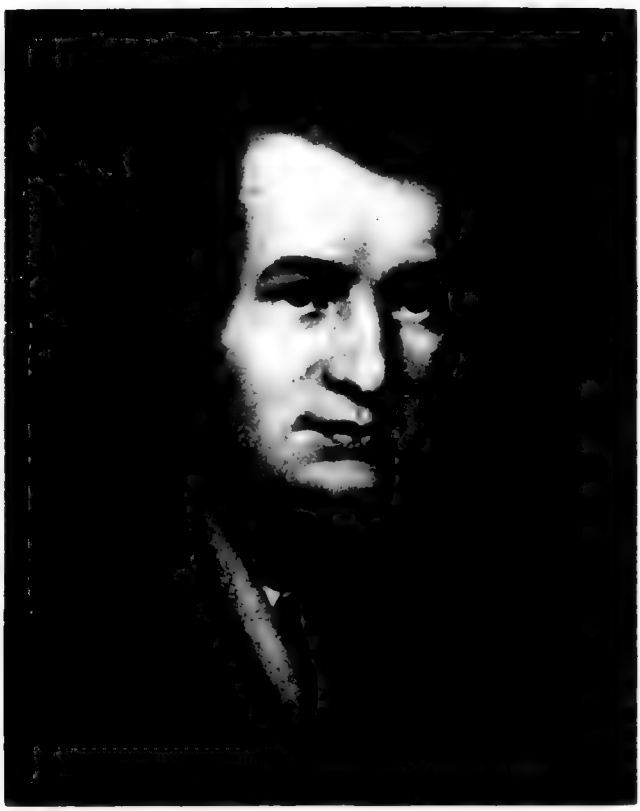
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VOLUME NINETEEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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Drawn by FRIEDRICH PECHT, 1840.

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GERMANY:

A WINTER'S TALE.

(Written in January 1844.)

GERMANY:

A WINTER'S TALE.

(1844.)

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

PARIS, adieu, beloved town,
To-day I turn a rover,
And leave you happy here behind,
With pleasure brimming over.

My German heart has fallen sick—
Within my breast I feel it—
And in the North the doctor dwells
Whose skill alone can heal it.

He's famous for his wondrous cures,
To health he'll soon restore me,
But drastic are his bitter drugs;
I shrink from what's before me.

Farewell, ye merry folk of France,
My brothers happy-hearted;
Though foolish yearning drives me forth,
We shall not long be parted.

Imagine! For the smell of peat
I long with real anguish;
For turnips, Lüneburger cakes
And sauer-kraut I languish.

I yearn for watchmen, councillors,
Black bread in all its crudeness,
For tobacco, parsons' daughters blonde—
I even yearn for rudeness.

I long to see my mother, too;—
I frankly own I'm human—
'Tis fully thirteen years since last
I saw the dear old woman.

Farewell, my wife, my lovely wife;
I must perplex and grieve you—
So close I fold you to my heart,
Yet, none the less, I leave you.

With this terrible thirst that drives me far
From bliss, I dare not trifle;
I feel I must fill my lungs once more
With German air, or stifle.

In convulsive throes this pain would end—
  This wild impetuous burning—
My foot, to tread on German ground,
  Quivers and shakes with yearning.

By the end of the year, completely cured
  Of this malady most unpleasant,
I'll be back, I promise, in time to buy
  The loveliest New Year's present.

Caput I.

When I crossed from France to Germany
  'Twas the mournful month and dreary
When November winds are stripping bare
  The forests worn and weary.

As we drew towards the boundary
  I felt my pulses leaping
Within my bosom for delight;
  I think I started weeping.

And when I heard the German tongue,
  'Twas with such curious gladness
I seemed to feel my heart's blood ebb
  Without regret or sadness.

A little maiden with a harp
  Entuned a common ditty;
The voice was false, but the pathos true;
  It touched my heart to pity.

She sang of love and lovers' woes,
  Of loss, and fates that sever,
Of meetings in a better land
  Where grief is purged for ever.

She sang our mortal vale of tears,
  The joys that end in sadness,
The world where souls, redeemed at last,
  Attain eternal gladness.

She sang the epopee of heaven,
  The song of loss and sighing,
With which they lull the populace,
  Big booby! when it's crying.

I know the song, the text, and the men
  Who wrote the song, and taught her;
I know that in private they drank their wine,
  And preached in public water.

I will write you a new, a sweeter song;
  You shall sing it without a quaver;
We will build the kingdom of heaven on earth
  'Tis a better plan and a braver.

We shall then be happy and starve no more:
  We whom the earth was spoiled for;
No longer shall lazy bellies waste
  What busy hands have toiled for.

Oh, here below there's not only food
  In abundance for every comer,
But beauty and pleasure and lollipops,
  And the myrtle and rose of summer.

The sugar plums, as soon as they're ripe,
  Shall to each and all be given,
And angels and sparrows may have our share
  Of the vague delights of heaven.

And if after death our wings should sprout,
  We'll pay you a visit with pleasure,
And help you to eat your tarts and cakes,
  And similar laid up treasure.

As sweet as the viol and flute shall ring
  My song, when that other's supplanted.
The passing bell shall be tolled no more,
  Nor the *Miserere* chanted.

To the Genius of Freedom, Europe, the Maid,
  Her virgin heart has yielded;
They have plighted their troth, and, heart on heart,
  With a first fond kiss have sealed it.

And a wedding true it will be, though the priest
May pronounce no blessing hollow.
Long live the bridegroom and the bride,
And the children that shall follow!

Oh, a wedding song is this new song;
There's gladness in every line there;
And stars, at the Holy Sacrament,
Arise in my soul, and shine there.

They are rapturous stars that blaze and pass
In streams of flame and wonder—
I feel such vigour in my blood
I could split the oaks asunder.

For, now I have stepped on German sod,
A magic sap steals through me;
The giant has touched his mother again,
And her love and her strength renew me.

Caput II.

While thus the maiden trilled and strummed,
The joys of heaven forestalling,
My box the Prussian douaniers
Were carefully overhauling.

They poked among handkerchiefs, shirts, and hose;
They rummaged in likely places;
They were nosing about for prohibited books,
And jewelry and laces.

Ye fools, who turn my boxes out,
There's nothing there forbidden;
The contraband I travel with,
In my head is safely hidden!

You will find neither Mechlin nor Brussels lace,
'Tis with what's in my head I trick you;
I warrant, were I to unpack my point,
It would prettily tease and prick you!

I carry the royal diamonds there
Of the Future, and need not falter:
The gems of the new, the unknown God,
That shall blaze upon his altar.

Oh, many a book I have stowed away;
I am speaking in moderation
When I tell you my brain is a warbling nest
Of books for confiscation.

Believe me, in Satan's library
Not one is worse or stranger;
Hoffmann von Fallersleben's own
Are not so fraught with danger.

A traveller standing by remarked
We had reached the chain of duties
Known as the Prussian Zollverein,
And enlarged upon its beauties.

"By the Zollverein," he went on to say,
"Our national life is founded,
And our poor divided Fatherland
To one whole at last is rounded.

"The Zollverein gives a unity
Which is obvious and real;
The unity born of the censorship
Is the deeper, the ideal.

"The censorship unifies thought and soul.
What we want—and the goal is sighted—
Is a Germany welded to one great whole,
Without, within, united."

Caput III.

Carolus Magnus at Aix-la-Chapelle
Lies entombed in the minster hoary.
You must not confound him with Charles Mayer,
Of poetic and Swabian glory.

Oh, sooner than lie in the minster at Aix,
A Kaiser dead for ever,
The poorest of poets at Stukkert I'd live,
Beside the Neckar river.

At Aix the very dogs are sick
Of the general air of inaction.
"Come, tramp on us, stranger," they seem to say,
"'Twould serve as a slight distraction."

I strolled for an hour in this wearisome hole,
And managed to bore myself greatly;
Had a look at the Prussian soldiers again:
They have altered but little lately.

They are wearing still the old grey cloak;
The high red collar I noted.
(The red betokens the blood of France—
Körner's the poet quoted.)

They're the same old wooden pedantic folk,
With none of your airy graces;
Rectangular, rigid at every turn,
With frozen, gloomy faces.

Decked out, and stiff on the same old stilts,
And bolt upright, you meet them;
Exactly as if they had swallowed the cane
That once was used to beat them.

The ferule has never quite passed away;
They carry it now inside them;
The "thou" of the present recalls the "he,"
When their masters used to chide them.

Their moustache is also but one of the modes
Which time, while it keeps, transposes:
The pigtail which formerly hung at their back
Now hangs in front from their noses.

The cavalry uniform credit reflects
On the man of taste who designed it;
The helmet struck me as specially good,
With the steel peak rising behind it.

It recalls, with its air of chivalry,
Mediæval lays romantic,
Mistress Joanna of Montfaucon,
Baron Fouqué, Uhland, Tieck.

It recalls the mediæval squires
Whom poetry harps so much on;
Who carried undying faith in their hearts,
And on their backs a scutcheon.

It reminds one of tourneys and crusades,
Of love and service lowly;
Of an age when newspapers were not yet—
An age unprinted, holy.

Yes, yes, the helmet is all I could ask—
'Tis a fancy exceedingly pretty;
A kingly conception in every way—
Full of point with its peak—quite witty!

I am only afraid when the thunder rolls,
And the sky is ablaze with levin,
Your romantic heads will be apt to attract
The up-to-date lightning of heaven.

And in war time, too, you must buy for your wear
Something lighter; those helmets might hamper
Your heads with their mediæval weight,
When you take to your heels and scamper.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, on the post-house sign,
I saw once more, indignant,
The bird I detest; from its poisonous eye
It threw me a glance malignant.

O horrible bird! If into my hands
You fell for any reason,
I would pluck out your feathers and hack off your claws,
And a fig for the bogey treason!

I would stick you up on an airy perch
Where the winds were blowing cold, then,
And summon sharpshooters in haste from the Rhine
To the shooting-match I'd hold, then.

Oh, a sceptre and crown I would give the man
  Who that bird to earth should bring, then.
A fanfare of trumpets we'd lustily blow,
  And shout "Long live the king!" then.

Caput IV.

When I reached Cologne and heard the Rhine,
  The dark was already falling.
I felt the effect of the German air—
  In an appetite appalling.

On omelettes and ham I gladly supped,
  And, seeing the ham so salt was,
I was driven of course to drink Rhine wine;
  The bacon alone at fault was.

The Rhine wine sparkles golden still,
  In the green, familiar rummer;
But, drink in excess, and your nose will flame
  To the flaunting hue of summer,

And will tickle and prickle, and tease you so,
  'Twill provoke your nails to malice;
I was forced to go out and stroll in the dusk
  Through the echoing streets and alleys.

The stone-built houses looked down as if fain
To tell me the vanished story
Of old Cologne, the sacred town—
Its annals and legends hoary.

Once a pious priesthood spent its days,
To godly living schooled, here,
And, according to Ulrich von Hutten's tale,
The *viri obscuri* ruled here.

Mediæval monks and nuns here danced
Through their cancan's lewd gyrations.
Hoogstraten, Cologne's grim Menzel, in gall
Here wrote his denunciations.

Round books and men the devouring flames
Of the pyre here leapt and panted,
While the loud and solemn bell was tolled,
And the Kyrie Eleison chanted.

Stupidity here, in the open street,
Like a dog with malice mated;
Religious intolerance still is the mark
Of its brood, and wrath unsated.

And see! in the pallid light of the moon,
A shape colossal towering!
'Tis Cologne's great minster against the sky
Like a devil darkly lowering.

It was built to be the mind's Bastille;
The hope that the Papists cherished
Was that German thought, imprisoned there,
Would languish till it perished.

But Luther arrived with his thundering "Halt!"—
Cried out on their hope, and killed it.
The cathedral stands as it stood that day;
Complete, they will never build it.

It will never be finished—and that is well;
For thus, in its baulked ambition,
As a monument of our German strength,
It fulfils a Protestant mission.

The bells on your charity-bags may ring;
You will fail, though you even solicit
From Jews and heretics shameless alms;
'Tis an idle dream—dismiss it.

In vain for this object the great Franz Liszt
May give concerts justly lauded,
And a talented king declaim himself hoarse,
By a loyal people applauded.

The cathedral will never be built to an end;
Though the Swabian fools have striven
To help to that consummation accurst,
By the shipload of stones they've given.

It will never be finished, however loud
  May clamour the owl and raven—
Those mediævally-minded birds
  Who house in the steeple's haven.

Nay, more than that, the time will come—
  I speak no foolish fable—
When the minster, far from achieving your dream,
  Will be used as a common stable.

Then where shall we put—'tis a puzzle indeed
  To decide what the proper course is—
The Holy Three Kings of the Morning Land,
  When the minster's a stable for horses?

I have frequently heard the question asked;
  But the Holy Three Kings, when we rout them,
Will easily find some other home;
  No need to trouble about them.

You can stow them away in Münster town,
  Each in an iron basket—
In the three that hang on Saint Lambeth's Church—
  That's my advice if you ask it.

And if one of the holy triumvirate
  Should be missing, then take another;
Replace the king of the morning land
  With an occidental brother.

Caput V.

And when I reached the bridge I saw,
Where the bastion guards the river,
The waves of Father Rhine below
In the quiet moonlight quiver.

"How has it fared with you, Father Rhine?
Once more I give you greeting.
How often with a wistful heart
I have longed for this hour of meeting!"

Having spoken thus, I heard in the depths
A curious peevish moaning
That sounded like an old man's cough,
Accompanied by groaning.

"Welcome, my boy; for your kindly thoughts
In exile I am grateful.
We have not met for thirteen years—
Disastrous years and fateful.

"At Biberich I have swallowed stones.
The taste was vile, yet worse is
What heavier on my stomach lies—
One Niklas Becker's verses.

"To hear him sing you would certainly think
That I was some virgin speckless,
Who had guarded from every thieving hand
Her crown of honour fleckless.

"I have been so mad when I heard them shout
That song the fool wrote round me,
That I've almost torn my old white beard,
In myself have almost drowned me.

"The French could tell a truer tale:
Quite another sort of story.
They knew how often they fouled my waves
While marching on to glory.

"The silly song and the silly man!
He has shamefully stigmatized me,
And, for all I know, in politics
He may even have compromised me.

"How shall I face the French again,
My cheek with shame thus burning?
I who so often have prayed to Heaven
With tears for their returning!

"I was always fond of the little men—
Such gallant, gay carousers!
Do they sing and spring as they used to do,
And wear those funny white trousers?

"I should like so much to see them again,
But I hardly dare to, after
That ridiculous, stupid, accursed song;
I confess I fear their laughter.

"Why, Alfred de Musset may come, you know,
That gutter-snipe of the city;
And, marching ahead of them, drum me deaf
With his insolence vile but witty."

Thus poor old Father Rhine complained;
It made me sad to hear him.
I answered with many soothing words,
And did my best to cheer him.

"Father Rhine, you need not fear the French;
Their tongue no longer itches
To jest and gibe; they're completely changed.
They've discarded the funny white breeches.

"The ones they are wearing now are red,
With different buttons; they wander
Unsinging, unspringing, grow duller each day,
And hang their heads and ponder.

"Kant, Fichte, and Hegel are names one hears
They philosophize and they think now.
They play at skittles and smoke their pipes,
And beer is all the drink now.

"They will soon be worse Philistines far than ourselves,
So much have things altered. Voltaire now
Has hardly a single disciple left;
'Tis by Hengstenberg they swear now.

"It is true that Alfred de Musset is still
A gutter-snipe, and a witty one;
But we'll see that we give him as good as we get,
Though our answer may not be a pretty one.

"Yes, if he comes drumming his wretched jokes,
We'll whistle him back his measure;
We'll whistle him tunes of the women fair
In whom he finds his pleasure.

"Oh, soon you'll have heard a better song.
Let this silly song not grieve you.
Farewell, we shall shortly meet again,
Though at present I must leave you."

Caput VI.

Paganini was always followed about
By a Spiritus Familiaris,
Who was now a dog, and now assumed
The form of the late George Harris.

On Napoleon, at every critical hour,
A man in scarlet waited;
And Socrates had his dæmon too—
No vision brain-created.

And I, myself, when at work by night
Have seen, his features hidden
By a sinister mask, behind my chair,
A mysterious guest unbidden.

He had something concealed beneath his cloak,
Which at times, when the light would catch it,
Glinted and gleamed in the strangest way,
Like an executioner's hatchet.

He was square and short, his eyes were as bright
As stars, and as keen as sabres.
He kept his distance, and held his tongue,
And never disturbed my labours.

This singular fellow had vanished for years,
And who would have thought he'd find me
In the town of Cologne, in the moonlit street,
Where he suddenly stood behind me?

I noted him dogging my every step,
As I sauntered dreamily musing;
If I stood for a moment he came to a halt,
Like a shadow, without my choosing.

He would stand as if waiting, and when I moved on
Once more, would follow me closely.
And so we reached the Cathedral square,
When I turned at last morosely—

For I found it beyond endurance—and said
With excusable irritation,
"Why doggest thou thus my steps through the night?
I demand an explanation.

"We always meet when my heart is thrilled,
And vast emotions stir it;
When through my brain in splendour flash
The lightnings of the spirit.

"O wherefore is thy gaze so fixed?
With what design intrudst thou?
And what hast thou gleaming beneath thy cloak?
Who art thou, and what wouldst thou?"

With the utmost coolness he made reply,—
He was even a trifle phlegmatic,—
"Adjure me not, for Heaven's sake,
And please to be less emphatic.

"I am no ghost of an age gone by,
No spectre pale and dusty,
I was never appealed to by rhetoric,
My philosophy's rather rusty.

"Nor am I practical—rather was
For a quiet life and a still meant,
Yet know, that whatever thy soul conceives,
I am charged with its fulfilment.

"The years may drift, but I never rest
Till thy thoughts have been translated
Into deeds. 'Tis thine to think; I act.
Each does as it was fated.

"In Rome, in advance of the consul they bore
An axe, let me remind thee;
To-day thou hast thy lictor too,
But the axe is borne behind thee.

"I am thy lictor and walk in thy wake
With the hatchet brightly gleaming.
I am the deed evolved at last
From thy musing and thy dreaming."

CAPUT VII.

I returned to my inn, and slept as if rocked
To the music of angel-numbers.
One sleeps so soundly on German beds,
On the feathers so softly slumbers.

Of the national bolsters and pillows light
  How often I've thought with yearning
When, an exile lone, upon mattresses hard
  Through the long night-watches turning.

One sleeps so well on our German beds—
  On none can a man dream better.
The German soul feels untrammelled and free
  From every mortal fetter.

Untrammelled and free, to the heights of heaven
  It wings in lofty soaring.
O German soul, how proud thy flight
  When the German body is snoring!

The gods grow pale when they see thee come,
  And many a star of even
By the rush and flap of thy mighty wings
  Is quenched where it shone in heaven.

To France and Russia the land belongs,
  The Britons own the water,
But lords of the realm of dreams are we:
  We won it without slaughter.

In the sky we practise hegemony proud:
  Develop till none would know us;
Less favoured nations can only evolve
  On the flat, dull earth below us.

I fell asleep, and thought in a dream
That up and down I wandered
Once more through the moonlit, echoing streets
Of the holy town and pondered.

Again my attendant, muffled and black,
Strode after, to escort me.
Still on we went, till I grew so tired
That my knees could scarce support me.

And lo! the heart within my breast
Was cut, and gaped asunder.
I felt the red blood streaming down
From the open wound, with wonder.

And often, myself, I know not why,
As we passed a house, I'd linger
To smear the post with the blood of my wound,
In which I dipped my finger.

And every time I marked a house
I heard dread echoes rolling;
With melancholy note afar
Some passing bell was tolling.

The golden moon grew wan and sad,
And shone more pale in heaven;
Across her face, like sable steeds,
The tempest-clouds were driven.

And, following at my back, there came
That muffled form and eerie,
With the axe beneath his mantle hid.
I went till I was weary.

I walked till we reached the Cathedral square,
And lo! before I knew it,
I had paused where the door was standing wide,
And, having paused, passed through it.

Silence and death and darkness reigned
In the minster's vasty spaces,
While, to show the gloom, some hanging lamps
Burned low in their dusky places.

I wandered along the pillared aisles;
No sound save, ringing hollow,
The tread of my faithful friend behind!
I could hear his footsteps follow.

We came at last to a place that shone,
In the taper's glimmer, golden
And bright with gems; of the Holy Three Kings
'Twas the chapel rich and olden.

But the Holy Three Kings who used to lie
So still in their jewelled prison
Were seated on their sarcophagus,
From their ancient sleep uprisen.

Three skeletons lean in fantastic array,
  Their poor yellow skulls still wearing
Their royal crowns, and a sceptre proud
  Their bony fingers bearing!

They jerked and moved their long dead bones
  Like puppets, stiffly, slowly;
They smelt of decay and rotten dust,
  Mingled with incense holy.

And one of them even opened his mouth
  And made me a speech, a long one;
He expounded to me his claims to respect:
  Thought each of his points a strong one.

The first of the reasons was that he was dead;
  That a king he was, the second;
The third that he was a saint; the whole
  Of but little account I reckoned.

I answered him merrily, "Vainly you strive
  To convince a man who so sage is
That at once he seizes the vital point—
  You belong to vanished ages.

"Begone! The deep, forgotten grave
  Is the proper place for you now.
Your chapel's treasures belong to life,
  And the living claim their due now.

"This sacred roof, in the days to come,
Is decreed by Fate for a stable,
And, should you resist, we'll eject you with clubs
As an obsolete, foolish fable."

Having spoken thus, I turned about,
And saw behind me shining
My dumb companion's dreadful axe.
My wishes straight divining,

He advanced with his fearful axe and smote—
They might have been brick and mortar—
Those skeletons three of a false belief—
He showed them little quarter.

With awful groans the vaulted roof
Re-echoed his axe's thunder;
The streams of blood from my bosom ran,
And I woke with a start of wonder.

Caput VIII.

From Cologne to Hagen some fifteen and six
Is the fare, rather under than over.
The diligence chanced to be full, so I rode
In a special chaise, without cover.

'Twas a late autumn morning both chilly and dull
Through the mud the carriage went wheezing.
But, in spite of the wretched weather and road,
I found it all rather pleasing.

Ah, this is my native air indeed,
By which my hot cheek fanned is,
And this mud of the highway in which I sink
The mud of my Fatherland is!

The horses kept wagging their tails like friends,
As if theirs had always been my road.
Atalanta's apples were not more fair
Than their pellets of dung on the high-road.

We posted through Mühlheim, a pretty town;
The people are busy and staid there.
In the May of eighteen thirty-one,
I remember, a visit I paid there.

There was bud, then, and blossom on bush and on bough,
The sunbeams were laughing and winking,
The birds were all singing and yearning in song,
And the people were hoping and thinking,

"These lanky, lean warrior-guests of ours
We shall soon be allowed to fire on.
When they take to their horses their stirrup-cup
We'll pour them from bottles of iron.

And Freedom her banner of red, white and blue
  Will wave over dancing and revel;
She may even fetch Bonaparte up from the grave
  In defiance of Death and the Devil."

But alas! the knights are still to the fore,
  And plenty of geese, whose haunches
Were lean as a lathe when they entered the land,
  Now go with their jolly round paunches.

Pale as pictures of Faith, Hope, Charity,
  Were the dogs when they settled down here;
But since then they have tippled their noses red
  On the goodly wine of our town here.

And freedom has sprained her ankle bone,
  And alas! the revel tarries,
And sadly the tricolor of France
  Looks down from the towers of Paris.

The Emperor rose from the dead, 'tis true,
  But the English worms had made him
A peaceful and a quiet man,
  And again in the tomb they laid him.

I saw the procession, the gilded car;—
  Amid the crowd stood staring;—
Saw the golden goddess of Victory
  The golden coffin bearing.

Up the Champs Elysées, over the snow,
Where the heavy mists hung blinding,
On through the Arc de Triomphe proud
The solemn train came winding.

The musicians' fingers were stiff with cold,
And the music suffered badly;
The eagles on their standards seemed
To nod me a greeting sadly.

The people looked like so many ghosts,
Lost in their memories hoary;
Again they dreamed the magic dream
Of world-imperial glory.

I wept that day. I wept when I heard,
From the heart of a loving nation,
The "Vive l'Empereur!" ring out, as of old,
In deathless adoration.

Caput IX.

We left Cologne at a quarter to eight—
The start was somewhat early.
When Hagen was reached, where we halted to dine,
It was three o'clock, or nearly.

The table was spread, I was glad to see,
With the good old German dishes.
My sauer-kraut, hail! Your homely smell
As sweet as a man could wish is.

My mother stewed her chestnuts so—
I loved them with childish devotion.
And my native cod-fish, be greeted! How well
You swim in your buttery ocean!

O the Fatherland must be dear to all,
Unless to the heart of dullard!
Of bloaters and eggs I am also fond,
Fried brown and rightly coloured.

How the sausages spluttered for glee in the fat!
Roast fieldfares, like angels rejoicing,
A melodious song from their apple-sauce sang,
The sweetest of welcomes voicing.

"All hail, compatriot! Long you have roamed,"
They twittered and warbled together,
"And wandered afar in a foreign land,
With birds of a foreign feather."

A goose was put down with the other good things,
A creature quiet and kindly;
Perhaps in the days when we both were young,
She had yielded her heart to me blindly.

Her gaze was so wistful and faithful and sad—
I was sorry I could not commend her—
I am willing to vouch for her beautiful soul,
But her body was far from tender.

A boar's head was served on a pewter plate;
'Twas a dish with which none could quarrel.
The snouts of our bores at home, I see,
Are garlanded still with laurel!

Caput X.

We had barely left Hagen when darkness fell,
A cold chill struck to my liver—
But, till we reached Unna, and stopped at the inn,
I could only be patient and shiver.

The sweetest of maidens mixed me my punch;
She was friendly and fair as the noonlight.
Her golden locks were like yellow silk,
And her eyes were as soft as moonlight.

'Twas a positive pleasure to hear again
The Westphalian voices speaking.
With memories fond of comrades loved
It set the punch-bowl reeking.

Those dear old friends of the Göttingen days!
  How we drank while we were able,
And then how we fell on each other's hearts,
  And sank beneath the table!

How I loved those honest Westphalian lads
  In the good old times that fled fast—
They were free of all vain ostentation and show,
  And always so true and so steadfast!

How squarely and proudly they stood when they fenced!
  How gallant their gay defiance!
How fairly they dealt their tierces and quartes,
  As they fought with hearts of lions!

They can fight, they can drink, and, when hand-clasps seal
  Love's bond, their spirit mellows
And they weep; they are sentimental oaks,
  And the rarest of all good fellows!

May Heaven guard you, gallant race,
  And bless your seed! May your story
Be untroubled alike by war and fame,
  By heroes and heroes' glory!

May your sons have luck and always be set
  An easy examination!
May your daughters be suitably married betimes!
  Amen to my supplication!

Caput XI.

This is the forest of Teutoburg
Of which Tacitus has written:
The classic morass where Varus stuck,
And the Roman host was smitten.

By Hermann, the noble Cheruscian prince,
They were beaten, and died inglorious;
The German nation triumphed here,
And rose from the mud victorious.

Had Hermann and his fair-haired hordes
Met the fate that was the foeman's,
German freedom had never been even a name,
For we had all been Romans.

And Latin customs and speech would have ruled,
In the land that ours by right is.
In Munich we should have had vestals now,
And Swabians called Quirites.

And Hengstenberg, an aruspex wise,
Would be raking in bowels of kine now;
As an augur, Neander be watching the flight
Of birds in search of a sign now.

Birch-Pfeiffer had tippled her turpentine neat,
As the Roman ladies used to.
(More sweetly, they say, those smelt who drank,
And not many, I fancy, refused to).

Our Raumer instead of a German scamp,
Would in Latin have hight *scampatius*,
And Freiligrath would have been writing his verse
Unrhymed, like Flaccus Horatius.

That boorish beggar, Father John,
Would be known as *Boorianus*,
And Massmann, *Me Hercule!* Latin would talk,
As Marcus Tullius Massmanus.

The friends of truth would be fighting no more
With curs in the press; the arena
They would figure in rather, at mortal grips
With the lion, jackal, hyena.

We should now have had only one, instead
Of six-and-thirty, Neros.
To defy the tyrant's myrmidons
We had opened our veins like heroes.

Our Schelling, known as Seneca,
Would have perished like him. Our dictum
On the works of our own Cornelius had been,
"Cacatum non est pictum."

Thank God! the Romans were put to flight,
And the victory was Hermann's;
Varus succumbed with his legions doomed,
And we remained good Germans.

We're a German folk with a German tongue,
Which will serve its turn, and pass in us;
And the Swabians—well, they are Swabians still,
And an ass is an ass, not *asinus*.

The eagle-order Raumer wears
As scamp, and not *scampatius;*
And Freiligrath writes in his wretched rhyme—
Of a truth he's no Flaccus Horatius.

Massmann, thank God! speaks no Latin at all;
The drama Birch-Pfeiffer's trade is,
And she tipples no nasty turpentine
Like the gallant Roman ladies.

O Hermann, to you we owe it all!
It is right you should be rewarded
With a monument brave at Detmold built.
I myself have subscribed toward it.

Caput XII.

The carriage went bumping along in the dark,
And many a jolt it gave one.
Then a sudden crash, and a wheel came loose;
Our plight was distinctly a grave one.

The postillion dismounted and hastened for help
To the village, and lo! I found me
Alone in the wood at the dead of night
With a clamour and howl around me.

'Tis the famished wolves that so loudly call
With hunger's voice unsleeping;
'Tis their fiery eyes that gleam through the shades,
Like the flicker of torches leaping.

The beasts, informed of my coming, no doubt,
Have resolved, by way of ovation,
To sing in my honour their choruses loud,
And provide an illumination.

I see, the song is a serenade—
A very charming notion;
I strike on the instant an attitude,
And reply with deep emotion:

"I am heartily glad, O brother wolves,
In spite of my demerits,
To hear so much affection howled
From so many noble spirits.

"What my feelings at this moment are
No words could fitly measure.
The memory of this happy hour
I shall for ever treasure.

"I thank you for your confidence,
Which I trust is not mistaken:
For that unswerving loyalty
Which has stood each test unshaken.

"Brother wolves, ye never doubted me,
Were never disconcerted
By the knaves who said that to the dogs
I had secretly deserted:

"That a renegade, in the sheepfold soon
I'd be winning a councillor's glories.
It was quite beneath my dignity
To contradict such stories.

"The sheepskin that at times for warmth
I have hung about my shoulders
Has never made me love the sheep,
However it struck beholders.

"I am neither a sheep, nor a councillor,
Nor a dog, nor a haddock; I never
Was aught but a wolf, my heart and teeth
Are as wolfish and keen as ever.

"A wolf am I, and shall always be
With the wolves a brother yelper.
Yes, count on me, and shift for yourselves,
And God will be your helper."

Such the extempore speech I made;
With the usual mutilation,
In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, by Kolb,
It was printed for circulation.

Caput XIII.

The sun arose near Paderborn
In a mood of melancholy.
His task indeed is a tiresome one—
To light a world of folly.

For when he has lit the one half up
And is hasting to let his light fall
On the other half, already the first
Is darkening down to nightfall.

Sisyphus' stone keeps rolling back;
The Danaïds' leaky vessel
Will never be full, and the sun in vain
With the dark will always wrestle.

And lo! as the early mist dissolved,
And the morning red flamed o'er me,
The form of the Man who was crucified
Appeared on the path before me.

The sight of you always makes me sad,
Unhappy kinsman and dreamer!
Poor fool, who wanted to save the world
And be mankind's Redeemer!

O evilly they entreated you,
Those mighty lords of Jewry!
But why did you speak of Church and State
So regardless of their fury!

Alas! that the art of printing books
To the world had not been given!
If it had, in a book you had only to air
Your views on the things of heaven.

A censor would then have excised any blame
Of our earth, and avoided friction.
Yes, a careful and loving censorship
Would have saved you from crucifixion.

Had you preached but your Sermon on the Mount
From a text of a different bias!
You had genius and talent enough to know
That one ought to spare the pious!

From the Temple with whips you even chased
The bankers and money-changers.
And now, poor dreamer! you hang on the cross,
A warning from all such dangers.

Caput XIV.

A chill damp wind, and a barren land;
The chaise jolts through the mire;
But, ringing and singing, I seem to hear:
"Sun, thou accusing fire!"

'Twas a ballad my old nurse often sang,
On a tale of murder founded;
The burden was, "Sun, thou accusing fire!"
Like a bugle call it sounded.

The murderer lived in mirth and glee,
And slept on an easy pillow,
Till at last in the wood they found him dead,
Hanged high on a hoary willow.

By the sun convicted, the murderer fell
  Beneath the avenger's ire.
Ottilia, dying, to heaven had screamed,
  "Sun, thou accusing fire!"

And whenever I think of that stirring song,
  And how the burden moved me,
I remember my nurse's wrinkled face,
  And how the dear soul loved me.

Near Münster born, she was quite a mine
  Of ghostly tales and gory,
And many a folksong, too, could sing,
  And legend and ancient story.

How my heart would beat when she told me the woes
  Of the princess, captive holden,
Who sat alone on a desolate waste,
  Her tresses shining golden!

From morn till night she herded geese,
  And when she took her late way
Toward the town and had homed her flock,
  She would pause beside the gateway.

The head of the horse was nailed above,
  Who had borne her, and shared her danger,
When she left her happy home to dwell
  In that cruel land, a stranger.

"O Falada!" oft the maid would sigh,
"That thou shouldst be hanging yonder!"
And the horse would answer, "Alack the day,
That hither thou didst wander!"

"If my mother knew," the maid would mourn,
"That thus we pine and languish!"
And the head would answer sadly down,
"Her heart would break for anguish!"

I listened with breathless eagerness,
Hoarding each word like a miser,
When she told me the strange, mysterious tale
Of Barbarossa, the Kaiser.

She assured me he was not really dead,
Though learned folk might say so;
With his knights in a mountain he slumbered, hid,
And had dwelt for many a day so.

Kyffhäuser, she said, was the mountain's name
That he dreed his royal doom in.
'Tis a cave with vaulted chambers high,
Which ghostly lamps illumine.

The first of the rooms is a stable vast,
Where, dight in harness splendid,
Thousands and thousands of horses stand
Above the mangers bended.

They are saddled and bridled, one and all,
  But never a neigh gives token
Of life, they stand like statues of iron
  In a silence for ever unbroken.

In the second hall the soldiers sleep,
  Stretched out in their straw-strewn places:
Thousands of soldiers, bearded and rough,
  With bold and warlike faces.

And each is armed from top to toe,
  But never a one of the number
Is seen to toss or stir at all;
  They lie in dreamless slumber.

In the third room axes and spears and swords
  Are piled in mounting stages,
With helmets and harness, and firearms used
  By the Franks of the Middle Ages.

The cannons, though not very numerous, serve
  To commemorate fields well holden;
From the top of the pile a standard flaunts
  The colours, black-red-golden.

In the fourth hall dwells the Kaiser himself,
  On a chair of stone he is seated;
By a table of stone, his head on his hand,
  He has sat while the ages fleeted.

His beard is as red as a fiery flame,
  That beard which grew so bravely
That it touched the ground; and now he will move
  An eyelid, and now frown gravely.

Is the Kaiser asleep, or lost in thought?
  What boots such vain surmising?
When comes the appointed hour at last,
  He will wake, be sure, and rising,

Will shout on a sudden "To horse! To horse!"
  While his standard he seizes boldly;
And his warriors, hearing, will spring from the ground
  Where they slept so long and so coldly.

They will leap to the saddle, and every horse
  Will whinny and paw to be going;
And they'll gallop away through the echoing world,
  With the trumpets lustily blowing.

O boldly they'll ride, and boldly they'll charge,
  For their age-long sleep is over.
A stern tribunal the Kaiser will hold,
  And the dastardly crime uncover

Of those murderous cowards who cruelly slew
  Our virgin of heart's desire,
Young Germany fair with her locks of gold—
  "Sun, thou accusing fire!"

And many who laughed and thought themselves safe
Within their lordly castles,
Barbarossa will order his hangman to swing
From the rope, like caitiff vassals.

Oh, sweet my old nurse's tales to recall!
Their beauties never tire.
My superstitious heart exults:
"Sun, thou accusing fire!"

Caput XV.

A rain as sharp as needle-points
Falls, icy cold and wetting;
The horses lash their dispirited tails,
And wade through the puddles, sweating.

The postillion tootles the good old tune—
I know every note that is in it—
"Three riders come galloping out through the gate;"
I grow drowsier every minute.

Then I fell asleep, and lo! in a dream,
The earth was cleft asunder,
And I stood by Barbarossa's side
In Kyffhäuser's cave of wonder.

But he was not sitting, a statue of stone,
By a stony chair and table;
Nor did he look quite so worthy of awe
As they picture him in the fable.

He showed me his rooms, and waddled about,
And chatted with intimate pleasure:
Like an antiquarian pointed out
Full many a curious treasure.

In the hall of armour he stopped to explain
How the club should be held and wielded;
And, using his ermine to polish some swords,
He rubbed till the rust had yielded.

Then he took up a pair of peacock's plumes,
And, adroit of hand, had quickly
Removed from the helmets and coats of mail
The dust that covered them thickly.

"Of the standard," he said, "I am proudest of all;
Mark the wood; no worm has gnawed it.
And the silk, I maintain, is as good as new;
You will find not a moth has flawed it."

When we came to the hall, where the warriors armed
Lay asleep on their pallets lowly,
The old man said with a roguish grin,
"Hush! Here we must walk more slowly,

"And talk in whispers in case they should hear;
For this, you must know, is a heyday;
Another hundred years have fled,
And brought us round to pay-day."

The Kaiser approached with a stealthy foot
His men on their quiet couches,
And slipped a ducat with deft despatch
Into every one of their pouches.

I was greatly astonished and stared in surprise,
But he smirked and explained, "My plan is
To pay them thus every hundred years;
The wage a ducat per man is."

In the hall where steeds by the thousand stood,
Each silent beside its manger,
The Kaiser merrily rubbed his hands—
His manner was even stranger.

He counted them over, one by one,
And poked their ribs, approving;
He counted and counted, with anxious haste
His eager lips kept moving.

"The number, alas! is not yet complete,"
He sighed, his brow grown gloomy.
"Of soldiers and weapons I've more than enough,
But the horses would undo me.

"It is true there's a goodly number there,
And dealers, charged to supply me
With more, are scouring the earth—I want
The best that money can buy me;

"But the tale is not yet complete, when it is
I will strike my blow belated
For my Fatherland and my German folk,
That so long have wearily waited."

The Emperor paused, and I eagerly cried,
"Nay, strike at once; time passes.
If horses, old fellow, are all you want,
In their stead you can surely use asses."

Barbarossa returned, with an easy laugh,
"As to time, we need not worry.
Rome was not built in a day; no good
Has ever resulted from hurry.

"He comes to-morrow who comes not to-day;
The oak is long in the growing;
And *chi va piano, va sano* is true
By the Roman proverb's showing.

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Caput XVI.

I was roused for a while from uneasy sleep
  By the chaise that jolted and lumbered;
But my lids were heavy, and, dreaming again,
  I returned to the cave as I slumbered.

We walked about through the echoing halls
  With interest unflagging.
The Kaiser was anxious to hear the news,
  And learn how the world was wagging.

Not a rumour had reached him for many a year,
  And he begged me to report all;
Since the Seven Years' War not a single word
  Had he heard from a living mortal.

"What of Karschin and Moses Mendelssohn?"
  He asked, nor would let me parry
The subject of Louis the Fifteenth's love,
  The infamous Dubarry.

"O Kaiser," I said, "you are far behind.
  Long dead has been that Moses,
With Rebecca, his wife; even Abraham,
  Their son, in the dust reposes.

"With Leah, Abraham begat
Felix, a child whose star is
Ascending fast; an orchestra now
He conducts, and famed afar is.

"Old Karschin has likewise long been dead,
And also Klencke, her daughter;
But Helmine Chezy is living still,
Or so at least I have thought her.

"As long as Louis the Fifteenth reigned
The Dubarry lived in clover,
And when she was guillotined at last
The best of her life was over.

"The fifteenth Louis died in his bed.
With the sixteenth, Fate dealt badly;
He perished with Marie Antoinette
By the guillotine most sadly.

"The queen displayed a courage high:
With royal pride demeaned her;
But Dubarry shrieked and wept aloud
On the day they guillotined her."

The Kaiser suddenly came to a halt,
And stared and asked my meaning:
"But explain to me now, for heaven's sake,
What is this guillotining?"

"Guillotining is a method new—
Since you force me to instruct you—
That, no matter what your sex or rank,
Will from life to death conduct you.

"And when this method is employed,
They use a machine invented
By one Guillotin, whose skill in the name
Guillotine is complimented.

"They strap you tightly to a board,
Then they lower this and shove you
Between two posts—a triangular axe
Is hanging right above you—

"They pull a cord; the axe comes down
And gaily chops your head off;
Your head rolls merrily into a sack,
And your body is carted dead off."

At this point the Kaiser cut me short;
"Enough of your instrument vile, sir!
Forbid it, heaven, that such a machine
My realm should ever defile, sir!

"The king and his consort strapped to a board!
That any should so forget, sir,
The rudiments of reverence
And courtly etiquette, sir!

"And who are you, that you venture to speak
Of such matters like an equal?
Have a care, my man, or I'll clip your wings;
You will bitterly rue the sequel.

"Your impudence, sirrah, exceeds all bounds.
I am furious, and with reason;
Your very breath's *lèse majesté*
And impious high treason."

When the fierce old man with insulting words
Gave rein thus to his passion,
I spoke my mind out plump and plain
In no half-hearted fashion.

"You are only a poor old fabled thing,
And that is the truth about you.
Lie down, Barbarossa, and go to sleep;
We shall free our land without you.

"The Republicans, cracking their silly jokes,
Would laugh us to scorn if a spectre
We chose as our leader in Liberty's cause—
A ghost with a crown and sceptre.

"For your standard, too, I have lost my love.
Fools, mad for everything olden,
In my *burschenschaft* days disgusted me quite
With your colours, the black-red-golden.

"Yes, slumber away in your mountain hid.
Both for us and yourself it were wiser;
For, now I consider the facts of the case,
We are better without a Kaiser."

Caput XVII.

In a dream we quarrelled, the Kaiser and I;
'Twas a dream, which my only defence is,
For nobody surely would dare to browbeat
A prince, in his waking senses.

It is only in dream, the ideal realm,
That the German has courage to utter
The German thoughts which, awake, his heart
Is afraid to so much as mutter.

We were driving along by a forest whose trees
Were so uncompromisingly real,
With their sturdy trunks and their barren boughs,
That they checked further flights ideal.

The oaks were reproachfully shaking their heads,
The birches were nodding, "Fie, fie! sir."
And moved by sudden remorse I exclaimed,
"Forgive me, beloved Kaiser!

"Forget, Barbarossa, my violent speech;
I admit that your way is wiser;
I am only a reckless, impatient fool:
Come quickly, O my Kaiser!

"If you won't have the guillotine, stick to the sword
For the necks of the nobles who stumble.
Keep the hangman's rope for the burgess who slips,
And for Hans in his smock-frock humble.

"If you'll only reverse the order at times,
We will change our views to meet yours;
Now and then hang the knight and the burgess behead;
Remember, we're all God's creatures.

"Let the criminal court of Charles the Fifth
Resume its grim vocation;
Rail off and classify folk by guild
And order and corporation.

"Restore the Holy Roman realm
In entirety, and encumber
The land with its obfuscated trash
And musty-fusty lumber.

"To endure the mediæval facts
I fancy I might nerve me;
But from this wretched mongrel thing
Heaven in its grace preserve me!—

"This pedantic revival of chivalrous times,
That such a nauseous dish is
Of Gothic delusion and modern pose—
That neither flesh nor fish is.

"Shut up the theatres; clear the boards
Of those antics, with their mumming
Who parody thus an age gone by.
O Kaiser, speed your coming!"

Caput XVIII.

O Minden is a fortress good,
Armed strongly for resistance!
But from our Prussian fortresses
I like to keep my distance.

We reached the town at fall of night,
The bridge with sullen thunder
Groaned gloomily beneath our wheels,
The moat was yawning under.

The lofty bastions seemed to frown,
A menace in their anger;
The great gate, opening noisily,
Swung to with din and clangour.

I thought, "When Polyphemus closed
The cave with the stone, Ulysses
Was not more sad of soul than I,
Nor in plight more grave than this is."

A corporal stopped us to ask our names.
"I'm an oculist, and as such, sir,
Giants have couched for cataract;
They call me Nobody Much, sir."

Still lower my drooping spirits sank
At the inn; the food distressed me.
I retired to my room but could not sleep,
The blankets' weight oppressed me.

'Twas a yellow canopied feather bed
I stretched my uneasy limbs on,
From which a dirty tassel swung;
The damask curtains were crimson.

Accursed tassel! It robbed me of rest
Till the weary night was ended;
It swung like the sword of Damocles
Above my head suspended.

And now it seemed a serpent's form,
And it hissed, "You'll never win out of it
You are fast in the fortress, and fast shall bide.
You are doomed and damned—there's no doubt
of it!"

And I moaned and sighed, "Were I only safe
In my home that alas! so far is—
Free in the Faubourg-Poissonière,
Beside my wife in Paris!"

Over my brow I felt at times
A curious something stealing;
'Twas like the censor's chilly hand,
And set my poor brain reeling.

A confused array of white gendarmes
In their shrouds my bed surrounded.
I seemed to hear the clank of chains—
How gruesomely it sounded!

And ah! the spectres carried me off—
In their clutch they held me surely.
On a steep and awful precipice
They tied me down securely.

And there was that horrible tassel again,
To my dreams so detestably tethered!
But now it had changed to a vulture bold,
Sharp-clawed and sable-feathered.

'Tis the Prussian Eagle, woe is me!
It has gripped me and torn the liver
With its cruel claws from my bleeding breast.
In vain I groan and quiver.

And thus till cock-crow I struggled and writhed
In the dream-bonds fever wove me—
Till I waked in Minden, perspiring in bed
With only a tassel above me.

I hardly dared to draw my breath
Till, posting on, I found me
Safe on the soil of Bückeburg
With the open country round me.

Caput XIX.

O Danton, great was your mistake,
And you had cause to rue it;
One can carry one's country away on the soles
Of one's boots—one can certainly do it.

Half of the kingdom of Bückeburg
I bore on my own shoe-leather.
I never saw in all my life
Such shocking roads and weather.

To look at the home whence our family sprang,
At Bückeburg I tarried;
For this was my grandfather's native town;
A Hamburg wife he married.

We arrived in Hanover at noon,
And I spent my time in moving
About the place, when my boots were brushed—
Travel should be improving.

And heavens! how fine and spruce it was!
No mud allowed in the streets here;
Magnificent buildings on every hand—
Imposing piles—one meets here.

I was specially pleased with a spacious square,
Walled round by houses stately.
'Twas here the king in his palace dwelt;
The exterior charmed me greatly.

(Of the palace, I mean.) A sentry-box
Stood on either side the portal.
The redcoats with muskets, keeping guard,
Seemed fierce to a timid mortal.

"This is where Ernest Augustus lives,"
My guide went on expounding;
"A Tory lord of the good old school;
For his age, of a vigour astounding.

"In idyllic safety he houses here,
More secure for the courage lacking
In some whom we know and could easily name
Than for all his guardsmen's backing.

"I have heard him complain of his dreary post
In a manner to waken one's pity:
Of this office of king he's condemned to fill
In Hanover our city.

"After English life, he feels ours here
Too narrow and unprogressive;
He's afraid he will hang himself yet for spleen,
His boredom's so excessive.

"When I saw him the day before yesterday,
His own royal back was bending
Above the fire while he cooked a draught
For some dogs that needed tending."

CAPUT XX.

From Harburg to Hamburg we drove in an hour.
The shades of night were thickening;
The stars of heaven in welcome shone;
The air was soft and quickening.

When I reached my mother's, the dear thing's joy
Was so great and unexpected
She was almost scared; she clasped her hands
In rapture unaffected.

"My child! And after thirteen years
Like this again to meet, dear!
You must be hungry; tell me quick,
What will you have to eat, dear?

"I have fish, cold goose, and oranges
The sweetest you ever tasted."
"Then give me the oranges, fish, and goose,
I promise they won't be wasted."

I ate with a will, and my mother was gay,
But alas! I am no romancer;
She asked me this, and she asked me that,
And her questions were hard to answer.

"My darling child, in your foreign home
Are you carefully served and tended?
Does your wife understand how to keep a house?
Are your shirts and stockings mended?"

"Dear little mother, the fish is good,
But fish is a risky diet;
You so easily choke on a bone if you speak;
Just leave me a moment in quiet."

When the excellent fish had been despatched,
The goose was served up duly,
And my mother began her questions again;
It was awkward to answer truly.

"My darling child! In which country, say,
Has life the greater zest now?
You've tried the French and the German both,
And which do you like the best now?"

"Dear mother, this German goose is superb,
But in France a tradition they follow,
When it comes to the stuffing, that's better than ours,
And in sauces they beat us hollow."

And after the goose had disappeared
The oranges took their station
Before me in turn, and I found them sweet
Beyond all expectation.

But then my mother began again—
When happy you know how one chatters—
She asked me a thousand things, and touched
On painful and personal matters.

"My child! And what are at present your views?
Is your interest still as hearty
In politics as it used to be?
What is your creed? Your party?"

"Dear little mother, these oranges here
Could certainly not be beaten.
With the greatest enjoyment I suck the juice,
But I leave the rind uneaten."

Caput XXI.

The town, which was half destroyed by fire,
They are building at their leisure.
It looks like a half-shorn poodle now,
Depressing beyond measure.

And many a street has disappeared
That sadly enough one misses.
Where is the house in which I kissed
Love's first and sweetest kisses?

And where has the printing-office gone
Where I printed my *Reisebilder?*
The shop where I tasted oysters first?
How these changes and gaps bewilder.

Where is the Dreckwall? Vanished, alas!
In vain I have reconnoitred;
The Pavilion too, with its tarts and cakes,
Where of old I ate and loitered.

Where is the town-hall where, throned in pride,
The Senate and burgers debated?
A prey to the flames that wrecked and devoured
The holiest things, unsated.

The people are grieving and sighing still,
And telling the dismal story
Of the havoc wrought by the terrible fire
That has shorn their city's glory.

"Nothing but surging flame and smoke—
The fire seized all for plunder!
The steeples roared and blazed to heaven,
And reeled and crashed in thunder.

"The old Exchange with the rest is burnt,
Where our fathers had dealt and traded
For hundreds of years like honest men—
(Or so they were persuaded).

"The bank, the silver soul of the town,
And the books in which is given
The money value of every man—
They are still intact, thank Heaven!

"Thank Heaven too! even distant lands
Began subscribing to aid us;
We got four hundred thousand pounds;
Our misfortunes more than paid us.

"The charity-box was carried round
By pious folk and respected;
And we never let the left hand know
What the right hand had collected.

"From every country the money flowed in,
And our hands were open to take it:
And food—we welcomed any dole,
Whatever they liked to make it.

"They sent us clothes and bedding enough,
And bread and meat and soups too.
The King of Prussia went so far
As to want to send his troops, too.

"The material loss was covered quite—
'Twas a matter of calculation;
But alas! for the awful terror and fright
We shall never have compensation!"

I answered them cheerfully, "Worthy friends,
Stop whining, it only hinders.
Troy in its day was a better town,
And yet it was burnt to cinders.

"Get on with your building, and hold your tongues;
Get rid of your puddles and mire too.
Provide your city with better laws,
And engines for quenching fire too.

"Your cayenne pepper more sparingly use,
When turtle-soup's in the question;
And the carp you cook with its scales in fat
Must be fatal, I fear, to digestion.

"On the whole your turkeys are harmless birds,
But there's risk of grave disaster
From the knavish bird who lays its eggs
In the wig of the burgomaster.

"I need not mention the name of the bird,
But it merits your execration.
Whenever I think of the odious thing
I am sick with indignation."

Caput XXII.

But the people themselves have altered more
Than even the hapless city;
Like peripatetic ruins they go—
A sight to wake one's pity.

The thin have grown thinner, and fatter the fat,
The children are old and staid now;
And those that were old are children again,
Dependent on other's aid now.

And many are bullocks who used to be calves
In the days when we sojourned together,
And many a gosling now goes as a goose,
In proud and flaunting feather.

I found old Gudel bedizened and decked
With a siren's alluring brightness;
She was sporting a wig of raven hair
And teeth of dazzling whiteness.

My stationer friend in resisting change
Had approved himself far the aptest;
With his halo of yellow hair framing his head,
He might pass for John the Baptist.

Of * * * * I caught but a glimpse, he fled
Too fast to be overtaken;
I hear that his soul was burnt, and insured
By Bieber whose credit was shaken.

I saw my good old censor, too,
In the mist bent almost double;
We met in the square where they traffic in geese;
He seemed oppressed by some trouble.

We stopped and shook hands; there were tears in his eyes,
Unless I much deceive me;
He said he was happy to meet me again—
'Twas a touching scene, believe me.

There were many I missed and could not find—
Their earthly race was over.
My Gumpelino mortal eye
Shall never more discover.

To this noble soul quite recently
Release by death was given,
And he hovers round Jehovah's throne
With the Seraphim in heaven.

For the crooked Adonis I hunted in vain
Who hawked with shouts and sallies
His porcelain cups and bedroom ware
In Hamburg's streets and alleys.

I have no notion whether to-day
Alive or dead little Meyer is;
I missed him, but I quite forgot
At Cornet's to make inquiries.

Campe has lost his faithful dog.
All his authors together, as far as
His personal grief was concerned, might have died
Less mourned than his poodle Sarras.

From time immemorial Christians and Jews
Have peopled Hamburg city.
The former are rather a niggardly race:
'Tis little they give for pity.

And yet they are not so very bad—
They keep an excellent table;
They are also prompt in meeting their bills—
When they've run them as long as they're able.

The Jews are divided against themselves;
Each party's the only true one.
The old one sticks to the Synagogue,
Round the Temple rallies the new one.

They of the new school eat their pork,
And rebel against customs pious;
They are democrats, while the old school shows
An aristocratic bias.

I love the old, I love the new,
The fossilized and the flighty;
Yet to both I prefer a smoke-cured sprat,
I swear it by God Almighty!

Caput XXIII.

The Republic of Hamburg was never as great
As of old were Venice and Florence,
But, for oysters, Hamburg has beaten them both—
You get the best from Laurence.

When Campe and I to his cellar repaired,
'Twas an evening of glorious weather;
On oysters and Rhine wine we went to sup—
To riot in style together.

I warrant the company gathered there
  Was neither sour nor ascetic.
I found old friends like Chaufepié,
  And new ones as sympathetic.

There was Wille, whose face is an album in which
  The names of his foes academic
Are legibly writ in the blows and scars
  Delivered in wars polemic.

And Fuchs was among them, a heathen blind,
  And a personal foe of Jehovah,
Who believes but in Hegel, and also, perhaps,
  In the Venus of Canova.

My Campe that night was Amphitryon,
  He was beaming and gay and pacific.
Like a blessed Madonna he sat and smiled,
  Serene and beatific.

I ate and drank with an appetite good,
  And I thought to myself, as I watched him,
"This Campe is really a first-rate man;
  What publisher ever matched him?

"Who knows? Another publisher might
  Have left me to starve and perish,
But he gives me food, and he gives me wine—
  The man is a man to cherish.

"I thank Thee, Mighty Lord of all,
For the gift of the grape was Thy one;
I thank Thee for making a publisher
Of Campe, and making him my one!

"I thank Thee, Mighty Lord of all,
With grateful and deep emotion
For creating the Rhine wine on the earth,
And the oysters in the ocean,

"And also for bidding the lemons grow
To improve the oysters' flavour.
O Father, grant me to digest
This supper sweet to savour!"

Rhine wine can always soften me;
It heals my feuds with others,
And wakens longings in my breast
To love all men as brothers.

It drives me abroad to roam through the streets
When I've emptied sufficient glasses;
Soul longs for soul, and spies a mate
In each petticoat that passes.

At times like these I melt and yearn—
To be frank my mood is flabby;
Every woman seems a Helen of Troy,
And every cat's a tabby.

When I got as far as the Drehbahn street
  I saw, where the moon was gleaming,
A nobly proportioned woman's form,
  Of most majestic seeming.

Her healthy face was round, her lips
  Were like cherries, her cheek a rose was,
Her lovely eyes were turquoise blue,
  And a pretty pink her nose was.

She had on a starched white linen cap,
  Like a mural crown she wore it,
Folded in battlemented form,
  With many a peak and turret.

A snowy tunic reached to her calves,
  And what calves they were!—their duty
To upbear, like stately pedestals,
  Twin pillars of Doric beauty.

Judged by her features she only seemed
  Of this world—a natural woman;
But, viewed from behind, she struck the eye
  As something superhuman.

She advanced and said, "You are welcome home
  To the Elbe which you left behind you
Just thirteen years ago; unchanged
  After all those years I find you.

"You look perhaps for the lovely souls
That you were wont to meet here,
And with whom you dreamed the night away
Of old, in this pleasant street here.

"The hundred-headed hydra, Life—
Grim monster!—has consumed them.
The friends of your youth and the olden days—
The past has long entombed them.

"You will never again see the gracious flowers
That your young heart worshipped and cherished.
The storm-winds stripped them of their bloom;
They blossomed here, and perished.

"To wither, bruised and trodden down
Beneath Fate's cruel feet, is
The earthly lot, alas! my friend,
Of all that fair and sweet is."

"And who are you, colossal form,
That welcome thus the rover?
Where you go, may I follow? You seem to me
Like a dream of the days long over."

The woman, amused, replied with a smile,
"You are wrong. All the world knows me
To be proper, and moral, and daintily bred.
I am not what you suppose me.

"I am none of your little foreign lorettes,
Your Mam'selles cheap and pretty,
But Hammonia, the guardian deity
Of your famous Hamburg city.

"You are taken aback; you are terrified even,
O singer, once undaunted;
Would you still go with me? Come, decide,
And show your courage vaunted."

But I laughed aloud and cried, "Lead on,
Most divine of lovely ladies!
Lead on, and I'll follow wherever you go,
Were it down to the gates of Hades!"

Caput XXIV.

How I got to the top of the narrow stair
Is beyond my power of recounting;
Invisible spirits with wafting wings
May have aided me in mounting.

There, in Hammonia's little room,
The pleasant hours flew fleetly.
That I always had had her sympathy
The goddess assured me sweetly.

"You see," she said," before your time
I accorded the highest glory
To the singer who tuned his saintly lyre
To the great Messiah-story.

"If you look at the chest of drawers, you will find
That Klopstock's bust's upon it;
But for many years it has only been
A block to support my bonnet.

"You're my favourite now; your portrait hangs
At the head of my bed, and round it
Is a chaplet of green laurel leaves;
You'll observe how I have crowned it.

"One thing alone to perfect love
Has proved a stone of stumbling;
You must cease annoying my other sons
With your girding and your grumbling.

"But I hope that time has cured you at last
Of that youthful misdemeanour,
And taught you to treat all men, even fools,
With a tolerance serener.

"But tell me, pray, what prompted you
To travel north at present.
At this time of year it is bitterly cold,
And the weather is far from pleasant."

"Alas, my goddess!" I replied,
"I cannot give you reasons;
The thoughts that sleep in the depths of the heart
May wake at awkward seasons.

"On the surface I seemed to be fairly well,
But, within, my soul was troubled.
Home-sickness had seized me, and every day
The misery grew and doubled.

"The lightsome air of France became
So heavy, I dared not trifle.
I felt I must fill my lungs again
With German air, or stifle.

"I longed for the smell of German peat,
And rooms tobacco-sodden;
My quivering foot could not rest until
Its native soil was trodden.

"Awake at nights I would yearn and long
Once more to see and hear her—
The dear old woman who lives beside
The Dammthor, with Lotte near her.

"For the noble old man I also yearned
Who chid my youthful blindness,
Yet sheltered and shielded me. Many a sigh
Has since repaid his kindness!

"I wanted to hear his lips again
With their 'foolish lad!' reprove me;
The words used to echo through my heart,
And like sweetest music move me.

"I longed to see the blue smoke rise
From the chimneys, and hear the singing
Of the Lower-Saxony nightingales
In the quiet beech-woods ringing.

"I even longed for the spots made sad
By olden woes and losses,
Where once I wore my thorny crowns,
And dragged my youthful crosses.

"I wished to weep where I had wept
Youth's bitter tears so burning.
I think that love of Fatherland
They call this foolish yearning.

"I find it hard to talk of the thing;
'Tis an illness, there's no denying,
And I always hide with a curious shame
My wounds from public prying.

"I loathe the tatterdemalion crew—
I confess my pity freezes—
Who in public expose their patriotism,
With its ulcerous diseases.

"An impudent, scabby, beggarly lot,
They importune for charity.
For Menzel and his Swabian school,
A penn'orth of popularity!

"You have found me in a melting mood,
My goddess! 'Twill soon be over;
I am hardly myself, but I trust with care
Before long to recover.

"Yes, to-night I am certainly ailing a bit—
Am distinctly under the weather.
You could pick me up with a cup of tea—
And rum—they go well together."

CAPUT XXV.

The goddess hastened and made me the tea,
And then with the rum she braced it;
As for herself, she drank the rum
And left the tea untasted.

She leaned on my shoulder—the mural crown
Which adorned her head so neatly
Became, in consequence, rather crushed,
And she said to me low and sweetly,

"I have often thought with misgiving sore,
What a pity that dear man tarries
Uncared for among the frivolous French,
In the wicked town of Paris.

"You wander about in an aimless way;
You have not even beside you
A German publisher, faithful and wise,
As a Mentor to guard and guide you.

"And so many sylphs are weak and frail;
The temptations are truly appalling.
It is easy, alas! one's peace of soul
To lose beyond recalling.

"Return not to Paris, but stay with us here,
Where manners and morals obtain still.
Oh, pleasures in plenty and quiet delights
Unchidden among us remain still.

"Yes, stop with us here, in your native town;
You will relish it more than you once did.
You, yourself, must see we have also progressed:
No longer we do as each dunce did.

"The censor, besides, is now far less strict,
Our Hoffmann's grown old and mellow.
At your *Reisebilder* he slashes no more
As when young—he's a kindly old fellow.

"There is much you rebelled at that now you'll accept
You yourself have grown wiser and older.
You may even be able to think of the past
With less rancour, now passion is colder.

"'Tis exaggeration to say that all
Was wrong that we here at home did.
You could always by suicide sever your bonds,
As the slaves of ancient Rome did.

"The mass of the people have always enjoyed
Their freedom of thought unstinted.
Repression and gagging were strictly confined
To the limited number who printed.

"And tyranny never held absolute sway;
Even demagogues, though they contemned them,
They only deprived of a citizen's rights
When they duly had judged and condemned them.

"No, Germany never was quite so bad,
Not even when ruder and younger.
In a German prison—I give you my word—
No man ever died of hunger.

"In the past, I assure you, there blossomed still
Quite a cheering manifestation
Of pious belief, and warmth of heart;
Now all is doubt and negation.

"The ideal we cherished within our souls
Will be slain by this rational, chilly,
External freedom of thought and act—
'Twas as pure as the dream of a lily.

"And our poetry, languishing even now,
The future will blatantly smother.
The Moorish king of Freiligrath
Will perish like many another.

"Our grandsons will eat and drink, no fear,
But not in contemplative quiet;
The idyllic in art will be swept from the boards,
For a romping, spectacular riot.

"I would break the seals of the Book of Fate,
Could you hold your tongue; and, peeping
In my magic glass, you might even behold
What the future has in its keeping.

"The secret that never a mortal yet
Has wrung from my lips I'd show you—
The future awaiting your Fatherland;
But you could not be silent: I know you!"

"O goddess! to learn what time has in store
For my country," I cried in a flutter,
"Would give me the greatest conceivable joy.
Not a word would I ever utter.

"To assure you your secret is safe with me
I shall not shrink from using
The dreadest of oaths. Say, how shall I swear?
The form shall be of your choosing."

The goddess replied that the form of oath
Whose binding power would most please her,
Was the one which Abraham employed
When he sent forth Eliezer.

"Lift up my tunic and place your hand
Upon my thigh below it,
And swear that those secrets you neither will tell
As a man, nor write as a poet."

'Twas a solemn moment. The breath of the Past
Seemed to fan me and hover o'er me,
While, obeying the order, I made my vow
As the patriarchs did before me.

I lifted the tunic and laid my hand
On the goddess's thigh, in token
That the silence I promised in pen and in speech
Would remain till death unbroken.

Caput XXVI.

So red were the cheeks of the goddess, I thought
The wine to her crown had mounted.
"I am growing old," she said with a sigh,
"Oh, many's the year I've counted.

"I was born on the day they began to build
This town; I am the daughter
Of the queen of the haddocks who then held sway
At the mouth of the Elbe's fair water.

"My father, too, was a monarch proud
Called Carolus Magnus, a Kaiser
As renowned as the Prussian Frederick the Great,
Nay, mightier even and wiser.

"The chair that they crowned him in, stands in state
At Aix-la-Chapelle; the other
That was less ceremonially used of a night,
Was left to my widowed mother.

"She bequeathed it to me. To look at it, none
From a common old chair could tell it;
But were Rothschild to offer me all his gold,
I should flatly refuse to sell it.

"You can see the old thing in the corner there,
The leather all torn and battered;
The stuffing, too, I am sorry to say,
Is sadly moth-eaten and tattered.

"But if you will cross to it now, and lift
The cushion from off the settle,
You will find a circular hole beneath,
And below that again, a kettle.

"'Tis the kettle enchanted, in which are brewed
The powers of magic; put your
Head into the circular hole and you'll see
The face of the hidden future.

"Yes, Germany's future before your gaze
Will roll in waves phantasmal;
But shudder not, should the brew emit
Effluvia miasmal."

As she spoke she laughed a peculiar laugh,
But, caution completely scorning,
I stuck my head in the horrible hole,
Too eager to heed her warning.

The vision vouchsafed I must never disclose:
'Twere by honour's code unlawful:
I'm afraid I must really hold my tongue,
But, my God! the stench was awful!—

It turns me sick to this very day,
And wofully under the weather,
To recall that mixture of rotten greens
And fetid Russia leather.

And the smells that continued to rise, ye heavens!
They were such as might come from the rifling
Of thirty-six cesspools, and blending the filth
In one malodour stifling. . . .

The commission of public safety was told
By Saint-Just, he is wrong who supposes
That deadly diseases can ever be cured
By musk and oil of roses.

But that smell of the future awaiting our land—
I don't care who may blame me—
My nose had not dreamed that such filth could be—
And at last it overcame me.

I fainted away, and when I awoke
I was still by the goddess, and found me
With my head reclined on her ample breast;
And her ample arms around me.

Her eyes were blazing, her mouth was aglow,
Her nostrils quivered, and clinging
To the bard, like a wild bacchante she burst
Into frenzied ecstatic singing:

"There's a king in Thule who treasures a cup
As the dearest thing in his keeping,
And every time he drinks from that cup
The king commences weeping.

"And then he remembers all the wrongs
He has not yet requited.
Why, you yourself to prison, my child,
Might be forcibly invited.

"Beware of that king in Thule, avoid
The North and its lurking dangers;
Police, gendarmes, whole historic school—
You and they are better strangers.

"I love you, so tarry in Hamburg town;
I love you. Oh, stay and revel
On the oysters and wine of the hour that is;
Let the future go to the devil!

"Quick, on with the lid! The smell is beneath.
But we'll try to forget we know it.
I love you. Ah, never woman yet
So loved a German poet!

"I kiss you, and feel the burning breath
Of your genius thrill and inspire me.
Its surging flames envelop my soul;
They conquer and inspire me.

"I seem to hear, in the street without,
The sound of watchmen singing.
Sweet heart's beloved, a wedding song
Their bridal music's ringing.

"The mounted attendants come riding up
In a torch-light dance decorous,
With their gallant torches flickering bright;
They foot it and sway before us.

"The high and worshipful Senate next,
And the elders, join the ovation.
The burgomaster is clearing his throat
To deliver a civic oration.

"And now 'tis the diplomatic corps
In uniform gay and sprightly,
With congratulations from neighbouring states,
Couched formally and politely.

"A religious deputation comes
Of Rabbis and pastors pious;
Then our Hoffmann, alas! with his censor's shears—
Already he's all too nigh us!

"The shears in his hand are clattering loud;
The terrible fellow's attacking
Your body itself. At a vital part
His murderous shears are hacking."

Caput XXVII.

What further befell on that magic night
When the goddess and I were together
I will tell you more fully when winter is past,
In the warm, sweet summer weather.

The smug old race of hypocrites
Is passing away, thank God! now;
The disease of lies is killing it off;
It is sinking beneath the sod now.

A new generation is growing apace,
By rouge and sin untarnished,
Whose pleasures and thoughts will be open and free;
It shall hear my tale unvarnished.

There's a budding race whom the poet's pride
And goodness yet will capture;
Which will warm itself on the poet's heart,
And his soul of sunny rapture.

My heart is as chaste and pure as fire,
As kind as the sun's own face is.
The golden chords of my sounding lyre
Were tuned by the noblest Graces.

'Tis the self-same lyre that in days of old
  Was struck by Aristophanes,
A darling of the muses nine,
  As the witty poet often is.

'Tis the self-same lyre on which he sang
  The story of Paisteteros,
Who, wedding with Basileia, rose
  To be ranked with royal heroes.

In the previous chapter I tried—the attempt
  Is an open and frankly confest one—
To copy the close of *The Birds*, which I think
  Of my father's plays is the best one.

The Frogs is capital, too. I am told
  They've produced a German translation
On the Berlin stage, and are acting it now
  For the royal delectation.

The king enjoys the piece, which shows
  That a classical taste's not lacking.
The late king greatly preferred, in his time,
  To listen to modern quacking.

And yet, though the king enjoys the play,
  Were the author a living poet
Who valued his person, my counsel would be
  In Prussia not to show it.

Aristophanes, even the genuine one,
  Who lived in freedom before us,
Might now find himself followed, wherever he went,
  By a crowd of gendarmes for chorus.

The mob had gotten permission soon
  To insult him instead of fawning,
And the bard, in the clutch of the dread police,
  Might have seen a dungeon yawning.

O King! I honestly wish you well,
  And mean you a kindness by giving
This counsel: Honour the poets dead,
  But spare the poets living.

Offend not the poets alive to-day;
  They have weapons of fame and glory
More awful than even the lightnings of Jove,
  In the bard's immortal story.

Offend the gods both old and new,
  And let all Olympus know it;
Offend Almighty God Himself,
  But never offend a poet.

That the gods can punish the sins of men
  Is, alas! no idle boasting;
The fires of hell are fairly hot,
  And there's plenty of time for roasting.

But priests can pray the sinner free
From the flames; a pious donation
To the church for masses to purge his soul,
Will win him back salvation.

And Jesus Christ, in the fulness of time,
Will arise and break hell's portal;
And, though he may call to a strict account,
He'll be dodged by many a mortal.

And yet there are hells, believe me, O King!
Which they hold such watch and ward on,
That no prayers avail to set you free,
Not even a Saviour's pardon.

You have surely heard of Dante's hell,
In the three dread books. Oh, never
Shall any win free whom the poet put there,
They are damned and lost for ever!

No God, no Christ can save your soul
When the surging flames consume you.
Then beware, O King! lest for evermore
To such a hell we doom you.

ROMANCERO.

(1846–1852.)

ROMANCERO.

FIRST BOOK.

NARRATIVES.

Have other hearts thy trust deceived,
Be thou the truer;
And has thy soul to death been grieved,
Seize the lyre, the renewer.

The chords resound! A hero-song,
Rapturous, burning!
The pain from thy soul ebbs sweetly; the wrong
Is forgot in yearning.

RHAMPSENITUS.

King Rhampsenitus betook him
To his daughter's golden hall,
Where he found the princess laughing,
Found her maidens laughing all,

Found the swarthy eunuchs also,
Laughing loudly like the rest,
Even the sphinxes and the mummies
Almost bursting at the jest.

Said the princess, "I imagined
I had caught the thief as planned,
But he fled and left me only
With a dead arm in my hand.

"I perceive now how the robber
Raids your treasure-house, and mocks,
While he steals your precious jewels,
All your bolts and bars and locks.

"For a magic key he uses,
That can open every door;
Doors the thickest and the strongest
It can open by the score.

"And since I am but a woman,
Not a door, and was alone;
I, who thought to guard your treasure,
Lost a treasure of my own."

Having spoken thus, the princess
Lightly tripped it, laughing still,
And the ladies and the eunuchs
Echoed after with a will.

Soon all Memphis, too, was laughing;
Laughing every crocodile,
As it stuck its nodding head out
Of the muddy, yellow Nile,

When the noisy drums came beating,
And it heard, beside its bed,
Loud the following proclamation
By the royal herald read:

"King Rhampsenitus, the monarch,
By God's grace, of Egypt, sends
To his loyal lieges greeting,
And his love to them commends.

"On the night between the third and
Fourth of June, this year, B.C.
Thirteen hundred, four-and-twenty,
With our riches making free,

"From our treasure-house a robber
Many priceless jewels stole,
Nor was this, his first achievement,
We regret to say, the whole.

"To discover who the thief was,
We allowed our daughter true
To keep watch beside the treasure,
But he slyly robbed her too.

"To reward a thief so clever,
And give practical effect
To our sympathy and friendship,
And our most sincere respect,

"We would wed our only daughter
To this thief of name unknown,
And appoint him as successor,
When we die, to Egypt's throne.

"Being ignorant at present
Of our son-in-law's address,
By our herald we assure him
Of our grace, if he confess.

"Third of January dated,
B.C. Thirteen twenty-six;
To which we our royal seal and
Name, Rhampsenitus, affix."

King Rhampsenitus was faithful
To his word, and not alone
Took as son-in-law the robber,
But bequeathed to him his throne.

And he ruled like other monarchs—
Succoured talent, fostered trade;
And not much, it seems, was stolen
In his time, and theft decayed.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

KING MAHAWASANT of Siam in the East
Rules half of the Indian realm at least;
Twelve kings and the Great Mogul himself
Acknowledge his sway with homage and pelf.

And yearly, with trumpet and banner and drum,
To Siam with tribute the caravans come,
And thousands of camels toil in through the gates
With the best of the produce from all the states.

When he sees the beasts with their heavy piles
The soul of the king in secret smiles,
Though in public he always affects to deplore
That his treasure-house hardly can hold the store.

Yet the building in question is high and vast,
Of a splendour and beauty so unsurpassed
That, outshone by its glory, the magic pales
Of the "Thousand and One" enchanted tales.

In the "Castle of Indra," the spacious hall,
The gods sit assembled, great and small,
Their golden images chiselled fair,
And encrusted with jewels rich and rare.

They are ranged around, three thousand strong,
A weird, fantastic, awful throng:
Of man and of beast a mixture dread,
With many a hand and many a head.

In the "Purple Hall" amazed one sees
Three hundred stately coral trees
As lofty as palms, that strangely spread
Their twisted boughs—a forest red.

The floor is of crystal without a stain,
Where all the trees are mirrored plain,
And pheasants in glittering plumage go
Gravely and solemnly to and fro.

The favourite ape of the monarch wears
A silken band round his throat. It bears
The key that is cunningly fashioned to keep
The hall which is known as the "Hall of Sleep."

There precious jewels of priceless worth
Are scattered as thick as peas on the earth,
With the flash of a diamond now and then,
As big as the egg of a barnyard hen.

And there, upon grey bags filled with pearls,
The king will lie down, while the monkey curls
And nestles up close to his master, and soon
They are both asleep to a snoring tune.

But more precious than all, and the crown of the whole,
The joy and delight of the monarch's soul,
The proudest possession of Mahawasant,
Is a wonderful huge white elephant.

To house as was fit his illustrious guest
A palace was built at the king's behest,
Where lotus-carved pillars proudly uphold
A roof covered over with sheets of gold.

Three hundred men by the king's command
At the door as a guard of honour stand,
And fully a hundred eunuchs black
Serve him and kneel with bended back.

On a golden vessel rich and rare
To his trunk they proffer the daintiest fare;
From a silver pail he drinks his wine,
Flavoured with spices sweet and fine.

With attar of roses and ambergris
They anoint the beast as he takes his ease,
With a garlanded head, on the cashmere shawls
That carpet the floors of his spacious halls.

There never was, surely, a happier fate,
Yet no one on earth is content with his state,
And the noble beast, one knows not why,
Began to view life with a jaundiced eye.

This image white of black despair
Stands sad amid all that should make life fair;
They do what they can to cure his woe,
But only to see the malady grow.

In vain before him the gay bayadeers
Come dancing and singing. Unheeding he hears
The drum and the bugle invite him to gladness.
Nothing can alter the elephant's sadness.

So daily the case more desperate grew,
And the heart of the king waxed heavier too,
Till he ordered the wisest astrologer known
To be summoned in haste before his throne.

"Star-gazer, I'll instantly chop off your head
Unless you can answer my question," he said.
"What malady causes my elephant's gloom,
And what secret sorrows his soul consume?"

The astrologer threw himself thrice on the ground,
And replied to the king with an air profound,
"I will tell you the truth, nor deceive you with lies,
And then you can act as you think most wise.

"In the North a remarkable woman dwells;
She is tall, she is white, and her beauty excels
Even that of your elephant, sire, I swear,
Although he too is superbly fair.

"He would look by her side quite a tiny thing—
Just a little white mouse—she's as tall, O King,
As Bimha the Big in the Ramajana,
Or Ephesus' goddess, the great Diana.

"With what wonderful lines—what a sweep and roll—
Her limbs build up the lovely whole!
Each leg is a proud and fair pilaster
Of dazzling and whitest alabaster.

"God Amor created a temple meet,
A cathedral, in her for his worship sweet;
And the lamp that burns in that holy fane
Is a heart undimmed by deceit or stain.

"To find an image for skin so white
Has baffled the poet's wildest flight.
Even Gautier but winged his way to a fall:
This implacable lady defies them all.

"The snows of the Himalayas fade,
When matched with her hue, to an ashen shade.
In her hand the lily looks sallow and dim,
By the contrast changed, or a jealous whim.

"The Countess Bianca this lady is named;
'Tis at Paris in France that her beauty is famed;
In that land of the North she lives and shines,
And for her, no other, your elephant pines.

"By elective affinity, strange though it seem,
He made her acquaintance by night in a dream.
Yes, softly by night, as he dreamed apart,
This lofty ideal stole into his heart.

"From that hour, consumed by a yearning sad,
He has sickened, who once was so merry and glad.
A four-footed Werther, a stranger to mirth,
He dreams of his Lotte far in the North.

"By mysterious sympathy's subtle law
He thinks of a woman he never saw,
And on moonlight nights he will tramp and sigh,
'Alas! if only a bird were I!'

"In Siam in the flesh, his thoughts are in France,
Where they fly to Bianca, winged by romance.
But when body and soul are thus twain and remote,
The stomach grows weaker, and drier the throat.

"The daintiest meat no longer he touches;
Vermicelli and Ossian—his diet of such is.
He has started a cough, is as lean as a stave;
Already this yearning is digging his grave.

"Would you snatch him from death to which he is
hurled,
And restore him, O King, to the animal world,
The illustrious invalid send to the city
Of Paris in France, and Fate may have pity.

"When he sees the lady, and feasts his eyes
On the beauty for which he vainly sighs:
On the charms that have haunted his dreams so long:
His sadness will fly and his body grow strong.

"Where the eyes of his beautiful lady shine
His heart in torment no more will pine;
The last of the shadows that nestling lay
In its depths by her smile will be chased away,

"And her voice like a magic song will control
And resolve the discords that vex his soul;
He will raise up the flaps of his ears forlorn,
And, renewing his youth, feel newly born.

"Life passes so gaily, with never a frown,
By the Seine, in Paris, the frivolous town.
How civilized soon will your elephant grow,
Enjoying the vivid and varied show!

"But one thing do, whatever beside;
Fill full his purse, and the lover provide
With a letter of credit, all calls to meet,
On Rothschild *frères*, in the Rue Lafitte.

"For a million ducats, or thereabout,
Be this letter of credit; and then, no doubt,
Baron Rothschild will cry, having welcomed him duly,
'An excellent soul is this elephant truly!'"

He pondered the question, but thought, to a king,
Is apt to be rather a troublesome thing.
His ape crept up; the matter could keep;
And both of them soon were sound asleep.

The decision he came to I cannot yet state;
The Indian mails, as you know, are late.
The last of the mails that came to hand
Was by way of Suez, and overland.

THE KNAVE OF BERGEN.

In Düsseldorf castle beside the Rhine
There's frolic and masquerading;
The candles glimmer, and revellers dance
To the music's sweet persuading.

The beautiful Duchess trips with the rest,
And often she laughs and loudly.
Her partner's a slender and courteous youth,
And gaily he moves and proudly.

He wears a velvet mask of black,
His eye is merry and beaming,
And bright and keen as a naked dirk
Half-sheathed, from the scabbard gleaming.

And the carnival mummers gleefully shout
As the pair go waltzing by them;
With growls and grunts Marizzebill
And Drickes nod and eye them.

The trumpets crash, and the deafening roll
Of the double-bass increases,
Till revel and dance at last are done,
And the sound of the music ceases.

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go;
I must leave you." But, for answer,
The Duchess laughs and says, "Nay, first
I must see your face, Sir Dancer."

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go;
My face is feared, all flee it."
But the Duchess laughs, "No coward am I;
Uncover, that I may see it."

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go,
To darkness and death I am wedded."
But the Duchess laughs, "Ere you leave my side,
I must see this face so dreaded."

With stern and sinister words he strove
To deny the thing she asked him;
Till, bent on her will, by force at last
The woman herself unmasked him.

He pondered the question, but thought, to a king,
Is apt to be rather a troublesome thing.
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And bright and keen as a naked dirk
Half-sheathed, from the scabbard gleaming.

And the carnival mummers gleefully shout
  As the pair go waltzing by them;
With growls and grunts Marizzebill
  And Drickes nod and eye them.

The trumpets crash, and the deafening roll
  Of the double-bass increases,
Till revel and dance at last are done,
  And the sound of the music ceases.

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go;
  I must leave you." But, for answer,
The Duchess laughs and says, "Nay, first
  I must see your face, Sir Dancer."

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go;
  My face is feared, all flee it."
But the Duchess laughs, "No coward am I;
  Uncover, that I may see it."

"Illustrious lady, allow me to go,
  To darkness and death I am wedded."
But the Duchess laughs, "Ere you leave my side,
  I must see this face so dreaded."

With stern and sinister words he strove
  To deny the thing she asked him;
Till, bent on her will, by force at last
  The woman herself unmasked him.

"The headsman of Bergen!" The horrified crowd,
As if fearing to come in his clutches,
Fall back in alarm. To her husband's side
In terror flies the Duchess.

But the Duke is crafty and saves his wife
From shame; while the whole room wonders
He approaches the man and unsheathes his sword;
"Sirrah, down on your knees!" he thunders.

"With the stroke of this sword, be it known to all,
I dub you noble and knightly;
As Sir Knave of Bergen arise," he said;
"You're a knave, so we've named you rightly."

So the headsman became a noble, the first
Of the Knaves of Bergen, who boldly
And proudly throve by the Rhine, but now
In coffins of stone sleep coldly.

VALKYRIES.

Down below, the battle loud;
Overhead, on steeds of cloud,
Three Valkyries. With a clang,
As of hurtling shields, they sang:

"Princes quarrel, nations fight
For the mastery by might;
Power the highest boon they crave;
None has virtue but the brave.

"Ha! no helmet proud can sheathe
Heads that Fate has doomed to death.
And the hero's race is run,
And the weaker man has won.

"Laurel crowns, triumphal arches!
To the gates to-morrow marches
He who slew the better foe,
Land and lieges winning so.

"Senators and burgomaster
Haste—they cannot hasten faster—
With the keys, and favour win,
And the conqueror enters in.

"From the ramparts cannons roar,
Trumpets brazen music pour,
Bells take up the joyful tale,
And the populace shouts, 'Hail!'

"Garlands fall on every side;
Lovely women watch him ride;
On the balconies they crowd;
And he greets them calm and proud."

THE BATTLEFIELD OF HASTINGS.

Deeply the Abbot of Waltham sighed
When he heard the news of woe:
How King Harold had come to a pitiful end,
And on Hastings field lay low.

Asgod and Ailrik, two of his monks,
On the mission drear he sped
To search for the corse on the battle-plain,
Among the bloody dead.

The monks arose and went sadly forth,
And returned as heavy-hearted.
"O Father, the world's a bitter world,
And evil days have started.

"For fallen, alack! is the better man;
The Bastard has won, and knaves
And scutcheoned thieves divide the land,
And make the freemen slaves.

"The veriest rascals from Normandy,
In Britain are lords and sirs.
I saw a tailor from Bayeux ride
With a pair of golden spurs.

"O woe to all who are Saxon born!
Ye Saxon saints, beware!
For high in heaven though ye dwell,
Shame yet may be your share.

"Ah, now we know what the comet meant
That rode, blood-red and dire,
Across the midnight firmament
This year on a broom of fire.

"'Twas an evil star, and Hastings field
Has fulfilled the omen dread.
We went upon the battle-plain,
And sought among the dead.

"While still there lingered any hope
We sought, but sought in vain;
King Harold's corse we could not find
Among the bloody slain."

Asgod and Ailrik spake and ceased.
The Abbot wrung his hands.
Awhile he pondered, then he sighed,
"Now mark ye my commands.

"By the stone of the bard at Grendelfield,
Just midway through the wood,
One, Edith of the Swan's Neck, dwells
In a hovel poor and rude.

"They named her thus, because her neck
Was once as slim and white
As any swan's: when long ago
She was the king's delight.

"He loved and kissed, forsook, forgot,
For such is the way of men.
Time runs his course with a rapid foot;
It is sixteen years since then.

"To this woman, brethren, ye shall go,
And she will follow you fain
To the battle-field; the woman's eye
Will not seek the king in vain.

"Thereafter to Waltham Abbey here
His body ye shall bring,
That Christian burial he may have,
While for his soul we sing."

The messengers reached the hut in the wood
At the hour of midnight drear.
"Wake, Edith of the Swan's Neck, rise
And follow without fear.

"The Duke of Normandy has won
The battle, to our bane.
On the field of Hastings, where he fought,
The king is lying slain.

"Arise and come with us; we seek
His body among the dead.
To Waltham Abbey it shall be borne.
'Twas thus our Abbot said."

The woman arose and girded her gown,
And silently went behind
The hurrying monks. Her grizzly hair
Streamed wildly on the wind.

Barefoot through bog and bush and briar
She followed and did not stay,
Till Hastings and the cliffs of chalk
They saw at dawn of day.

The mist, that like a sheet of white
The field of battle cloaked,
Melted anon; with hideous din
The daws flew up and croaked.

In thousands on the bloody plain
Lay strewn the piteous corses,
Wounded and torn and maimed and stripped,
Among the fallen horses.

The woman stopped not for the blood:
She waded barefoot through,
And from her fixed and staring eyes
The arrowy glances flew.

Long, with the panting monks behind,
And pausing but to scare
The greedy ravens from their food,
She searched with eager care.

She searched and toiled the livelong day,
Until the night was nigh;
Then sudden from her breast there burst
A shrill and awful cry.

For on the battle-field at last
His body she had found.
She kissed, without a tear or word,
The wan face on the ground.

She kissed his brow, she kissed his mouth,
She clasped him close, and pressed
Her poor lips to the bloody wounds
That gaped upon his breast.

His shoulder stark she kisses too,
When, searching, she discovers
Three little scars her teeth had made
When they were happy lovers.

The monks had been and gotten boughs,
And of these boughs they made
A simple bier, whereon the corse
Of the fallen king was laid.

To Waltham Abbey to his tomb
  The king was thus removed;
And Edith of the Swan's Neck walked
  By the body that she loved.

She chanted litanies for his soul
  With a childish, weird lament
That shuddered through the night. The monks
  Prayed softly as they went.

THE DELIVERER.

PLANTAGENET, thou laughest, deeming
That thou hast cured us of our dreaming,
Because thy slaves have found a stone,
And "Arthur" is the name thereon.

Our Arthur is not dead, nor hid
'Neath any coffin's stony lid.
Some days ago, myself, I stood
And saw him riding through the wood.

In velvet he was greenly dight;
His lips were laughing, his eyes were bright.
A gallant charger he bestrode,
And hunting with his friends he rode.

I heard his bugle ring and rally—
Tra-ra! tra-ra!—through wood and valley.
Where'er that magic music floats
The sons of Cornwall know the notes.

Tra-ra! tra-ra! They tell us, "Wait,
For soon will dawn the day of fate,
When Arthur with his loyal band
Will chase the Normans from the land."

CHARLES I.

In the charcoal-burner's hut in the wood
The king sits sad and weary;
He rocks the charcoal-burner's child,
And sings a lullaby dreary.

Eiapopeia, what stirs in the hay?
The sheep in the fold are bleating—
There's a mark on thy brow and a smile on thy lips
That bode me ill from our meeting.

Eiapopeia, the cat is dead—
'Tis the mark—thou canst not dissemble—
Thou wilt soon be a man and swing the axe,
Already the oak trees tremble.

The charcoal-burner's ancient faith
  Has perished; the sons come after—
Eiapopeia—who treat both God
  And their king with scorn and laughter.

The cat is dead and the mice are gay,
  From his high place each is driven—
Eiapopeia—I, king upon earth,
  And God the King of heaven.

Eiapopeia—my courage is quenched,
  My heart is sick with fearing.
Thou art marked by fate as my headsman, child,
  And the day of doom is nearing.

Eiapopeia—thy cradle-song
  Is my death-song—lo! thou hast shorn me
Of my grizzly locks—the iron sharp
  Of thine axe has cut and torn me.

Eiapopeia, what stirs in the hay?—
  My head from my trunk is smitten—
It falls to the ground—*the cat is dead*—
  And thou art the lord of Britain.

Eiapopeia, what stirs in the hay?
  The sheep in the fold bleat loudly.
The cat is dead and the mice are gay—
  Sleep on, little headsman, proudly.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

How the window-panes of the Tuileries
  In the merry sunshine glow!
And yet, by broad daylight within,
  The old ghosts come and go.

Flora's Pavilion is haunted still
  By Marie Antoinette;
She holds her morning levee there
  With strictest etiquette.

Court ladies in point and gold brocade
  And satins and jewels shine;
They stand or sit at their tabourets,
  Bedizened and decked and fine.

How slim their waist! The petticoat
  Is hooped and amply spreads;
The little high-heeled shoes peep out—
  If only they had their heads!

Not a single head can the company boast;
  Not even the queen has one—
Which forces her gracious majesty
  To go with her hair undone.

Yes, the queen with her toupee like a tower,
  Who once so proudly smiled:
The descendant of German Emperors,
  And Maria Theresa's child:

Sits headless now, with never a curl,
  Amid her maids of honour,
Who, headless too, with no hair to frizz,
  Stand round and wait upon her.

The French Revolution of course is to blame
  For the sad and pitiful scene:
Rousseau and Voltaire and their doctrines vile
  That led to the guillotine.

But the strange thing is, I am almost sure
  That not one of those ladies flaunting
Has any idea how dead she is,
  Or knows that her head is wanting.

Affectedly still they fawn and bow,
  And mince and strut as they go.
How horrid to watch the headless trunks
  As they dip and curtsey low!

The first of the ladies brings a chemise
  Of linen without a flaw;
The second one hands the chemise to the queen,
  And, curtseying, both withdraw.

A third and a fourth advance in turn,
When the first and the second are gone,
And, kneeling down at her Majesty's feet,
They pull her stockings on.

Then a maid of honour curtseying comes,
And hands her her morning sacque;
Another one brings her her petticoat,
And, bowing low, falls back.

The Mistress of the Robes stands by;
Her bosom she fans the while,
And her head being gone, with her other end
She does her best to smile.

The sun peeps in with a curious glance
To see what the curtains hide,
But recoils in terror as soon as he spies
The poor old ghosts inside.

POMARE

I.

All the gods of love are shouting,
Blowing fanfares in my heart,
Crying, "Hail Pomare! Hail!
Queen and conqueror thou art!"

Not the Queen of Otaheiti—
  Pious missions have reclaimed her—
She I mean is wild and lovely,
  None has civilized or tamed her.

Twice a week before her people
  She appears, whatever chances,
And the cancan and the polka
  In the Jardin Mabille dances.

In her every step and movement
  Charm and majesty and grace;
She is every inch a princess,
  Of a proud and royal race.

So she dances, and the love-gods
  Blow their fanfares in my heart,
Crying, "Hail Pomare! Hail!
  Queen and conqueror thou art!"

II.

She dances. How her body sways!
Her dainty limbs a thousand ways
Flutter and flit and leap and spin;
She'll soon have jumped from out her skin!

She dances; on one pointed foot
Whirls like the wind; then pauses mute,
And faces me with outstretched arms.
God keep me sane before her charms!

She dances. 'Tis the dance that erst
Herodias' daughter danced, accurst,
Before great Herod, Judah's lord.
Her eyes flash lightning, death, and sword.

She'll dance me crazy! Woman, take
Whatever gift is mine to make.
You smile! Ho, there! Be runners sped!
Cut me off John the Baptist's head!

III.

Yesterday, for bread to eat,
She was wallowing in the street.
Now she rides, a queen of queens,
In her coach and four, and leans,
On the silken cushions spread,
Her befrizzed and dainty head;
Glances proudly, as she passes,
On the common trudging masses.

Ah, my heart is filled with woe
When I see you passing so!

In that coach of pomp and pride
To the hospital you'll ride,
Where your last and only friend,
Grizly death, will make an end

Of your anguish, and some blundering
Student's hand will have the sundering
Anatomic of that form
Now so lovely and so warm.
Even your horses will die hard
In some wretched knacker's yard.

IV.

Nay, your fate, I now discover,
  Was less cruel than I said.
Thank the Lord that all is over!
  Praised be heaven, you are dead!

Where your mother views the city
  From her attic near the skies,
Passed your soul, and she with pity
  Closed your dead and lovely eyes;

Sewed a shroud and wrapped you cleanly,
  Bought a coffin and a grave;
Though they buried you but meanly,
  What she had she freely gave.

Not a passing-bell tolled slowly,
Not a priest was chanting drear;
Your *friseur* and poodle solely
Walked lamenting by your bier.

"Ah," the former sighed, "how often
I have combed the tresses black
Of Pomare, in that coffin,
While she sat in linen sacque!"

But the dog before the gateway
Of the churchyard turned and fled,
Ran to Rose Pompom, and straightway
Took from her his board and bed:

Rose Pompom, who would malign you,
The Provençal full of spleen,
Because no one could outshine you,
And we all acclaimed you queen?

Hapless queen of ribald glory,
With the mud-crown on your head,
God has ended now your story;
He had pity, you are dead.

As your mother here, your Father
Showed you mercy from above.
This He did, I think the rather
That you too did greatly love.

GOD APOLLO.

I.

THE convent is built on a rock that rears
From the Rhine running swift below.
The young nun sits at the window and peers,
And watches the waters flow.

In the crimson dusk, like a faëry dream,
The vessel goes sailing by;
Its garlands of flowers and laurel gleam,
And the pennons of taffeta fly.

In the middle there stands a youth most fair,
His locks are golden and curled,
His mantle is fashioned of purple rare,
In the mode of an antique world.

Nine women, as lovely as statues all,
Lie prone at his gracious feet;
Their tunics are girdled high, and fall
Over slender limbs and sweet.

And the golden-haired one sails along,
And sings as he smites his lyre,
And, piercing the heart of the nun, the song
Flames hot as burning fire.

She crosses herself in horror and fear,
  She crosses herself again;
But she cannot allay the torment dear,
  Or banish the blissful pain.

II.

"I am the God of Song divine,
  The nations all adore me;
On Mount Parnassus stood my shrine,
  'Twas there they bowed before me.

"In Greece how many a time and oft,
  Beside Castalia's fountain,
I've sat 'neath cypress shadows soft
  On green Parnassus mountain;

"While seated round, in chorus sang
  My fair melodious daughters;
La-la! la-la! their laughter rang
  Beside Castalia's waters.

"And from the grove, tra-ra! tra-ra!
  The winding bugle sounded,
When, chased by Artemisia,
  The panting quarry bounded.



"I know not why, but so it fell:
To tune my lips for singing
I needed but to touch the well,
And taste the waters springing.

"I sang—and into music burst
My golden lyre unbidden;
I felt as when sweet Daphne erst
I found in laurels hidden.

"I sang—and scents ambrosial streamed,
And fragrant wings unfurled;
An aureole of splendour gleamed,
And circled all the world.

"A thousand years ago from Greece
They drove me forth to wander,
But ah, my heart is still in Greece!
Oh, still my heart is yonder!"

III.

Blackly habited and muffled
In the garb of the Beguines
Goes the nun; her hood and mantle
Are of serge the coarsest, roughest.

And she speeds and presses forward
By the Rhine, along the high-road,
Bound for Holland, asking eager
Of each passer-by the question:—

"Have you chanced to see Apollo?
Have you seen my lovely idol
In his cloak of scarlet playing
On the lyre, and singing sweetly?"

But an answer none will give her;
Many turn their backs in silence,
Many stare upon her smiling,
Others sigh, and say, "Poor child!"

But along the highway jogging
Comes a slovenly old creature,—
Moves his fingers as if counting,
Through his nose a ditty crooning.

On his back a tattered wallet,
On his head a hat three-cornered;
To the questioning nun he listens,
Leers with cunning little eyes.

"Have you chanced to see Apollo?
Have you seen my lovely idol
In his cloak of scarlet playing
On the lyre, and singing sweetly?"

And the queer old creature answers,
While he comically waggles
To and fro his head, and drolly
At his pointed beard keeps tugging:

"Have I chanced to see Apollo?
Of a surety I have seen him:
Oft at Amsterdam have seen him
In the German synagogue.

"For 'twas there he led the singing,
And was known as Rabbi Faibisch,
Which is High-Dutch for Apollo;
But he never was my idol.

"Cloak of scarlet? Yes, that also
I remember—genuine scarlet,
And the price per ell, eight florins;
To this day not fully paid for.

"I have often met his father,
Moses Jitscher—circumciser
To the Portuguese, and clipper,
I have heard, of sovereigns also.

"Why, his mother is a cousin
Of my brother (kin by marriage),
And she deals in pickled gherkins
And old trousers on the Gracht.

"In their son they have no comfort;
Though he plays the lyre not badly,
He can play a great deal better
At the games, taroc and ombre.

"He is one of your freethinkers,
Ate of pork, and lost his office.
Then he toured about the country
With a troupe of low comedians.

"In the booths and at the markets
He has often played Jack-pudding,
Holofernes and King David—
As the latter much applauded;

"For he sang the psalms of David
In the king's own mother-tongue,
With the shakes and with the quavers
Of the ancient Hebrew music.

"And he took some wenches lately
From the Amsterdam Casino,
And is touring with these muses
Round the country as Apollo.

"There is one of them, a fat one,
Who is christened 'the green sow,'
From her speaking and her grunting
And her chaplet of green laurel."

LITTLE FOLK.

In a little round dish he came sailing down;
He was dressed like a wooer who's going to wed;
He sailed the Rhine to Rotterdam town.
"Wilt thou have me for lover, Juffräuken?" he said.

"To my castle, beloved, I'll bear thee away.
In the bridal chamber that there will be thine
The roof is woven of shreds of hay,
And the walls are fashioned of shavings fine.

"It's as trim as a doll's house, dainty and neat,
And thou like a queen shalt merrily dwell:
A spider's web for our gossamer sheet,
For our bridal couch a walnut shell.

"Ants' eggs every day in butter we'll fry,
And little green worms we'll cook and eat;
And my mother will leave me by-and-by
Three fumitories nice and sweet.

"And bacon, too, and rind I've got,
And thimbles full of the choicest wine;
A turnip grows in my garden plot.
Indeed thou shalt never have cause to repine."

What a wooing was that: he pleaded so!
She sighed, "Alack!" and "Well-a-day!"
You'd have said she was going to die of woe,
But she boarded the dish and she sailed away.

* * *

Is the song about Christians or mice, or what?
Decide for yourselves; I hardly know.
'Tis a ditty I heard, and had almost forgot,
In Bavaria thirty years ago.

TWO KNIGHTS.

Crapulinski and Waschlapski,
Poles who did not fear to fight
In the glorious cause of freedom
'Gainst the tyrant Muscovite,

Boldly fought, and fled to Paris
None the worse for their defeat.
Brave to perish for one's country,
But to live is also sweet!

Like Achilles and Patroclus
Each to each was as a brother:
Kissed like Jonathan and David,
Cried "Kochan!" to one another.

They were true and loyal comrades,
  Friends who never were forsworn,
Notwithstanding they were Polish,
  Noble Poles in Poland born.

Had a single room between them,
  Shared the bed and shared the catching
Of the vermin, one in spirit,
  Rivals only in their scratching;

Dined together in one beer-shop;
  So unwilling, both, that either
Should defray the other's charges,
  That the bill was paid by neither.

And the selfsame Henrietta
  Every month would trill and hum,
As she mounted from the laundry,
  For the double washing come.

Yes, they really had some linen,
  Each a pair of shirts, no less!
Which, for noble Poles from Poland,
  Was a marvel, you'll confess.

And at present they are seated
  By the fire that flickers warm,
While, without, the coaches rumble
  Through the dark and snow and storm.

And a bowl of punch—a big one—
They have drunk without a stop.
(Neither lemons there, nor sugar,
And of water, not a drop.)

And their souls are full of sorrow,
And the tears are in their eyes,
Wet with weeping are their faces,
And the Crapulinski sighs,

"If I only had my bearskin,
And my dressing-gown had here,
And my cosy catskin nightcap,
Left behind in Poland dear!"

But Waschlapski answered, chiding,
"Folk like you should never roam—
Always thinking of your nightcap
And your bearskin and your home.

"Trust me, Poland is not lost yet,
For our wives will rear us men,
And our maidens will be mothers,
And our land will boast again

"Heroes brave like Sobieski,
Like Schelmufski and Uminski,
Eskrokewitsch, Schubiakski,
And the glorious Eselinski."

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Flute and horn and viol urging
To the idol-dance, and surging
Round and round the Golden Calf,
To the rattle of the drum—
  Brum—brum—brum—
Jacob's daughters leap and laugh!

Noble virgins linkëd fly,
Robes upgirdled to the thigh;
Like the wind they whirl and fleet
Round and round the Golden Calf,
  And they laugh,
And the noisy drums are beat!

Even Aaron to his scathe,
He, the guardian of the Faith,
Joins the dance-delirious crowd,
In his holy high-priest's coat,
  Like a goat—
Roll of drums, and laughter loud!

KING DAVID.

Despots, when their death is nigh,
Can afford to smile and die:
Though the tyrant cannot stay,
Tyranny will last for aye.

Ah, the wretched common folk,
Doomed like oxen to the yoke,
And a broken neck for guerdon,
If they kick against the burden!

David, on his dying bed,
Spake with Solomon, and said,
"*A propos*, there's Joab, too.
I must leave that task to you.

"Many years I have abhorred
Joab and his conquering sword,
Yet have never dared to touch
Him I loathed and feared so much.

"You, my son, are good and wise,
Strong, devout, and will devise
Some expedient that will break
And destroy him, for my sake."

KING RICHARD.

THROUGH the lonely glades of the blossoming wood
A knight comes galloping proudly;
He sings and laughs—right merry his mood—
And he winds his bugle loudly.

His harness of steel is strong, and strong
  Is his courage unconquered and fearless.
'Tis Richard the Lion-heart riding along,
  A knight in Christendom peerless.

With their little green tongues sing gaily the trees,
  "Oh, a hearty welcome we bid you
To England again from over the seas,
  Where the Austrian dungeon hid you."

Oh, good to be under the open sky!
  He feels new-born, re-risen;
Sets spurs to his horse, the further to fly
  From the smell of his Austrian prison.'

THE ASRA.

Every evening in the twilight,
To and fro beside the fountain
Where the waters whitely murmured,
Walked the Sultan's lovely daughter.

And a youth, a slave, was standing
Every evening by the fountain
Where the waters whitely murmured;
And his cheek grew pale and paler.

Till one eve the lovely princess
Paused and asked him on a sudden:
"I would know thy name and country;
I would know thy home and kindred."

And the slave replied, "Mohammed
Is my name; my home is Yemen;
And my people are the Asras:
When they love, they love and die."

BRIDES OF CHRIST.

ALL who pass the holy convent
  At the darksome dead of night
Know that ghosts are up and walking,
  For the windows are alight.

In a solemn, drear procession
  'Tis the Ursulines who pace;
And there peeps from hood and linen
  Many a young and pretty face.

In their hands they carry tapers—
  Strange and red as blood they glow;
And the cloisters dim re-echo
  With the murmur of their woe.

They are moving to the chapel;
  In the choir, upon the chairs
Made of boxwood, they will seat them,
  And begin their songs and prayers.

To such pious tunes were never
  Words so wildly linked before.
They are piteous souls unpardoned,
  And they knock at heaven's door.

"We were brides of Christ when living,
  But through love of earth we strayed,
And we rendered unto Cæsar
  What to God we should have paid.

"Oh, a uniform is charming,
  And moustachios smooth and bold,
And alluring, more than all else,
  Cæsar's epaulettes of gold.

"And alas! we gave an antler
  To the brow that once was grieved
With the cruel thorns to save us:
  Our Redeemer we deceived.

"Jesus, ever prone to mercy,
  Weeping, turned his face away,
Weeping said, 'Ye are accursëd,
  And your souls are doomed for aye.'

"Grave-arisen ghosts of midnight,
We do penance, weeping sore—
Miserere! miserere!—
'Mid these walls for evermore.

"In the grave there's rest and comfort,
Though 'twere better in the skies—
Miserere! miserere!—
In the warmth of Paradise.

"Gentle Jesus, Oh, forgive us
At the last our deadly sin!—
Miserere! miserere!—
Warm is Heaven; let us in."

So they sing; and on the key-board
Of the organ overhead
Wildly storm the ghostly fingers
Of a sacristan long dead.

PALSGRAVINE JUTTA.

THE Palsgravine Jutta crossed over the Rhine;
She steered her skiff by the pale moonshine;
A maiden rowed, and the Countess said,
"Dost see those seven men wan and dead—
Seven bodies afloat
Behind our boat?—
How drearily drift the corpses!"

"Young knights were they, who loved me well,
And, sighing soft, on my bosom fell.
They vowed to be true to their dying day,
And, that none might his vow and his troth betray,
I had them bound
And straightway drowned—
How drearily drift the corpses!"

The Countess laughs, and the maiden rows,
How the scornful laughter echoing goes!
The dead men rear to their middle, and raise
Their hands and swear to Heaven, and gaze
With a glassy eye,
And beckon and sigh—
How drearily drift the corpses!

THE KING OF THE MOORS.

To the Alpuxàrres' exile
Rode the youthful Moorish monarch,
Heavy-hearted and in silence,
With his cavalcade behind him.

Seated high on ambling palfreys,
Or in gilded litters carried,
Came the women of his household;
On the mules the swarthy maidens.

And a hundred faithful servants
On their Arab horses followed;
Proud the steeds, but sad the riders,
Soiled and slouching in their saddles.

Not a drum and not a cymbal,
Neither song nor merry chorus;
Not a sound except the plaintive
Silver tinkle of the mule-bells.

On the summit where beneath one
Lies the green Duero valley,
And the last of fair Granada's
Mosques and minarets is seen,

From his horse the king dismounted,
And stood gazing on the city
In the glow of sunset gleaming,
As if decked in gold and purple.

What a sight was that, great Allah!
Gone the dear familiar crescent!
Spanish cross and standard glinting
On the towers of the Alhambra!

At the bitter sight the bosom
Of the king with sighs was riven,
And his tears fell like a torrent,
And his cheek was wet with weeping.

From her palfrey high, the mother
Of the king in gloomy anger
Watched her son's despair and sorrow;
Proudly, cruelly, she chid him,

Saying, "Boabdil el Chico,
Like a woman thou art wailing
O'er the town that with the courage
Of a man thou couldst not save."

When the monarch's favourite mistress
Heard the mother's harsh upbraiding,
From her litter she alighted,
Threw her arms around her lord;

Said, "Nay, Boabdil el Chico,
Mourn not thus, my heart's beloved;
From thy sorrow's depth abysmal
Greenly yet will grow the laurel.

"Not alone the conquering hero
Crowned with victory, the darling
Of the blonde and smiling goddess,
But misfortune's bloody son—

"Also he, the valiant fighter,
Who succumbs to overwhelming
And relentless fate, forever
Shall be honoured and remembered."

And the height from which the monarch
Saw the last of fair Granada
To this very day "The mountain
Of the Moor's last sigh" is called.

Time has long since brought fulfilment
Of the words of his beloved;
Proudly honoured is the glorious
Name of Boabdil el Chico.

Yea, his fame shall ring for ever
Down the ages, till asunder,
Jarring, snaps the last sweet string of
Andalusia's last guitar.

GEOFFREY RUDÈL AND MELISANDA OF TRIPOLI.

STILL the tapestry is hanging
On the walls of Château Blay
That was wrought by Tripoli's Countess:
You can see it to this day.

As she stitched, she stitched her soul in,
And love's consecrating tears
Once bedewed that silken picture,
Where the scene portrayed appears

Of her meeting with Rudèl
  Pale and dying on the shore,
When she found her heart's ideal—
  Found, and lost for evermore.

It was here Rudèl saw also,
  For the first time and the last,
Her of whom he had so often
  Dreamed of fondly in the past.

And the Countess, bending over,
  Holds him fondly in her arms,
While the pallid mouth she kisses
  That so sweetly sang her charms.

Ah, that tender kiss of greeting
  Was the parting kiss of pain!
Highest bliss and deepest anguish
  In one cup the lovers drain.

Every night in Château Blay
  There's a strange and furtive sound;
From the tapestry the figures
  Rustle gently to the ground;

And the troubadour and lady
  Stretch their shadow-limbs and go
Softly wandering together
  In the castle to and fro.

Tender whispers and caresses,
Sad sweet love and lovers' ways,
Gallant posthumous endearments
Of the Minnesinger days.

"Geoffrey! Dead although my heart is,
At thy voice how it can thrill!
I can feel the embers glowing
In its sunken ashes still."

"Melisanda! Joy and flower!
When I gaze into thine eyes
I awake to life; dead only
Are earth's sorrows and its sighs."

"We in dream were lovers, Geoffrey,
And in death are lovers dear.
That god Amor hath a marvel
Wrought in our behoof is clear."

"Melisanda! What is dreaming?
What is death? Mere words of air?
Love alone is true and real,
And I love thee, ever fair!"

"In this moonlit chamber, Geoffrey,
How unvext the moments run!
I desire no more to wander
In the radiance of the sun."

"Melisanda! Foolish darling!
Thou thyself art sun and light;
Where thou goest May must blossom,
Spring with flowers and love be bright."

So the tender ghosts, caressing,
Stroll and love, while others sleep;
And the moon-beams through the arches
Of the windows slyly peep.

But when dawn begins to redden
In the east, they softly fall,
Rustling back, into the arras,
And are pictures on the wall.

THE POET FIRDUSI.

I.

Men of gold and men of silver!
If a beggar mentions thomans
'Tis of silver he is speaking,
And he means a silver thoman.

In a prince's mouth however,
In a Shah's, a thoman always
Is a golden one; Shahs only
Give and take in golden thomans.

Honest people always think so,
So Firdusi understood it:
He who wrote the famous poem,
The immortal work, *Schah Nameh.*

He composed the noble epic
At the Shah's own royal bidding,
And the meed that he was promised
Was, for every verse, a thoman.

Seventeen times the roses blossomed,
Seventeen times the roses withered,
And the nightingale the roses
Seventeen times had sung, and ceased.

And the poet meanwhile sitting
At the loom of thought was weaving,
Day and night, the giant fabric
Of his song and never pausing—

Giant fabric wherein woven
Were the stories and the legends
Of his fatherland, beginning
With the kings of Farsistan.

Heroes held in highest honour
By the nation, knightly prowess,
Bold adventures, fairies, demons,
He entwined with flowers of fable.

All was blossoming and burning,
Limned with gorgeous hues resplendent,
By the sacred light illumined
Of Iran: divinely radiant

In the heavenly light primeval,
Which had found its latest temple,
In dispite of Koran, Mufti,
In the poet's flaming heart.

And at last the song was ended—
Twice one hundred thousand verses,
And the manuscript delivered
By the poet to his patron.

Then the Shah despatched in answer
Swarthy envoys to the poet,
And they found Firdusi bathing
In the public baths at Gasna.

Each had brought a bag of money
Which he offered, kneeling lowly
At the poet's feet, as guerdon
For the song which he had written.

These Firdusi, who was eager
For the blissful golden vision
Long denied him, seized and opened—
And discovered to his horror

That the sacks were merely filled with
Silver pale, with silver thomans.
Then the poet laughed in anger—
Laughed a laugh of bitter scorn:

Laughing bitterly, divided
With a careless hand the money,
And to both the swarthy envoys
Who had brought the gift insulting

Gave a third, to recompense them
For their trouble, and a third
To the bath attendant offered—
Just a trifle for a drink.

Then he grasped his pilgrim's staff;
Left the capital behind him,
And in passing through the gateway
Shook the dust from off his feet.

II.

"If, like ordinary men,
He had promised, and had broken
Only words in lightness spoken,
I had hardly blamed him then.

"But unpardonably vile
'Twas with perfidy to treat me,
With a double-meaning cheat me;
Worst of all is silent guile.

"He appeared to fail in nought,
He was noble, tall and stately,
None beside endowed so greatly,
Every inch a king, I thought.

"And he turned on me an eye
Like the sun for blazing splendour—
Truth and honour's proud defender—
Yet he tricked me with a lie."

III.

Shah Mahomet has drunk and dined,
And feels at peace with all mankind.

In his garden on cushions of purple he lolls
At eve, where the cool white fountain falls.

His courtiers round him humbly stand,
Ansari, his favourite, close at hand.

From marble urns, in the scented gloom
The radiant flowers burn and bloom,

And, fanning themselves like odalisques fair,
The palms rear slim through the dusky air,

While the cypresses, musing and still at even,
Forget the earth in dreams of heaven.

But hark! to the lute's melodious string
A soft mysterious song they sing.

The Shah starts up bewitched from his seat:
"Who wrote that song so strange and sweet?"

And Ansari answered from the throng:
"It was Firdusi wrote the song."

He was taken aback—"Firdusi!" he cried.
"How fares the great poet?" Ansari replied,

"He lives, O king! in want and woe,
And for many a year has languished so,

"At Thus, his native town, alone
In a poor little garden of his own."

In silence Shah Mahomet pondered, then said,
"Ansari, give ear. Be this matter sped:—

"A hundred mules from my stable take,
And thy choice of fifty camels make,

"And load these high with all the treasure
Wherein the heart of man hath pleasure:

"With what they deem most rich and rare,
With costly raiment and household ware,

"With daintily handled cups and pots,
And leopard skins with goodly spots,

"With carpets and shawls and silk brocade,
The finest in my kingdom made;

"Nor shalt thou fail to add thereto
Housings and weapons bright and new,

"With every drink accounted sweet,
And every sort of potted meat,

"And fruits preserved, and almond cake,
And every gingerbread they make.

"Twelve horses of Arabian breed
Take also, for their arrowy speed;

"And be a dozen slaves bestowed,
With iron thews for any load.

"Then thou shalt get upon the way,
Ansari, and with speed convey

"These treasures for the poet's use,
And greet him fair from me in Thus."

Ansari obeyed his lord's behest;
Camels and mules with the finest and best

He loaded high; the cost of which
Was equal to a province rich.

In three days' time, with beasts and pelf,
He left the palace, and himself

With a scarlet pennon, the foremost man,
Rode out in front of the caravan.

Eight days they spent upon the route,
Ere they reached the town at the mountain foot;

Then the caravan, with shouts and din,
Through the western gate went filing in,

And songs of triumph echoed and rang
To the beat of drums and the trumpets' clang.

"La Illah, Il Allah!" with lusty tongue
The jubilant camel drivers sung.

Through the eastern gate at the other end
Of Thus they saw that moment wend

The funeral train, with tears and gloom,
That bore Firdusi to his tomb.

VOYAGE BY NIGHT.

THE waves were rough, and the half-moon peeped
From the clouds with a timid light.
We were three when we stepped aboard the boat:
Three souls who sailed by night.

The oars in the water drearily plashed
Like the sound of a listless sigh.
We were sprinkled wet by the white sea-foam
As the waves went surging by.

So slender, still, and pale she stood,
So wan and yet so sweet!
Like some marble statue of Italy:
Diana's counterfeit.

The wind was whistling bleak and cold,
The moon was hid away,
When overhead there rang a scream
Of sudden, shrill dismay.

It was the cry of the sea-mew white,
Like a ghost above in the gloom.
We three who heard it were afraid—
It seemed a voice of doom.

Am I stricken with fever? What phantasy wild
Of midnight burns my brain?
Am I mocked of a dream? What dream is this,
Incredible, insane?

I dream I am the Lord himself,
And that I carry, too,
The heavy cross that Jesus bore,
Long-suffering and true.

The poor pale beauty is sore distressed,
But I will end her pain:
From scorn and woe deliver her,
And every earthly stain.

Ah, shudder not, thou lovely one,
Though harsh the medicine be;
I'll pour, albeit with breaking heart,
The cup of death for thee.

O gruesome dream! O folly wild!
Delirium mad! I rave!
The darkness yawns, the billows crash;
Jehovah, hear and save!

O pitiful God, forsake me not!
O merciful God Schaddey!
A something falls in the sea like lead.
Schaddey! Schaddey! Adonay!—

The sun arose and we steered for the land,
That glowed with the bloom of May.
We were two when we stepped ashore from the boat;
We were three when we sailed away.

THE PRELUDE.

THIS then is America!
This the new, the virgin world!
Not the one to-day already
Europeanized and withering,—

'Tis the new, the virgin world,
As when Christopher Columbus
Drew it from the waste of ocean,
Fresh and shining from the billows,

Dripping with the watery pearls
That in dazzling colours vanish
'Neath the sun's impassioned kisses.
Oh, how healthy is this world!

'Tis no silly heap of rubbish,
Fossilized perukes and symbols
Dull and mouldy: 'tis no graveyard
Of romantic, foolish poems.

Healthy from the healthy ground
Spring the trees—not one among them
Blasé, or with spinal marrow
Rotting, dwindling in consumption.

Giant birds are swinging gaily
On the boughs, their rainbow plumage
Shimmering brightly, with enormous
Solemn bills, and eyes encircled,

Spectacled, with rims of black.
And they gaze on me in silence,
Then begin to chatter loudly
Like so many coffee-swillers.

What they say I cannot tell you,
Though acquainted with their language,
Versed therein like Solomon,
He who had a thousand wives,

And was learned in the tongues
Of the feathered folk, not only
In the living tongues, but also
In the dialects dead and stuffed.

New the land, and new the flowers!
New the flowers, new the fragrance!
Scents of flowers wild, unheard-of,
To my nostrils rise, and tease me,

Prickling, yearning, tantalizing;
And, my sense of smell tormented,
I keep sniffing to discover
Where, before, I met these odours.

Was't in Regent Street, in London,
In the sunny arms and golden
Of the slender Javanese
Who was always chewing flowers?

Or in Rotterdam, I wonder,
By the column of Erasmus,
In the wafer-shop, the white one,
With the close, mysterious curtains?

But while thus I stared dumfounded
At the new, the virgin world,
It, on its side, seemed to view me
Even with more of shy amazement.

From the grove a startled monkey,
Peeping, crossed himself affrighted,
Cried in horror, "'Tis a spectre
From the ancient world arisen."

Fear me not, O gentle monkey!
I am neither ghost nor vision;
In my veins the blood is leaping,
Life avows me as her son.

But so long now I have trafficked
With the dead, I may have mimicked
Quite unconsciously their manners
And their oddities mysterious.

Many years, and those my best ones,
I have lived in old Kyffhäuser,
In the Venusberg, and other
Catacombs of the Romantic.

Prithee, fear me not. I like thee,
Gentle monkey, for thy hairless,
Tanned and shaven hinder quarters
Bear my favourite old colours.

Precious colours! Black-red-golden!
On this monkey's hinder quarters,
They recall to me with sorrow
Those of Barbarossa's banner.

VITZLIPUTZLI

I.

Though his head was crowned with laurel,
And his golden spurs were gleaming
On his boots in knightly fashion,
He was neither knight nor hero,

But a robber chief who boldly,
With undaunted fist and shameless,
Wrote his shameless name of Cortez
In the book of mortal glory.

'Neath the name of great Columbus
He inscribed it—just below it;
And the schoolboy on the school-bench
Learns the names by heart together.

After Christopher Columbus
He will name Fernando Cortez
As the second in the Pantheon
Of the new, the western, world.

To the last Fate tricks the hero!
Yes, our name may yet be coupled
With some robber's name notorious,
In the memory of nations.

Unremarked to sink to silence—
Were not that a better future
Than to drag throughout the ages
Such a name to ours companioned?

Master Christopher Columbus
Was a hero, and his spirit
Was as generous and open
And as pure as heaven's sun.

Many a man has given greatly,
But Columbus gave a world,
Found and gave the vast new world
Which we call America.

'Twas beyond his power to free us
From our dreary earthly prison,
But he managed to enlarge it,
And our chains at least to lengthen.

And the human race adores him:
Those of Europe long since weary,
Those of Asia weary also,
And of Africa no less.

One alone, one hero only,
Gave us more and gave us better
Than Columbus, and that hero
Was the man who gave us God.

He had Amram for his father,
And had Jochebed for mother,
He himself was mighty Moses;
Him I rank the first of heroes.

But my Pegasus, unduly
Thou dost tarry with Columbus,
For our flight to-day is lower,
With the lesser man, with Cortez.

Spread thy gay and shining pinions,
Wingëd steed, and bear me westward
To the far, the fair New World,
To the land of Mexico.

Bear me west to yonder castle
That was hospitably given
By the gracious Montezuma
To his Spanish guests as lodging.

And not food and shelter only
Were with readiness accorded
To these vagabonds and strollers;
Presents rich and rare were added;

Gifts of massive gold, and jewels,
Fashioned cunningly, and gleaming,
Witnessed also to the favour
And the kindness of the monarch.

This uncivilized, unlearned,
Blind and superstitious heathen
Still believed in faith, and fancied
Hospitality was sacred.

When invited by the Spaniards
To a feast which they pretended
They were giving in his honour,
He betook him to their castle;

Full of trust and condescension
He went thither with his courtiers;
When he reached the Spanish quarters
Was with fanfares loudly greeted.

What the title of the drama
Was, I know not; "Spanish Honour"
Would have served; as for the author,
He was Don Fernando Cortez.

It was he who gave the signal,
And the king was overpowered;
And they bound him, and then held him
In the castle as a hostage.

Montezuma died of sorrow.
With his death the dam was broken
That had saved the shameless brigands
From the fury of the people.

Then began the awful havoc.
Like a wild and angry ocean,
Roaring, surging ever nearer,
Beat the raging human billows.

True, the Spaniards beat the tempest
Boldly backward; but the fortress
Every day was re-invested
And the struggle grew fatiguing.

Worse, the death of Montezuma
Cut supplies of every kind off.
Daily shorter grew the rations,
Daily longer grew the faces.

And the long and haggard faces
Lengthening looked at one another,
And the sons of Spain thought sadly
Of their Christian home and sighed;

Thought with yearning of their country
Where the pious bells were ringing,
And in peace the Spanish hotch-potch
On the cosy hearth was bubbling,

Thickly studded with garbanzos,
With the sausages beloved,
Little sausages of garlic
Spluttering slyly underneath them.

Then the leader called a council
And decided on retreating,
Gave instructions to his followers
With the dawn to leave the city.

But although the cunning Cortez
Had by fraud so simply entered,
Fatal obstacles confronted
A return towards the mainland;

For this Mexico is circled
By a lake—an island city—
Rush and roar of waves around it,
Proud and strong, a water-fortress;

All its traffic with the mainland
Done by vessels, rafts, and bridges
Which are built on piles gigantic;
Little islands serve as piers.

Ere the dawn of day the Spaniards
Were already up and marching.
Not a single drum was beaten,
Not a trumpet blew reveille.

They were anxious that the slumbers
Of their hosts should not be broken.
(Quite a hundred thousand Indians
Were encamped in Mexico.)

But without their hosts the Spaniards
Had on this occasion reckoned.
For the Mexicans, more wakeful,
Even earlier had risen.

On the rafts and on the bridges,
On the little isles they waited,
With the parting cup held ready
For their guests to drink ere going.

On the rafts, the piers, and bridges,
Ha! the wild delirious banquet!
Blood in crimson torrents streaming,
And the bold carousers wrestling,

Body pressed and glued to body,
Till the arabesques engraven
On the Spanish mail are printed
On the naked Indian bosoms.

What a throttling, what a slaughter!
What a massacre and carnage,
Slowly, grimly waltzing onward
Over bridges, rafts, and islets!

Loud the Indians sang and bellowed,
But the Spaniards fought in silence.
Step by step they had to struggle
For an open space to fly from.

In that seething, narrow passage
They derived but little profit
From old Europe's art of warfare:
Cannons, coats-of-mail, and horses.

Also many of the Spaniards
By the gold that they had stolen
Or extorted were encumbered.
Ah, that sinful yellow burden

Lamed and hampered them in battle!
Not their souls alone were ruined
By this metal of the Devil,
Even their mortal bodies perished.

And the lake was covered meanwhile
With canoes and other vessels,
Where with guns they sat and shot them,
On the islets, rafts, and bridges.

True, they hit in the confusion
Many Mexicans, their brothers,
But they also wounded many
An illustrious hidalgo.

On a bridge, the third contested,
Fell Sir Gaston who was bearing
High the Spanish flag embroidered
With the Virgin's holy image.

And this sacred picture even
Was transfixed by Indian arrows.
There were six of them that pierced it
Through the heart—six shining arrows,

Like the golden swords that always
Pierce the sorrow-laden bosom
Of the Mater Dolorosa
In processions on Good Friday.

And the banner young Sir Gaston
Handed, dying, to Gonzalo,
Who was shortly wounded also
To the death, and sank.—Then Cortez

Seized himself the precious standard,
He, the leader, and on horseback
Bore it high until the evening,
When the bloody battle ended.

On that day a hundred Spaniards
And three-score were done to death;
And they numbered over eighty
Whom the Indians captured living.

There were many sorely wounded
Who succumbed and perished later,
And the Spaniards lost a hundred
Of their horses, killed or taken.

It was evening before Cortez
And his army reached the mainland,
Where the shore was sparsely planted
With a fringe of weeping willows.

II.

After battle's day of terror
Comes the ghostly night of triumph;
And in Mexico, exultant,
Flare a hundred thousand lamps.

Lamps of joy and jubilation,
Pitch-ring fires and pitch-pine torches
Throw their harsh and gaudy daylight
Upon palaces and temples,

On the guildhalls, and the temple
Of the idol Vitzliputzli,
Which was built of red brick, strangely
Reminiscent, in its style,

Of the monstrous architecture
Of old Babylon and Egypt
And Assyria, as depicted
By our British Henry Martin.

Yes, the stairs, like those he paints us,
Are so roomily constructed,
That the Mexicans in comfort
Wander up and down in thousands,

While the fierce and savage warriors
On the steps in groups are squatting,
And in wild disorder feasting,
Drunk with victory and palm-wine.

In a zigzag line the staircase
Rises slowly to the platform,
To the vast and balustraded
Roof that covers in the temple.

There, enthroned upon his altar,
Sits the mighty Vitzliputzli,
Bloody war-god of the nation,
Monster evil and misshapen.

But so droll is his exterior,
So contorted and so childish,
That, despite an inward shudder,
One is almost moved to laughter.

He reminds one of the picture
Of the Dance of Death at Bâle,
And has also some resemblance
To the Manikin at Brussels.

On his right he has the people,
On his left the mustered priesthood
Strutting proud in gorgeous feathers,
As befits the great occasion.

On the altar-steps of marble
Squats a dwarfish centenarian
In a little scarlet jacket,
Bare of chin and bald of crown.

'Tis the high-priest; he is whetting,
With a smile, the knife, and leering,
Squinting, leering, as he whets it,
At the God who sits above him.

Vitzliputzli knows the meaning
Of the glances of his servant;
Now he seems to twitch an eyelid,
Now his lips are even moving.

The musicians of the temple
On the altar-steps are kneeling;
Drummers, buglers, beating, blowing.
What a rattling, what a tootling!

What a tootling, what a rattling!
And the choir in noisy chorus,
The loud Mexican *Te Deum*
Chant like caterwauling cats—

What a caterwauling chorus!
But the cats are of the species
That we designate as tigers,
Who devour not mice, but men!

When the horrid noise was wafted
On the night-wind to the Spaniards,
To the shore where they were watching,
They were sick of heart and woeful.

By the fringe of weeping willows
They stood motionless and mournful,
And they gazed upon the city
In the gloomy lake reflected,

On the bright illuminations
Mirrored mocking in the water;
'Twas as if they watched it, standing
In the pit of some vast playhouse.

And the stage was represented
By the platform of the temple,
And the mystery enacted
Was in honour of the triumph.

"Human Sacrifice" the title;
Old the motive, old the fable;
But, as treated by the Christians,
Less revolting is the drama.

For, by transubstantiation,
Into wine the blood is altered,
And the body is a harmless
Little wafer made of flour.

But the game was rude and earnest
As this savage people played it;
'Twas on human flesh they feasted,
And the blood they drank was human.

It was blue and undiluted
Christian blood of long descent,
That had never mingled basely
With the blood of Moors or Hebrews.

So be merry, Vitzliputzli;
It is Spanish blood they pour thee;
Let thy greedy nostrils revel
In its warm and steaming fragrance.

They are slaying eighty Spaniards
To thy glory; noble roast-meat
For the table of thy priesthood,
Who will eat and will be nourished.

For the priest is but a mortal,
Just a wretched flesh-devourer;
Cannot live on odours merely;
Like the gods, on fragrant odours.

Hark! the funeral drums are beating
And the baleful trumpets clashing;
They announce that the procession
Of the doomed is now ascending.

Eighty Spaniards, mother-naked,
With their hands behind them fastened,
Up the stairway of the temple
Tightly bound the guards are dragging.

Before Vitzliputzli's image
They are forced to bow the knee now,
And to dance fantastic dances
Are compelled by means of tortures

So appalling and so gruesome
That the shrieking of the victims
Can be heard above the tumult
Of the cannibal carousal.

Hapless public by the water!
Cortez listening, and his warriors,
Heard and recognised the voices
Of their comrades in their anguish.

On the stage illumined clearly
They could also see distinctly
All the figures, all the gestures:
Saw the knife, and heart's-blood flowing.

They removed their helmets, kneeling:
Bared their heads and knelt devoutly,
Sang the service for the dead,
Sang together "De Profundis!"

Of the eighty men who perished
One was Raimond of Mendoza,
Son of her, the famous abbess,
First and best beloved of Cortez.

When he saw the very locket
Which contained the mother's portrait
Upon Raimond's naked bosom,
Cortez wept some bitter tears.

Then he wiped away the tear-drops
With his glove of buffalo leather,
Deeply sighed and sang, in chorus
With the others, "Miserere!"

III.

Lo! the stars are gleaming paler,
From the lake the mists are rising,
Morning mists like pallid spectres
With their trailing snowy mantles.

End of feasting and of torches
In the temple of the idol.
On his bloody roof the priesthood
And the laity lie snoring.

None awake but Scarlet Jacket,
By a single lamp illumined.
Smirking slyly, grimly jesting,
Thus the priest the god addresses:

"Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli,
O my little Vitzliputzli!
Ha! to-day thou hast been merry!
Thou hast revelled in sweet odours!

"'Twas to-day the blood of Spaniards.
Oh, its steam was appetizing,
And thy nose so fine and dainty
Shone with pleasure when it sniffed it.

"'Tis the horses' turn to-morrow,
Noble, whinnying, gallant monsters,
Sired by spirits of the tempest,
With the sea-cow for their mother.

"Good and gracious thou must be, though,
And must send us further triumphs;
Let us conquer, Vitzliputzli,
Putzlivitzli, Vitzliputzli!

"Bring destruction on our foemen,
On those strangers who from distant
And still undiscovered countries
Hither sailed across the ocean.

"Wherefore left these men their country?
Were they hungry, or blood-guilty?
'Stay at home, and live by labour'
Is a good and wise old proverb.

"What, I wonder, are they seeking?
With our gold they fill their pockets,
And desire us to be happy
After death, above in heaven.

"And at first we thought them beings
Born of ancestry the noblest;
With the sun for sire—immortal,
Armed with lightning and with thunder.

"But they're only men, and mortal
Like the rest of us; my knife
Their mortality has proven:
They are merely men who perish.

"They are men, and are no fairer
Than we others; some among them
Are as hideous as the monkeys,
And, like them, have hairy faces.

"And they even say that many
Carry, hidden in their breeches,
Monkey-tails, for who but monkeys
Would require to go in breeches?

"And their morals, too, are hateful:
They are impiously wicked;
Why, 'tis said they go so far as
To devour their very gods!

"O annihilate these wretched,
Sacrilegious god-devourers!
Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli,
Let us triumph, Vitzliputzli!"

To the god thus spake the priest,
And the answer sounded sighing
Like the rustle of the night-wind
When it whispers to the sedges.

"Scarlet Jacket, bloody butcher,
Thou hast slaughtered many thousands;
Pierce at last thine own old body
With the sacrificial knife.

"When slit open is thy body,
Forth thy soul will crawl, and, pattering
Over roots and over gravel,
Reach the pool where dwell the tree-frogs.

"Thou wilt find the queen of rats there;
She's my cousin, and will greet thee,
Saying, 'Naked soul, good morrow;
Speak, how fares it with my nephew?

"'Is he Vitzliputzlying gaily
In the sunlight sweet as honey,
Sweet and golden? Does good fortune
Keep his brow from flies and sorrow?

"'Or does hateful Katzlagara,
Goddess grim of misadventure,
With her iron black feet scratch him,
That she dips in adders' poison?'

"Naked spirit, thou shalt answer,
'Vitzliputzli greets thee, hoping
That a pestilence may plague thee
In thy belly, hag accursëd!

"'Thou didst urge him to the conflict,
Didst abysmal ruin counsel,
For we near now the fulfilment
Of that prophecy of eld,

"'Which predicts our land's destruction
By a dreadful bearded people
Who were one day to come flying
From the East on wooden birds.

"'There's an ancient proverb also:
Woman's will the will of God is—
Doubly strong the will of God, then,
When the woman is God's mother.

"'It is she who wakes my fury,
She, the Princess proud of heaven;
She, the Virgin without blemish,
Skilled in miracles and magic.

"'It is she who shields the Spaniards,
And destruction sure awaits us—
Me, of all the gods most wretched,
And poor Mexico, my country.'

"This accomplished, Scarlet Jacket,
Down a sand-hole thou shalt burrow,
Naked soul, and slumber soundly,
That thou mayst not see my sorrow.

"Overthrown shall be my temple,
In its ashes I shall tumble—
I myself but smoke and ruin—
Never more shall any see me.

"Yet I shall not die—I cannot—
For we gods are like the parrots,
Live as long and moult as they do,
Moult like them and change our feathers.

"To the region they call Europe,
To the country of my foes,
I will fly, and, having reached it,
Start a new career of glory.

"I will damn myself, and thenceforth
Be no longer god but devil;
As the foe of foes detested,
I will operate and labour.

"I will plague these Christian people,
Yes, with phantoms I will fright them,
They shall taste of hell beforehand,
And be always sniffing sulphur.

"I will tempt both wise and foolish,
I will lure them and decoy them,
I will tickle, tease, their virtue,
Till it laughs like any harlot.

"I will turn into a devil,
And will greet as trusty comrades
Old Beelzebub and Satan,
Belial, too, and Ashtaroth.

"I will greet thee, Lilith, also—
Sin's great mother, slippery serpent!
In thy gruesome lore instruct me,
And the noble art of lying!

"My beloved Mexico!
Though I cannot save my country
I can fearfully avenge her!
My beloved Mexico!"

SECOND BOOK.

LAMENTATIONS.

A FICKLE queen is Fortune fair;
  She flits about from spot to spot;
She'll kiss you quick and stroke your hair,
  Then off she flies, and you're forgot.

But Dame Misfortune is not so;
  She folds you to her heart instead.
She says she's in no haste to go,
  And sits and knits beside your bed.

WOOD SOLITUDE.

WHEN I was young I used to wear
Upon my head a garland fair:
A magic wreath in summers gone,
And wondrous bright the flowers shone.

Though all admired the radiant crown,
The wearer only won a frown.
From yellow envy and her brood
I fled to woodland solitude.

In forest glades how free I roamed,
Where happy beasts and fairies homed!
The sprites, the stags with antlered head,
Drew close to me with fearless tread.

They did not pause, divining danger,
They knew me friendly, though a stranger;
The does felt safe from huntsmen's treason,
The fairies, from man's vaunted reason.

Of favours by the fairies shown
None boast but fools, and yet I own
That, in the woods, the noblest born
Were far from treating me with scorn.

The winsome elves, the airy things,
Gossiped and chattered and danced in rings,
Their gaze, perhaps, more keen than coy,
Promising sweet but deadly joy.

I watched their May-day dance and sports,
And they told me tales of various courts,
The scandalous chronicle—nothing suppressed—
Of Queen Titania's among the rest.

When I sat by the stream and marked its flow,
The nixies would rise from the pools below,
The water bacchantes, slim and fair,
With silvery veils and floating hair.

The cithern and viol they played for my pleasure,
And danced the famous nixie measure.
Ah, the melody strange and the rhythmic feet!
What a ringing and springing and frenzy sweet!

There were also times when I have known
The pretty things, their wildness flown,
Sit on the grass and sing to me,
Leaning their heads against my knee.

Italian romances they'd hum and trill:
The Oranges Three I remember still.
They also composed and sang with grace
A hymn on me and my noble face.

Then, laughing loud, they would pause in their task,
And sometimes the queerest of questions ask;
For example, one of their questions odd
Was, why were we men created by God?

Had we all got souls? And if so, whether
They were fashioned of linen stout, or leather.
They inquired of me, too, if I chanced to know
Why mortals were mostly so stupid and slow.

And my answer?—Enough if the nixies heard.
To have taken offence were, of course, absurd
At anything said by a nixie droll,
About me or my precious immortal soul.

Malicious and gay are the elves and nixies,
But faithful and true the gnomes and pixies.
They serve us, and work with unflagging zest.
The dwarfs and the manikins pleased me best.

Their cloaks are of scarlet, baggy and deep;
They are honest, though timid; they pry and peep;
And I always behaved as if quite unaware
Why they cover their feet with such sedulous care.

They have feet like ducks, yet all suppose
The fact is a secret nobody knows.
'Tis a rankling wound: the pain is immense.
I never could laugh at the dwarfs' expense.

Great heavens! In this we are all the same;
There is something that all of us hide with shame;
We have each our webbed feet, pose as we please,
And every one fancies that nobody sees.

Salamanders I never chanced to meet,
And the woodland folk were most discreet
In discussing their doings; but to and fro
They would steal through the dark like shadows aglow.

They're as dry as a bone and like children in height;
In doublet and hose of scarlet bright,
Embroidered with gold, they are neatly clad;
Their faces are sickly and yellow and sad.

A crown of gold and rubies red
Each wears upon his little head;
And all to the fancy fondly cling
That each alone is an absolute king.

'Tis a wonderful art these sprites have learned,
To live in the fire and not be burnt;
Yet, never to kindle, I think on the whole,
Is hardly the sign of an ardent soul.

But of all the folk, the cleverest sort,
With their beards so long and their legs so short,
Were the mandrakes—finger-long, queer old men,
Born, nobody seems to know where or when.

On moonlight nights, when they tumble and spin,
They seem, indeed, to the rupture-wort kin;
But, since they were always kind to me,
I have no concern with their pedigree.

They taught me spells and magic words—
How to exorcise fire, and lure the birds,
And on midsummer eve to pluck aright
The herb that hides you in broad daylight.

They taught me the stars and their signs to read,
And to sit the wind like a bare-backed steed,
And the Runic tongue, that calls from their bed
Of deep-dug clay the shrouded dead.

They taught me the whistle by which one tries
To fool and deceive the woodpecker wise,
And get him to give you the spurge that shows
Where treasure is hid of which no one knows.

The words that one murmurs low to one's self,
They taught me too, when one buries pelf;
They expounded it all—a useless measure:
I never could bury or store my treasure.

But for money, then, I did not fret;
My wants were few and easily met.
I had also my castles in Spain, of which
The revenues made me more than rich.

O happy days! To my ear entranced
The blue sky fiddled, while nixies danced;
And kobolds and elves by the flowery streams
Played round a heart that was drunk with dreams!

O happy times! when green above
The boughs triumphal arches wove;
And, crowned and glorious passing through,
I entered in as conquerors do.

Alas! that happy time is fled;
The things I loved are changed or dead.
And ah! some thief has stolen away
For evermore my garland gay.

They have stolen my garland to my grief:
I cannot tell you who the thief;
But since my radiant crown they stole,
My soul has hardly seemed a soul.

Shy and uncanny in their fear
Earth's larvæ gaze; the heavens are drear:
A churchyard blue where gods lie dead.
I pace the grove with a drooping head.

The elves have left the woods forlorn;
I hear the hounds and the hunting-horn.
In the copse concealed lies the stricken doe;
She licks her wounds and weeps for woe.

And the dear little mandrakes, where are they?
In the clefts of the rock they are hid away.
I return, little friends, to your woodland bowers,
But without my joy and my crown of flowers.

Where is the fay with the locks of gold,
The first of the fair one's kind of old?
The great oak tree where her house she had
Is torn by the wind, and bare and sad.

The brook flows by with a Stygian tide,
And, silently perched by the waterside,
As pale as death, like a statue of stone,
A nixie sits and grieves alone.

But when, moved with pity, I venture near,
She starts, and gazing in horror and fear
For a moment wild, she turns and flies
Like one who has seen a ghost arise.

SPANISH ATRIDES.

On St. Hubert's day—the year was
Thirteen hundred, three and eighty—
We were bidden to a banquet
At Segovia by the King.

Royal banquets never vary;
At the festive board of princes
Sovereign dulness, undisputed,
Yawns presiding at the table;

Gorgeous vessels, gold and silver,
Dainties brought from every region,
Leaden-flavoured as the dishes
From the kitchen of Locusta.

'Tis the same silk rabble always,
Gaily decked, politely bowing,
Like a flaunting bed of poppies;
Nothing changes but the sauces.

And the buzz and murmur round one
Soothe the senses like the poppy,
Till the trumpets blow, and waken
From the masticating stupor.

By good luck I had beside me
Don Diego Albuquerque,
From whose clever lips unwearied
Flowed delightful conversation.

Quite entrancingly he told me
Many bloody tales and scandals
Of the days of that Don Pedro
Who was called the cruel king.

When I asked him why Don Pedro
Caused his brother Don Fredrego
To be secretly beheaded,
With a sigh my neighbour answered,

"Señor, never trust the truth of
What the muleteers and rhymesters
On their slack guitars keep strumming
In the pot-house and posada.

"Never trust the stuff they drivel
Of the love of Don Rodrego
For Don Pedro's fair young consort,
She of Bourbon, Donna Blanca.

"Twas not marital suspicion,
It was envy pure and simple
Doomed unhappy Don Rodrego,
Chief of Calatrava's order.

"Yes, the crime Don Pedro's envy
Could not pardon in his brother
Was the glory Donna Fama
Loved to trumpet to the world;

"And beyond forgiveness, also,
His nobility of nature,
And the beauty of his body,
Fit expression of his soul.

"In my memory still blooming
Lives that slender knight and peerless;
Unforgettable the dreamy
Youthful fairness of his face is.

"He was just the sort of stripling
That the fairies fall in love with,
And a subtle secret magic
Peeped and spoke from all his features;

"Eyes of blue, whose bright enamel
Was as dazzling as a jewel,
Like a jewel's, too, their hardness
And their steadiness and courage;

"Black his hair—a bluey blackness
Of a rare and wondrous lustre—
That luxuriantly curled,
Falling down upon his shoulders.

"Ah, the last time that I saw him
Still alive was in Coimbra,
Fair Coimbra, when he won it
From the Moors—unhappy Prince!

"He was coming from Alcanzar,
Through the narrow street was riding;
Many a Moorish maid was peeping
From behind her latticed window.

"Free his gallant plume was waving,
But the cross of Calatrava,
Sternly wrought upon his mantle,
Hindered light and tender longings.

"And the dog he loved, his Allan,
Leapt and wagged his tail beside him;
Of a gallant stock the beast came,
Mountain-bred in the Sierras;

"And, for all his size gigantic,
He was nimble as a deer,
His sagacious head was noble
Although somewhat like a fox's.

"White as snow, and soft and silken
Hung his wavy hair about him,
And with rubies rich encrusted
Was his broad and golden collar.

"And they said that hid beneath it
Was the talisman of truth;
He was never known to wander
From his master for a moment.

"O fidelity appalling!
Still I tremble and I shudder
When I think how he displayed it
In the hall before our eyes here.

"Ah, that day of woe and horror!
In this very hall it happened!
I was sitting as at present,
To the royal table bidden.

"At the far end of the table
Where to-day sits Don Henrico
Drinking gaily with the flower
Of the knighthood of Castile,

"Sat that day Don Pedro, gloomy,
Silent, sullen, and beside him,
Proud and radiant as a goddess,
Sat Maria de Padilla.

"At the other end, the lower,
Where you see that lady seated
Whose enormous frill of linen
Looks so like a great white platter,

"While her shrunken face and yellow,
With its sneering smile and bitter,
Might be taken for the lemon
That might lie on such a platter—

"Down below here, at the table,
We observed a place was empty,
And the golden chair seemed waiting
For a guest of royal rank.

"Don Rodrego was the guest
That the golden chair was meant for;
But he came not. Ah, we know now
Well the reason why he lingered.

"Yes, the deed of blood and darkness
Was that very hour accomplished,
And the young and guileless hero
Was by treachery surprised;

"By the minions of Don Pedro
Was attacked and overpowered,
Bound, and dragged towards a dungeon
Of the castle, lit by torches,

"Where the headsman's grim attendants
And the man in red stood waiting.
On his axe the latter leaning,
With a heavy heart said sadly,

"'Make thy peace with heaven straightway,
O Grand Master of San Jago;
Fifteen minutes are allowed thee
For the saying of thy prayers.'

"On his knees fell Don Rodrego,
Prayed with pious calm, unflinching;
Said serenely, 'I have finished,'
And received the stroke of death.

"At that moment when, dissevered,
To the ground the head was falling,
Faithful Allan sprang and caught it,
Who unseen had slunk among them.

"With his teeth he gripped it tightly
By the dark and flowing tresses,
And, his precious booty bearing,
He was gone as if by magic.

"Screams of terror rang and echoed
All along the route he traversed.
Through the passages and chambers,
Up and down the stairs he speeded.

"Since the feast of King Belshazzar
Never company at table
Was so stricken and confounded
As was ours here at the banquet,

"When the monstrous creature entered
With the head of Don Rodrego,
From his teeth the burden hanging
By the dripping hair and bloody.

"On the chair that still was empty,
And that waited for his master,
Sprang the dog, and held the head out
To us all, like an accuser.

"Ah, how well we recognised it!
Knew the noble face, though paler
It appeared in death, and sterner
Than before, and grimly circled

"By its wealth of raven tresses
That seemed writhing like the serpents
In the head of the Medusa
That could petrify the gazer.

"Yes, the sight to stone had turned us,
And we stared at one another;
Lamed was every tongue with horror,
And by etiquette held dumb.

"But Maria de Padilla
Broke the universal silence,
Wrung her hands and, loudly sobbing,
Wailed with bitter, wild foreboding.

"'They will say this bloody murder
Was a crime of my contriving,
And will wreak, alas! their vengeance
On my innocent young children!'"

Don Diego's painful story
At this point was interrupted,
For we saw the guests were rising
And were moving from the chamber.

But the knight with courtly kindness
Was so good as to escort me
Through the ancient Gothic castle,
And we strolled about together.

In the archway leading outward
From the castle to the kennels,
Which proclaim afar their presence
By the sound of yelp and snarl,

I observed that there was sunken
In the wall a sort of hollow,
Like a cage, and barred securely
In the front with iron grating.

And within were human beings:
Boys, a couple of them, sitting
With their legs in iron fetters;
On the filthy straw they squatted.

Barely twelve I judged the younger;
Little older was the other;
Fair and noble were their faces,
Though with sickness wan and withered.

They were ragged, almost naked;
On their poor lean wounded bodies
There were signs of cruel usage;
Both were shivering with fever.

When they gazed on me, who stood there,
From their wretchedness abysmal,
With their eyes so white and ghostly,
I was overcome with horror.

"Who are these—woe's awful image?"
I exclaimed, and, startled, seized on
Don Diego's hand that trembled,
Even as mine did, when I touched it.

Don Diego seemed embarrassed,
Looked to see that no one listened,
Deeply sighed, and answered, feigning
Still a light and worldly manner,

"These are children early orphaned,
Royal princes who for father
Had Don Pedro, and whose mother
Was Maria de Padilla.

"When Henrico Transtamara
On the fateful field of Narvas
Freed his brother, poor Don Pedro,
From the burden of his crown,

"And that other burden also
Which we groan beneath, called life,
On his brother's children even
He bestowed his conquering bounty.

"As was seemly in an uncle
He adopted them and reared them,
And gratuitously gave them
Food and lodging in his castle.

"Though the room he has assigned them
Is perhaps a little narrow,
In the summer it is coolish,
And in winter might be colder.

"For their food he gives them rye bread
Which is quite as appetizing
As if Ceres' self had baked it
For her daughter Proserpine.

"And he sometimes even sends them
Quite a bowlful of garbanzos,
From which fact the youngsters gather
That the day in Spain is Sunday.

"But not every day is Sunday,
And garbanzos come not always,
And at times the master huntsman
With his whip regales them freely;

"For it happens that this huntsman
In whose charge the royal hounds are,
And the cage which Don Henrico
Has allotted to his nephews,

"Is the most unhappy husband
Of that woman like a lemon,
With the ruffle like a platter,
Whom I pointed out at table;

"And so shrewishly she scolds him,
That, his whip in fury seizing,
To the kennels here he hastens,
And both dogs and boys chastises.

"But the king has shown displeasure
At such conduct, and commanded
That his nephews shall no longer
Like the dogs receive correction;

"To a hireling's fist no longer
Shall their punishment be trusted;
He himself will in the future
With his royal hands bestow it."

Don Diego stopped abruptly,
For the Seneschal approached us,
And inquired of us politely:
Had we both enjoyed our dinner?

THE EX-LIVING ONE.

Brutus, where is your Cassius true,
The watchman who used to stroll
By the Seine and call the hours with you,
While soul communed with soul?

How often you turned your heavenward gaze
On the dark clouds drifting by;
But your hearts held thoughts in those olden days
More dark than the cloudy sky.

Brutus, where is your Cassius now?
On murder he thinks no more.
He reads to a tyrant and fawns, I trow,
With the best, on the Neckar's shore.

Quoth Brutus, "You poets are dull indeed,
And compounded of folly purely;
My Cassius, 'tis true, to a tyrant may read,
But only to kill him more surely.

"He reads him our Matzerath's famous works,
Nor better could use his breath,
For in every line a dagger lurks,
That must bore the tyrant to death."

THE EX-WATCHMAN.

STUTTGART on the Neckar tired him,
And he left it in a rage.
Munich on the Isar hired him
As director of its stage.

Munich is a charming city;
Brave old bock, the best of beer,
Making men both wise and witty,
Brims the bowl with foaming cheer.

But the poor director wanders
Sad and sullen up and down:
Mournfully, like Dante, ponders,
With Lord Byron's gloomy frown.

Comedies have lost their magic;
So have verses the most vile;
Even the tragedies most tragic
Can no longer raise a smile.

Many a lovely woman gladly
From his heart would charm the ache,
But the tenderest glances sadly
On his brazen armour break.

Nancy in her barred cap flutters,
Woos and coos—he does not wince;
"Get thee to a nunnery," mutters,
Moody as a Danish prince.

Vainly friends with joyous measures
Seek to sing away his woe:
"Life is good, come taste its pleasures,
While the lamp is still aglow."

Can you not contrive to bury
And forget your grief? The town
For its jolly dogs and merry
Has a merited renown.

True, of late it has been losing
Many men it ill could spare,
Chorus-leaders of its choosing,
Gallant souls of virtue rare.

Had but Massmann not deserted!
Then whatever sorrows burned
In your heart had been diverted
By the somersaults he turned.

Schelling too! Ah, his defection
  Was indeed a cruel stroke!—
As a mimic quite perfection,
  As philosopher a joke.

That the great Walhalla builder
  Should have gone, and left behind
All his writings to bewilder—
  That was also most unkind.

All the youths Cornelius kindled,
  When he went were in despair,
Once their locks were shorn they dwindled,
  For their strength was in their hair.

On their hair the mighty master
  Threw a spell—'twas plainly proved;
'Twas alive with things that faster
  Than the eye could follow moved.

Dead is Görres, the hyena.
  When the Inquisition swept
From religion's fierce arena,
  Passed away, red-eyed he wept.

There's a son, a timid rabbit,
  Who this beast of prey survives;
He is venomous in habit,
  And on fumitory thrives.

A propos! That arch-notorious
Priest, as Dollingerius known,—
Some such name he made inglorious,—
From the Isar has he flown?

By the sun's unsullied glory!
Such a face I never met.
Ah, its wretched, sinful story
Is too ugly to forget!

His arrival upon earth was
To his mother's lasting shame.
For the manner of his birth was
Too unnatural to name.

He was one in the procession
On Good Friday winding slow.
'Mongst those men of dark profession,
None was dark as he, I know.

Yes, Monácho Monachorum
Is to-day the stronghold fit
Of virorum obscurorum,
Made renowned by Hutten's wit.

Hutten! Ha! your eyes are flashing.
Wake, a watchman as before!
Here are cowls that want a lashing;
Drub them soundly as of yore.

Till their backs are bloody beat them,
  Copy Ulrich; flog amain.
To such blows did Ulrich treat them
  That they bellowed fierce with pain.

Loud and long, in merry humour,
  Laughed Erasmus at the joke:
Laughed so loud that from his tumour
  He recovered, for it broke.

On the Ebersburg with laughter
  Shouted Sickingen like mad,
And all Germany rang after
  With that lusty peal and glad;

Young and old—the laugh went ringing;
  As for Wittenberg, be sure
It was one guffaw while singing
  "Gaudeamus igitur!"

But when dirty cowls are beaten
  One must count on catching fleas;
Poor Von Hutten was half eaten,
  And tormented sore with these.

"Alea jacta est!" however,
  Was the hero's battle-cry,
Nimble were his hands and clever:
  Fleas and clergy both must die.

Does your heart not glow with anger,
You who called the hours of yore?
Rise, and cast away your languor
On the distant Isar shore!

Stretch your legs again for running,
Nor let sloth their speed retard;
Be they stupid cowls or cunning,
So they be but cowls, beat hard!

But he wrings his hands, while dreary
Is his sigh for lost repose;
Says, "My legs though long are weary
With old Europe and its woes.

"And my corns are hurting badly,
For my German shoes are tight.
Where they pinch I know, and gladly
Would be left in peace—Good night!"

FESTAL ODE.

Beer-Meyer, Meyer-Beer,
What a tumult rends the air!
Are you really brought to birth
With the saviour of the earth,
With the promised man sublime?
Are you truly near your time?

Shall the masterpiece whose pain
Thirteen years convulsed your brain—
"Jan von Leyden," child of anguish—
See the light where now you languish?

Yes, it is no canard merely
Of the journals; it is clearly
A delivery at last;
And the pangs are overpast,
And the honoured patient lies—
Heaven's peace upon his eyes—
On the bed bedewed with tears,
And the midwife, Gouin, nears,
Lays a napkin on the slack
Form as empty as a sack.
But a sudden crash and boom
Breaks the silence of the room!
It is Israel without,
And a thousand voices shout,
Thunder, "Hail!" with one accord
(Some untempted by reward),
"Hail to Meyer-Beer, hail!
He is great and shall prevail.
Hail to him, our master dear!
After labour long and drear,
After ages anguish-torn,
Now at last our prophet's born."

From the crowd that cries and cheers
Steps a man, still young in years,
Called Herr Brandus—man of worth,
And a Prussian as to birth;
Modest-mannered (although shown
Every trick that can be known
By the rats' foe Schlesinger,
Beduin, music publisher,
Whom he has succeeded proudly),
On a drum he pummels loudly
With a boom and with a bang,
As when Miriam danced and sang
After Moses won the battle;
And he sings above the rattle:

"Sweat of art and genius holy,
Drop by drop, had gathered slowly
In the reservoir, and lay
Safely dammed until the day
When the sluice was opened wide.
Now the seething, surging tide
Rolls majestic! Burst asunder
Are its bonds. This heaven's wonder
Like the vast Euphrates roars,
Or the Ganges, by whose shores,
Where the slender palm-trees sway,
Plunge young elephants at play;
Or the Rhine that rushing, foaming

By Schaffhausen, lures the roaming
Berlin student he bewitches
To the wetting of his breeches;
Or the Vistula the scratching
Poles are never tired of watching,
While they sing beside its billows
Hero-songs beneath the willows.
It is almost like a sea,
Like the Red one, from which we
Came dry-footed with our plunder,
And which Pharaoh perished under
With his host, ere he had passed.
Ah, how deep and wide and vast!
Such a watery composition
Is, we're forced to make admission,
On the globe unmatched, sublime
And titanic for all time,
Great as God and Nature—*more,*
I'm the owner of the score!"

EPILOGUE.

IN PRAISE OF THE CELEBRATED MAESTRO FIASCOMO

THE negroes inform us, believe it who will,
That the lion, the king of the beasts, when ill,
A monkey, as medicine, in pieces will tear,
And eat him entire with the skin and the hair.

No lion am I, or forest king,
But the negro-prescription I thought I would bring
To the test—for which reason this poem was writ,
And, oddly enough, I feel better for it.

THE DESCENDANTS OF PLATEN.

You announce your Iliads loudly,
And your Odysseys you plan,
And, in you, assure us proudly
We behold the coming man.

But such wordy, windy actors,
Who have nothing done as yet:
Intellectual benefactors
Of your sort: I've often met.

Here is Rhodes, and they are dancing;
Give a sample of your skill,
Or begone, and stop romancing
If you neither can nor will.

Real princes, coin possessing
In the realm of genius, pay.
Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Lessing
Asked no credit by the way.

Not for them ovations purely
From the public begged on trust;
Nor the laurels prematurely
Snatched, with greedy hand out-thrust.

Dead the mediæval swagger
Of the youths of noble name;
But it lives still in the bragger
About distant, deathless fame.

All such boasters, oh, believe me,
Are of real Platen blood;
On this point can none deceive me,
I have known too well the brood.

MYTHOLOGY.

WHAT Europa did was wrong,
But a bull is very strong.
As for Danäe, who could scold
One subdued by showers of gold!

Semele, too, must be forgiven,
For she thought, "A cloud of heaven—
It would very much surprise me
If a cloud could compromise me."

But to pardon Leda's tale
Mildest tolerance must fail.
What a goose we must believe her,
When a swan could so deceive her!

ON THIS SIDE OF THE RHINE AND ON THAT.

Wild caresses, tender woes,
Dallying with the burning rose,
Fragrance sweet and lovely lies,
Passion rude in noble guise,
Love—its arts, its blisses, sighs—
Masters are the French in those.

For the art of hating, none
Like the Germans. Hate begun,
In the soul the drops distil
And the poison mounts until
There's enough at last to fill
Even Heidelberg's vast tun.

IN MATILDA'S ALBUM.

Upon these rags transformed to paper
My goose-quill is compelled to run,
And I am forced in verse to caper
Half seriously and half in fun.

I who am used, such methods spurning,
  Upon your rosy mouth my part
To speak in kisses warm and burning,
  That flame resistless from my heart!

By fashion we are mania-bitten!
  Are you a poet?—Then your wife,
Till in her album you have written
  Like other stars, will plague your life.

MULEDOM.

Your worthy father was an ass,
  As all the world is well aware;
Your mother was of better stock:
  A thoroughbred and gallant mare.

You are a mule and cannot change,
  Although you find the fact a trial;
But that there's horse-blood in your veins
  You can maintain against denial:

From proud Bucephalus himself
  Can vaunt descent; devoutly raiding,
Your forebears bore to Palestine
  The hosts of Christendom, crusading.

And as your kinsman you can claim
  The high white steed in blood who trod
'Neath mighty Godfrey de Bouillon,
  The day he took the town of God:

Can pose as cousin to Bayard,
  And hold, though evidence be scanty,
It was your aunt Don Quixote rode,
  The hero-hearted Rosinante.

That your connection is as close
  With Sancho's donkey, do not tell;
And even the ass that bore our Lord
  You must, of course, deny as well.

Nor need your coat of arms display
  An ass's ear. Assert your worth;
For just as you esteem yourself
  You'll be esteemed upon the earth.

RATIONALISTIC EXEGESIS.

Not *by* ravens, *on* them merely
  Was Elijah fed, we're told.
So the miracle was, clearly,
  Some translator's slip of old.

Yes, he dined on ravens roasted,
Just as we with less religion,
In our Berlin cafés boasted,
Eat in faith our roasted pigeon.

SYMBOLICS OF NONSENSE.

We now begin to sing a song,
For our theme a numeral taking:
We sing the song of Number Three—
All bliss must end in aching.

Our number was an Arab born,
But, former sins forsaking,
She soon became a Christian good,
Not one commandment breaking.

A lobster never turned as red
As Number Three on taking
A man together with a maid:
Her anger left them quaking.

In summer warm, at seven o'clock
She drank her coffee, slaking
Her thirst in winter cold at nine—
A cosier hour for waking.

But now 'tis time to change the rhyme,
For changed and dark the morrow
That dawned at last for Number Three:
She suffered pain and sorrow.

A cobbler came along who said—
O a cruel cobbler he was!—
Like a Seven small on a crescent moon
The head of Number Three was;

That the mystic number was Seven among
The old Pythagoreans,
While the crescent was Diana's sign
And also the Sabæans'.

And that Three herself was the shibboleth
Of the senior bonze at Babel;
Intriguing with whom, she brought to birth
The Holy-Trinity fable.

Then a tailor arrived who said with a smile,
"Your fancy's been cutting a caper.
This Three of yours never existed at all,
Except as a mark on paper."

When she heard the tailor, poor Number Three
Resented the libel madly;
Like a duck distracted she waddled about,
And wailed, and whimpered sadly,

"I'm as old as the forest, as old as the sea,
As old as yon star that flashes.
I have seen whole races and kingdoms rise,
And seen them sink to ashes.

"I have stood at the noisy loom of time
For many a thousand ages.
I have gazed into nature's fashioning womb,
Where eternal tumult rages.

"I have seen the sensual forces dark,
But never let them surge in
This heart of mine: I have watched the show,
A pure, unspotted virgin.

"But what avails my virtue now,
By both wise and foolish flouted?
The world is bad, unjust and mad;
The best of us are doubted.

"But thy hope and faith and love, my heart,
They have been forced to leave me;
Of my coffee good and my drop of rum
No sceptic can bereave me."

THE ANGELS.

YES, a disbelieving Thomas
You may call me; sure am I
That Jerusalem's and Roma's
Promised heaven is a lie.

On the other hand, that real
Are the angels has been proved.
Beings faultless and ideal
Here below in light have moved.

As regards their wings, however,
Gentle lady, I demur;
Though I've seen such angels, never
Have I known the wings occur.

With their dainty hands how kindly,
And how sweetly with their glance,
They uphold us stumbling blindly,
And protect us from mischance!

Ah, their favour, when they show it,
Comforts all, but most, I know,
Him whose portion, as a poet,
Is a double load of woe!

PRIDE.

O Countess Gudel of Gudelfeld,
Because you have money the world has knelt.
In your gilded coach and four,
The court levee in store,
You drive to the castle, bright
With many a waxen light.
Up the marble stairs you wind,
Your rustling train behind,
And the gorgeous lackeys standing
In rows upon the landing
Shout: "Madame la Comtesse de Gudelfeld!"

Proudly, your fan in your hand,
You stroll through the chambers grand;
Your bosom swells with pleasure,
Laden with costly treasure
Of diamonds that shine
Mid pearls and Brussels fine.
Oh, the smiles and the curtsies unending,
The becking and bowing and bending!
The Duchess of Pavia meets you,
With "Cara mia" greets you,
The courtiers and squires, advancing,
Invite you to join in the dancing,

And, famed for his wit and his taste,
The Crown Prince cries, "From the waist
How superbly swings the Gudelfeld!"

But if, poor thing, you lost your gold,
The world would turn a shoulder cold;
The lackeys in sheer disdain
Would spit upon your train,
And insults take the place
Of bowing and courtly grace,
The "Cara mia" be "Hence!"
And the prince, with disgust intense,
Cry, "Of garlic smells the Gudelfeld!"

WINTER.

The cold can burn and nip
Like fire, and bring disaster.
With the whirling snow for whip
Faster we run and faster.

Oh, the harsh and cruel winters,
With frozen noses coming,
When ears are smashed in splinters
By vile piano-strumming!

Ah, summer is the time!—
To green woods far from cities
I bear my griefs, and rhyme,
Alone, my tender ditties.

THE OLD CHIMNEY-PIECE.

SNOWFLAKES drifting wan and dreary;
Dark the night and loud the storm.
In the chamber here, how cheery,
Dry and lonely, still and warm!

And I muse upon the settle,
By the pleasant crackling glow,
And I hear the humming kettle
Singing songs of long ago;

While the cat beside me sitting
Warms her paws before the blaze,
And the flames that dance in flitting
Weave a spell upon my gaze.

Many a long-forgotten story
Rises dim from vanished years:
Filing past, in faded glory,
Masquerades and disappears:

Lovely women beckoning sweetly
With a wise, mysterious smile,
Merry harlequins that fleetly
Laugh and pirouette the while;

And the marble statues, gleaming
From afar, their greeting send,
Where the flowers of fable, dreaming
In the moonlight, wave and bend.

And enchanted castles gliding
Pass, and rock, and are no more;
And the armoured knights come riding
With the gallant squires of yore.

For a moment sweet they hover,
And are gone like shadows vain—
Ah! the kettle's boiling over,
And poor pussy howls with pain.

YEARNING.

In thy dreams thou seest, burning,
Fabled flowers strange and still,
And the magic odours thrill
Through thy soul with bliss and yearning.

But a deep abyss and dreary
Yawns between you evermore,
And at last thy heart is sore,
For it bleeds and it is weary.

From beyond the depths that sunder,
How they beckon, how they lean!
Couldst thou bridge the gulf between,
Master Carpenter, I wonder?

TO THE YOUNG.

Turn for no luring, hold on, enduring,
Gold though the apples may lie in your way!
Sabres are clashing, arrows are flashing:
These will not hinder the hero, nor stay.

Boldly begun, and the half is done!
Alexander the Great won a world of old.
No pause for debating! The queens are waiting,
They kneel in the tent to the victor bold.

We do and we dare! We mount, as the heir,
To the bed of Darius, and sit on his throne.
How sweet is the doom! To die thus in bloom!
A triumph-drunk death in Babylon!

THE UNBELIEVER.

And thou wilt lie within my arms!
The magic thought confounds
My trembling soul with sweet amaze;
My heart with rapture bounds.

And thou wilt lie within my arms!
I'll stroke thy golden hair,
And on my shoulder thou wilt lean
Thy head so fond and fair.

Yes, thou wilt rest within my arms!
No lying dream is this.
Already I shall taste on earth
Of heaven's highest bliss.

O Doubting Thomas! To believe
My heart will be afraid,
Until upon my rapture's wounds
My finger I have laid.

AFTER EFFECTS.

STRANGE that clouds so dull and grey
Rose from out a sea of pleasure!
Full the morrow pays the measure
Of the joys of yesterday.

Purest nectar was the liquor;
Now 'tis wormwood. Oh, this head!
Heart and stomach weigh like lead.
Sickest cat could not be sicker!

FOR DOMESTIC PEACE.

MANY women, many fleas,
  Fleas and scratching all the while—
But, in secret when they tease,
  You must bear it with a smile.

Else at night with roguish art
  They will take a vengeance deep—
Would you press them to your heart,
  They will turn away and sleep.

FAREWELL.

LIKE a pelican I fed you
  With the life-blood of my veins,
And a cup of gall and wormwood
  You have poured me for my pains.

True, you meant it not for malice,
  And your brow was clear and kind—
With, unfortunately, nothing
  But forgetfulness behind.

Fare you well—you hardly notice
  That I weep because we part.
Little fool, may God preserve you
  Still a butterfly at heart!

WHITHER NOW?

WHITHER now? My foot is foolish,
And to Germany would go;
But my reason sees the folly,
Shakes her head, and murmurs, "No.

"Though the war indeed is over,
Martial law, alas! is not,
And they tell me you have written
Stuff for which you might be shot."

'Tis a fact, and most unpleasant
Would the shooting process be:
There is nothing of the hero
Or his pathos about me.

I would gladly go to England,
If the smoke were not so thick,
And if even to smell the English
Did not always make me sick.

I have more than once been tempted
By America's renown,
Where, in Freedom's mighty stable,
Stalled alike is every clown;

But I fear a land where skittles
  Can be played without a king,
Where the natives chew tobacco,
  And spittoons are not the thing.

The delightful land of Russia
  Might appeal to me, no doubt,
But in winter rather trying
  I should find, I fear, the knout.

Then I sadly gaze above me,
  Where the stars in thousands shine,
But, 'mid all the nodding thousands,
  I can see no trace of mine.

Has it lost its way in heaven's
  Golden labyrinth of light,
As, on earth, I too have wandered
  In the tumult and the night?

GO ROVING!

If she you loved has proved unkind,
  Love one that will be fonder;
Or, better, leave the town behind—
  Strap wallet on, and wander!

You soon will reach a lake of blue
  Enclosed by weeping willows;
There let your trivial tears bedew
  The grass, and spare your pillows.

Then climb the rugged mountain sheer;
  Though toil and stress confound you,
When you are on the top you'll hear
  The eagles calling round you.

And free as they, and strong of wing,
  Your life and strength renewing,
You'll think your loss a little thing,
  And hardly worth the rueing.

AN OLD SONG.

Dead! You are dead and know it not.
Your eyes of light in dust will rot,
Your rosy lips be death-defiled.
Dead! You are dead, my poor dead child.

Myself I bore you to the tomb
One summer night of dread and doom;
The nightingales were singing drear,
The stars were mourners round your bier.

We passed the wood, where echoing rang
The solemn litanies we sang.
The pines in sable mantles said
Their murmured prayers for the dead.

And when we reached the willow-lake
The dancing elves were all awake,
And from their fairy rings, in woe,
Gazed sadly on us wending slow.

When we came to your grave that waited deep,
The moon climbed down from heaven's steep
And preached a sermon. Sob and groan,
And from afar the church bell's moan.

PRUDENCE.

Love said, sighing, to Apollo,
"Times are hard, and I must be,
Ere I yield my all, protected
By some solid guarantee."

"Yes," the god of song said, laughing,
"Times are changed; you speak and frown
Like some ancient money-lender
Who demands his pledges down.

"Ah, my lyre's my only treasure,
But the gold is good and pure.
Say, how many kisses, darling,
Do you think it might procure?"

THE OLD ROSE.

WHEN my heart adored her first
She was still a rosebud tender,
But the rose in blossom burst,
And she grew and waxed in splendour.

Not a rose in all the land
Was so fair in its completeness,
But with thorns she pricked my hand,
When I fain had plucked her sweetness.

Now at last, when overblown
And defaced by wind and showers,
I am "Dearest Henry" grown,
And her kindness overpowers.

Henry here and Henry there!
Fond the voice that was so flouting,
And, if thorns are anywhere,
On her chin you'll see them sprouting.

On the chin by warts defiled
  Bristles hard have found a harbour—
Get thee to a nunnery, child:
  Either that, or to the barber.

AUTO-DA-FÉ.

WITHERED violets, dusty tresses,
  And a faded band of blue,
Long-forgotten tender trifles,
  Torn and tattered billets-doux.

And regretfully I drop them
  In the flames that brightly glow,
And the ruins crackle sadly
  Of my bliss and of my woe.

Vows of lovers, frail and fleeting,
  Up the chimney how they fly!
While the little love-god laughing
  And unseen is standing by.

For a while I sit, and dreaming
  Watch the ruins where they fell:
Watch the sparks that in the ashes
  Softly glow—Good night—Farewell!

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LAZARUS.

I.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

If you've much, you will have more:
You will multiply and add.
If you've little, you will lose
Even the little that you had.

If you've neither purse nor pelf—
If you've nothing great or small—
You were better in your grave;
You've no right to live at all.

2.

RETROSPECT.

In the kindly kitchen of the earth
I have smelt every smell, and know its worth.
I have drained the world's delight, full measure,
And like a king have had my pleasure.

I have drunk my coffee and eaten buns,
Have had dolls in plenty, and pretty ones;
Worn silken vests and frock-coats grand,
And jingled my ducats with open hand.
Like Gellert I've ridden a charger high;
A house, and a castle as well, had I.
On Fortune's green meadow I lay; the sun
With a glance more golden has greeted none;
A garland of laurel crowned my head,
And odorous dreams sweet fragrance shed:
Of roses I dreamed and eternal May;
In an idle twilit trance I lay,
And into my mouth roast pigeons flew,
And dear little angels came and drew
Champagne from their pockets to quench my thirst . . .
Alas! for my dreams—the soap-bubbles burst—
And now I lie on the grass in the damp,
My joints are rheumatic and twisted with cramp;
My body is chilled to the bone, I am lame,
And my soul is burdened and bowed with shame.
Each joy, each pleasure, has cost me double
Its worth in vexation of spirit and trouble.
Of bitter woe my drink has been,
I have been stung by things unclean,
Harassed have been by gloomy sorrow,
Have had to lie, have had to borrow
From gilded fools, from filthy hags,
Have even had to beg in rags.

And now I'm tired of running round,—
Would fain be snoring underground.
My Christian brothers above, good-bye!
Of course we'll meet again on high.

3.

RESURRECTION.

The trumpet blows, and loud the skies
  Re-echo with the sound;
And from their graves the dead arise
  And stretch their limbs long bound.

All who have legs set off apace:
  The white-robed figures go
To Jehoshaphat, the gathering-place,
  To be judged for weal or woe.

The Head of the Court is Christ the Lord,
  Mid his twelve Apostles seated;
The Assessors they, whose each award
  And word is wisely meted.

When the Trump of Doom awakes the dead:
  When dawns the Judgment Day:
At this last tribunal, from every head
  The mask is stripped away.

In the Vale of Jehoshaphat stand the ghosts,
  Summoned forth to be damned or shriven,
And because of the overwhelming hosts,
  A summary judgment's given.

The goats to the left, the sheep to the right—
  They are sundered, and go to dwell,
The pious sheep in the realms of light,
  The wanton goats in hell.

4.

THE DYING ONE.

After sun and joy you went,
Naked you return and spent.
German truth and German shirt—
Wanderers lose them to their hurt.

Though as pale as death your face,
You're at home: take heart of grace.
Warm as on the glowing hearth,
Germans lie in German earth.

Many a one, alas! grew lame,
Died ere to his home he came,
Arms outstretched toward the goal—
Christ have mercy on his soul!

5.

GRUB STREET POETS.

THE subtler forms of flattery shun,
If you would please the man of pelf;
For gold is flat, my child, and won
By flattery flat and like itself.

Then boldly swing the censer rich
Before all sacred Golden Calves.
Beg in the dust and in the ditch,
But see you never praise by halves.

Bread's dear just now and hardly got,
Although the fairest words can still
Be had for nothing——Sing—why not?—
Mecænas' dog, and eat your fill!

6.

A MEMORY.

THE pearl for the first, for the second the cover.
O William Wisetzki, your life was soon over—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

He climbed the plank, but it split asunder,
And drowned he lay in the water under—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

We followed his bier: the boy of our love;
They laid him where May flowers bloomed above—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

Ah, wise were you who a shelter won
Ere the storms of life were well begun—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

Ah yes, you were wise to escape so quick;
You were cured of your ills before you fell sick—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

As my years have mounted, more and more
I have thought of you sadly, and envied you sore—
But the kitten, the kitten was saved.

7.

IMPERFECTION.

NOTHING is perfect in this world. The rose
Still by the wounding thorn companioned grows.
Yea, I believe, above in heaven's brightness
The angels have some flaw to mar their whiteness.

The tulip has no scent; and by the Rhine
They say "Even Honesty hath stolen swine."
Had not Lucretia stabbed herself, dishonour
And childbirth pangs had doubtless come upon her.

The haughty peacock has ungainly feet.
The wittiest woman can, for dulness, beat
Klopstock's *Messiah*, or at times can weary
Like Voltaire's *Henriade*, which is as dreary.

The Venus of Canova, viewed behind,
Is far too flat, like Massmann's nose, you'll find.
Spanish not even the wisest cow is pat in,
And Massmann knows as little, or less, Latin.

Why, Alexander Dumas 's a quadroon;
Stings lurk in virgin honey; many a tune
By a bad rhyme is spoilt, that else most sweet is;
His fatal heel undid the son of Thetis.

In Heaven's canopy the star most bright,
When it has caught a cold, sinks from our sight;
The primest cider keeps the barrel's flavour;
Black spots deface the sun, and mar his favour.

And you, dear Madam, cannot hope to be
From every flaw and every blemish free.
You stare, and ask, "What fails?"—Ah, might you win it!—
Only a bosom, and a soul within it.

8.

PIOUS WARNING.

WHEN ended is thy sojourn here,
Immortal soul, beware
Lest evilly thou fare.
Through Death and Night the road lies drear.

In the city of light, at the golden gate,
God's soldiers will stand and ask
How thou hast done thy task,
Inquiring not thy name and state.

At the door the pilgrim takes from his feet
The dusty shoes that pressed—
Enter; within are rest
And easy slippers and music sweet.

9.

THE COOLED-DOWN ONE.

ONE lies so long when one is laid
Dead in the dust! I am afraid,
Yes, much afraid the Day of Doom
May tarry long before it come.

From life and light ere I depart,
Oh once, before I break my heart—
Before I die, I fain would find
Some woman fair who would be kind.

But I will only have a blonde,
With eyes like moonlight, soft and fond.
Somehow at last I've lost desire
For wild brunettes of sun and fire.

Young folk are strong and full of life;
They must have passion and its strife,
Frenzy and noisy vows—the whole
That makes for mutual pain of soul.

No longer young and far from strong,
As I am now, once more I long
To love as in the earlier years,
Dream and be happy—without tears.

10.

THE WISE STARS.

The flowers spring sweet so near our feet
That most of them come to sorrow.
We pass along, and weak and strong
Lie crushed in the grass to-morrow.

The pearls rest in the ocean's chest,
  Yet we know how to seek and find them.
They are pierced when found; to the yoke they're
    bound:
  With a silken cord we bind them.

The stars are wise and dwell in the skies
  Remotely and securely.
They light at even the tent of heaven,
  And shine for ever purely.

II

MORPHIA.

THE two young gracious forms are much alike,
Though of his mien more earnest and more grave—
More proud and noble, I had almost said—
The one is than that other, in whose arms
I lay so closely clasped. How soft and kind,
How exquisitely lovely was his smile,
How sweet and full of rapture was his gaze!
It may be that the poppy wreath he wore,
Touching my forehead with its drowsy petals,
With its mysterious fragrance chased away
All sorrow from my soul.—But brief, alas!
Is such assuagement. I shall not be well

Until his torch the other shall have lowered:
The brother that so grave is and so pale—
For Sleep is good, but Death is better—best
Indeed were never to be born at all.

12.

SOLOMON.

Drum, bugle and sackbut are hushed for the night.
Twelve thousand angels with girded sword
By King Solomon's bed keep watch and ward:
To the left six thousand, and six to the right.

From sorrowful dreams they shield his sleep.
If so much as a frown his forehead shades,
The night is aflame with flashing blades—
Twelve thousand swords from their scabbards leap.

But softly back to its scabbard slips
Each angel-sword, for vanished now
Is the night-bred fear, and the sleeper's brow
Is smooth, and he murmurs with dreamy lips:

"O Shulamite! the lord am I
Of this realm; the lands their tribute bring;
I am Israel's and Judah's King,
But thou lovest me not, so I wither and die."

13.

VAIN WISHES.

'Twas affinity of spirit
That our hearts together drew
By a mutual attraction
Which was stronger than we knew.

We were upright both, and honest,
Understood each other well:
What we meant, although unspoken,
From the merest glance could tell.

Ah, how ardent was my longing
To be always by your side,
In a *dolce far niente*
As your comrade true and tried!

Yes, my dearest wish was always
That we nevermore might part;
And what pleased you I was ready
To perform with all my heart.

If you liked a thing I ate it,
And from what you loathed would turn,
And to smoke cigars, as you did,
Was determined I should learn;

And with many a Polish story
That was sure to raise a smile,
In the Jewish tongue, untiring,
Would the passing hours beguile.

Now instead of yearning sadly
As an alien ill at ease,
On your happy hearth how gladly
I had sat and warmed my knees!

Golden wishes! Airy bubbles!—
As my life is, brief and vain:—
From the floor where I am lying
I shall never rise again.

Pleasant hopes and golden wishes!
They are over now. Farewell!
Ah, that blow of mortal anguish
On my heart too sorely fell!

14.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

They will sing for me no masses,
Not a *kaddisch* will be said
In devout commemoration
Of the day my spirit fled.

But I shall not be forgotten;
If the weather is serene,
Frau Matilda may go walking
On Monmartre with Pauline.

And some immortelles she'll carry,
On my grave the wreath she'll set,
And she'll sigh, "Pauvre homme!" and sadly
Drop a tear of soft regret.

And alas! too high in Heaven
I shall be to give my sweet
Even a chair to sit and rest on,
Though she sways with weary feet.

Listen, plump and pretty darling;
Home afoot you must not go.
You will see outside the gateway
Hackney carriages arow.

15.

MEETING AGAIN.

The woodbine bower—a summer night—
By the window our seat as it used to be—
The moon arose with her balmy light—
But like ghosts from the grave were I and she.

Since we last sat thus—the scene the same—
  Twelve years had passed: ah, time had sped!
The tender glow, the consuming flame,
  Had sunk to ashes cold and dead.

The chattering woman raked about,
  While I sat with hardly a word to say,
In those ashes of love so long gone out,
  But revived no spark—they were cold and grey.

She told me a long and wearisome tale—
  How her evil thoughts she had quelled by grace,
How nearly her virtue had yielded, frail—
  I sat and stared with a stupid face.

As I galloped home, in the moonlight clear
  The trees like so many ghosts flew by.
I heard strange voices calling drear—
  But swiftly we rode, the dead and I.

16.

MISTRESS CARE.

When Fortune smiled with sunny eyes,
How gaily danced the merry flies!
Of loving friends I had my fill,
Who shared with brotherly goodwill
  My choicest meats, and spent
  My ducats, well content.

My purse is empty, luck has changed;
My loving friends are all estranged;
Dim is the sunshine now and wan,
The dancing flies dispersed and gone.
When Fortune says good-bye,
Farewell to friend and fly.

And Care has come, now summer's fled,
And waits and watches by my bed.
In her cap of black and camisole white
She sits and snuffs the livelong night.
How harshly the snuff-box closes!
How grimly the old thing dozes!

I often dream that Fortune gay
Has come again, and sweet young May;
And that friends and flies disport in glee.
But the snuff-box creaks—God pity me!
The bubble bursts—and Care
Sits snuffing on her chair.

17.

TO THE ANGELS.

'Tis Thanatos, the dread indeed!
He comes upon a pale white steed;
I know the trample of his horse;
He comes to ravish me by force.
He has me now! To leave Matilda so!—
My heart can scarce conceive such utter woe.

She who was wife and child in one
Will orphan, widow, be anon,
When to the shadowy land I pass!
Here, in this world alone, alas!
I leave my wife, my child, who lay
Trusting and true upon my heart, her stay.

Ye angels, hearken from on high!
O hear my pleading, hear my cry!
The wife I love protect and save,
When I am in the dreary grave.
Guard her, for she is like you, pure and fair;
Take my poor child Matilda to your care!

By all the tears that, grieved in heaven,
To mortal sorrows ye have given,
By the dread word pronounced, when known,
In shuddering fear by priests alone,
By your own loveliness and mercy mild,
Ye angels, guard Matilda, guard my child!

18.

IN OCTOBER 1849.

The blustering wind has fallen mild,
And things at home are as before.
Germania, great simple child,
Is happy with her Christmas-tree once more.

Domestic bliss we now pursue;
All higher aims are bad, unstable;
The bird of peace, the swallow true,
Is nesting as aforetime, in our gable.

On wood and stream, the storm forgot,
The moon serenely sheds her light.
But there are sounds—was that a shot?—
The bullet may have hit some friend by night.

Some giddy pate may be their prize,
Who carried weapons; for the cunning
Of wise old Flaccus some despise,
Who, beaten, boldly saved himself by running.

Crack! Crack! A pyrotechnic show
Perhaps they give in Gœthe's honour;
Or Sontag—lyre of long ago—
Poor ghost, is having rockets showered upon her.

And Liszt, our Franz, appears again;
He is not stark and lying red
On some Hungarian battle-plain;
Russians and Croats could not strike him dead.

Freedom's last bulwark fell, to death
Poor Hungary bleeds; but Franz, good knight,
Still quite uninjured draws his breath,
His sabre in a drawer, safe out of sight.

Yes, Franz still lives, and, when he's old,
Great wonders will his grandsons hear
Of Hungary's wars: they will be told,
"'Twas thus I lay and smote them without fear!"

At Hungary's name it were no wonder
If—such a surging sea's below—
My German waistcoat burst asunder:
I seem to hear the welcoming trumpets blow!

And through my soul there thrills again
The grand old saga, dim but cherished:
Th e iron, savage, martial strain—
The song of how the Nibelungs fell and perished.

The lot of heroes is the same,
Unchanged the tales of arms victorious;
All that is altered is the name;
Still, in our time, we have our "Heroes Glorious."

Their doom's the same; however bold
And proud and free the banners fly,
To-day the hero, as of old,
To brutish force at last must yield, and die.

Your doom the ox and bear combined
Have, with their double strength, assured;
You fell, but, Magyar, never mind!—
A deeper shame than yours we have endured.

By honest means your power they broke,—
  Quite noble beasts both bears and kine;
But we have come beneath the yoke
  Of wolves, and common curs and filthy swine.

They howl and bark and grunt; their smell
  Alone I find a foul offence.
But Poet, hush! You are not well;
  You'll hold your tongue if you have any sense.

19.

HELENA.

Thou hast summoned me forth from the dusty grave,
  For thy will is a magic spell;
In my soul thou hast kindled the flame of love,
  And the flame thou canst not quell.

O press thy mouth upon my mouth!
  I will drink thy soul away.
Ah, mortal breath is divine! The dead
  Have a thirst that none can stay.

20.

A BAD DREAM.

I DREAMED that I was young and glad, and staying
At the old country-house which used to stand
High on the mountain ledge, and I was playing
And racing with Ottilia hand in hand.

How finely formed the little thing! How sweetly
Her sea-green eyes bewitch me with their glance!
She stands on her small feet so firm and neatly—
A type of strength combined with elegance.

Her voice, too, rings so truly and sincerely,
And all she says so wise is and discreet!
One sees the bottom of her soul quite clearly,
Her little mouth is like a rosebud sweet.

What steals upon me is not lovers' sadness,
I do not rave, or lose my head for bliss;
Her being moves me with a strange soft gladness,
And, trembling secretly, her hand I kiss.

I plucked a lily white for her to carry,
And gave it, and spoke out with hardihood:
"Ottilia, be my wife; oh, let us marry,
That I may be as blest as you, and good!"

But what she answered I shall never know now,
For suddenly I woke—and I was here,
A poor sick man upon his bed laid low now,
And who has lain thus pining many a year.

21.

IT GOES OUT.

THE curtain falls upon the play,
And the spectators pass away.
Whether the piece was well received?
I heard applause, as I believed;
A public of quite high repute
The poet praised in generous measure;
But now the house is dim and mute,
And vanished are the lights and pleasure.

But hark! From somewhere near the stage
There sounds a feeble note and thin.
Perhaps some chord outworn with age
Has snapped in some old violin.
In the parterre that was so gay
The dreary rats are now at play;
And rancid oil pollutes the whole.
One single candle burns in doubt:
It hisses, groans, despairs, goes out.
That last poor candle was my soul.

22.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Now my life is almost spent
  I will make my testament,
Showering gifts as Christians ought;
  Not a foe shall be forgot.

To my adversaries, highly
  Thought of people, I bequeath
  All the maladies that seethe
In this body tortured vilely.

Ye shall be my heirs, and languish
With this colic, know the anguish
Of these Prussian piles perfidious,
And this strangury as hideous.

Yes, my cramp, convulsions even,
  Ye shall have; my salivation
  And my spinal inflammation:
Each and all, the gift of Heaven.

And the codicil shall run:
  May the Lord, when you are rotten
  Cause your name to be forgotten,
And to perish 'neath the sun.

23.

ENFANT PERDU.

For thirty years, in Freedom's struggle glorious,
I've taken part in many a hope forlorn.
I knew that I could never be victorious,
But wounded must return, and battle-worn.

I waked by day and night—there was no sleeping
For me, as for the others in the tent—
(Their snores, good lads, did something toward keeping
Slumber away, maybe, when I was spent).

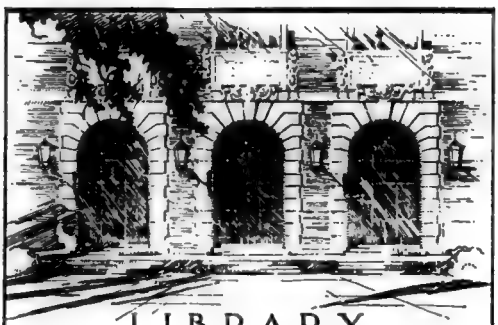
I have known terror in those watches weary—
(For only fools have never been afraid)—
Then I would whistle mocking tunes and cheery,
Until the fear that haunted me was laid.

Yes, I have stood on guard, alert and steady,
And, if a doubtful character was seen,
Have aimed, and the hot bullet that was ready
Has found in his vile paunch a billet mean.

Yet all the same, one cannot but confess it,
Such scurvy fellows often understood
The art of shooting—vain 'twere to suppress it—
My wounds are gaping—ebbing is my blood.

Wide gape the wounds—the vacant post's bespoken!
One falls, another fills his place and part.
But I have fallen unvanquished—sword unbroken—
The only thing that's broken is my heart.

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Edition de Luxe

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Drawn by E. B. Kietz



THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : CROSCUP & STERLING COMPANY.

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ROMANCERO

BOOK III

LAST POEMS

VOLUME TWENTY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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ROMANCERO.

ROMANCERO.

THIRD BOOK.

HEBREW MELODIES.

Oh, let not life for ever go,
Its joy unyielded;
And let them shoot, nor fear the foe,
Be thou but shielded.

If wingëd Fortune pass thee by,
Catch hold and follow;
I warn thee, build thy hut not high,
Build in the hollow.

PRINCESS SABBATH.

In Arabia's book of fable
We behold enchanted princes
Who at times their form recover,
Fair as first they were created.

The uncouth and shaggy monster
Has again a king for father:
Pipes his amorous ditties sweetly
On the flute in jewelled raiment.

Yet the respite from enchantment
Is but brief, and, without warning,
Lo! we see his Royal Highness
Shuffled back into a monster.

Of a prince by fate thus treated
Is my song. His name is Israel,
And a witch's spell has changed him
To the likeness of a dog.

As a dog, with dog's ideas,
All the week, a cur, he noses
Through life's filthy mire and sweepings,
Butt of mocking city Arabs;

But on every Friday evening,
On a sudden, in the twilight,
The enchantment weakens, ceases,
And the dog once more is human.

And his father's halls he enters
As a man, with man's emotions,
Head and heart alike uplifted,
Clad in pure and festal raiment.

"Be ye greeted, halls beloved,
Of my high and royal father!
Lo! I kiss your holy door-posts,
Tents of Jacob, with my mouth!"

Through the house there passes strangely
A mysterious stir and whisper,
And the hidden master's breathing
Shudders weirdly through the silence.

Silence! save for one, the steward
(*Vulgo*, synagogue attendant)
Springing up and down, and busy
With the lamps that he is lighting.

Golden lights of consolation,
How they sparkle, how they glimmer!
Proudly flame the candles also
On the rails of the Almemor.

By the shrine wherein the Thora
Is preserved, and which is curtained
By a costly silken hanging,
Whereon precious stones are gleaming.

There, beside the desk already
Stands the synagogue precentor,
Small and spruce, his mantle black
With an air coquettish shouldering;

And, to show how white his hand is,
At his neck he works—forefinger
Oddly pressed against his temple,
And the thumb against his throat.

To himself he trills and murmurs,
Till at last his voice he raises:
Till he sings with joy resounding,
"Lecho dodi likrath kallah!"

"Lecho dodi likrath kallah—
Come, beloved one, the bride
Waits already to uncover
To thine eyes her blushing face!"

The composer of this poem,
Of this pretty marriage song,
Is the famous minnesinger,
Don Jehuda ben Halevy.

It was writ by him in honour
Of the wedding of Prince Israel
And the gentle Princess Sabbath,
Whom they call the silent princess.

Pearl and flower of all beauty
Is the princess—not more lovely
Was the famous Queen of Sheba,
Bosom friend of Solomon,

Who, *bas bleu* of Ethiopia,
Sought by wit to shine and dazzle,
And became at length fatiguing
With her very clever riddles.

Princess Sabbath, rest incarnate,
Held in hearty detestation
Every form of witty warfare
And of intellectual combat.

She abhorred with equal loathing
Loud declamatory passion—
Pathos ranting round and storming
With dishevelled hair and streaming.

In her cap the silent princess
Hides her modest, braided tresses,
Like the meek gazelle she gazes,
Blooms as slender as the myrtle.

She denies her lover nothing
Save the smoking of tobacco;
"Dearest, smoking is forbidden,
For to-day it is the Sabbath.

"But at noon, as compensation,
There shall steam for thee a dish
That in very truth divine is—
Thou shalt eat to-day of schalet!

"Schalet, ray of light immortal!
Schalet, daughter of Elysium!"
So had Schiller's song resounded,
Had he ever tasted schalet.

For this schalet is the very
Food of heaven, which, on Sinai,
God Himself instructed Moses
In the secret of preparing,

At the time He also taught him
And revealed in flames of lightning
All the doctrines good and pious,
And the holy Ten Commandments.

Yes, this schalet 's pure ambrosia
Of the true and only God:
Paradisal bread of rapture;
And, with such a food compared,

The ambrosia of the pagan,
False divinities of Greece,
Who were devils 'neath disguises,
Is the merest devils' offal.

When the prince enjoys the dainty,
Glow his eyes as if transfigured,
And his waistcoat he unbuttons;
Smiling blissfully he murmurs,

"Are not those the waves of Jordan
That I hear—the flowing fountains
In the palmy vale of Beth-el,
Where the camels lie at rest?

"Are not those the sheep-bells ringing
Of the fat and thriving wethers
That the shepherd drives at evening
Down Mount Gilead from the pastures?"

But the lovely day flits onward,
And with long, swift legs of shadow
Comes the evil hour of magic—
And the prince begins to sigh;

Seems to feel the icy fingers
Of a witch upon his heart;
Shudders, fearful of the canine
Metamorphosis that waits him.

Then the princess hands her golden
Box of spikenard to her lover,
Who inhales it, fain to revel
Once again in pleasant odours.

And the princess tastes and offers
Next the cup of parting also—
And he drinks in haste, till only
Drops a few are in the goblet.

These he sprinkles on the table,
Then he takes a little wax-light,
And he dips it in the moisture
Till it crackles and is quenched.

JEHUDA BEN HALEVY.

(FRAGMENT.)

I.

"If, Jerusalem, I ever
Should forget thee, to the roof
Of my mouth then cleave my tongue,
May my right hand lose its cunning—"

In my head the words and music
Round and round keep humming, ringing,
And I seem to hear men's voices,
Men's deep voices singing psalms—

And of long and shadowy beards
I can also catch some glimpses—
Say, which phantom dream-begotten
Is Jehuda ben Halevy?

But they swiftly rustle past me,
For the ghosts avoid, with terror,
Rude and clumsy human converse;
Yet, in spite of all, I knew him.

Yes, I knew him by his forehead
Pale and proud with noble thought,
By the eyes of steadfast sweetness:
Keen and sad they gazed in mine.

But more specially I knew him
By the enigmatic smiling
Of the lovely lips and rhythmic
That belong to poets only.

Years they come, and years they vanish;
Seven hundred years and fifty
It is now since dawned the birthday
Of Jehuda ben Halevy.

At Toledo in Castile
First he saw the light of heaven,
And the golden Tagus lulled him
In his cradle with its music.

The unfolding of his powers
Intellectual was fostered
By his father strict, who taught him
First the book of God, the Thora.

With his son he read the volume
In the ancient text, whose fair,
Picturesque and hieroglyphic,
Old-Chaldean, square-writ letters

From the childhood of our world
Have been handed down, and therefore
Seem familiarly to smile on
All with naïve, childlike natures.

And this ancient, uncorrupted
Text the boy recited also
In the Tropp—the sing-song measure,
From primeval times descended.

And the gutturals so oily,
And so fat he gurgled sweetly,
While he shook and trilled and quavered
The Schalscheleth like a bird.

And the boy was learned early
In the Targum Onkelos,
Which is written in low-Hebrew
In the Aramæan idiom,

Bearing somewhat the resemblance
To the language of the prophets
That the Swabian does to German—
In this curious bastard Hebrew,

As we said, the boy was versed,
And ere long he found such knowledge
Of most valuable service
In the study of the Talmud.

Yes, his father led him early
To the Talmud, and threw open
For his benefit that famous
School of fighting, the Halacha,

Where the athletes dialectic,
Best in Babylon, and also
Those renowned in Pumpeditha
Did their intellectual tilting.

He had here the chance of learning
Every art and ruse polemic;
How he mastered them was proven
In the book Cosari, later.

But the lights are twain, and differ,
That are shed on earth by heaven;
There's the harsh and glaring sunlight,
And the mild and gentle moonlight.

With a double radiance also
Shines the Talmud; the Halacha
Is the one, and the Hagada
Is the other light. The former

I have called the school of fighting;
But the latter, the Hagada
I will call a curious garden,
Most fantastic, and resembling

Much another one that blossomed
Too in Babylon—the garden
Of Semiramis; 'mongst wonders
Of the world it was the eighth.

Queen Semiramis, whose childhood
With the birds was spent, who reared her,
Many birdlike ways and habits
In her later life retained;

And, unwilling to go walking
On the flat and common earth,
Like us other common mortals,
Made a garden in the air—

High on pillars proud, colossal,
Shone the cypresses and palms,
Marble statues, beds of flowers,
Golden oranges and fountains;

All most cunningly and surely
Bound by countless hanging bridges,
That might well have passed as creepers,
And on which the birds kept swinging—

Birds of many colours, solemn,
Big, contemplative and songless,
While the tiny, happy finches,
Gaily warbling, fluttered round them—

All were breathing, blest and happy,
Breathing pure and balmy fragrance,
Unpolluted by the squalid,
Evil odours of the earth.

The Hagada is a garden,
Is just such another whimsy
Of a child of air; and often
Would the youthful Talmud scholar,

When his heart was dazed and dusty
With the strifes of the Halacha,
With disputes about the fatal
Egg the hen laid on a feast day,

Or concerning other problems
Of the same profound importance—
He would turn to seek refreshment
In the blossoming Hagada,

Where the beautiful old sagas,
Legends dim, and angel-fables,
Pious stories of the martyrs,
Festal hymns and proverbs wise,

And hyperboles the drollest,
But withal so strong and burning
With belief—where all, resplendent,
Welled and sprouted with luxuriance!

And the generous heart and noble
Of the boy was taken captive
By the wild romantic sweetness,
By the wondrous aching rapture,

By the weird and fabled terrors
Of that blissful secret world,
Of that mighty revelation
For which poetry our name is.

And the art that goes to make it,
Gracious power, happy knowledge,
Which we call the art poetic,
To his understanding opened.

And Jehuda ben Halevy
Was not only scribe and scholar,
But of poetry a master,
Was himself a famous poet;

Yes, a great and famous poet,
Star and torch to guide his time,
Light and beacon of his nation;
Was a wonderful and mighty

Fiery pillar of sweet song,
Moving on in front of Israel's
Caravans of woe and mourning
In the wilderness of exile.

True and pure, and without blemish
Was his singing, like his soul—
The Creator having made it,
With his handiwork contented,

Kissed the lovely soul, and echoes
Of that kiss for ever after
Thrilled through all the poet's numbers,
By that gracious deed inspired.

As in life, in song the highest
Good of all is simply grace,
And who hath it cannot sin in
Either poetry or prose.

And that man we call a genius,
By the grace of God a poet,
Monarch absolute, unquestioned,
In the realm of human thought.

None but God can call the poet
To account, the people never—
As in art, in life the people
Can but kill, they cannot judge us.

II.

"By the Babylonish waters
We sat down and wept for Zion,
Hung our harps upon the willows—"
Dost remember the old song?

Dost remember the old tune
That begins so elegiac,
Groaning, humming like a kettle,
Humming, singing on the hearth?

Long—a thousand years already—
It has boiled in me—dark sorrow!
And Time licks my wounds in passing
As the dog the boils of Job.

Dog, I thank thee for thy spittle—
But it merely cools and soothes me—
Only death can ever heal me,
And, alas! I am immortal!

Years, revolving, come and vanish;
To and fro the spool is humming
In the loom, and never resting;
What it weaves no weaver knows.

Years they come and years they vanish,
And the tears of men keep trickling,
Running earthward, and the earth
Sucks them in in greedy silence.

Seething wild! The lid is off now!—
Hail to him with ruthless hand
Who shall seize thy helpless children
And shall dash them 'gainst a rock.

God be praised! The steam's escaping,
And the kettle sinks to silence.
Gone the anger of the orient,
Seething gloomy in the west—

And my wingëd steed, grown merry,
Whinnies glad again, appearing
To shake off the horrid nightmare.
His sagacious eyes seem asking:

"Shall we turn, and back to Spain now,
To the little Talmud scholar
Who became a famous poet,
To Jehuda ben Halevy?"

Yes, he grew to be a poet!
In the realms of dream a ruler:
King of thought, whom none might question,
Crowned, a poet by God's favour,

Who devoutly in sirventes,
In sweet madrigals, ghaselas,
Canzonets and terzarima
Poured out freely all the ardours

Of his God-kissed poet's soul!
Yes, this troubadour was equal
To the best who played aforetime
On the lute in old Provence.

In Poitou and in Guienne,
Roussillon, and all the other
Lands where golden grows the orange,
Gallant lands of Christendom.

Lands of gallant Christendom,
Of the orange, sweet and golden,
How they shine and ring, still fragrant
In the twilight of remembrance.

World of nightingales, how fair!
Where instead of worship rendered
To the true God, Love, the false god,
And the muses were adored.

Clergy, crowned with wreaths of roses
On their tonsures, sung the psalms
In the happy Languedoc,
And the laity, good knights,

Proudly ambled on their chargers,
Conning rhymes and amorous verses
To the glory of the lady
Whom their heart was happy serving.

For with love there must be ladies,
And the lady was as needful
To the tuneful minnesinger
As, to bread and butter, butter.

And the hero whom we sing of,
Our Jehuda ben Halevy,
Had his heart's beloved lady,
But a strange one he had chosen.

For the lady was no Laura,
She whose eyes, sweet mortal stars,
In the minster on Good Friday
Lit the fire for ever famous—

Was no chatelaine who, radiant
In the bloom of youthful beauty,
O'er the tourneying presided,
And bestowed the wreath of laurel—

Was no casuist who lectured
On the law concerning kisses,
In the college of a court of
Love, a learned doctrinaire.

She, beloved of the Rabbi,
Was most sorrowful and wretched,
Piteous spectacle of ruin,
And was called Jerusalem.

In the early days of childhood
All his love was hers already,
And his soul would thrill and quiver
At the name Jerusalem.

With a cheek of flaming scarlet,
Stood the boy, and hearkened, eager,
When a pilgrim to Toledo
From the distant orient journeyed.

And described the desolation
And pollution of the city,
Where a trail of light still lingered
From the prophets' holy feet;

Where the air with God's eternal
Breath is balmy still and fragrant—
"Oh, the spectacle how piteous!"
Cried a pilgrim with a beard

Flowing down as white as silver,
But which turned, towards the tip,
Sable-hued again, thus seeming
To renew its vanished youth.

A most strange and curious pilgrim
Must the man have been; his eyes
Peered from centuries of sorrow,
And he groaned, "Jerusalem!

"She, the thronged and holy city,
Is become a barren desert,
Where baboons and jackals, werwolves
Go their wicked way unhindered.

"Serpents, birds of night are nesting
In the walls decayed and crumbling,
Through the windows' airy arches
Gaze the foxes unmolested.

"And at times some ragged bondsman
Of the desert will appear,
And will feed his hump-backed camel
On the high untrodden grasses.

"On the noble heights of Zion,
Where the golden fortress towered,
Bearing witness, in its splendour,
To a mighty monarch's glory,

"There is nothing left but ruins,
Grey and overgrown with weeds,
And they gaze on one so sadly
That one fancies they are weeping.

"And the story goes that truly
Once a year they weep, and namely
On the ninth day of the month of
Ab—myself, with streaming eyes,

"I have seen the heavy tear-drops
From the mighty stones that trickled,
Heard the broken temple pillars
Utter cries and lamentations." . . .

Such reports of pious pilgrims
Wakened longings in the bosom
Of Jehuda ben Halevy:
Towards Jerusalem he yearned.

Poets' yearning! Bodeful, dreamy,
And as fatal as the longing
That once filled the noble Vidam
To his hurt in Castle Blay—

Messer Geöffroy Rudello,
When the knight, returning homeward
From the East, amid the ringing
Of the festal goblets swore

That the type of every virtue,
Pearl and flower of all women,
Was the lovely Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.

How the troubadour adoring
Sang and raved about the lady,
All have heard; at length too narrow
Seemed his home at Castle Blay.

By resistless longing driven,
He took ship at Cette to seek her,
But grew sick on board, and, dying,
Reached the town of Tripoli.

Here his eyes beheld the lady,
Gazed indeed on Melisanda,
But the self-same hour they darkened
With the dreary shades of death.

Here, his final love-song singing,
At her feet he breathed his last,
At the feet of Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.

Strange the wonderful resemblance
In the fate of both the poets;
Only, one was old already
When on pilgrimage he started.

At the feet of his beloved
Died Jehuda ben Halevy;
And his dying head he rested
On Jerusalem's fair knees.

III.

After great King Alexander
Won the fight at Arabella
All the wealth of King Darius,
Land and people, court and harem,

Women, elephants, and horses,
Sceptre, crown, and coins, he stuck them—
Golden plunder—in his roomy,
Baggy Macedonian trousers.

In the tent of great Darius,
Who had fled lest he should also
Be impounded thus, the youthful
Hero found a precious casket,

Found a little gilded casket
Decked with cameos, and gorgeous
With encrusted stones and precious,
And with dainty miniatures.

Now, this box, itself a gem
Of inestimable value,
Was the case in which Darius
Kept his priceless body-jewels.

These were given by Alexander
To the bravest of his soldiers,
With a smile to think that men could
Care for coloured stones like children.

One, a gem most fair and costly,
He presented to his mother:
'Twas the signet ring of Cyrus,
And was made into a brooch.

And his champion debater,
Aristotle, got an onyx,
To be placed in his museum
Of the curious things of nature.

In the casket there was also
A most wondrous string of pearls,
Which the false and self-styled Smerdis
Once had given to Atossa.

But the pearls were rare and real,
And the merry victor gave them
To the pretty dancer Thais,
Her whose birthplace was at Corinth.

In her hair this Thais wore them—
Hair that streamed like a Bacchante's—
On the night of conflagration
At Persepolis, when, dancing,

With an impious hand she flung her
Torch and struck the royal fortress,
Which flamed upward, crackling loudly
Like the fireworks at a *fête*.

On the death of lovely Thais,
Who in Babylon fell victim
To a Babylonish sickness,
Straight disposed of were the pearls.

They were sold by public auction.
'Twas a priest of Memphis bought them,
And he carried them to Egypt,
Where they graced the toilet-table

Of Queen Cleopatra later,
Who the fairest of the pearls
Crushed and swallowed in her wine,
Quizzing Antony, her lover.

With the latest of the Ommiads
Came the string of pearls to Spain,
And at Cordova was twisted
Round the turban of the Caliph.

Abderam the third then wore it
As a breast-knot at the tourney,
Where through thirty golden rings
And Zuleima's heart he pierced.

When the Moors were overthrown,
Into Christian hands the pearls
Passed with other things, and figured
As crown jewels of Castile.

And their majesties, the papish
Spanish queens thereafter wore them
At their courtly routs and revels,
At the bull-fights and processions;

On the high occasions, also,
When the heretics were burning,
And the smell of old Jews roasting,
On their balconies refreshed them.

Later still that son of Satan,
Mendizabel, pawned the pearls
To procure a sum to cover
Gaps and deficits financial.

And at last the string of pearls
In the Tuileries appeared,
Madame Salomon adorning:
On the Baroness's bosom.

Such the story of the pearls.
Less adventurous the fortunes
Of the casket. Alexander
For his royal use retained it,

And he locked therein the songs
Of divine, ambrosial Homer—
Bard he loved beyond all others—
By his couch at night it stood.

Slept the king, the shining figures
Of the heroes, from the casket
Slipping forth, in fond illusion
Lived and wandered in his dreams.

Other times, and other birds—
I, of yore I loved them also,
Loved the songs and deeds heroic
Of Pelides, of Odysseus.

Then I felt that all was golden
As the sun, and flaming purple,
And my brow was crowned with vine leaves,
And I heard the fanfares blowing.

But enough!—O'erthrown and broken
Lies my proud, victorious chariot,
And the panthers that once drew it
Now are dead, and dead the women,

Who with drum and clash of cymbals
Danced around me. I, myself,
On the floor am turning, tossing,
Weak and crippled here—no more!

Hush! No more!—Our present subject
Is the casket of Darius,
And I thought if I should ever
Gain possession of that casket,

And was not compelled directly
By financial straits to sell it,
I should like to lock within it
All the poems of our Rabbi,

Of Jehuda ben Halevy;—
Festal songs and lamentations,
The ghaselas, and description
Of the pilgrimage he went on.

Written plainly it should be
By a skilful scribe, on parchment
Of the purest, and bestowed
In the little golden casket.

It should stand upon a table
By my bed, and when my friends
Came and marvelled at the splendour
Of the little chest beside me,

At the curious bas-reliefs
So diminutive, yet perfect
In their finish, at the inlay
Of the big and costly jewels,

I would smile and I would tell them:—
That is nothing but the shell
Which contains the nobler treasure
In this little casket lying.

There are diamonds that mirror,
With their light, the light of heaven;
There are rubies red as heart's blood,
There are turquoises unblemished.

Also emeralds of promise,
Yes, and pearls of purer beauty
Than those given to Atossa
By the rank impostor Smerdis;

And which ornamented later
All the great, distinguished figures
Of this moon-encircled planet—
Thais first, then Cleopatra,

Priests of Isis, Moorish princes,
And the queens of old Hispania,
And the worthy baron's lady,
Madame Salomon, at last.

For those pearls of world-wide glory
Are but pale, secreted mucus
Of a sick and wretched oyster
At the bottom of the sea;

While the pearls within this casket
Are the precious overflow
Of a lovely spirit, deeper
Than the deepest depths of ocean.

For these pearls, they are the tear-drops
Of Jehuda ben Halevy,
That he wept for the destruction
Of the town Jerusalem.—

Pearly tears that, strung together
On the golden thread of rhyme,
From the poet's golden forge
Issued perfect, as a song.

And this string of pearly tears
Is the famous lamentation
Sung in all the tents of Jacob
Lying scattered through the world,

On the ninth day of the month
Known as Ab, which was the date
Of Jerusalem's destruction
By the Emperor Vespasian,

Yes, Jehuda ben Halevy
Sang that famous hymn of Zion
As he lay amid the ruins
Of Jerusalem, and died.

There, in penitential raiment
He sat barefoot on a fragment
Of a crumbled, fallen pillar;
To his breast his hair fell matted,

Like a white and snowy forest,
From whose strange, fantastic shadow
Gleamed the pallid face of sorrow
With its wan and ghostly eyes.

So Jehuda ben Halevy
Sat, and singing, seemed a prophet
Of the olden days: seemed ancient
Jeremiah grave-arisen.

And the wild lament of sorrow
Tamed the birds amid the ruins,
And the very vultures hearkened,
Neared and hearkened, as in pity.

But a Saracen came riding
Bold and haughty down the pathway,
In his lofty saddle swaying,
Swung his impious, naked lance.

Pierced the poor old singer's bosom
With the fatal spear of death,
Swiftly galloped off and left him,
Like a wingëd form of shadow.

And the Rabbi's blood flowed softly,
And he calmly finished singing,
Sang his song out, and his death-sigh
Was the name Jerusalem!—

But an ancient legend has it
'Twas no insolent and evil
Wretched Saracen that slew him,
But an angel in disguise,

Who was sent express from heaven
To deliver God's beloved
From the earth, and speed him painless
To the kingdom of the blessed;

And it tells us that, up yonder,
A reception was awaiting
Full of flattery to a poet:
A most heavenly surprise;

For a festal choir of angels
Came with music forth to meet him,
And the hymn they sang in welcome
Was composed of his own verses:

Sabbath's hymeneal numbers
Sung in synagogues at bridals,
With the melodies familiar—
Ah, what notes of jubilation!

Little angels blew the hautbois,
Little angels played the fiddle,
Others swept the strings of viols
To the clash of drum and cymbal.

And it rang and sang so sweetly,
Sweetly sounded and re-echoed
In the vasty halls of heaven:
"Lecho dodi likrath kallah."

IV.

Most dissatisfied my wife is
With the chapter just concluded,
And, above all, in connection
With the casket of Darius.

Almost bitter was her comment:
That a married man who truly
Was religious, without waiting
Would have realised that casket,

Would have spent at once the proceeds
On his poor, his lawful wife:
Would the cashmere shawl have purchased
That she stood so much in need of.

For Jehuda ben Halevy
Quite sufficient were the honour—
So she thought—of being guarded
In a pretty box of pasteboard

Decked with elegant and Chinese
Arabesque, like those delightful
Bonbon boxes of Marquis's
In the Passage Panorama.

"It is very strange," she added,
"That I never heard him mentioned,
Never heard the name so famous
Of Jehuda ben Halevy."

"Dearest child," I answered gravely,
"This sweet ignorance of yours
Only shows how very faulty
Is the education given

"In the boarding-schools of Paris
Where the maidens—future mothers
Of a great and free-born people—
Are supposed to be instructed.

"All the facts concerning mummies,
The embalmed Egyptian Pharaohs,
Shadowy Merovingian monarchs,
And perukes devoid of powder,

"Pig-tailed potentates of China,
Kings of porcelain-built pagodas—
All to memory committed,
Clever maidens! But, ye heavens!

"If one asks the name most famous
In the glorious golden age,
Of the Jewish school of poets,
The Arabian Old-Spanish—

"For the starry trio asks them,
For Jehuda ben Halevy,
For great Solomon Gabirol,
Or for Moses Iben Esra—

"For such names if one should ask them,
Then they know not what to answer,
And the children stare dumbfounded,
Puzzled, stare with wondering eyes.

"I advise you strongly, dearest,
To retrieve those past omissions,
And to learn the Hebrew language.
Leave your theatres and concerts,

"And devote some years to study.
You will then with ease be able
In the ancient text to read them,
Iben Esra and Gabirol,

"And, of course, the great Halevy,
The triumvirate poetic,
Who of old the sweetest music
Drew from out the harp of David.

"Alcharisi whom, I wager,
You know nothing of, though Gallic
And a wit he was, outjesting
The romances of Hariri

"In his skilful Hebrew measures,
And a true Voltaire, six hundred
Years before Voltaire was heard of—
Said this witty Alcharisi,

"'In the realm of thought Gabirol
Shines, and pleases best the thinker,
While in art shines Iben Esra,
And thereby delights the artist;

"'But Jehuda ben Halevy,
Both their attributes combining,
Is a great and glorious poet
And beloved of all alike.'"

Iben Esra was a friend,
Was, indeed, I think, a cousin
Of Jehuda ben Halevy.
In his book of travels, sadly

He laments that in Granada
He went journeying, seeking vainly
For his friend, but none could find there,
Save the brother, Rabbi Meyer,

The physician and the poet,
And the father of that fair one,
Who with flames of hopeless passion
Lit the heart of Iben Esra.

To forget his little niece,
He took up his pilgrim's staff,
Like so many of his comrades,
And lived homeless and unsettled.

To Jerusalem while wandering,
He was set on by some Tartars.
To a horse they bound him, bare him
As a captive to their desert.

There the services he rendered
Were unworthy of a Rabbi,
Still unworthier of a poet—
He was forced to milk the cows.

As he sat beneath the belly
Of a cow once, as he squatted
Nimbly drawing at the udder,
Sending milk into the pail—

A position most unworthy
Of a Rabbi and a poet—
He was overcome with sorrow,
And he raised his voice, and sang.

And he sang so well and sweetly
That the Khan, the tribal leader,
Who was passing by was melted,
To the slave restored his freedom;

Adding gifts thereto: a fox-skin
And a mandolin—the long one
Of the Saracen musicians—
And his travelling expenses.

Fate of poets! Star ill-omened
That harasses with such deadly
Grudge the offspring of Apollo,
And that spared not even the father,

Who, sweet Daphne erst pursuing,
When he clasped the nymph's white body,
Found his arms about the laurel—
He the heavenly Schlemihl!

Yes, the high, the Delphic God is
A Schlemihl; the very laurel
That so proudly crowns his forehead
Is a sign of his Schlemihldom.

What the word Schlemihl betokens,
Well we know: Chamisso gave it
Long ago its German, civic
Rights—at least the word received them.

Not yet ascertained, however,
Is its origin—as little
As the sources of the Nile are—
Many a night I've spent in puzzling.

And though, years ago, I travelled
To Berlin to see Chamisso,
And to gather information
From the dean about Schlemihl,

I received no satisfaction,
Was referred by him to Hitzig,
Who had first betrayed the surname
Of this Peter without shadow.

Upon this I took a droschke
And set off without delaying,
To the magistrate, Herr Hitzig,
Who in former days was Itzig.

While he still was known as Itzig,
In a dream he saw his name
As it stood inscribed in heaven,
With the letter H before it.

And he asked, "What is the meaning
Of this H? Perhaps Herr Itzig,
Or the holy Itzig. Holy
Is a fair and goodly title—

"But unsuited to Berlin."
So he took the name of Hitzig,
Tired of puzzling; as a saint
He is known but by the faithful.

So I said, when I had found him,
"Holy Hitzig, prithee, tell me,
And explain the derivation
Of the curious word Schlemihl."

Then the saint became evasive,
Said he could not quite remember,
Tried to shuffle, dodged the question,
In the truly Christian spirit.

Till at last I burst the buttons
Of the breeches of my patience,
And began to swear so fiercely,
Yes, so blasphemously swore

That the godly man and pious,
Pale as death, with knees that trembled,
On the spot my prayer granted,
And the following story told me.

In the Bible it is written
How that, wandering in the desert,
Israel often sought diversion
With the daughters fair of Canaan;

And it came to pass that Phinehas
One day saw the noble Zimri
Carrying on an amorous intrigue
With a Canaanitish woman.

On the instant, in his anger
He had seized his spear and hurled it,
Madly hurled it, slaying Zimri—
So the Bible tells the story.

But a legend 'mongst the people
Has been orally transmitted
Which denies that it was Zimri
Whom the spear of Phinehas slew,

And maintains that, blind with passion,
Phinehas slew not the transgressor,
But another who was guiltless—
Slew Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

This Schlemihl I. was founder
Of the race of the Schlemihls;
We are lineally descended
From Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

It is true no deeds heroic
Have been told of him; our knowledge
Is confined to his cognomen.
He was named, we know, Schlemihl.

But on trees that give one's lineage
It is never fruit we ask for;
It is age, and ours, we reckon,
Has endured three thousand years.

Years they come and years they vanish;
Full three thousand years have fleeted
Since the passing of our founder,
Herr Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

It is long since Phinehas also
Died, yet still his spear is with us,
And above our heads unpausing
We can hear its fatal whizzing.

And the noblest hearts it pierces,
Like Jehuda ben Halevy's,
And like Moses Iben Esra's;
Yea, Gabirol, too, was stricken.

Great Gabirol, true and loyal,
God-devoted minnesinger,
Pious nightingale who sang not
To a rose, but to his God—

Tender nightingale who sweetly
Sang his love-songs in the dimness,
In the darkness of the Gothic,
Of the mediæval night!

Undismayed, and fearing nothing
From the ugly shapes and spirits,
From the waste of death and madness
Which that night so weirdly haunted,

He, the nightingale, thought only
Of his heavenly beloved,
'Twas to Him he sobbed his passion,
It was He his song exalted.

Only thirty springs Gabirol
On our earth beheld, but Fama
Through all lands proclaimed the glory
Of his name with sounding trumpet.

Now at Cordova, his city,
Dwelt a Moor, his next-door neighbour,
Who wrote verses too, and envied
Sore the poet his renown.

When he heard the poet singing,
Straight the Moor would swell with rancour;
To his jealousy the sweetness
Of the song was bitter sorrow.

He enticed his hated rival
To his house by night, and slew him,
And, behind the house, the body
In a garden plot he buried.

But behold! From out the ground
Where the body had been hidden
Sprang a fig tree forth, and blossomed—
Tree of great and wondrous beauty.

Of a curious length its fruit was,
And of strange and spicy sweetness,
And who ate thereof sank swooning
In a trance of dreamy rapture.

And because of this the people
Fell to talking and to muttering,
Till at last the spreading rumour
Reached the Caliph's high-born ears.

Then this marvel among fig trees
By the Caliph's self was tested,
Who appointed a commission
To investigate the matter.

They proceeded straight to business,
Gave the owner of the fig tree
Sixty strokes upon his soles
With the bamboo; forced confession;

To the fig tree went, and tore it
By its roots from out the ground,
And discovered, hid beneath it,
Poor Gabirol's murdered body.

This with pomp and state was buried
And lamented by the brethren,
And that day the Moor was taken,
And at Cordova was hanged.

DISPUTATION.

In the Aula at Toledo
  Trumpets peal their fanfares loud;
To the intellectual tourney,
  Gaily decked, the masses crowd.

'Tis no common earthly combat,
  And no iron weapons glance;
Nay, by learning sharply pointed,
  'Tis the word that is the lance.

Those who tilt here serve not ladies,
  Are no gallant Paladins;
In this combat all the knights are
  Rabbis grave and Capuchins.

Not on helmets but on skull-caps
  And on cowls they place reliance,
And their sacerdotal vestments
  Form their armour of defiance.

Is the Hebrew God the true one—
  He, the one, the fixed, the far,
For whose glory stands, as champion,
  Rabbi Juda of Navarre?

Is the Christian God the true one—
Triune God of grace and love,
As the champion, Franciscan
Friar José hopes to prove?

By the logic-linked sorites,
And by arguments of weight,
By quotations from the authors
Most acknowledged in debate,

Fain each champion his rival
Would to *ad absurdum* lure,
Of the true and only Godhead
Giving demonstration sure.

The agreement is: whoever
Is defeated in the fight,
The religion of his rival
Shall accept, and own as right;

That the sacrament the Hebrew
Shall partake of, be baptized,
While the Christian for his failure
Shall be duly circumcised.

And eleven loyal comrades
Has each champion by his side,
All resolved to share his fortunes,
Whether weal or woe betide.

Full of faith the monks who figure
  As the prior's escort stand,
With the holy water ready,
  With the vessel in their hand;

And they wave the shining censer,
  Nor the sprinkling brush forget,
While the knife of circumcision
  Their opponents grimly whet.

In the hall, for battle ready,
  By the lists the factions wait,
And the throng expects the signal,
  All impatient and elate.

With their courtiers gathered round them,
  'Neath a canopy of gold,
Sit the king and queen—the queen is
  Still a child; her features hold—

In her small French nose you see it—
  In their mirth a roguish guile,
But bewitching are the rubies
  Of her lips that always smile.

Lovely, fragile, fickle flower,
  May God shield her now from harm!
Poor, unlucky thing, transplanted
  From the Seine, so gay and warm,

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To the rigid soil that nurtures
Spanish grandees, proud and vain.
Blanche de Bourbon, reared in France, is
Donna Blanca, now of Spain.

And the king is called Don Pedro,
To which men "the Cruel" add,
But to-day he seems too gentle
To deserve a name so bad.

He engages with the nobles
Of the court in converse bright,
To the Moors and Jews addresses
Many speeches most polite.

'Mongst the knights the circumcised ones
In his favour highest stand,
They control the State finances,
And the royal troops command.

But the blare of drum and trumpet
Has announced with sudden din
That the war of tongues is starting:
That the athletes will begin.

The Franciscan friar grimly
Forth in pious fury breaks;
Now his voice is loud and blustering,
Now with growling menace shakes.

In the name of God the Father,
Of the Son and Holy Ghost,
He has exorcised the Rabbi,
Jacob's seed accurst and lost;

For in combats of this nature
Little devils often hide
In the Jews, whose wits they sharpen,
And with arguments provide.

Having exorcised the Devil,
Back on dogma now he falls,
Seeks to bowl his rival over
With his catechismal balls.

He informs him that the Godhead
Is composed of persons three,
Who, however, when convenient,
One, and only one, may be.

Great the mystery, and only
To be understood of those
Whom the prison walls of reason
No more darken and enclose.

And at Bethlehem, he tells them
How a son the Virgin bore:
Bore the Saviour of the world,
Yet was virgin as before;

How they laid Him in a manger—
  Laid the Lord of earth, most high,
With a calf and heifer meekly
  And devoutly standing by.

He related how the Saviour
  From King Herod's minions fled
Into Egypt, and how, later,
  Before Pontius Pilate led,

He was crucified; how Pilate
  Was unable to refuse
To pronounce His doom, so urgent
  Were the Pharisees and Jews.

How the Lord, albeit buried,
  On the third day rose again,
And ascended into heaven,
  He recounted to them plain;

And how Christ to earth returning
  On the day of doom and dread,
To Jehoshaphat will summon
  And will judge the quick and dead.

"Tremble, Jews!" the prior thundered,
  "And before the Lord bow down
Whom ye did to death and tortured
  With your whips and thorny crown.

"Ye, His murderers vindictive
And athirst for vengeance blind,
Still ye plot against the Saviour,
The Redeemer of mankind.

"O ye Jews, ye are a carcase
Where infernal demons dwell,
And your bodies are the barracks
Of the Devil's hosts from hell.

"So says Thomas of Aquinas,
Whom they call the Mighty Ox
Among scholars, light and pleasure
Of the truly orthodox.

"O ye Jews! ye are hyenas,
Wolves and jackals burrowing foul
In the graves; ye search for corpses
For whose blood with greed ye howl.

"Ye are hogs, O Jews! and monkeys,
Ye are beasts with snout and horn,
Yes, rhinoceroses, vampires,
Ye are crocodiles, mud-born.

"Ye are owls and ye are ravens,
Ye are bats that fear the light,
Ye are cockatrices, screech-owls,
And the gallows-birds of night.

"Ye are rattlesnakes and blindworms,
Toads envenomed, vipers dread;
Ye are asps and ye are adders—
Christ will crush your curséd head.

"Or, ye damned ones, would ye rather
Save your souls and turn to grace?
From the synagogues of evil
Fly, and seek the holy place:

"Seek the Church of love, the bright one,
Where the fount that purges sin
Flows in mercy's hallowed basins;
Bow your heads and dip them in.

"Wash away the ancient Adam,
Cleanse the vile and vicious parts;
Wash the inveterate mould of hatred,
Wash it clean from out your hearts!

"Ye can surely hear the Saviour
Calling each by his new name;
On His bosom drop the vermin
Of your sin and of your shame!

"For our God is Love incarnate,
And no lamb could milder be;
To atone for our transgressions
He was nailed upon a tree.

"Yes, our God is Love incarnate—
Jesus Christ His name most sweet.
His humility we copy,
And His patience, as is meet.

"Hence we, too, are mild and gentle,
Slow to anger and humane,
For the Lamb is our ensample
Who, to purge our sin, was slain.

"And hereafter, up in heaven,
We shall go as angels bright,
Pious angels blest for ever,
In our hands a lily white.

"We shall walk in spotless raiment,
Cast these clumsy cowls of grey—
Wear brocade, and silk, and muslin,
Golden tassels, ribbons gay.

"No more tonsures! Golden tresses
Round our heads will wave and shine,
Charming virgins, deft of finger,
Will our hair in pigtails twine.

"And, on high, the festal goblets
Shall be made of ampler girth
Than the cups that down below, here,
Hold the foaming wine of earth.

"On the other hand much smaller
Than below will, up above,
Be the mouths of the dear women
Given each of us to love.

"There, in drinking, kissing, laughter,
We shall pass our deathless days,
Singing happy hallelujahs,
Singing holy songs of praise."

Here the Christian ceased. The friars,
Thinking all must see the light,
Hastened forward with the vessels
For the great baptismal rite.

But the water-hating Hebrews,
Jeering, rouse themselves for war,
And the champion commences—
Rabbi Juda of Navarre.

"That my spirit's barren acres
For thy seed might want not dung,
Thou most doughtily thy insults
By the barrow-load hast flung.

"Each man follows but the method
To which custom ease hath lent.
For my part, I do not chide thee,
Nay, I thank thee, well content.

"Of this Trinitarian doctrine
Must a race deny the truth,
That the Rule of Three has studied
From the early days of youth.

"That thy Godhead should three persons,
And no greater number, hold,
Is most moderate; the ancients
Had six thousand gods of old.

"I am ignorant entirely
Of the God whom 'Christ' ye name;
With his pure and virgin mother
No acquaintance can I claim.

"That he suffered many years since—
Some twelve hundred, I believe—
In Jerusalem annoyance,
Is a thing for which I grieve.

"As to who it was that killed him
Must remain a point uncleared,
The *delicta corpus* having
On the third day disappeared.

"What you say of his connection
With our God, I beg to doubt;
If our God had any children,
'Tis a fact has ne'er come out.

"Nor did our God ever perish
Like a lamb, to save mankind.
No soft, silly, philanthropic
Fool is He, both weak and blind.

"He is far from Love incarnate;
His caresses none have known;
God of thunder and of vengeance
Is the Deity we own.

"On each sinner, without mercy,
Fall the lightnings of His hate;
The transgressions of the fathers
Children's children expiate.

"Yes, our God is great and living;
In His heavenly halls for aye
He has dwelt, and will endure there
Till the ages pass away.

"He is living, He is lusty—
Is not mythical and pale
As a consecrated wafer,
Or Cocytus' shadows frail.

"He is strong. Sun, moon, and planets,
In His hand He holds them all;
When He frowns the nations perish,
And the thrones in ruin fall.

" 'Yea, His greatness none can measure,'
Sings King David, psalmist sweet,
'And the earth which we inhabit
Is a footstool for His feet.'

" He is fond of pleasant music,
Festal hymns, the harp divine,
But the sound of church bells ringing
He abhors like grunting swine.

" Where Leviathan the mighty
Lives in ocean, housed for aye,
For an hour the Lord disports Him
With the monster every day,

" Save, of course, upon the ninth one
Of the month of Ab, when fell
Into ashes drear His temple;
Then the Lord feels far from well.

" Full a hundred miles this fish is
Of his length—with fins, to sail,
Quite as big as Og of Bashan;
Like a cedar is his tail.

" But his flesh is very dainty,
As the turtle's it is fine.
On the day of Resurrection
Will the Lord invite to dine

"All the pious and the chosen,
All the wise men and the good,
And this fish they will partake of—
The Almighty's favourite food;

"Part with garlic sauce dressed whitely,
Part in wine steeped: brown and nice,
And resembling somewhat matelotes
Cooked with raisins and with spice.

"In the white, the garlic gravy,
Thin horse-radish shavings float.
You, I wager, Friar José,
On the fish thus cooked would dote.

"Also brown, with sauce of raisins,
'Tis a dainty cannot cloy;
To your stomach, Friar José,
'Twere a sheer celestial joy.

"What the Lord has cooked is well cooked!
O ye monks, be wise at length!
Make the sacrifice that's needful;
On this fish renew your strength."

Smirking, smiling spake the Rabbi,
With enticing, luring tongue,
And the Jews the knife already,
Grunting rapturously, swung.

* * *

But the monks remained unshaken,
By their fathers' faith stood fast,
Quite determined to defend it
And its ritual to the last.

When the Jew had done, the Friar,
With converting zeal new-stirred,
The attack renewed; a vessel
Full of filth was every word.

To which speech replied the Rabbi,
With restrained and hidden heat;
Though his heart was boiling over
He contrived his gall to eat.

He appealed to the great Mischna,
To the commentaries, tracts;
From the Tausves-Jontof quoting,
To support and clinch his facts.

But what blasphemies appalling
From the monk his efforts bring!
He exclaims, "The Tausves-Jontof!
To the Devil with the thing!"

"Can profanity go further?"
Shrieks the Jew, in wrath amazed:
Shrieks, with patience quite exhausted,
As if suddenly gone crazed.

"If the Tausves-Jontof's nothing,
What is left? O Lord, give heed!
Lord, rebuke the evil-doer,
And avenge his dire misdeed!

"For, O God! the Tausves-Jontof
Is Thyself, and Thou must take
On Thy vile denier vengeance,
For Thy holy honour's sake!

"Bid the ground to yawn and open,
Bid it swallow him, as erst
At Thy word it swallowed Cora
And his impious band accurst.

"With Thy loudest thunders thunder!
Smite the bold blasphemer low—
For Gomorrah and for Sodom
Thou hadst sulphur long ago!

"Smite the Capuchin like Pharaoh,
Whom Thine anger smote of old,
When he followed us, who fled him,
Heavy laden with his gold.

"With a hundred thousand warriors
Marched this king, Mizrayim's lord,
All in armour clad, and shining,
In each awful hand a sword.

"With Thine arm outstretched, Jehovah,
Thou didst smite him; he was lost;
In the Red Sea, drowned like kittens,
Sank King Pharaoh and his host.

"Strike the Capuchin and show him—
Let the wretch degraded learn—
That the lightnings of Thine anger
Are not quenched: that still they burn.

"I will sing Thy praise and glory
When Thy might has overcome;
I will dance the dance of Miriam,
I will beat, like her, the drum."

At this point the angry friar
Forth in fury grimly burst:
"You yourself be damned forever
By the Lord, and die accurst!

"Before Ashtaroth and Belial,
Before Lucifer the proud,
And Beelzebub, the fly-god,
Before all I stand unbowed.

"I defy and mock your spirits,
Dark buffooneries of hell;
For of Jesus Christ I've eaten,
And within me He doth dwell.

"'Tis a food transcends all others:
It surpasses in delight
The Leviathan whom Satan
May have cooked with garlic white.

"Ah, instead of thus disputing
I would sooner on the fire
Bake and roast you with your comrades,
On a flaming funeral pyre!"

So with insult and in earnest
Raged the fight for God and creed,
But the champions quite vainly
Storm and scold and pant and plead.

They have fought twelve hours already;
Still remote the end desired;
And the audience has grown weary,
And the women hot and tired.

Even the Court is now impatient;
Ladies try to yawn unseen;
And the king, Don Pedro, turning,
Puts the question to the queen:

"Tell me frankly what opinion
You have come to; who is right?
Has the monk or has the Rabbi
Won the honours of the fight?"

Donna Blanca gazes puzzled;
  Fingers twined, as if in thought,
Presses hard against her forehead,
  Then she answers, as besought:

"Which is right," she says, "I know not,
  But there's one thing I can tell:
I am sure both monk and Rabbi
  Have a most offensive smell."

LAST POEMS.

(1853–1856.)

LAST POEMS.

YEARNING FOR PEACE.

Oh, let thy wounds unhindered bleed,
And let thy tears unchidden flow,
For weeping is a balsam mild,
And secret rapture dwells in woe.

If strangers' hands have dealt no hurt,
Then thou thyself must wield the rod.
When tears are wet upon thy cheek,
Devoutly thank a pitying God.

The night descends with streaming veils
Now day's discordant noises cease;
Upon her bosom thou shalt rest,
No blusterer loud to mar thy peace.

From music thou shalt be secure,
A respite from pianos win—
From terrible bravura shrieks,
And the grand opera's splendid din.

Here none shall persecute thy calm
With great Giacomo's vaunted name:
No virtuosi crash and pound
In illustration of his fame.

O grave! thou art the Paradise
Of ears that shrink from vulgar mirth.
Ah! death is good, but better still
Our mothers had not given us birth.

IN MAY.

The friends I kissed and loved of yore
Have done their worst and wronged me sore.
My heart is breaking; yet how gay
The laughing sun still welcomes May!

Sweet spring's in blossom. Loud and long
The echoing greenwood rings with song,
And flowers and maids are smiling bright—
O lovely world of loathed delight!

Grim Orcus I could almost praise;
No cruel contrasts there amaze.
Ah, happier is the anguished soul
Where Stygian waters darkly roll.

The melancholy surge and fall,
And the Stymphalides' drear call,
The furies' sing-song shrill and keen,
With Cerberus baying loud between—

Such things as these suit well with woe.
In the sad vale where shadows go,
In Proserpine's accurst domain
All is attuned to tears and pain.

But here above to me, forlorn,
How wounding is the rose's thorn;
The May-sky mocks me, blue and bright;
O lovely world of loathed delight!

BABYLONIAN SORROWS.

Death calls me—sweet, 'twere almost kind
To leave thee in some wood behind,
Some drear and lonely pinewood filled
With howling wolves, where vultures build,
And the wild sow with horrid snore
Grunts to her mate, the tawny boar.

Death calls me—O my wife, my child,
Better upon the ocean wild
To leave thee, where the great floods roll,
And maddened north winds from the Pole

Lash the loud waves, while, from the deep,
The monstrous things that hidden sleep—
The sharks and crocodiles—with grim
And gaping jaws come forth and swim!
Trust me, Matilda, child and wife,
The daunting wood is not so rife
With dangers, nor the angry foam
Of churning seas, as this our home.
Dread though the wolf and vulture be,
And sharks and monsters of the sea,
Far deadlier beasts are housed than they
In lovely Paris, brilliant, gay,
Where song and mirth and dancing dwell,
The heaven of fiends, the angels' hell.
To leave thee here! It is a thought
With fever and with madness fraught!

Black flies are whirling round me now;
They tease and buzz—on nose and brow
I feel them light—detested race!
They have an almost human face,
With elephants' trunks between their eyes,
Like India's god, Ganesa wise.—
There's someone packing up a box
Inside my head—how loud he knocks!
My reason will be gone, alas!
Ere I myself, so soon to pass.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

I.

THE supercargo Mynheer van Koek
Has gone to his cabin to count;
He is reckoning up what the cargo cost,
And to what the profits should mount.

"The gum is good, and the pepper is good,
Three hundred sacks they fill;
There is gold dust too, and ivory white,
But my black ware's better still.

"Six hundred niggers I bought dirt cheap,
In fact for the merest song,
By the Senegal river: their flesh is firm
And their sinews are taut and strong.

"Some brandy and steel and beads of glass
Was all I was forced to give;
Eight hundred per cent. I should make on the deal,
If even the half of them live.

"If even three hundred niggers survive,
Till we put into Rio Janeiro,
A hundred ducats per head are mine,
From the house of Gonzales Perreiro."

But Mynheer van Koek was suddenly torn
From thoughts of what he should win;
Van der Missen, the surgeon on board the boat,
Appeared at this point and came in.

He had crimson warts all over his nose,
And the leanest and driest of figures.
"Well, Doctor, how now?" exclaimed Van Koek;
"What news of my precious niggers?"

The doctor politely responds, and says,
"Alas! my report is bad,
The number of deaths has increased last night
In a manner that's really sad.

"The average number is only two,
But seven are dead to-day—
Four men, three women—I entered the loss
In the log in the usual way.

"I inspected the corpses minutely, of course,
For often the artful knaves
Pretend to be dead, in the hope that at dawn,
We'll lower them into the waves.

"I took off their irons with orders clear
That the bodies, when thus set free,
At an early hour should be carried on deck,
And tumbled into the sea.

"The sharks shot out of the water at once,
An army hungry and large,
They simply dote upon niggers' flesh;
I board them and make no charge.

"The beasts have scented the odour of death,
And have followed, a ravenous host,
In the wake of the vessel by night and day,
Since ever we left the coast.

"It is really comic to see them crowd,
And snap at the dead as they fall—
At the head, at the legs, at the bits that remain,
Till at last they have gobbled up all.

"And when everything's swallowed, around the ship
Contented they splash and reel,
And gratefully look their thanks at me
For providing their morning meal."

But here Van Koek interrupts with a sigh,
"This evil, say, how can I stop?
Is there nothing at all we can possibly do
To make the death rate drop?"

The doctor answers, "The niggers themselves
Are to blame; their own foul breath
Has poisoned the wholesome air of the hold,
With the natural consequence, death.

"And many have died of boredom, too:
Of sheer monotonous sadness.
The epidemic might yet be stemmed
By music, dance, and gladness."

"An excellent notion!" exclaims Van Koek,
"An inspiration grander
Aristotle himself can never have had,
Who taught great Alexander.

"In Delft the president learned and wise
Of the tulip-improvement club
Is not half so clever, I'm sure, as you,
If it really came to the rub.

"Yes, music! music! the niggers up here
On the deck shall dance and skip,
And those who do not enjoy the fun,
Will be cured by means of the whip."

II.

A myriad stars from the tent of heaven
Are gazing, big and wise;
They are glimmering soft and yearning bright,
Like lovely women's eyes.

They look on the ocean spread below,
And the phosphorescent gleams
Of the purple mists. The billows lap
And coo in voluptuous dreams.

The slave ship carries no fluttering sail,
She lies like an unrigged boat;
But lanterns shine on the deck, whence sounds
Of dancing and music float.

On the fiddle the helmsman, the cook on the flute
They busily pipe and strum;
The doctor, he's blowing the trumpet loud,
The cabin-boy beats the drum.

A hundred niggers, both women and men,
They whirl and shout and hop.
Their fetters of iron are marking time,
With a rattle and ring and drop.

They stamp on the boards in riotous glee,
And many a swarthy belle
Throws amorous arms round her partner nude,
As they spin and dance and yell.

The purser conducts the revel; his whip
Flies out, and some screamer answers;
To mirth and frolic and gaiety wild
He stimulates lazy dancers.

And dideldumdei and schnedderedeng!
The noise lures up from the deep
The monstrous things of the watery world
That stupidly lay asleep.

With drowsiness drunk, a hundred sharks
From their couches in ocean rise,
And stare at the deck from the waves below
With puzzled and wondering eyes.

They perceive that it is not the breakfast hour,
And they yawn from the sea beneath
With open and angry jaws, set thick
With horrible serrate teeth.

And dideldumdei and schnedderedeng!
The dance will never be done,
And the sharks they are biting each other's tails,
Impatient till breakfast's begun.

To music, I think, they've an animus strong;
Their kind not infrequently show it;
The beast that's averse to music, shun,
Says Shakespeare, Albion's poet.

And schnedderedeng and dideldumdei—
Van Koek at the foremast stands,
And as dance succeeds to dance without end,
In prayer he folds his hands.

"Oh, spare the lives of these sinners black,"
He pleads above the rattle;
"Remember, if ever they roused Thy wrath,
O Lord! they're as stupid as cattle.

"And unless three hundred head remain,
I'll lose my hoped-for haul;
Oh, spare their lives for Jesus' sake,
Who died to save us all."

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE were two, a brother and sister;
The brother was rich, the sister was poor.
The poor one said to the rich one,
"Give me a morsel of bread."

The rich one said to the poor one,
"Nay, trouble me not just now,
I am giving my annual dinner
To the lords of the Senate to-day.

"To turtle-soup one is devoted,
Another to pine-apples sweet,
The third is partial to pheasants
With Perigord truffles dressed.

"The fourth will have nothing but sea-fish,
The fifth takes salmon as well;
The sixth devours all put before him,
And drinks even more than he eats."

And so the poor, poor sister
Went hungry back to her house,
Sank down on her hard straw mattress,
And deeply sighed, and died.

We all must die when our time comes,
And at last the scythe of death
Mowed down the wealthy brother,
As, already, the sister poor.

As soon as the wealthy brother
Perceived that his hour was come,
He sent in haste for the lawyer,
And straightway made his will.

Big legacies to the clergy
He left, and to the schools;
Nor was the great museum
Of zoology forgot.

The great testator also
A noble gift bequeathed
To the Deaf and Dumb Asylum,
And the Jewish Conversion fund.

He presented a bell, in addition,
To St. Stephen's new-built spire,
Which, made of the finest metal,
Weighed five-and-twenty tons.

'Tis indeed a bell enormous,
And rings both early and late;
It rings to the honour and glory
Of the man of lasting fame.

It tells with its tongue of iron
The tale of the good he did
To his town and fellow-townsmen,
No matter what their creed.

Mankind's great benefactor,
As in life, thy good deeds all
Shall, in death, be noised and published
By the tongue of the mighty bell!

With solemn pomp and splendour
His body was borne to the grave,
And the folk came crowding after,
Full of respect and awe.

On a black coach lay the coffin,
With a canopy above,
Adorned with nodding bunches
Of thick black ostrich feathers.

It was covered with plates of silver,
And grand with silver lace;
A fine effect had the silver
On the ground of ebon-black.

Six horses drew the carriage,
In housings blackly swathed,
Which fell like cloaks of mourning,
And drooped to the horses' hoofs.

In livery black the servants
Walked slowly after the bier,
Their snow-white handkerchiefs holding
To faces red with grief.

All the townsfolk of position
And of rank, a lengthy train
Of imposing black state coaches,
Drove after, swaying behind.

And, of course, in the mournful procession
The lords of the Council took part;
Only one of their number was missing,
And the missing one was he

Who had shown for pheasant and truffles
Such a weakness. Of recent date
Was his death. The dish had proved fatal.
Indigestion had carried him off.

BERTHA.

She seemed so sweet and good, my heart
  Among the angels set her;
She could not even hurt a flower,
  And she wrote a charming letter.

The wedding was near, her kinsfolk heard,
  And they all began to scold her.
Oh, Bertha was a stupid thing:
  Did as aunts and cousins told her.

She broke her pledge, she broke her vow,
  Yet with right good-will I acquit her,
For had we been married I'm sure she'd have made
  My love and life both bitter.

And now when I think on a woman false,
  I think on Bertha faithless;
But I honestly hope, when her child is born,
  She herself may come off scatheless.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

It was the sexton's daughter dear
  Who showed me the holy hall.
Her hair was blonde, her figure slight,
  From her neck had slipped her shawl.

For some pence I saw the crosses old,
The candles and tombs of the place;
And then my heart grew suddenly hot—
I looked in Elspeth's face.

I gazed about me, up and down,
And here and there kept glancing;
Hallelujah! High on the painted panes
There are women in petticoats dancing.

The sexton's daughter beside me stood;
What need of a further goal?
She had quite the loveliest pair of eyes,
In which I saw the whole.

It was the sexton's daughter dear
Led me out from the holy hall;
Her mouth was little, her neck was red,
From her bosom had slipped her shawl.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

You must never, never poke
Fun at Philistines, or joke
With a man of narrow mind.
But the big, sagacious heart
Takes a teasing in good part:
Sees the friendship hid behind.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

KISSING hands, and bending knees,
Becking, bowing—what are these?
Tricks, illusions, child, that love—
That the heart—thinks nothing of.

THE WILL.

Now that life is nearly spent
I make my will and testament.
The wonder is that long ago
I did not die of pain and woe.

Louisa! Best of womankind,
I leave you twelve old shirts behind,
A hundred fleas, and, what still worse is,
Three hundred times a thousand curses.

The loyal friend who gave so pat
His good advice, and only that,
May now have this advice of mine;—
Marry a pig and bring up swine.

Who would enjoy my faith the most
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?
The Rabbi of Posen may draw lots for
My creed with the Chinese emperor.

And German freedom, dream divine—
I leave that bubble superfine
To the censor of Krähwinkel town.
More nutritious by far is rye-bread brown.

The deeds I never did, but planned,
To save my precious Fatherland,
I will leave to the heroes of Baden, I think,
With a cure for the after effects of drink.

I bequeath a night-cap white as chalk
To that cousin who boldly used to talk
Of the Heidschnucker rights, ere wise he grew,
And held his tongue like a Roman true.

I bequeath to the guardian of morals and faith
At Stuttgart, two pistols; he'll take no scathe:
He runs (they're unloaded) no risk of his life,
But he'll always be able to frighten his wife.

I leave a likeness exact and full
Of my trunk to the talented Swabian school;
You refused my face, so it's only right
Some lower thing should refresh your sight.

Twelve bottles of Seidlitz water 's my dole
To the great and noble poet's soul,
Who for years has suffered from song-constipation;
Love, hope, and faith were his consolation.

And the codicil runs: Should all refuse
The legacies mentioned, then I choose
The Roman Catholic Church as heir,
And wash my hands of the whole affair.

TO MY BROTHER MAX.

Max, although you go from here
To the Steppes of Russia drear,
Every inn provides you pleasure,
All your life's a dancing measure.

At the ball the Gretchen nearest
Always seems the Gretchen dearest;
Drums are beaten, trumpets blow,
Arm round waist, and off you go!

Foaming bumpers red and brown—
You're the man to toss them down;
Give you Bacchus but to swallow,
And you sing like god Apollo.

Luther's motto is your guide:
He who, soured by pious pride,
Loves not women, wine, and song
Lives a fool his whole life long.

Max, your head may Fortune crown,
Pour you bumpers red and brown,
Keep you plied with wine and mirth
In the dance-saloon of earth!

THE VALLEY OF WOE.

In the dark the dormer window shakes
To the piping of the gale;
Two poor souls lie on the garret bed;
They look so thin and pale!

The one poor soul to the other says,
"Oh, take me in your arm,
And closely press your mouth on mine:
Perhaps I shall grow warm."

The other poor soul answers her,
"Dear, when I see your eyes,
Both cold and hunger are forgot,
And earthly sorrow flies."

They moaned, and pressed each other's hands,
They kissed and wept full sore,
And often they laughed and even sang;
And then they spoke no more.

When morning dawned the Commissioner came
With the doctor, who shook his head,
And certified in proper form
That the bodies both were dead.

"An empty stomach," he explained,
"Combined with the bitter weather,
Has caused, or at least has hastened, death—
Hunger and cold together.

"When frost," he continued, "sets in severe,
'Tis the height of hardihood
To sleep without woollen coverlets
And go without wholesome food."

EDWARD.

On the horses weeds of woe,
On the hearse the sable plume;
Failure dogged his steps below;
Now they bear him to the tomb.

He was young, and, like his brothers,
At the festal board of earth
Fain had feasted; but for others,
Not for him, the wine and mirth.

The champagne was poured, and winking
In the glass with pearly gleam;
But he sat, too grave for drinking,
In a melancholy dream.

For a silent sorrow bound him;
In his cup would fall the tear,
While the boon companions round him
Shouted gaily, glad of cheer.

Go to sleep! you'll wake to laughter
In the heavenly halls of light,
Where no headache follows after
The carousals of the night.

THE WHIMS OF THE AMOROUS.

(A True Story, retold from Ancient Documents, and freshly rendered in beautiful German rhyme.)

On the fence the beetle gives many a sigh;
He is head over ears in love with a fly.

"O fly, dearest fly, you're my soul, my life;
It is you, and no other, I've chosen for wife.

"So marry me, fly, and no longer be cold,
My belly is made of the purest gold;

"And a splendid thing is this back of mine,
Where the rubies flame and the emeralds shine."

"Nay now, I am not such a fool!" she said,
"With a beetle I certainly never will wed.

"Gold, rubies, and emeralds tempt me not;
'Tis not wealth that ensures the happiest lot.

"The ideals I yearn for are noble and high;
I am proud, let me tell you—no everyday fly."

The beetle flew off in the deepest distress;
The fly went away to bathe and to dress.

"Now where," said the fly, "is my handmaid, the bee?
I want her to wash and to wait upon me.

"And to stroke down my delicate skin, beside,
For I'm soon to be made a beetle's bride.

"And truly this beetle is quite a catch;
I doubt if the world contains his match.

"Yes, his coat's of a really splendid design:
Its rubies flame and its emeralds shine.

"His belly is gold, and distinguished his mien,
Oh, many blue-bottles will die of spleen.

"So curl my hair, little bee, and make haste;
And perfume me nicely and draw in my waist.

"Come, rub me with attar of roses sweet,
And lavender oil pour over my feet,

"That no odour unpleasant may spoil my charms
When I lovingly rest in my bridegroom's arms.

"Already come dragon-flies blue and gay,
As maids of honour their homage to pay.

"In the bridal wreath that's soon to be mine
The white orange blossom they'll deftly twine.

"Musicians I've asked, and cicadas proud
Will provide us with songs both merry and loud.

"Drone, hornet, and gadfly and bittern come
To blow with the trumpet, and beat on the drum.

"At the wedding-feast each will perform his best;
Already comes many a bright-winged guest.

"They're arriving in families merry and gay—
The commoner insects are crowding the way—

"The grasshoppers, wasps, with their aunts and cousins,
To the blowing of bugles, they're coming in dozens.

"And the parson, the mole, in his black robe of state,
Has appeared on the scene; 'tis already late.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, the bells ring clear—
Oh, what can be keeping my bridegroom dear?"

Ding-dong, ding-dong, the bells ring gay,
But the beetle in sorrow has flown away.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, the bells ring clear;
"Oh, what can be keeping my bridegroom dear?"

But the bridegroom has gone to grieve alone;
On a distant dunghill he makes his moan.

There he sat seven years, the world forgotten,
Till the poor little bride was dead and rotten.

THE VIRTUOUS DOG.

A POODLE after Brutus named—
Appropriately too—was famed
Throughout the land from end to end
For his wisdom, and virtue that none could bend.
He was patient, and modest, and never rude:
A model, indeed, of behaviour good.

One heard him everywhere praised to the skies
As a sort of four-footed Nathan the wise.
A gem of a dog one was forced to extol,
So honest and true! a beautiful soul!

His master trusted him out and out:
To the butcher sent him with never a doubt.
The noble dog refused to roam:
Came conscientiously trotting home,
In his mouth the basket neatly packed
With mutton and beef, and pork well hacked.
Though the greasy odours might tempt and lure,
Not a bone but with Brutus was quite secure.
With stoical calm, towards his abode
He steadily pressed with his costly load.

But, of course, among dogs there will always be
A sprinkling of curs of low degree—
'Tis the same with ourselves—decoys afoot,
Rogues, idlers, and many an envious brute
Who cannot appreciate moral pleasure,
And squander their life in sensual leisure.
Such rascals had sworn to attempt to undo
Poor Brutus, the valiant and wise and true,
Who, basket in mouth, his master served,
And from duty's pathway had never swerved.

And so it happened that, one fine day,
As he steadily trudged on his homeward way,

The wretched, vile, conspiring horde
Made an onslaught grim with one accord.
They seized on the basket that held the meat,
And scattered the tit-bits on the street;
And the plunder thus gained, without more ado,
Was fallen upon by the ravenous crew.
With his dog-philosopher's soul serene
Stood Brutus at first regarding the scene;
But when he perceived every gluttonous beast
Devouring so gaily the stolen feast,
He thought he had better have some for his own,
And dined himself on a mutton bone.

MORAL.

"Thou too! Thou eatest, my Brutus upright!"
The moralist sighs at the sorrowful sight.
Yes, a bad example can ruin us all;
Like the other mammals who sin and fall,
The virtuous dog is not exempted
From imperfection—he eats when tempted!

HORSE AND ASS.

On its iron road, with lightning speed
The train goes thundering past;
The murky smoke from the chimney streams,
Like a pennant from a mast.

A farmyard lay beside the line;
  The white horse heard the whistle,
And craned his neck above the fence;
  The donkey ate a thistle.

The white horse followed the vanishing train
  With a glassy eye and drear;
Then he trembled in every limb, and said,
  "Alas! I'm convulsed with fear.

"Indeed, had I not by nature's choice
  Already been coloured white,
My coat had been certainly bleached to-day
  By that hateful and terrible sight.

"The whole of the equine race is doomed
  By relentless Fate's decree;
Although I am white, a future black
  Awaits both mine and me.

"This rivalry soon will kill us all,
  From the greatest horse to the least;
When man is forced to drive or ride,
  He'll use the iron beast.

"And when he finds that without a horse
  He still can ride and drive,
Farewell to hay, farewell to oats!
  Then how shall we keep alive?

"The heart of man is as hard as a stone;
He gives but to get as good;
He will chase us away from our stables warm;
We shall die for want of food.

"We cannot borrow, we cannot steal,
Like mortals whose morals are blacker;
Nor cringe and fawn like men and dogs.
Ah me! we shall end with the knacker."

So the horse, lamenting, deeply sighed,
While long-ear, quite untroubled,
Possessed his soul in peace serene,
And his diet of thistles doubled.

He licked his nose with his tongue, and said
In an easy and tranquil way,
"Because of the future, I see no need
To rack my brains to-day.

"You horses proud are threatened, indeed,
With a truly terrible morrow;
For us humble asses there's nothing in store
To call for foreboding or sorrow.

"Yes, men can dispense with the piebald horse,
With the white and the black and the roan,
But against Jack Steam and his chimneys too
The asses can hold their own.

"No matter how cleverly forged and strong
The machines that men contrive,
The asses can always be perfectly sure
Of enough to keep them alive.

"Yes, Heaven those asses will always protect,
Whom dutiful sentiments fill,
And who do as their decent fathers did,
And daily trudge to the mill.

"The mill-wheel rattles, the miller grinds,
And pours into sacks the flour;
I bear these sacks to the baker, who bakes
The bread that men devour.

"Whatever betide, the world will turn
In the old primeval way,
And unchanging and fixed, like Nature herself,
The ass will endure for aye."

MORAL.

The days of chivalry are dead;
The noble horse must go unfed;
But the lowly ass will escape disaster,
And never want for meal or master.

BODY AND SOUL.

THE poor soul to the body saith,
"I will not leave thee; down to death
And dismal night I too will sink,
And of annihilation drink.
A second self I found in thee;
With love thou hast encircled me,
Warm as a satin gala gown,
Lined through with ermine soft as down.
Naked and abstract now, alas!
Without a body I must pass,
And as a blessed nothing stray
About the realm of light for aye:
Tread the cold halls of heaven high,
While, yawning in my face, file by
The dumb eternities. How slow
Their leaden slippers clattering go.
Oh, horrible and hateful lot!
Beloved body, leave me not!"

To the poor soul the body saith,
"Nay, grieve not so because of death.
We must endure and calmly wait
Whatever is decreed by Fate.
I was the wick, and must consume;
But thou, the spirit, shalt illume

With purest radiance heaven afar,
A lovely and a chosen star.
I am but worthless trash: mere humble
And senseless matter. I shall crumble
Like rotten tinder, and decay
To what I sprang from—lifeless clay.
Be comforted, and fare thee well!
Perhaps in heaven—who can tell?—
'Tis not so dismal after all.
The Great Bear in yon starry hall
(Not Meyer-Beer) if thou shouldst see,
Greet him a thousand times from me!"

RED SLIPPERS.

The wicked cat was old and grey,
And a shoemaker too, or so she would say;
And before the window, in proof of the fact
Stood a case with maidens' slippers packed.
There were slippers of fine morocco leather
And slippers of satin ranged together,
And velvet slippers she also sold,
With gay-flowered ribbons and borders of gold.
But the prettiest slippers of any there
Was an exquisite little scarlet pair.
The gorgeous colour had played its part,
And laughed its way into many a heart.

A young and white little high-born mouse,
Who was going along by the shoemaker's house,
Turned back when she saw them, and stood stock-
still,
And then she peeped over the window-sill.
At length she spoke out, "Good day, Mistress Cat,
You have pretty red slippers—no doubt about that.
If they're not too dear, they are really so nice,
I think I will buy them, so tell me the price."

The cat was delighted, and cried, at this,
"I respectfully beg you to enter, miss.
With your presence pray honour this house of
mine:
I deal with society ladies fine,
The loveliest damsels shop with me,
And duchesses, too, of high degree.
For the merest song the slippers I'll sell—
But come, let us see if they fit you well—
Be so good as to enter and take a seat."

The cunning old cat had a voice so sweet!
And the little white ignorant mouse, unaware,
Walked into the murderer's den and snare;
Sat down on a settle with never a doubt,
And her neat little leg stretched gaily out,
In order to see how the red shoes fitted—
An example of innocent trust to be pitied.

Then the cruel cat suddenly seized her tight
And mangled and tore her and killed her outright,
And bit off her poor little harmless head.
"My dear little, white little thing, you are dead,
Yes, dead as a mouse!" the old cat cried;
"But the scarlet slippers I'll lay outside
The spot where you're buried; and when from the tomb
You are called, by the awful trump of doom,
To the last great dance, you'll wake, white mouse,
And rise from the grave, your deep, dark house:
Like everyone else you'll leave your bed,
And then you will draw on your slippers red."

MORAL.

Ye little white mice, beware! beware!
The splendour of earth is a lure and a snare.
Oh, better—far better—be barefoot trippers
Than go to the cat to buy your slippers.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

On the waves of the brook she dances by,
The light, the lovely dragon-fly;
She dances here, she dances there,
The shimmering, glimmering flutterer fair.

And many a foolish young beetle's impressed
By the blue gauze gown in which she is dressed;
They admire the enamel that decks her bright,
And her elegant waist so slim and slight.

And many's the beetle that after her flits
Till he loses his poor little beetle-wits,
Hums of love and of truth, and undaunted avers
That Brabant and Holland shall both be hers.

The beautiful dragon-fly laughs; says she,
"Brabant and Holland are nothing to me.
But hasten, ye wooers—for this I desire—
And fetch me a tiny spark of fire.

"The cook's had a baby, she's lying in bed,
So, of course, I must cook the supper instead,
The coals on the hearth have gone out, so away!
And fetch me a spark of fire, I pray."

The words of the false one are scarcely uttered,
When off at top speed the beetles have fluttered.
They search for the fire till their home-woods kind
Are many and many a league behind.

They go till they come where a candle gleams,
From a garden bower the radiance streams,
And the lovers impetuous, blind and rash,
Right into the flame of the candle dash.

The candle crackles, as candles do,
The beetles are burnt, and their loving hearts too.
And some of them perish entirely, poor things!
And others get off with the loss of their wings.

Oh, woe to the beetle whose wings are burnt!
He is forced to do what he never has learnt;
In a foreign land he must crawl like a worm,
Where clammy and noisome insects squirm.

"Bad company"—so you can hear him complain—
"Is exile's hardest and bitterest bane;
We're obliged to consort with companions mean,
With vermin, and even with bugs unclean.

"They treat us as comrades, ignoring our pride,
Because we must wade in the mire by their side.
From the pupil of Virgil the same complaint fell:
The poet who wrote about exile and hell.

"I think with regret of the time so fair,
When I fluttered about in the happy home air,
And in all the splendour of wings undocked,
On the golden sunflowers merrily rocked.

"From the heart of the rose I sucked my food,
I was haughty and grand, and mixed when I would
With the noble-souled butterflies; also could claim
Asm y friend the cicada of artist fame.

"But my wings are gone; I can never return
To the Fatherland dear for which I yearn.
I am only a worm; I cannot fly:
On this foreign dung I must rot and die.

"If only, alas! I had never met
The dragon-fly bright, the blue coquette,
With her waist so slim and neat—
The fair, the faithless cheat!"

THE DRAGON-FLY.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

'Tis the dragon-fly, the blue one;
She's the prettiest person in beetle-land,
The butterflies court her on every hand,
And every lover's a true one.

Her hips are rounded so neatly;
She wears a gauzy gown with wings,
And with regular, rhythmic grace she swings
In the air so saucily, sweetly.

Her gaily-hued worshippers hover
Wherever she goes, and many a youth
Swears, "Holland, Brabant shall be thine in good sooth,
If only thou'lt take me for lover."

The dragon-fly fibs—she is weary—
"For Brabant and Holland I've no desire,
What I really want is a spark of fire
To make my parlour cheery."

The lovers, as bound in duty,
Before she has ended are off on the chase,
And busily seeking, from place to place,
A spark of fire for the beauty.

Comes one where a candle is burning,
As if blind and mad his body he'll fling
Right into the flame, till he's burnt, poor thing!
Both he and his heart so yearning.

The fable is Japanese, dear;
But trust me, my child, for I tell you true,
In Germany here there are dragon-flies too,
And false as the Devil are these, dear.

MIMI.

"THERE are common cats and quiet,
In their parlours who sit spinning;
I was never one; I wander
On the house-tops, free and sinning.

"And on summer nights, when yearning
In the air so cool and healing,
Music growls in me and rumbles,
And I sing with genuine feeling."

So says Mimi. From her bosom
Come the bridal raptures swelling,
And the bachelors about her
Seem to find them most compelling.

For they crowd around her, purring
In the same peculiar fashion,
And they join in Mimi's music
All aglow with love and passion.

They're no virtuosi venal;
And no lust of money jostles
With their reverence for music—
They're the holy art's apostles.

They themselves are flute and fiddle:
Need no instruments, no poses;
For the drums they have their bellies,
And for trumpets have their noses.

They are singing now in chorus,
And the fugues, when one has listened,
Are of Guido of Arezzo,
Or of Bach quite reminiscent.

Frantic symphonies, caprices
  Like Beethoven's ones, or harder,
Or like Berlioz' productions,
  Only fiercer in their ardour.

Oh, the wondrous might of music!
  Oh, unequalled notes of magic!
Even heaven shakes and trembles,
  And the stars look pale and tragic.

And her cloudy veil Selina
  Draws, and hides her fair face under,
When she hears the sounds enchanting,
  When she hears the notes of wonder.

Prima Donna Philomela—
  Only she, so fond of blaming,
Turns her nose up—heartless creature—
  And at Mimi sniffs, defaming.

But they all continue, careless
  Of the spleen of the Signora,
Till at last on the horizon
  Smiles the rosy fay, Aurora.

GOOD ADVICE.

BANISH sorrow, courage borrow,
  Loudly ask and boldly woo;
They'll respect you more to-morrow,
  And the bride will be for you.

'Tis the fiddle makes the revel;
  Pay the fiddlers; do not miss,
Though you wish them with the Devil,
  Every aunt-in-law to kiss.

For all princes twine the laurel,
  Of a woman speak no ill;
With your puddings do not quarrel,
  When a pig you come to kill.

Hate the church, but do not grumble;
  Go the oftener for that;
Send the pastor wine; be humble;
  And in passing lift your hat.

Bear a flea-bite without flinching:
  Scratch contented till it's gone,
If your shoes are tight, and pinching—
  Well, just draw your slippers on.

If your soup is spoilt completely
  By an overdose of salt,
Say, "My darling," smiling sweetly,
  "What you cook's without a fault."

For a shawl your wife is pining?
  Buy her two instead of one;
Buy her lace, and spangles shining,
  Jewels also, and be done.

The advice which I have given,
  You have only got to try it;
You will one day go to heaven,
  And on earth you'll live in quiet.

GOOD ADVICE.

When writing fables, it is best
  To give your hero's real name.
You suffer more when it's suppressed;
  A dozen hoary fools will claim
To be the donkey of the poem,
And cry, "Those ears are mine; I know 'em!
Also the horrid, hideous braying—
That is my voice, there's no gainsaying!
I am the ass! Though names disguise me,
My Fatherland will recognise me,

My Fatherland, Germania!
I am the ass! Hee-ha! Hee-ha!"
In the attempt one fool to screen,
You've made a dozen mad with spleen.

THE ASS-ELECTION.

FREEDOM can pall like other things;
The brute republic found it,
And resolved henceforth to be ruled by kings,
By autocrats unbounded.

To the poll every species of animal came;
The voting papers were written,
And party spirit began to flame:
Not a beast but was intrigue-bitten.

On the asses' committee the old ones sat,
And every long-eared dullard
Went sporting a favour of black-red-gold—
They wore them *party*-coloured.

The horse had a following faithful and true,
But so small that it never voted;
They stood in such fear of the terrible din
Of the long-ears brazen-throated.

When at last some one ventured to name the horse
For the post of future dictator,
An angry old long-ear cut short his discourse
With cries of "Shame!" and "Traitor!"

"O traitor!" he shouted, "I'm certain no drop
Of ass's blood makes you my brother;
I believe you're an alien, neck and crop,
And were foaled by a foreign mother.

"Perhaps you inherit a zebra strain;
Your skin is striped and shows it;
Or you bear the Egypto-Jewish stain:
From your nasal twang one knows it.

"But, foreign or not, you're an ass alone
In intellect shallow; our serious
And profounder side you never have known,
Nor our psaltery's charm mysterious.

"Now, my soul's in that music—in every wail
And hee-ha! re-echoing sweetly;
I'm an ass in each separate hair of my tail;
Oh yes, I'm an ass completely.

"No papist am I, no wretched slave—
The very thought makes me bristle.
I'm a German ass; like my fathers I'm brave
And thoughtful, and fond of a thistle.

"Loose gallantries never were much in their line,
Nor frivolous vices; ungrudging,
With the sack to the mill, come shade, come shine,
Every day they went patiently trudging.

"Our fathers, they are not dead! To the dust
Their carcasses only were given—
Their mortal bodies—with pleasure and trust
They gaze on us down from heaven.

"O asses celestial, in aureoles bright!
Like you we will never linger,
Nor stray from the pathway of duty and right
By so much as the breadth of a finger.

"To be born an ass! Oh, the rapture high
From such long-eared sires to inherit!
I was born an ass! I should like to cry
And bray from each roof my merit!

"The noble ass whom I thank for my birth
Was of German stock and no other;
With pure ass's milk upon German earth
I was fed by a German mother.

"I'm a donkey indeed, and will faithfully hold,
As long as the grass the grass is,
To the ancient ways of my fathers old,
To the customs and cult of the asses.

"And because I'm an ass I counsel you thus:
Choose an ass for your monarch glorious.
A great ass-realm will be founded by us,
Where the ass shall rule victorious.

"We are all of us asses! Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
And no horses of lowly station.
Down, down with the horses! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the king of the great ass-nation!"

Thus the patriot spoke. Every ass in the hall
Acclaimed the speaker proudly;
The asses had national leanings all,
And stamped with their ass-hoofs loudly.

With oak they have crowned the orator's brow—
A highly popular measure;
He is dumb with emotion: can only bow,
And wag his ass-tail for pleasure.

THE DAYS OF THE TIE-WIG.

(FABLE.)

At Cassel two rats fared badly,
They had nothing to eat, and sadly

They gazed at each other, hungry-eyed;
Then one of the rats, she whispered and sighed,

"I know of some millet pap in a pan,
But a sentinel guards it, wretched man!

"He wears the Electoral uniform, too,
And his hair is tied in a monstrous queue.

"His musket is loaded with shot, 'tis said,
And whoever approaches, he shoots him dead."

The other rat whispered, and ground
Her teeth with a gnawing sound.

"His Electoral Highness wisdom displays,
In as much as he loves the good old days,

"The times when the Katten of yore
Their queer long tie-wigs wore.

"They rivalled our tails, they grew
Such a curiously lengthy queue.

"The tie-wig is only the image in art
Of the tail which Nature made ours from the start.

"The rat, the privileged creature,
Has the tail as a natural feature.

"You, O Prince, who disdained not to fuss
Over Katten, must surely love us.

"Your heart for us rats should warmly beat
Since with tails at our birth we were fashioned complete.

"O noble Philosopher! Sensible man!
Come, give us the run of your millet pan.

"Yes, give us, for nothing, the pap in your pot,
And dismiss the sentry who guards the spot!

"In return for the pap and your favour royal,
We will serve you for evermore, loving and loyal;

"And when you are dead, to your grave we'll go,
And cut off our tails with genuine woe.

"To a garland we'll twine them, to swell your renown;
Of the tail of a rat be your laurel crown!"

THE BUG.

I.

THERE sat on a penny a common brown bug;
Like a bloated capitalist pompous and smug
He lolled and he sprawled, and he said, "If you've gold
You are honoured on earth, and your name is extolled.

The man who has money is handsome and pleasing,
No woman withstands him, no matter how freezing.
Why, women, they tremble: grow paler than death:
If they feel but so much as the smell of my breath.
Oh, many a night has been spent, I can vouch,
In comfort by me on the queen's own couch.
On her mattress she tossed, and could not refrain
From scratching and scratching and scratching again!"

A finch came along—a bit of a wag—
Who was greatly incensed when he heard him brag.
He sharpened his bill and began to whistle
A song on the insect, with satire for missile.

But the bug took a vengeance dirty and low,
In the manner of bugs, for bugs are so.
He said that the finch at his cost was funny
Because he refused to lend him money.

"And the moral?" you ask. I have noticed, of late,
That the moral the fabulist prudently shelves,
For vermin, when rich, though small in themselves,
Have powerful allies among the great.
Each sits on his money-bag, pompous and smug,
The Dessau march drumming, a glorious bug.

II.

The insects unclean made a Holy Alliance
All over the earth, for defence and defiance;
More especially bugs who had musical fancies,
And foolish composers of wretched romances,
(Like the Schlesinger clock they none of them go,)
Made a league universal for weal or for woe.
In Vienna the itch has its famous Mozart—
The pearl of pawnbrokers given to art—
Who with Meyerbeer—him of the laurel crown,
The mighty Maestro of Berlin town—
Intrigues, and some articles shortly appear,
Which a leaf-louse, one of the allies dear,
Through the press (ready money paid) hastily smuggles—
He crawls and he cringes, he lies and he juggles,
And suffers from deep melancholia, too.
The public will often give ready belief
To a lie, out of pity: the hypocrite's grief
On his features is written for all to view.
Now how should you act when thus wronged? Hold your tongue,
And endure all the calumnies. Try to be meek.
You dare not complain of them: dare not speak;
For, of course, if you tramp on the verminous dung,

You will poison with stench the sweet, clean air,
And be forced on your shoes the filth to bear.
Yes, silence is best—Some more opportune time
I will tell you the moral to draw from my rhyme.

KING LONG-EAR I.

WHEN an animal king was elected, of course
The asses appeared in the greatest force.
So an ass was chosen, the Chronicle states;
But now you must hear what it further relates.

As soon as the ass was crowned, we are told,
He imagined he looked like a lion bold.
He wrapped himself round with a lion's skin,
And bellowed with loud and leonine din.
He hobnobbed with horses—his pride was such—
Which the slighted old asses resented much.
Of wolves and of bull-dogs his army was formed;
And the asses at this yet more fiercely stormed.
Then an ox was made chancellor—conduct so bad
That they snorted with rage and went almost mad.
They threatened a rising: so far matters went;
But the king, when he heard of their discontent,
Stuck the crown on his head, and wriggled inside
A brave and imposing lion's hide.

Then he ordered that all the seditious band
Should be summoned before his throne to stand;
And he spoke to them thus with his royal tongue:
"O puissant asses, both old and young!
Ye imagine that I am an ass like you,
But you grievously err: I'm a lion true.
By none at my court is this fact gainsaid,
From the high-born dame, to the serving-maid.
My laureate also has written a song,
With me for its theme, which proves you wrong:
'As the camel inherits its hump, your soul
Has inherited clearly, for all to extol,
The lion's magnanimous nature; no part
Have the asinine ears in your Majesty's heart!'
'Tis thus he sings in his lines inspired;
At my court the verses are much admired,
For they love me. The peacocks most haughtily bred
Dispute for the honour of scratching my head.
I foster the arts: deny it can none;
I'm Mæcenas and Cæsar Augustus in one.
I've a fine Court Theatre, too, where all
The heroic parts to the tom-cat fall;
While Mistress Tabby, the poppet sweet,
And a score of pugs the troupe complete.
A Painting Academy, also, I've founded,
For asses of genius, whose number's unbounded.

I have as its worthy director *in petto*
The Raphael famed of the Hamburg ghetto;
Yes the Dreckwall Lehmann shall fill that position;
I will get him to paint me—a noble commission.
An opera, too, and a ballet are mine,
Where, almost half-naked, coquettish and fine,
The loveliest birds twitter gaily and sing,
And fleas of remarkable talent spring.
My orchestra-leader is Herr Meyerbeer,
The wonderful musical millionaire.
The mighty maestro's composing a play
To be duly performed on my wedding day.
I'm a musical amateur, too, I may state,
Like the monarch of Prussia, Frederick the Great.
The instrument honoured by him was the flute,
While I have a preference strong for the lute.
And many sweet eyes with a yearning light
Are filled when the passionate strings I smite.
With what rapture one day will the queen discover
That she's blest with a musical spouse and lover.
She herself is a thoroughbred mare from a stud
Of the highest descent and the bluest blood.
She's related by kinship quite close, indeed,
To the proud Rosinante, Don Quixote's steed;
While her genealogical tree proves plain
She inherits no less of the Bayard strain.
And many a stallion from whom she's descended
Rode whinnying under the banner splendid

Of Godfrey de Bouillon, the knight of renown
Who by force of arms conquered the holy town.
'Tis by beauty, however, she shines above all.
When she tosses her mane, and I hear her call
And snort with her rosy nostrils, a burning
And rapturous joy fills my heart with yearning.
She's the flower of mares, no better is known,
And she'll give me an heir to sit on my throne.
Indispensable quite this alliance, you see,
To the dynasty high that shall date from me.
My name and my fame will never decline:
In the annals of Clio will always shine;
That powerful goddess will ever attest
That the heart of a lion I bore in my breast,
That wisely I governed—which none will refute—
And will bear witness, too, to my skill on the lute."

Here the king stopped to belch: for a moment was dumb,
Then continued his speech: there was more to come.

"Ye puissant asses, both young and old!
My favour and grace I will not withhold
So long as ye prove yourselves worthy, and pay
The taxes ye owe me without delay,
And in virtue's path without a stumble,
Like your fathers, walk, contented and humble.

The honest old asses! Through frost and heat
They trudged to the mill with the corn and wheat,
As taught by religion, nor needed compelling—
They never so much as dreamed of rebelling.
From their thick lips no murmurs escaped: the danger
They understood well, and from custom's safe manger
They tranquilly munched at their innocent hay,
But alas! the old times are vanished for aye.
Ye latter-day asses are asses, indeed,
But humility seems to be lost to the breed.
Your tails ye still abjectly wag to and fro,
But arrogance haughty is lurking below.
Though people conclude from your imbecile mien
You're the honest old asses they always have seen,
You are false, you are wicked—true gospel I speak—
In spite of your assdom so servile and meek.
Were one to put pepper now under your tail,
Your ass-lute would strike up its hideous wail,
You would want to make mince-meat of all within reach,
And would only be able to bray and to screech.
Mad passion that counts not the cost, when stirred—
Mere impotent anger—is only absurd.
Your bray idiotic proves nothing to me,
Save how tricky and artful your malice can be,

And that wickedness vile of the loathsomest kind,
And imbecile abjectness foolish and blind,
And cunning and gall and poison and sin
Can be hidden away 'neath an ass's skin."

Here the king stopped to belch: for a moment was dumb:
Then continued his speech: there was more to come.

"O puissant asses of every age,
Ye perceive how truly your minds I gauge.
I am greatly annoyed—my disgust's immense—
That your really disgraceful lack of sense
Should have brought discredit upon my rule.
From the ass point of view—which is that of a fool—
'Twas impossible quite you could understand
My lion-ideas and policy grand.
But I warn you, beware! Do not fancy I joke!
In my kingdom grows many a beech and oak,
Which my carpenters fashion to gallows fine,
And excellent sticks. I advise you, confine
Your thoughts to yourselves; I counsel it strongly:
Discuss not my government, rightly or wrongly.
The impious praters who argue and reason
Shall be publicly flogged by the hangman for treason,
Or to card wool in jail they'll be sent, on detection;
And if any's so bold as to talk insurrection,

And barricades (tearing up streets in the city!)
He'll be hanged out of hand without favour or pity.
I desired to impress you with this, and explain,
And now you may trundle off homewards again."

When the king his sentiments thus had voiced,
The asses, both old and young, rejoiced,
And shouted together, "Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
Long live the king! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

THE ROVING RATS.

Among rats you only find
The full and the famished kind.
The full ones stay in peace at home,
And the hungry ones go forth and roam.

Many thousand miles they wander;
They pause not to rest or ponder;
They speed in a grim unswerving track;
Neither wind nor rain can hold them back.

Over the hills they go,
And they swim the lakes below.
Some break their necks and some are drowned,
And the sick are left behind by the sound.

Each queer old fellow sticks out
An ugly, horrible snout,
And their heads are shaven, like radicals', flat;
Indeed they are all as bald as a rat.

These radicals ugly and odd,
Know nothing whatever of God,
Their children are never baptized. That their mating
Is a matter promiscuous hardly needs stating.

The material rat only thinks
Of what he eats and drinks.
He quite forgets, while drinking and eating,
That the soul is immortal, and time is fleeting.

So also the wild she-rat,
She fears neither hell nor cat.
No goods and no gold she possesses—her view
Is that earth should be parcelled out anew.

The wandering rats, alack!
Are already close. The pack
Is swarming and squeaking here, in our region;
They come, they come, and their number's legion.

Ah, woe is me! we are lost!
At the very gate stands the host.
The mayor, the senators—helpless crew—
They shake their heads: it is all they can do.

SOLOMON HEINE

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The citizens fly to arms,
The priests peal out alarms,
For property's threatened and toppling down—
Palladium dear to the orderly town.

But the ringing of bells, and the prayer of the priest,
And a senate's wise laws will not help in the least;
Your hundred-pounders, your cannons may volley—
You will find them, my children, the merest folly.

And likewise vain, now your fortunes ebb,
Is the lifeless art of the word-spun web.
For rats are not caught by snares syllogistic:
All your quibbles they'll jump—the most subtly
sophistic.

Yes, hungry bellies will only seize on
The logic of soup, and a dumpling-reason,
And the arguments offered by roast-beef orations,
When strewn, say, with Göttingen-sausage-quotations.

To these radicals, finer than all you could utter
Is a good dried cod that's been boiled in butter.
No orator born since great Cicero's time,
Not Mirabeau even, is half so sublime.

THE JUNIOR CAT-CLUB FOR POETIC MUSIC.

THE philharmonic cat-club met
  Upon the roof to-night;
But not for rowdy, romping love,
  And amorous delight.

The wedding dreams of summer warm,
  The songs by lovers chosen,
Suit not with winter, frost and snow,
  When every runnel's frozen.

Besides, the cats were 'neath the spell
  Of strivings strange and new;
The young tom-cat is all aglow
  For earnestness more true.

A generation frivolous
  Is passing; and an urging:
A cat springtide of poetry:
  In art and life is surging.

The philharmonic club reverts
  To the primitive again:
To the youthful, downy-lipped, naïve
  Unstudied, artless strain.

They want poetic music now,
Roulades without a trill;
Instrumental and vocal poetry,
Where music shall be *nil*.

They hold that genius is supreme,
Which, though it trips at times,
To the ladder's very highest rung
Unconscious often climbs.

They honour genius that, unspoilt,
From Nature has not turned:
On knowledge does not plume itself—
Which, in fact, has nothing learned.

Such is the programme of the club;
Of this aspiration full,
On the roof to-night it gave the first
Of its winter concerts cool.

But the execution of the plan
Was a truly sad affair—
Go, hang yourself, friend Berlioz,
Because you were not there.

'Twas a charivari—it might have been
Some frantic gallopade
Three dozen pipers, roaring drunk,
Upon the bagpipes played.

'Twas as formless as if all the beasts
  On Noah's ark afloat,
Had started chorussing the Flood
  With a single heart and throat.

What a yowling, howling hullabaloo!
  What a bawling, squalling din!
The chimneys take up the sacred song:
  With a snort and a puff join in!

One voice you can hear above the rest—
  A shrill, a tired and a bad one;
It reminds one somehow of Sontag's voice,
  Before she no longer had one.

What a concert wild! The Te Deum was sung,
  And considered quite in season
As a pæan of praise for the victory gained
  By impious folly o'er reason.

Or the club perhaps, for aught I know
  Was rehearsing the opera grand
By Hungary's greatest pianist
  For Charenton Madhouse planned.

* * *

A REMINISCENCE OF HAMMONIA.

Lo! they pass by two, by three,
Orphans happy as can be;
In their dresses blue they go,
All their little cheeks aglow—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

That the sight is one to move,
Jingling money-boxes prove.
Many a secret father's hand
Opens wide at the demand—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

Women too, so full of feeling,
Find the hapless things appealing;
Mouth and dirty nose they kiss,
Showering bags of sugar-bliss—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

In the box the usurer shy
Drops a dollar, passing by,
For he has a heart, and brighter
Jogs along for pocket lighter.
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

Now a louis-d'or is given
By a pious man. At heaven
First a glance you see him snatching,
Just to know if God is watching—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

Coopers, porters, baggage-humpers,
Work-folk all, they drain their bumpers—
Mark the day by emptying glasses
To the little lads and lasses—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

And Hammonia walks behind,
Tutelary goddess kind;
Her proportions vast appear
Proudly bringing up the rear—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

On a field without the gate,
High in spangled, pennoned state,
Stands a tent, where music sweet
Charms the senses; here they eat—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

Here they sit in endless rows,
Sup their soup, and then dispose
Of the tarts and cakes, like mice
Nibbling at the tit-bits nice—
Oh, the pretty orphan children!

But, alas! I think with sadness
On an orphanage where gladness
To the guests is little known;
Yonder miserably moan
Many million orphan children:

Where no uniform is worn,
And where dinnerless, forlorn,
Desolation in each heart,
Wander, weary and apart,
Many million orphan children.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

FAIR woman's body is a song,
The Lord, He did indite it:
In Nature's album wrote it down
As He was moved to write it.

'Twas made in a propitious hour:
Inspired the Lord was truly;
With what a master-hand He shaped
The stubborn stuff unruly!

The song of songs, beyond compare,
Is woman's body tender;
Her limbs are strophes exquisite,
So warm and white and tender.

And what a heavenly motion, too,
This dainty neck and shining
On which the curly head is poised—
A triumph of designing!

* * *

The song has flesh and blood and bones,
No abstract poem this is—
Has hands and feet; with rhythmic mouth
It even laughs and kisses.

It breathes the truest poetry,
Its grace needs no correction;
Yea, on its brow it bears the seal
Of absolute perfection.

Lord, in the dust I will adore,
And praise with awe and wonder!
Compared with Thee, the heavenly bard,
How foolishly we blunder!

Before the splendour of Thy song
I'll sink in adoration,
And to its study will devote
The closest application.

I will not lose a single hour,
  Nor ever dream of shirking;
And, if I'm not the man I was—
  'Twill come of overworking.

THE SUTLER'S SONG.

(FROM "THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.")

I FONDLY love the gay hussars:
  I love them very dearly;
I love the yellow, love the brown,
  I love them all sincerely.

I fondly love the musketeers,
  With all my heart I love them;
The young, the old, the rank and file,
  The officers above them.

I love them all, the horse, the foot,
  For surely none are braver;
And also the artillery
  Have often known my favour.

I love the Germans, love the French,
  Italians, too, and Dutchmen;
Bohemians, Spaniards, Swedes—for charm,
  There's nothing that can touch men.

I care not what their country is,
A fig for creed and party!
A man is always dear to me,
If only hale and hearty.

Religion and the Fatherland—
They're merely clothes that cover.
Strip off the husk! the man beneath
Is what I want for lover.

I'm human: to humanity
Devote myself with pleasure;
And those who cannot pay at once
Can pay me at their leisure.

How merry in the sunlight laughs
The wreath my tent adorning!
To-day the drink is Malmsey wine—
I tapped a butt this morning.

A PAIR OF PICKPOCKETS.

WHILE on the couch I sat enraptured
In Laura's arms, the wily fox,
Her husband, busy at my box,
My bank-notes with adroitness captured.

Now here I stand, my pockets rifled!
Was Laura's kiss but falsehood masked?
Ah, what is truth? So Pilate asked,
And washed his hands while truth was stifled.

This wicked world that is so rotten
And so depraved I soon must leave.
The man who's poor is, I perceive,
Half dead already and forgotten.

To you, ye spirits pure and leal,
My heart yearns upward with desire.
You, in your realms of light, require
So little, that ye need not steal.

HANS LACKLAND.

"FAREWELL, my wife," said Lackland Hans,
"High aims allure and beckon;
I go to shoot at other bucks,
On nobler sport I reckon.

"I leave to you my hunting-horn,
And you can tootle suavely,
To pass the time; you learned at home
To blow the post-horn bravely.

"I also leave my dog behind
To keep my house securely,
The Germans, with a poodle's faith,
Will guard me well and surely.

"They offer me the Kaiser's throne—
They are not merely joking—
They wear my portrait on their breasts,
And on their pipes when smoking.

"You Germans are a mighty folk,
So simple yet superior;
That you invented powder, none
Would guess from your exterior.

"I'll make you happy—not as king,
But father, elder brother.
Oh, glorious thought! I feel as proud
As was the Gracchi's mother.

"Yes, by the heart and not the head
I'll rule a realm adoring.
Diplomacy is not my forte,
And policy is boring.

"As child of Nature, hunter free,
I've trod the forest mazes;
With snipe and chamois, buck and sow,
I spin no subtle phrases.

"Your proclamations I disdain,
And scorn your printed gammon!
I'll say, 'My people, dine on cod;
To-day there is no salmon.

"'And if I do not please you, choose
The likeliest fool to lead you.
In the Tyrol I did not starve;
I neither want nor need you.'

"'Tis thus I'll speak. But now, my wife,
Farewell—no time for prating.
Your father's steeds are at the door,
And the postillion's waiting.

"Quick! reach me down my travelling-cap;
Its band is black-red-golden.
You'll see me soon a kaiser crowned,
In royal robes and olden.

"You'll see me in the Pluvial,
The purple mantle glorious
Which the Sultan of the Saracens
Gave Otto the victorious;

"With the Dalmatic underneath,
Where beasts of fabled seeming
With lions and with camels march,
All bright with jewels gleaming.

"I'll wear the stole upon my breast:
The stole embroidered duly
On a yellow ground with eagles black—
A handsome costume truly.

"Farewell! As king, posterity
Will laud me and acclaim me—
Who knows? Perhaps posterity
Will not so much as name me."

A RECOLLECTION OF KRÄHWINKEL'S DAYS OF TERROR.

By us, the Mayor and Senate framed,
The following mandate is proclaimed,
In love paternal to all classes
Who represent the civic masses:

"'Tis mostly foreigners, we own,
By whom rebellion's seed is sown;
Such sinners seldom, praised be God,
Are children of our German sod.

"And atheists also share the crime;
He who denies his Lord, in time
A faithless renegade will prove him
To those on earth who rank above him.

"Obey your rulers: this be ever
The Jew's, the Christian's first endeavour,
And Christians, Jews, shall, every one,
Shut up their shops at set of sun.

"Should three of you together meet,
Disperse at once; and in the street
Let none of you be seen at night,
Abroad on foot, without a light.

"Straight to the guildhall of the town
Repair and lay your weapons down;
And subject to the same condition
Is every sort of ammunition.

"Whoever in a public spot
Attempts to argue shall be shot;
To reason by gesticulation
Will bring the self-same castigation.

"Your mayor ye must trust in blindly;
He guards the town and watches kindly,
With anxious care, o'er old and young.
Your business is to hold your tongue."

THE AUDIENCE.

(AN OLD FABLE.)

"I DROWN not children in the Nile,
As Pharaoh used to do.
I am not Herod, who, of old,
The little children slew.

"On children, like the Lord, I'll look
In love, and not in scorn.
The little ones shall come to me,
And the big ones Swabian born."

Thus spake the King, and the Chamberlain
Went forth with hurrying feet,
And returned with the great big Swabian child,
Who made a reverence meet.

"You are from Swabia?" quoth the King;
"Well, well, 'tis no disgrace."
"Correctly guessed! I'm Swabian born;
You've named my native place."

"And from the seven Swabians wise
Do you reckon your descent?"
"I had not all the seven for sires;
With one I was content."

The King went on, "Are the dumplings good
In Swabian homes this year?"
"I judge them to be most excellent,
From what I taste and hear."

"And are your men still giants all?"
The King inquired. "Of late
They've run to fat instead of height;
Not one is truly great."

"Have Menzel's ears been often boxed
Since his notorious drubbing?"
"No, I rather fancy that in the past
He had sufficient snubbing."

"You're not so dull as you appear,
My friend—which would be tragic."
"Ah, that is because I was changed at birth,
By the cunning kobolds' magic."

"The Swabians used to love their land:
Of their home no race was fonder;
Say, what has caused you thus to leave
Your native haunts, and wander?"

"Sire, turnips and sauer-kraut, alas!
Are the only dishes made there.
Had my mother cooked me meat as well,
I should certainly have stayed there."

"Now, ask a favour," said the King.
The Swabian knelt and cried,
"Oh, give us our precious freedom back,
Which has been so long denied!

"For man is free; he was never born
A slave by Nature's plan.
O sire, restore to the German folk
The common rights of man!"

The King was moved; it was a scene
Too touching to forget.
The Swabian on his coat-sleeve wiped
His eyes with tear-drops wet.

Said the King at length, "'Tis a lovely dream!
Farewell; may time instruct you;
As at present you seem to walk in your sleep,
Two gendarmes will conduct you:

"By gendarmes stout, to the boundary line
You will forthwith be conveyed.
Farewell, I hear the beat of drums;
I'm due at the parade."

And so the touching audience came
To an equally touching end.
But to children the King has, ever since,
Been rather less of a friend.

KOBES I.

At the time when passions were running high,
In eighteen forty-eight,
The German parliament was convened
At Frankfort for debate.

And the woman clad in white appeared
In the Senate House; 'tis said
When this ghost, whom they call the housekeeper, walks,
Disaster looms ahead.

In the Senate House she's always seen—
'Tis asserted as a fact—
When the honest Germans meditate
Some stupendously foolish act.

I saw her myself about that time
In the darkened hours of slumber;
She walked through the empty rooms, where, heaped,
Lies the mediæval lumber.

She held a lamp; in her bloodless hands
Was clasped a bunch of keys;
She opened the cupboards against the walls,
And the spacious chests with ease.

There lies the kaiser-insignia,
  There lies the seal of gold,
The apple of empire—the sceptre, the crown,
  And the rest of the whimsies old.

There lies the purple faded trash,
  The vestments worn by kings,
The wardrobe of the German realm,
  The rusted, mouldy things.

The housekeeper sadly shook her head
  When her eyes on the rubbish fell,
And suddenly cried in a tone of disgust,
  "What a horribly loathsome smell!

"It's reeking of mice! How rotten and foul
  Is the trumpery stuff; the ermine,
And all the pretentious, tawdry rags
  Are crawling with noisome vermin.

"From the look of the coronation robe
  And its fur, I almost fear
That the Senate House cats have made a point
  Of having their kittens here.

"God pity the luckless king to be!
  No hope of cleansing these!
This robe will keep him, his whole life long,
  Supplied with a plague of fleas.

"And when kaisers itch, as every one knows,
The people must scratch; to many,
O Germans! I fear these royal fleas
Will cost a pretty penny.

"But why have the king and the fleas at all?
This robe, see, through and through,
Is rotten and rusty and old; new times
Demand a costume new.

"The German bard at Kyffhaüser said
To Barbarossa truly,
'I find we need no kaiser at all,
When I weigh the matter duly.'

"But if nothing will please you short of a king:
If you're set on a monarchy hoary:
Dear Germans, be warned, and avoid the snare
Of genius and wit and glory.

"Away with the man of patrician birth!
A plebeian be sure you elect,
And see that he's also the dullest of sheep;
The fox and the lion reject.

"Choose stupid Kobes who lives in Cologne,
Elect him at once, I beseech you.
His stupidity almost to genius amounts;
He never will overreach you.

"As Æsop has shown in his fables wise,
The safest of kings are the Logs.
They're better than Storks with their pointed bills;
They never eat up the frogs.

"No Holofernes, no hero harsh
Will your Kobes be; you will find
That no cruel antique heart is his,
But a latter-day one, and a kind.

"Low huckstering pride despised this heart,
And, insulted, he fell on the breast
Of the Helots of work, and became the flower
Of labour's sons opprest.

"The association of journeymen once
Chose Kobes to represent them;
He shared their last crust, and was volubly praised:
Indeed, seemed quite to content them.

"They vaunted the fact that he had not received
A university training:
His books from his inner consciousness wrote,
Idle scholarship thus disdaining;

"That the whole of his bottomless ignorance
He had won by his own endeavour;
That no foreign culture or learning vain
Had made him falsely clever.

"From abstract philosophy's influence dire
His mind, his thought was free.
'Our Kobes,' they say, 'has remained himself;
A character quite is he!'

"A stereotyped, unchanging tear
Shines always in his eyes;
And a heavy thick-lipped dulness, too,
On his utterance always lies.

"He prates and whines, and whines and prates,
Each word long-eared and crass,
An unhappy woman, who heard him talk,
Gave birth, they say, to an ass.

"With the knitting of stockings and writing of books
He beguiles his hours of leisure,
'Tis said that the stockings he knits, indeed,
Are lauded beyond all measure.

"Apollo and the Muses nine,
When he knits with praises cheer him;
If a goose-quill, however, they see in his hand,
They tremble at once, and fear him.

"This knitting recalls the good old days
Of the Funken, those heroes trusty
Who stood at their posts and knitted the while—
Their steel was never rusty!

"When Kobes is king, he is sure to revive
Those Funken brave, and reward
Their valour by calling them round his throne
As imperial bodyguard.

"And then, at the head of the glorious band,
How eager he'll be to advance
On Alsace and Lorraine and on Burgundy, too,
To win them again from France.

"But, friends, never fear, he will tarry at home,
Detained by a peaceful mission.
He must finish Cologne's cathedral first,
A great and worthy ambition.

"But at last, when the minster is built complete,
The anger of Kobes will mount,
And forth he will hurry, his sword in his hand,
To call the French to account.

"Alsace and Lorraine he will win again,
Purloined from the Fatherland;
On Burgundy, too, will, a victor, march,
When the minster's finished as planned.

"If a kaiser, O Germans! ye really want:
If ye cling to the notion you've nursed,
Elect the carnival king of Cologne,
And call him Kobes I.

"The mummers and fools of the carnival club
With their fools' caps ringing and mocking
Will be suitable ministers ready-made,
Their escutcheon a knitted stocking.

"And Drickes quaint will be Chancellor styled—
Count Drickes of Drickes Hall—
While Marizzebill, as the Mistress of State,
The Kaiser will drub and maul.

"His good and his holy town of Cologne
The King for his home will choose;
An illumination will testify, bright,
To the burgesses' joy at the news.

"The bells, the iron dogs of the air,
Will bark in jubilant riot,
And the Holy Three Kings of the morning land
Will wake from their slumber quiet.

"And forth they will step with a clatter of bones;
They will merrily dance and spring.
Hallelujahs loud I can hear them shout,
And the Kyrie Eleison sing."

The spirit that walks in white spake thus,
And stopped with a peal of laughter;
How horribly weird through the empty halls
The echoes sounded after.

EFFECTIVE MEANS.

Enthusiasm, hardihood,
You have them—good!
But ardour cannot take the place
Of circumspection's soberer grace.

The foe, I know it, does not fight
For justice, light.
But he has guns (what's almost sounder),
And cannons, many a hundred-pounder.

Stand with your weapons, calm and steady,
Gun cocked and ready;
Aim well, when thinned the foeman's ranks,
Your hearts may also thunder thanks.

AFFRONTENBURG.

I see the ancient castle still—
  The turret, and the battled wall,
The stupid folk about the place;
  Though years have fled, I see it all.

I still can see the weather-cock
  That on the roof went clanking round,
And drew from each a timid glance
  Before he dared to make a sound.

None spoke till he had first inquired
In what direction blew the wind,
In case old growling Boreas rude
Might buffet him with breath unkind.

The wise ones simply held their peace,
For in that castle, well they knew,
There was an echo which gave back,
With venomed malice, false for true.

A marble fountain, sphinx-adorned,
Down, midway, in the garden stood.
'Twas always dry, though many a tear
Had fallen by its sealëd flood.

Accursëd garden! Every spot
Some memory of woe has kept.
At every turn my heart was torn,
And everywhere mine eyes have wept.

In truth there grew no single tree
Beneath whose boughs had not been flung
Some insult or abusive speech,
By voice refined, or vulgar tongue.

The toad that listened in the grass
Informed the rat, who, word for word,
Confided to her aunt the snake
The tale the toad had overheard.

The snake rehearsed it to the frog,
And so at once the gossip spread,
And all the filthy fry enjoyed
The insults heaped upon my head.

The garden's roses blossomed fair,
And sweetly lured with odorous breath,
But, victims of some poison strange,
Before their time they drooped to death.

The nightingale, the noble bird,
Who sang the roses in their bloom,
Has perished since, and I believe
The self-same poison wrought her doom.

Accursëd garden! Yes, a curse,
An evil spell upon it lay,
And often with a ghostly fear
I shuddered in the light of day.

I seemed to see a spectre green
That grinned and mocked me, and I heard
A horrid sound of sighs and groans
From out the yew copse, weirdly stirred.

Down at the garden's further end
A terrace high was built, and, under,
When tides were full, upon the rocks
The North Sea billows broke in thunder.

There, gazing o'er the waters wide,
I dreamed mad dreams of wild unrest,
A fury like the Ocean's own
Was foaming, seething in my breast:

A foaming, seething, surging rage,
Vain as the billows', shattered wan
Against the hard and ruthless cliff,
However proudly they came on.

The passing ships I envied sore:
They sailed away to happier lands;
While to that castle I was bound,
A prisoner in accursëd bands.

TO EDWARD G.

With titles, honours, posts you have been piled,
A coat of arms and helmet plumed you claim;
Perhaps you're even "Excellency" styled,
To me you're a poor fellow all the same.

The noble nature does not move me much,
Which you so aptly found that you possessed,
Although its diamond lustre may be such
As Philistines display upon their breast.

My God! Beneath your uniform, I know,
For all its gold lace, hidden from our seeing,
There is a naked man oppressed with woe;
A sighing thing—a miserable being.

In no way different from the rest of us,
Your body must have nourishment or die;
So spare me, I beseech you, all this fuss
About enthusiasms grand and high!

WARNING.

Wound not with voice unkind and cold
The youth who, needy and forlorn,
Turns in his want to thee for aid;
Perhaps he is divinely born.

A second meeting may disclose
The aureole around his head;
Before his grave, condemning eye,
Thine own would then be turned in dread.

DUELS.

One day two oxen in a yard
Were bickering and wrangling hard.
Their blood was boiling, and one brute
Lost, in the heat of the dispute,

His self-control and, wrath-inflamed,
An ass his adversary named;
Which is an insult to an ox,
So both John Bulls began to box.

At the self-same time in the self-same place
Two asses were in the self-same case.
It was a fierce and a furious spar,
And one of the long-ears went so far
As to give a wild Hee-ha! and roar,
That the other was only an ox, no more.
Now, of course you're aware, though it seems rather crass,
If you call him an ox, you insult an ass.
So a duel arose from the donkey's dispute,
And they pummelled each other, head and foot.

And the moral? I think that cases occur
When a duel declined would leave a slur;
If any one calls him a foolish youth,
A student must fight to disprove the truth.

OVERHEARD.

"Oh, what did you pay for the Christian tall,
The husband of your daughter?
Say, wily Jekef, what did he cost?
Some damage time had wrought her.

"You paid sixty thousand marks, perhaps?
Or seventy thousand were fitter:
Yes, a likelier price for Christian flesh;
Your daughter's tongue was bitter.

"I'm a sad Schlemihl! They got from me
Just rather more than double;
And all that I had for my precious gold
Was wretched trash, and trouble."

Like Nathan the Wise, with a knowing smile,
Sly Jekef answers shrewdly,
"You give too much and too quickly, friend;
You raise the prices crudely.

"You only think of your business affairs,
Of railways, but more widely
I range in thought while, hatching schemes,
I wander about idly.

"We rate the Christians absurdly high;
Their value has much diminished.
I believe we'll be able to get a Pope
For a hundred marks ere we've finished.

"For my second daughter dear, just now
A bridegroom I have *in petto*,
He's a senator, standing six foot high,
Without kith or kin in the Ghetto.

"Forty thousand marks at the current rate
He'll cost me: I speak quite truly;
Half down, and the rest with interest fair,
To be paid by instalments duly.

"My son, in spite of his poor round back,
Will be burgomaster, I vow, yet.
I'll achieve my aim; the filthy scum
To my seed, I swear, shall bow yet.

"The famous swindler, my brother-in-law,
Assured me yesterday gravely,
That a Talleyrand had been lost in me:
'Twas a *rôle* I had acted bravely."

I heard these words! they reached my ear
From two that passed me, talking;
I heard them on the Jungfernstieg
One day, in Hamburg walking.

SIMPLICISSIMUS I.

Ill fortune disagrees with some,
Some cannot stand good fortune's savour.
The hate of men will ruin one,
Another's spoilt by women's favour.

When first we met you were unversed
In good society's airs and graces,
And bare was your plebeian hand
Which now a doe-skin glove encases.

Your coat had counted many springs:
So many that 'twas green and glistened;
The arms too short, the skirt too long—
Of a water-wagtail reminiscent.

Your neckcloth as a serviette,
Had with mamma before done duty.
Your head less proudly turned in that,
Than in this broidered, satin beauty.

And plain and honest were your boots,
As if Hans Sachs had been the shaper;
With German train-oil they were smeared—
No French, preposterous, varnished caper.

No eyeglass from your neck hung down,
No smell of musk your garments haunted;
You had no wife, no golden chain;
No velvet waistcoat grand you flaunted.

You dressed in Swabia's style approved,
Whose newest mode's already hoary;
And yet, in spite of all, your life
Was in the heyday of its glory.

You still had hair upon your head,
And, underneath it, still there hovered
And soared great thoughts. Alas! to-day
Your skull's both empty and uncovered.

And vanished is the laurel crown
Which as a wig had come in pat now.
Who has been pulling out your hair?
You look just like a shaven cat now.

Gone are the golden ducats given
By the silk-mercer when you won
And wed his daughter. "Little silk,"
He sighs, "has German poetry spun."

Is that the strenuous man who seemed
So eager to devour the world—
Its dumplings, puddings, all—and kings
To Hades had so gladly hurled?

That, the knight errant who of old
Like Quixote, model of such heroes,
Wrote in true third-form, schoolboy style,
Defiance to existing Neros?

Is that the general who led
Our German freedom, greatly daring;
And proudly trotted in advance,
Emancipation's banner bearing?

His steed was white like all the steeds
  The gods and heroes rode before him,
Who now are dust. What shouts acclaimed
  This saviour of the land that bore him!

A knightly virtuoso, he:
  A Liszt on horseback, playing merely;
Quack hero and somnambulist,
  Tom-fool by Philistines loved dearly.

In riding-habit, too, had come
  His long-nosed wife; they rode together.
Wild ecstasy was in her eye,
  And in her hat a saucy feather.

They say 'twas she who vainly strove
  To hearten up her spouse, when shattered
His tender nerves were by the shots
  That on the battlefield were scattered.

"Come, do not play the timid hare,
  Nor cowardly misgivings cherish;
There is a kaiser's crown at stake,
  And we must either win or perish.

"Think of the Fatherland's distress,
  And of the debts 'neath which you sorrow.
At Frankfort crowned, like other kings
  You will with ease from Rothschild borrow.

"The ermine cloak will suit you well.
Already I can hear the cadence
Of welcoming shouts: in fancy see
The flowers strewn by white-robed maidens."

Vain words! Antipathies exist
By which the strongest spirits cowed are.
As Goethe loathed tobacco smoke,
Our hero hates the smell of powder.

Crack go the shots—the hero pales,
And stammers incoherent phrases;
He sees things yellow—to her nose
Her handkerchief his poor wife raises.

So runs the story—is it true?
Who knows? Temptations oft attack us
That find us frail. Why, from the field,
Fled even the great Horatius Flaccus.

Sad fate of all on earth that's fair!
Even as the boor, the best among us
Must pass; the poet turns a clod,
And mere waste-paper what he sung us.

TELEOLOGICAL.

(FRAGMENT.)

TWAIN the legs we have from God,
That we might not to the sod
Cleave inertly, but alive
Struggle on and always strive,
Were we meant to stand, not run,
Legs enow we had with one.

And our eyes are also twain,
That we might have vision plain.
For believing what we read
One had amply served our need.
God bestowed on us the two
  That around us we might gaze,
  And, with pleasure and amaze,
Earth and all its wonders view.
But in gaping down the street
  Well our eyes we must employ,
Lest the people whom we meet
  Should our tender corns annoy—
Corns before whose pangs we flinch
When our shoes are tight and pinch.

And two hands from God have we,
That our giving may be free;

Not that doubly we may store,
To our much still adding more,
Till our iron chests are full,
Though such hoarding is the rule—
(But the names of those who do it,
If we gave them we should rue it,
We would hang them with delight,
But they're men of mark and might:
Philanthropic, honest—some
Are our patrons, so we're dumb.
German oak was never gallows
To the man whom money hallows).

As for nose, we have but one;
There is not a mother's son
In his glass could manage more,
Or the wine would trickle o'er.

Mouth we've one, because the double
Would have brought us certain trouble.
Yes, we gossip, as it is,
Far too much, and speak amiss.
With two mouths provided—why,
Even more we'd eat and lie.
When our mouths are full of broth,
We are dumb, however loth.
But with two mouths—naught to tether—
We would eat and lie together.

With two ears we are provided
By the Lord; a most decided
Aid to symmetry and grace;
Not so long as is the case,
For some reason, with those others:
With our honest, hoary brothers.
We have two that in the cadence
Of Mozart and Gluck and Haydn's
Masterpieces we may revel.
Were it all the colic-dreary,
Hemorrhoidal music weary
Of the mighty Meyerbeer,
One were plenty, and to spare.

Teutelinda, blonde of head,
Heard me out, and then she said:
"Ah, I know 'tis not for us
To demand why thus and thus
God has acted; criticise
Shall the clay the potter wise?
Yet to ask we're tempted strongly,
When we think things ordered wrongly.
Friend, I've listened to each word,
And with interest have heard
Why to man the Maker wise
Gave two arms, legs, ears, and eyes,
While one nose and mouth alone
'Twas ordained that he should own;
But the reason now explain. . . ."

* * *

PÆAN.

(FRAGMENT.)

From your brow remove the laurel,
Where the leaves too long have hung;
With my words, Beer, do not quarrel,
Hear the stammerings of my tongue.

Yes, I stammer every time
I address the man sublime,
Whose high genius reaches levels
In which every listener revels,
And whose fame's a master-work—
No mere casual, happy quirk
Of good fortune, which may come
In their sleep unsought, to some—
To such slovens in their art
As Rossini or Mozart.

No, our master dear may vaunt it—
'Tis a fact, and he may flaunt it—
He created all the fame
That attaches to his name.
By his strength of will 'twas wrought:
By his knowledge and his thought,
By political intriguing,
Calculations long, fatiguing.—

And his monarch, his protector
Made him general director
Of our music; and, in fine,
Gave him power . . .
Over what I hereby humbly claim as mine.

IT IS USUALLY DONE.

"The pancakes which I have hitherto given for three silver groschen, I will give in future for two. It is usually done."

As if cast in bronze, in memory stays
An advertisement which, in bygone days,
On a news-sheet happened to catch my eyes
In Prussia's capital, learned and wise.

Berlin in Prussia! Town I love!
Your fame will blossom eternal and prove
Forever fresh, like your lindens green—
Are the winds that torment them still as keen?
And what of the Zoo? Is a beast still there
Who sits by his wife with golden hair,
And drinks pale ale as he did of old,
Where morals are good, and cups are cold?

Berlin in Prussia, what are you doing?
What idler to-day is your laughter wooing?
Your Nante had not yet appeared in my time,
And the only wits you considered prime

Were Herr Wisotzki; a humour pleasant
Had the Crown Prince, too, your King at present.
But now his jocular tastes are dead,
And he wears his crown with a drooping head.
For this monarch I've rather a weakness—he's shown
Some qualities curiously like my own:
He is lofty of soul, his talent is great,
And I'm sure I could never have ruled a state;
And music he loathes with all his heart,
That noble and ear-splitting, monstrous art.
For this reason, no other, he fosters with care
The music-destroyer, Meyerbeer.
It is not true that the king he paid,
As a wicked world has falsely said.
One hears such lies, and repeats so many!
The king has received not a single penny;
Nor has Meyerbeer either, for though he directs
The Opera House, that fact affects
His purse not at all; the whole that he gains
Is an empty title or two for his pains.
I tell you a true and authentic thing—
He works for nothing for Prussia's king.

When I think of Berlin, I always see
The University fronting me.
The red Hussars ride past it, proud,
With music and drum and fanfare loud.

The martial notes, with their gallant swing,
In the students' quadrangle echo and ring.
And how are the Herr Professors all,
With their asses' ears both large and small?
Say, how is Savigny, the troubadour sweet
Of the Pandects—elegant, dainty, and neat?
That charming person, for all I know,
May be dead and forgotten long ago.
If this be the case, do not fear to declare it;
My fortitude's such that I think I could bear it.
And Lotte is gone! Ah, for all alike—
For men and for dogs—the hour must strike,
And most surely for dogs who, in ignorance dark,
At wisdom and reason yelp and bark,
And fain would transform us Germans free
Into Roman slaves of base degree.
And flat-nosed Massmann, he, I trust,
Is not yet forgotten and laid in the dust.
I will not believe that his race is run.
If that were the case I should weep for woe!
Oh, long may he flourish beneath the sun,
And trip with his short legs to and fro:
With his down-drooping paunch like a mandrake go!
I really dote on that figure queer:
I have loved it fondly for many a year.
I can conjure it up whenever I wish—
So tiny he was, and he drank like a fish

With his pupils, who crowned their feats gymnastic
By giving their master a drubbing drastic.
And what blows they were! The youths with a will
Set out to show that vigour crude
And boorish barbarity flourished rude
In the sons of Hermann and Thusneld still!
With their unwashed German hands he was beat,
He was pummelled and kicked with fists and feet;
They seemed unable to pound him enough,
And the poor wretch took their treatment rough!
I remember I cried, "My admiration,
You have won by your patience 'neath castigation.
You have borne yourself as a Brutus true."
But Massmann made answer, "Most people do."

And *à propos* of our Massmann, pray,
Have the Teltower turnips done well this year,
And the gherkins sour, in my Berlin dear?
And the men of letters, how are they?
Are they still quite pleased with things, although
They haven't a genius among them to show?
But what do they want with genius? Humble
And modest gifts are less apt to stumble.
And decent men have their uses too—
Twelve make a dozen—'tis all many do.

The lieutenants, say, of the guard, in Berlin—
Are their waists still ungirt; still as far from thin?
Are they always as arrogant?—Jeering as coolly
At townsmen as dogs, do they swagger and bully?
I warn you, your doom may soon be spoken.
Our patience is cracking, though still unbroken;
You may find in the end, if it's tried too sore,
That the Brandenburg gate is as wide as of yore,
And that all of a sudden we'll throw you out,
And send your prince to the right-about—
It's usually done.

AN ANSWER.

(FRAGMENT.)

In the right path undoubtedly your feet were,
Though, as to time, you may have been all wrong.
Those were not musk and myrrh, those odours strong
That came from Germany, and far from sweet were.

Let trumpetings of victory be mute
So long as our oppressors carry sabres.
Serpents that hiss of love, I fear as neighbours,
And wolves and asses that of freedom flute—

. . . . . .

1649–1793—???

THE British were, as regicides,
Too rude to serve as helpful guides.
King Charles, doomed next day to die,
At Whitehall sleepless had to lie,
While all night long the people clamoured,
And on his scaffold workmen hammered.

The French were hardly more polite.
  By all the rules of etiquette
Poor Louis had a perfect right
  To use a carriage; we regret
That in a cab, devoid of state,
He was conducted to his fate.

As for his queen, worse fell upon her;
  A common cart was all she got.
For chamberlain and maid of honour
  Sat by her side a sans-culotte.
Her Hapsburg under-lip stuck out,
How widow Capet scorned the rout!

Both French and British in such dealings
Are lacking in the finer feelings.
Only the German kind remains
When bloody terrorism reigns.

Yes, majesty he'll always treat
With pious awe and honour meet.
He'll see that the coach and six is draped
With black, the horses plumed and craped:
That high on the box the driver's weeping
With his mourning whip; and thus, in keeping
With his royal birth, our king shall ride
To the guillotine with pomp and pride.

CITRONIA.

'Twas in the days of long ago,
While still in frocks I used to go,
And in a dame-school, knowledge winning,
My A B C was just beginning—
I was the only boy who pined
In that bird-cage narrow and confined.
A dozen charming little maidens
Piped joyously in merry cadence;
Most sweetly they would trill and chatter—
Their spelling was another matter.
In spectacled and arm-chair state
Frau Hindermans dispensed our fate,
(Her nose an owl's beak, you'd have said)
As to and fro she wagged her head,
The ominous birch-rod in her hand
With which she beat her little band,

When the poor weeping things would make
Some harmless, innocent mistake.
By that old woman not a few
Were beaten black and beaten blue.
Scorn and ill-treatment are the share
Of all on earth that is most fair.

Citronia I called the land,
Evoked as by a magic wand;
Once at Frau Hindermans', while dreaming,
In sudden light I saw it gleaming.
'Twas an ideal sweet and tender,
Oval, of lemon-golden splendour,
Of friendly and alluring grace,
But proud withal—Ah, lovely face,
First blossom of my love, thy bloom
For me no blighting years could doom!
The child became a youth, a man,
The golden dream the child began—
Oh, wondrous strange that it should wend
To sweet fulfilment in the end!—
That what I sought for far and wide
Now wanders, living, by my side:
That, in her presence warm, I feel
Her fragrant breath upon me steal!—
But ah! a curtain black as night
Still robs mine eyes of their delight!

Some flimsy shreds, as slight and thin
As the frail web that spiders spin,
Betwixt me and the glory stand
Of my Citronia—magic land!

Like Tantalus, I must endure
Vain joys that mock while they allure;
The draught that draws my thirsty lips,
From me, as from that monarch, slips.
Alas! so near and yet so far
The fruits that I would taste of are!
Accursëd be the worm that span
The silk, accursëd be the man
Who wove the hateful fabric dim
Whereof that curtain dark and grim,
And infamously vile was made!
My sunshine turning into shade,
It holds me evermore asunder
From my Citronia, land of wonder!

Often I've felt within me burning
A frantic and a fevered yearning.
Oh, the accursëd barrier! Oft
An impious hand I've raised aloft
To tear the silken shroud, and find
The bliss that lurks concealed behind.
But 'twas, for many reasons, plain
From such a deed I must refrain.

Besides, such hardihood and passion
Are now-a-days no more the fashion!

EPILOGUE.

Plainly, without figures garnished,
I shall tell you, quite unvarnished,
What Citronia was. But, now,
Time and place will not allow.
(And of those who guess, or know it,
None will e'er betray the poet.)
Meanwhile trust me, for 'tis true:
Art is only vapour blue.
What that blossom was which flowered,
Blue of chalice, and embowered
In great Ofterdinger's lay,
Sweet, romantic, who shall say?
The blue nose, for aught we know,
Of some cousin dying slow,
In a nunnery of consumption;
Or, as likely a presumption,
Just a garter dropped by chance
By some lady in a dance;
Though from such a thought one shrinks—
Shame to him who evil thinks!

COLD HEARTS.

WHEN I saw you first performing
In the pasteboard world of art,
Dressed in gold and silken raiment,
Shylock's daughter was your part.

Cold and shining was your forehead,
And your voice was cold and clear,
And you seemed, O Donna Clara,
Like a glacier, fair, austere.

And for wife the Christian won you,
And the Jew his daughter lost—
For Lorenzo worse than Shylock!
And my heart was chilled with frost.

When the second time I saw you
We were near enough to woo;
I was cast to play Lorenzo,
And my Jessica were you.

And you seemed with love delirious;
I, alas! was drunk with wine:
Pressed your eyes with drunken kisses,
Eyes like jewels, cold and fine.

Was I mad when I determined
To be wed at any price?
Was my reason only frozen
By its nearness to your ice?

On our honeymoon we started:
To Siberia took the way;
Like a steppe the bridal couch was—
Cold and rigid, bleak and grey.

With my limbs benumbed and stiffened,
On the steppe I lay alone,
While my amorous ditties, freezing,
Made a soft, complaining moan.

For my Jessica ignored me;
Amor's teeth betrayed the cold.
I was fain a snowy pillow
To my burning heart to hold.

* * *

Now, alas! my songs and sallies,
Children luckless and forlorn,
One and all into this world
Are with frozen noses born.

For my muse has influenza—
  Muses feel and muses sneeze—
And she says to me, "Dear Henry,
  Let me go before I freeze."

O Love's temples, faintly heated
  But with farthing dips in parts,
Wherefore points my passion's compass
  To the North Pole of such hearts?

IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Lo! my wife so dear and kind,
Wife most lovely and belovëd,
Has my breakfast ready waiting;
White the cream, the coffee brown.

And she pours it out herself,
Joking, smiling, and caressing,
In all Christendom so sweetly
Not another mouth can smile.

And a voice so flute-like only
Can be heard among the angels,
Or, on earth, if there's another,
'Mongst the sweetest nightingales.

BIMINI.

PROLOGUE.

FAITH in miracles!—Blue flower
That has vanished now, how radiant
In the hearts of men it blossomed
In the days of which we sing!

Ah, that time of faith in wonders!
'Twas a wonder in itself;
And the marvels were so many
That at last one ceased to marvel.

In the common light of custom
Cold and workaday, familiar,
Men beheld things strange, prodigious,
Which for wildness far transcended

In their flight the wildest, maddest
Of the fables in the legends
Told by credulous and pious
Monks and chivalric romancists.

Came a morn of bridal beauty
When there rose a sea-born marvel,
An undreamed-of, a new world
From the billows blue of ocean.

New the world and new the men there,
New the beasts and new the flowers,
New the trees and birds, and also
New and many the diseases.

And our own, our old world, meanwhile,
Was completely metamorphosed,
Was transformed beyond all knowing,
And miraculously changed.

By inventions and discoveries
Of the mind, the new magician,
By our Berthold Schwarz's black art,
And the black art still more subtle

Of the exorcist of Mainz;
By the power and the magic
Of the books that, from Byzantium
And from Egypt, bearded wizards

Wending westward brought amongst us,
And with learned skill translated—
One was called the Book of Beauty,
And the Book of Truth the other.

Both by God Himself were written,
In two different heavenly tongues;
We believe, too, that He wrote them
With His own eternal hand.

By the little trembling needle,
The divining-rod of sailors,
Men, exploring on the waters,
Found at last the way to India,

To the home they long had sought for
Of sweet aromatic spices,
Where they grow in careless plenty,
And where, creeping on the ground,

Twist and riot growths fantastic,
Herbs and flowers, trees and bushes,
In the vegetable kingdom
Nobles, jewels of the crown:

Those most rare and subtle spices,
With their strange, mysterious powers,
Which may cure man of diseases,
Or more aggravate his sickness—

It depends entirely whether
Some apothecary learned
Has compounded them, or only
An illiterate Hungarian.

When the garden-gate of India
Was thrown wide, into the heart
Of the ancient world an ocean
Poured its aromatic billows:

A lascivious and monstrous
Flood of strange, balsamic odours,
Softly deadening the senses,
Or intoxicating wildly.

And the blood of men danced madly,
As if scourged by fiery brands,
Or by rods of flame, so eager
Was the love of gold and pleasure.

But 'twas gold that was the watchword,
For by gold, the yellow pander,
Every sort of earthly pleasure
Can be easily obtained.

Hence was gold the first word uttered
By the Spaniard when he entered
Hut or tent among the Indians;
Even water was but second.

Yes, the Mexicans, Peruvians
Saw the orgy of this gold-thirst,
Saw Pizarro, Cortes, wallowing,
Weltering, drunk with gold, in gold.

When the temple fell at Quito,
Lopez Bacca stole the sun—
Full twelve hundredweight 'twas heavy—
Yet the self-same night he lost it;

Playing dice he staked and lost it.
Still the people have a proverb:
"That is Lopez; he who, gambling,
Lost a sun before the dawn."

Ha! Those men were mighty players,
Mighty thieves and great assassins,
(None, of course, is wholly perfect)
But miraculous their deeds were,

In their prowess far transcending
Those of even the dreadest warriors,
From great Holofernes downward
To our Haynau and Radetzki.

For, when men believed in wonders,
Wonders also they accomplished;
The impossible, believed in,
The impossible performs.

Only foolish people doubted;
All the wise were firm believers;
Yes, before the daily marvels
Wise men bowed their heads devoutly.

From that time of faith and wonder;
Strange that thus there should keep ringing
In my head to-day the story
Of Don Juan Ponce de Leon,

Who was Florida's discoverer,
And who many years sought vainly
For the island of his yearning,
For the magic Bimini.

Bimini! Thy name so sweet is
That the sound within my bosom
Stirs my heart, and reawakens
Dreams of youth, with youth that perished.

On their heads the crowns are withered,
And they gaze upon me sadly;
Long-dead nightingales are fluting,
Sobbing tenderly to death.

From my couch I rear up startled,
And my poor sick limbs are shaking
With such violence that stitches
Crack and burst in my strait waistcoat.

But I needs must end by laughing,
For I hear the parrot-voices,
Seem to hear them shrilling sadly,
Drolly shrilling, Bimini.

Aid me, Muse, wise mountain-fairy
Of Parnassus, God-descended!
Help me now, and prove the magic
Of the noble art poetic—

Show the power of thy witchcraft;
Change my song into a vessel—
Magic vessel that shall bear me
To the Isle of Bimini!

And the words are scarcely uttered,
When, behold! my wish is granted;
From the airy stocks of fancy,
See! the magic ship is launched.

Who for Bimini will sail now?
Sirs and ladies, step on board.
Wind and weather in our favour,
You'll be borne to Bimini.

Honoured sirs, is gout your trouble,
Or have lovely ladies, prying,
On your snowy brow already
Wrinkles premature discovered?

Ship for Bimini; and yonder,
For the shamefullest diseases
You will find a swift assuagement;
Hydropathic is the treatment!

Fear not, gallants; ladies, fear not;
Stout and steady is my vessel,
For the keel and planks are fashioned
Out of trochees strong as oak.

At the helm sits Fancy, steering,
And Good-humour fills the sails.
Wit's the cabin-boy. If Wisdom
Is on board, too?—That I know not.

Of apt metaphors the yards are,
An hyperbole my sail is;
Black-red-golden is my ensign—
Fable-colours of romance,

Barbarossa's tricolor,
As in days of old I saw it
In Kyffhäuser, and at Frankfort,
In St. Paul's Cathedral hanging.—

On through Fairyland's bright ocean,
Through the blue, the fairy sea,
Sails my ship, my magic vessel:
Whitely ploughs its dreamy furrows.

In the swelling, billowy azure,
Strewn with sparks of fire, before me
Rippling, splashing, sails an army—
Tumbling dolphins giant-headed.

On their backs my sea-postillions,
Little loves with chubby faces,
Gaily ride, and through the curious
Horns of shell, as through a trumpet,

Blow resounding, lusty fanfares.
And—oh hearken!—from the ocean
Underneath, arose a sudden
Sound of twittering and laughter.

Ah, I know those little people,
Know those sweetly mocking voices,
Know those doubting, scoffing witches,
Those Undines, pertly laughing

At my passengers and vessel,
And at me—at fools and folly—
At the madness of my voyage
To the Isle of Bimini.

I.

On the shore of Cuba, lonely
By the mirror of calm water,
Stands a man who gazes silent
On his image in the flood.

He is old, but stands unstooping,
With the Spaniard's bold uprightness;
Half a sailor, half a soldier,
He would seem from his apparel.

Roomy fishing-boots are bagging
'Neath a coat of tawny elk-skin,
While his bandolier is fashioned
Of embroidered cloth of gold.

And, of course, from this suspended,
Hangs the long sword of Toledo;
From his grey felt hat cock-feathers,
Jaunty, red as blood, are waving.

But these throw a gloomy shadow
On the tanned old face beneath them—
Face that time has treated roughly
And that men have marred as well;

For across the wrinkles, furrowed
By fatigue and age and toil,
Run the scars of badly mended
Deep and deadly sabre-wounds.

'Tis with little satisfaction
That the man intently gazes
At the sad and troubled image
In the water at his feet.

Now and then he thrusts his hands out,
As if warding off some evil,
And he shakes his head and, sighing
To himself, begins to mutter.

"Is this Juan Ponce de Leon,
He who bore the gorgeous train of
The Alcalde's lovely daughter
At the castle of Don Gomez?

"Light the youth was then, and slender;
Round a head that harboured only
Rosy thoughts and giddy fancies
Golden, shining tresses curled.

"Every lady in Seville
Knew his horse's tread and hurried,
Swift and eager, to the window
When he rode along the street.

"If the rider called his dogs in—
Clicked his tongue against his gums—
Through the hearts of lovely women,
Blushing women, pierced the music.

"Is that Juan Ponce de Leon,
He who, dreaded by the Moors,
Mowed the turbans down by hundreds,
Mowed them down like heads of thistles?

"On the plain before Granada,
In the presence of the army—
All the Christian army—knighthood
I received from Don Gonzalvo.

"And I spent that evening dancing
To the fiddles' merry cadence,
In the tent of the Infanta,
With the ladies of the court.

"But by me, that night, unheeded
Was the music of the fiddles:
Was the soft and tender wooing
Of the women, lovely women.

"Like a foal I stamped and pounded
On the floor of the pavilion,
Hearing nothing but the clanking
Of my golden spurs, my first ones.

"With the years came deeper earnest
And ambition; with Columbus
I adventured on his second
Wondrous, world-discovering voyage.

"My devotion was unswerving
To this Christopher, who also,
Like his namesake, bore the Gospel
To the heathen, through the water.

"Unforgettable the mildness
Of his eye. He suffered dumbly,
And by night he wailed his sorrows
To the stars and billows only.

"When the admiral, his mission
Well achieved, returned to Spain,
I took service with Ojeda,
And I shared in his adventures.

"And from tip to toe Ojeda
Was a gallant knight; no better
In the past was ever famous
At King Arthur's Table Round.

"Fighting, fighting, was the passion
Of his soul, and, smiling gaily,
He would fight the savage races
When by countless swarms surrounded.

"When a poisoned arrow struck him,
He himself would, with an iron
Red and glowing from the furnace,
Brand his wound, still gaily smiling.

"I remember once we waded
To the hips in deep morasses
From which no one knew the exit,
Without food and without water,

"And for thirty days already
Thus had floundered (of the hundred
Men and twenty who had started
More than eighty must have perished).

"And the bog grew ever deeper,
And, despairing, we lamented—
'Twas Ojeda cheered our spirits,
Still undaunted, smiling gaily.

"Later on, with Don Bilbao
I went fighting—as courageous
As Ojeda was this hero,
And more skilled as a tactician.

"All his thoughts were soaring eagles
That had made his head their eyrie.
Generosity illumined,
Like a sun, his heart with radiance.

"And he won a hundred kingdoms
For the Spanish crown, that greater
Were than Europe, and much richer
Than are Venice even, and Flanders.

"And the guerdon that they gave him
For those hundred kingdoms, larger
Far than Europe, and much richer
Even than Venice, or than Flanders,

"Was a simple hempen neckband:
Was a rope; they hanged Bilbao
Like a common malefactor
On the square at St. Sebastian.

"Though, as warrior, less knightly
And of spirit less heroic,
Yet was Don Fernando Cortez
As a leader unsurpassed.

"In the miniature armada
By which Mexico was conquered
I took service; full of hardship
Was that toilsome expedition.

"Gold I won there; gold in plenty,
And fell ill of yellow fever;
Of my health a goodly portion
I was forced to leave behind me.

"With the gold I was enabled
To equip some vessels; trusting
To my lucky star, discovered
Here at last the Isle of Cuba;

"Which I govern in the name of
Queen Joanna of Castile
And of Arragon's Fernando—
Greatly loved by both the monarchs.

"I have now attained the object,
Reached the goal, of man's ambition—
Titles, glory, princely favour
And the Calatrava Order.

"I am viceroy, and possessor
Of a hundred thousand pesos,
Golden ingots, precious jewels,
Many a sack of precious pearls.

"But I cannot see the pearls
Without thinking, sighing sadly,
'It were better to have guarded
Still the teeth I had when young.'

"Ah, the teeth of youth! Together
With the days of youth they vanished—
At the thought with futile anger
Now I gnash my rotten stumps.

"Ah, ye teeth of youth, together
With the days of youth! How gladly
All my bags of pearls I'd barter
For the power to buy you back:

"All my jewels, golden ingots,
And my hundred thousand pesos,
Yes, and, over and above that,
Even my Calatrava Order—

"Take my wealth, my fame and honours,
And, instead of Excellency
Call me dunce and clown and booby,
Good-for-nothing, ragged urchin!

"Blessed Virgin, hear and help me!
Oh, have pity on the fool
Who, ashamed, thus pines in secret,
And conceals his hopeless sorrow!

"Holy Virgin! to thee only
Can I show my heart, confessing
What I could not bear to utter
To a saint of my own sex.

"For those saints are men, as I am;
And Caracho! even in heaven
Never man shall smile in pity
Upon Juan Ponce de Leon.

"Though thy pure and spotless beauty
Is unchanging and eternal,
Thou, O Virgin, art a woman—
With the instinct of a woman

"Wilt divine the woe the wretched,
Frail and fleeting man must suffer,
When his noble strength and glory
Dies and withers to grotesqueness!

"Ah, the trees who all together
Are denuded of their foliage
By the self-same wind of autumn,
How much happier are they!

"All alike they stand in winter,
Sad and bare; no tender stripling,
Still in garlands green, to triumph
O'er his withered forest comrades.

"But we men have separate seasons,
And alone we wax and wane;
With the one 'tis cruel winter,
With the other blooming spring.

"And the old man feels his weakness
Doubly bitter when he gazes
Upon youth's superfluous vigour—
Blessed Virgin, hear in heaven!

"From my limbs shake off the languor
Of this wintry hoar old age,
Which my head with snow has covered,
And my blood has chilled and frozen.

"Bid the sun to pour his ardour
Once again into my veins;
Bid the spring to reawaken
In my heart her nightingales.

"To my cheeks restore their roses,
To my head its tresses golden;
Hear, O Virgin! hear and answer;
Give me back my vanished youth!"

When Don Juan Ponce de Leon
Thus a while had grieved and muttered,
In his hands his face he buried,
Hid his face in bitter sorrow;

And he wept and sobbed so wildly,
With such overpowering passion,
That, between his meagre fingers,
Flowed his tears in crystal torrents.

II.

To his ancient sailor habits
Still on land the knight is faithful,
For his bed he swings a hammock,
As of old upon his vessel.

And he misses, too, the motion
Of the billows that so often
Used to soothe, and bring him slumber;
So at night they rock the hammock.

And the duty falls to Kaka,
To an ancient Indian woman
Who repulses the mosquitoes
With a fan of peacock feathers.

While she rocks the airy cradle
With its poor grey-headed infant,
As a lullaby she murmurs,
Soft, a legend of her home.

Is the magic in the sing-song,
Or the woman's voice that croons it,
Fluting faintly, like the twitter
Of a siskin? And she sings:

"Little birdie, Kolibri,
Lead the way to Bimini;
Fly ahead and we will follow
In a pennoned, gay piragua.

"Little fish, my Bridídi,
Lead the way to Bimini;
Swim in front and we will follow,
Wreaths of flowers on our oars.

"On the Isle of Bimini
Blooms the bliss of May eternal,
Golden larks for ever warbling
In the blue their tirili.

"Slender flowers bloom and wanton
As if wild upon a prairie,
Sweet and passionate their odour,
And their hue voluptuous, burning.

"From the ground the mighty palm trees
Rear to heaven, with their fans
Cool and shadowy kisses wafting
To the flowers underneath them.

"In the Isle of Bimini
From a precious magic fountain,
From a well, on earth the fairest,
Flows the youth-bestowing water.

"If a flower wan and withered
Is but sprinkled with this water—
With some drops—anew it blossoms,
Flaunts again in bloom and beauty.

"If a twig, however faded,
Is but sprinkled with this water—
With some drops—with buds new-thronging
It will burgeon brave and greenly.

"If an old man drinks this water
He grows young again; his age
Casts completely, as a beetle
Casts his caterpillar skin.

"Many a greybeard, by the water
Made a stripling blonde and handsome,
Lacking courage for returning
To his home, a saucy youth—

"Many a mother who has swallowed
Of the spring, and youth recovered,
Lacking courage for returning
To her home a merry maiden—

"Tarry still, as maids and striplings,
In the Isle of Bimini,
Chained by spring and chained by pleasure
To the land of youth eternal.

"For the land of youth eternal,
For the island Bimini
I am yearning, I am longing;
Friends beloved, fare ye well.

"Dear old tabby, Mimili,
Dear old cock, my Kikriki,
Fare ye well, no more shall we
Home return from Bimini!"

So the woman sang. The warrior,
Slumber-drunken hears her singing;
Like a child he sighs, he stammers;
Dreaming, murmurs: "Bimini!"

III.

On the Isle of Cuba gaily
Shines the sun on gulf and shore;
In the sky above there's music,
All the blue is hung with fiddles.

Kissed by ardent spring to blushes,
In her green, her emerald corset,
Like a bride adorned and radiant,
Blooms and glows the lovely island.

Folk of every age and station,
Iridescent on the beach,
Move and swarm, but every bosom
With a common pulse is beating.

For a common thought consoling
Fills them all alike with bliss:
Thought whose rapture finds expression
In the quiet, trembling gladness

Of an old Beguin who, limping
On her slow and painful crutches,
Tells the beads upon her rosary,
Murmuring pious paternosters.

'Tis the self-same thought consoling
Gives the face of the signora,
On the gilded litter carried,
Such a look of smiling gladness,

As she prettily coquets,
Flower in mouth, with the hidalgo
Who, the tip of his moustachios
Curling gaily, walks beside her.

On the stiff and martial faces
Of the soldiers joy is shining,
And of those, to-day unwrinkled,
Of the clergy genial, merry.

The emaciated black-coat,
How he rubs his hands, delighted!
How the fat Franciscan friar
Strokes his double chin with glee!

Even the bishop whose expression
So morose is at the reading
Of the mass, because his breakfast
Is delayed a little meanwhile,

Smiles and smirks with satisfaction;
On his nose the red carbuncles
Sparkle brightly, and he waddles
In his feast-day robe, contented,

'Neath the canopy of purple,
With the choristers around him
Swinging censers of sweet incense,
And by priests resplendent followed—

Priests in gold brocade who carry
Gilded parasols above them,
And who look, for all the world,
Like colossal mushrooms walking.

To the high communion-table
They go winding, to the altar
Which, beneath the open heaven,
On the shore has been erected,

And adorned with blooming flowers,
Holy paintings, palms and ribbons,
Silver vessels, golden tinsel,
Waxen tapers glistening brightly.

For his Eminence the Bishop
Is about to hold a high-mass
On the beach: with praise and prayer,
To pronounce a solemn blessing

On the little fleet that's rocking
In the roadstead yonder, ready
To weigh anchor and set sail
For the Isle of Bimini.

Yes, the vessels riding yonder
Have by Juan Ponce de Leon
Been equipped and manned for sailing
To the isle of bliss and magic,

Where the fount of youth eternal
Sweetly bubbles; from the strand
Many hearts acclaim and bless him
As a saviour of mankind,

As a noble benefactor
Of the world; and all are hoping
To receive a flask of youth,
When the knight returns to Cuba.

And already in their fancy
Many drain the draught of healing
Shake with rapture like the vessels
Yonder anchored in the roadstead.

And the ships of the flotilla—
Five in number—are a carvel
Big and roomy, two feluccas
And a pair of brigantines.

And the carvel is the flagship,
And it flies a gallant ensign,
The escutcheons of Castile
And of Arragon and Leon.

Like a bower she is covered
And adorned with hawthorn blossom,
Garlands bright and flower-chaplets,
And with gay and fluttering pennons.

Dame Speranza they have called her,
And behind the vessel's poop
Stands an image of the lady,
Large as life and carved in oak.

And most excellently painted,
Too, in nicely varnished colours,
To defy both wind and weather;
'Tis indeed a stately figure.

Of a brick-red hue her face is,
And her neck and bosom also,
From a corset green emerging;
Green the garment, too, that clothes her.

Green her woven chaplet likewise,
While as black as pitch her hair is;
Pitchy black her eyes and eyebrows,
In her hand she holds an anchor.

And the strength of the flotilla
Is a hundred souls and eighty,
Roughly counted, of which only
Six are women and six, priests.

Eighty men, one single lady
On the caravel are quartered,
Which by Juan Ponce de Leon
Is commanded; and the lady,

She is Kaka: yes, old Kaka
Has become a stately lady,
The Señora Juanita;
By the knight has been promoted,

Made Grand Mistress of the Fly-fan,
And Chief Rocker of the Hammock,
And dispenser of the water
Welling sweet at Bimini;

Holds, as symbol of her office,
In her hand a golden goblet,
Wears a tunic high-upgirdled,
Like a fair and youthful Hebe.

Fine and costly Brussels lace,
Dozens, too, of strings of pearls
Deck derisively the sallow
Withered charms of the Señora;

While her puffed and padded coiffure
Towers, cannibal-rococo—
Caribbean—Pompadour-ish,
Bright with countless little birds.

Birds no bigger than a beetle,
Just like flowers with their gorgeous
Wings and gay, enamelled colours,
Formed of sparkling precious jewels.

And this droll, fantastic head-dress
Made of birds was strangely suited
To the curious face of Kaka,
So exactly like a parrot's.

Very counterpart of Kaka
Was Don Juan Ponce de Leon,
Who, with confidence believing
That his youth would be restored,

Had attired himself already
In the dress of charming youth,
And adorned his person gaily,
Like a fashionable coxcomb:

Like a pert young jackanapes—
Pointed shoes with belts of silver;
Slashed his hose, the right leg coloured
Rosy red, the left a green one,

Striped and gaudy; satin doublet
Bravely puffed; a mantle hanging
Short and jaunty from his shoulder;
Cap with triple ostrich feather.

Thus equipped and blithely holding
In his hands a lute, the leader,
Hither, thither, lightly dancing,
To the crew his orders issues.

He commands them to weigh anchor
On the instant when the signals
Shall announce to them from shore
That the holy mass is ended.

He commands that, on departing,
All the cannons on the vessels,
Thrice a dozen salvos firing,
Shall salute the Isle of Cuba.

His commands he issues twirling
Like a top and pirouetting,
Blissful, drunken with the prospect
Of the dream-begotten draught.

And he twangs the plaintive lute-strings,
And they wail and whine and whimper,
And he quavers out the sing-song
With his voice so old and feeble:

"Little bird, my Kolibri,
Little fish, my Bridídi,
Fly and swim in front, and lead us
To the Isle of Bimini!"

IV.

Now this Juan Ponce de Leon
Was no fool and idle rover,
When he undertook the voyage
To the Isle of Bimini.

The existence of the island
Was a fact he never doubted,
For to him old Kaka's sing-song
Was a guarantee sufficient.

Prone the sailor more than others
To believe in signs and wonders,
For his eyes for ever look on
Heaven's great and flaming marvel,

While around him always murmurs
The mysterious flood of ocean,
From whose bosom rose aforetime
Donna Venus Aphrodite.

In my few remaining trochees
Ye shall hear related truly,
That the knight endured great hardship,
And sore labour and long travail.

Ah, instead of growing well
Of his former pain and sickness,
He was grievously afflicted
By a host of new diseases.

While in search of youth he voyaged
He grew older, older daily;
Lean and wasted, full of wrinkles,
To the land he came at last,

To the silent land, where, drearly,
Under cypresses of shadow,
Flows the stream whose darkling waters
None the less are strangely healing—

And the river's name is Lethe!
If thou drink thereof, thy sorrow
Is forgotten; yea, forgotten
All the woes that thou hast suffered.

Healing water! Happy land!
None who find it ever leave it,
For that country is the real,
Is the only Bimini.

APPENDIX TO "LAZARUS."

I.

Holy parables discarding,
  Hypothetical and pious,
Our accursëd questions answer,
  And with truth direct supply us.

Tell us plainly why the good man
  'Neath a heavy cross should bleed,
While the wicked man rides proudly
  Like a conqueror on his steed.

Whose the fault? Is God in heaven
  Not almighty after all?
Is the wrong of His contriving?
  That were surely base and small.

So we ask and ask unceasing,
  Till a handful of cold clay
Stops our mouths and we are silenced.
  But is that an answer, pray?

2.

To her heart the black woman clasped my head,
But, ah! while thus it lay,
My hair, on which, weeping, her tears she shed
Grew bleached and thin and grey.

She kissed me sick and she kissed me lame,
She kissed me blind; alack!
She even sucked with her mouth of flame
The marrow from out my back.

My body is now a corpse; it keeps
My soul in a prisoning cage;
And my soul, gone crazy, often leaps
And foams with helpless rage.

Ah, fury vain! Not the frailest fly
Your bitterest curse can kill;
So whine and pray and meekly try
To bow to heaven's will.

3.

How slowly Time, the horrid snail,
Seems on his tardy way to crawl,
While I, a prisoner to one spot,
Languish and cannot move at all!

No sunbeam, not a ray of hope
  Reaches my cell to pierce the gloom;
I know that for the grave alone
  I shall exchange this hateful room.

Perhaps I have for long been dead,
  These fancies may be only ghosts
That whirl by night within my head,
  In rainbow-hued and airy hosts.

Yes, spectral forms they well may be,
  Of the divine old pagan sort,
And a dead poet's skull like mine
  Is just the place they'd choose for sport.

The orgies terrible and sweet,
  The revels of that spectral horde,
Often the poet's poor dead hand
  Strives on the morrow to record.

4.

Time was when many a flower gay
  Bloomed on my path, but, seated high
Upon my horse, I did not stay
  To lean and pluck them, passing by.

But now that, sick to death, I languish,
And dug already is my grave,
I think upon those flowers with anguish,
And for their slighted fragrance crave.

A pansy warm, of golden fire,
My burning brain can clear recall.
Wild thing! her beauty I desire,
Untasted then, the most of all.

My comfort is: the waters wan
Of Lethe still retain their might
To soothe the foolish heart of man
With their sweet, dark, oblivious night.

5.

I have laughed by day, I have laughed by night,
With maid and with man been jolly,
I've sometimes done wrong and sometimes right,
And right was the greater folly.

The maid was a mother before a wife—
Why all the lamenting after?
If you've never been foolish at all in your life,
Your wisdom's a thing for laughter.

6.

I saw them laugh and smile and weep;
  I saw them droop towards the tomb;
And while they sighed and sank to sleep,
  I gazed serenely on their doom.

When graveward then they bore the bier
  I followed, mourning with the rest,
And on returning home, I fear,
  I ate with undiminished zest.

Now on those faces dead so long
  I think with sorrow and desire,
And on a sudden, fierce and strong,
  Love fills my heart with surging fire.

But Julia's are the tears that flow,
  And saddest in remembrance stay,
To frantic longing mounts my woe;
  I call upon her night and day.

And often in my fevered dreams
  I fancy I can feel her yearn,
Until the poor dead flower seems
  To grant my love a late return.

O tender phantom, hold me fast;
And kiss me closer—with thy breath
Oh, ease and sweeten, at the last,
The dark and bitter hour of death!

7.

You were a blonde young lady, most refined,
Agreeable and good and coldly kind,
In vain I waited for your heart to glow,
And in impulsive rapture overflow

With ardour for ideals high and true,
Which prose and reason solemnly pooh-pooh,
But which the noble souls who know their worth,
Suffer and yearn, and bleed for upon earth.

Once by the Rhine, in days of summer weather,
Beneath the vineyards steep we walked together;
The sun was laughing, and around our feet
The petalled cups were pouring fragrance sweet.

The purple gillyflower and rose were yearning,
Their kisses red they blew us sweet and burning;
Life fair and perfect seemed to blossom forth,
Even in the marigold of meanest worth.

In your white satin gown, beside me there,
You walked unruffled, elegant and fair,
Just like a maiden limned by Netscher's art;
A glacier in your corset for a heart.

8.

'Tis true before the judgment-seat
  Of reason you have been acquitted;
The verdict is: "No crime at all
  By word or deed the child committed."

Yes, dumb and motionless you stood
  And saw my heart devoured with flame;
You did not speak or stir the fire,
  Yet I condemn you all the same.

And every night in dreams I hear
  A voice accuse and blame you sore
For malice and for cold ill-will,
  And lay my ruin at your door.

With proofs and evidence 'tis armed,
  And documentary array;
But in the morning, with the dream,
  The voice accusing melts away.

Deep in my heart, in some recess,
  Both voice and legal deeds are lost.
That I am ruined—that alone—
  I still remember to my cost.

9.

Your letter plumbed my dark abyss.
  A lightning flash, it showed me plain
  How deep and awful is my pain,
How deep and dark my sorrow is.

Even you have pity, who of old
  Within the desert of my heart,
  A silent statue stood apart,
Like marble fair, like marble cold.

O God! how wretched must I be
  That even she should silence break,
  That she should weep, and for my sake—
That even the stone should pity me!

My soul is shaken at the sight!
  Have pity also, God, and end
  This awful tragedy! Oh, send
The peace of Thy eternal night!

10.

That the real sphinx is woman
  By her figure is confessed;
There's the clawed, the lion body,
  And mere foolishness the rest.

And the real sphinx's riddle
  Is as dark as death. The son
And the husband of Jocasta
  'Twould have puzzled and undone.

Well that woman o'er this riddle—
  Even she—perplexed should stumble;
Were the answer known, the heavens
  And the earth would surely crumble.

11.

At the cross-roads women three
  Sit sighing and grinning,
  And plotting and spinning;
They're as old and as ugly as ugly can be.

The first one twines the thread,
  On the distaff turning
  And wetting it; burning
And dry are the lips of her loose mouth dread.

With the second the spindle flies
  And whirls without stay,
  In the drollest way.
Like taffeta red are the old thing's eyes.

The third of the Parcæ snips
  The thread—nose long,
  Shears sharp and strong,
And the Miserere upon her lips.

Oh, speed, ye Fates, and sever
  This thread of mine,
  Accursed, malign,
That the pain of life may pass for ever!

12.

I long not for the realms of air,
  The Paradisal fields of mirth;
No lovelier women can be there,
  Than I have known below on earth.

For angel with the daintiest wing
I should be loath my wife to lose;
Psalms on the clouds to sit and sing
Is not the pastime I would choose.

O Lord! I think it would be best
To let me in this world remain.
Some money's all that I request,
And bodily relief from pain.

The world is full of sin and wrong,
But I've got used to my abode—
Can comfortably jog along
This vale of tears; I know the road.

Besides, I very seldom roam,
So do not mind the strife and stir;
To sit beside my wife at home
In slippered ease I much prefer.

Leave me beside her! When I hear
Her tongue in merry chatter fly,
My soul drinks in the music dear,
So true and honest is her eye!

Yes, health, O Lord! and better pay
Is all I ask; and here below
To live for many a happy day
Beside my wife in *statu quo!*

13.

"May he perish from remembrance!"
'Twas old Esther Wolff I heard
Thus exclaim; the malediction
I recorded, word for word.

To be blotted out for ever
From the memory of man—
"May he perish from remembrance!"—
So this gem of curses ran.

Heart, my heart, pour out the torrent
Of thy wrong and anguish grim!
May he perish from remembrance!—
Wherefore, whisper not of *him*.

May he perish from remembrance:
Live in neither book nor verse!
Dog obscure, entombed in darkness,
Thou shalt rot beneath my curse!

On the Resurrection morning,
When the awful trump shall blow
Sounding fanfares, and, arising,
All the dead to judgment go,

And the chosen names the Angel
  Reads before the heavenly host,
May he perish from remembrance,
  And be numbered with the lost!

14.

Oh, love in the month of March began,
When I was a sad and an ailing man;
But May arrived with her green delight,
And put my sorrows all to flight.

It was one afternoon at three,
At the Hermitage, 'neath a linden tree,
On a mossy bench while hid apart,
That I showed you what was in my heart.

The flowers were fragrant at our feet,
The nightingales were singing sweet,
But not a note we heard them sing;
We talked of many a weighty thing.

We swore to love till life was done;
The hours flew on; 'twas set of sun;
And then, when forth the darkness crept,
We sat together still, and wept.

15.

My spirit binds you with a spell,
And all my thoughts are yours as well;
Your fancies have their source in me,
And from my soul you cannot flee.

My breath impassioned fans your face;
From you I have my dwelling-place,
And even asleep you cannot lie
Safe from my kiss and whisper sly.

My body's rotting in the ground,
My spirit lives, and it has found
A house, beloved, in your heart:
It plays the household kobold's part.

Grudge not the strange, uncanny thing
His cosy nest, for there he'd cling,
The little thief, although you ran
Hot-foot to China and Japan.

Where'er you fled, from Pole to Pole,
Within your heart would sit my soul—
My spirit binds you with a spell,
And all my thoughts are yours as well.

16.

Bid me be burnt with pincers hot,
  By cruel hands my face be flayed,
Flog me, but let me linger not
  In torment of a hope delayed.

Oh, break and twist my bones with pain;
  'Neath every torture let me languish;
But ask me not to wait in vain,
  For waiting is supremest anguish.

Till six I waited yesterday,
  The whole long weary afternoon;
But you, you never came my way;
  I thought I'd be a madman soon.

Impatience like a serpent wound
  And coiled about me; up I sprang
Each time I heard the door-bell sound,
  Then backward fell—some other rang.

You never came—I pant, I rave;
  And Satan whispers in my ear,
"The lotus flower that you crave,
  Is mocking you, old fool, I fear!"

17.

He who has a heart, and carries
  Love within it, meets the foe
Half defeated; so I'm conquered:
  Gagged and fettered and laid low—

When I die they'll cut my tongue out,
  Lest, though now I lose my breath,
I should rise again, still speaking,
  From the shadow-land of death.

When I'm dead and in my coffin
  I shall rot beneath the clay.
All the stupid wrongs I suffered
  Tongue of mine will ne'er betray.

18.

When I raise my fist to smite,
Filled with anger fierce by night,
Impotent my nerveless arm
Sinks again, too weak to harm.

I am dying crushed, forlorn;
My vendetta none hath sworn—
To take vengeance without ruth,
Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth.

Ah! my kinsmen were my bane,
By my kinsmen I am slain.
'Twas a bloody deed and vile,
Wrought by treachery and guile.

They contrived to lay me low,
Like good Siegfried long ago.
Kinsmen who 'gainst kinsmen plot,
Know the vulnerable spot.

19.

More diseased than tongue can tell
Is this earth on which we dwell.
All we prize the most and cherish,
All that's loveliest must perish.

Is it ancient dreams phantasmal
From the ground like mists miasmal
Rising, subtle, foul and still,
Which the air with poison fill?

Gracious women flower-sweet,
Scarce unfolded to the heat
Of the kisses of the sun,
Death has ravished one by one.

Heroes, proudly riding by,
From the ambushed arrow die,
And malignant toads unclean
Quickly slaver laurels green.

That which yesterday shone bright
Rots to-day, concealed from sight.
And poor Genius in his ire
Breaks in twain his golden lyre.

Oh, what wisdom has the star,
In the heavens safe and far;
So remote from ills of earth,
In the region of her birth!

Wise the stars who will not leave
Life and heavenly calm, to grieve
Upon earth with us below,
Sharing misery and woe;

Who refuse with us to dwell
Mid the foul and putrid smell
Of the dung where worms unclean
Crawl malodorous, obscene;

Who are happy where they are,
From our hateful tumult far:
From this struggle late and early,
And the ceaseless hurly-burly.

From their high and heavenly places
They look down with wistful faces
On this world of sorrow drear,
And they drop a golden tear.

20.

My days and nights were merry all the year,
  And, when I used to strike my poet's lyre,
  My folk rejoiced. My song was bliss and fire,
And fanned full many a lovely flame more clear.
Still blooms my summer, but with autumn's cheer
  My barns are filled, and all that men require
  I have—and now I must forsake my heart's desire,
And leave what makes the world so kind and dear!

The chords slip from my feeble hand; the glass
  Breaks into atoms, which with heart aglow
    A moment since to merry lips I prest.
O God! how bitter 'tis to die, to pass!
  O God! how sweet it is to live below
    Here, in the old, familiar earthly nest!

21.

Within the hour-glass I can see
The dwindling sands run low.
My sweet, my angel wife, from thee
Death tears me; I must go.

He tears me from thy arm, sweetheart,
No longer can I fight,
My soul must from my body part,
She dies from sheer affright.

In the old house where she would be
Death will not let her live;
She trembles, "Whither?"—like a flea
Imprisoned in a sieve.

I cannot change by tears or strife
What Fate has fixed for ever,
And soul and body, man and wife,
When strikes the hour, must sever.

22.

Matilda plucked a posy gay;
With pleading hand I waved away
Her smile, her flowers,—I shudder so
When I behold sweet flowers ablow.

They speak so plain the thought I shun:
Fair life and I no more are one.
In the dark land that waits for me
My poor unburied corpse should be.

When flowers I smell I fall aweeping;
Of all this world has in its keeping—
Love, beauty, sun and laughter fain—
The tears alone to me remain.

I used to sit and watch entranced
The rats that in the opera danced;
And now I hear the horrid shuffling
Of rats and moles in churchyards scuffling.

O fragrant flowers! to my sight
Ye bring a chorus, ballet bright,
Of perfumed memories old and sweet—
Lo! up they spring with dancing feet,

In short and fluttering skirts come flashing,
With castanets and cymbals clashing;
But all the laughter, dallying, wooing
But shows the darker my undoing.

Hence with the flowers! I cannot bear
The scents that mind of days so fair;
Those pranks and revels long ago—
To think on them's to weep for woe.—

23.

I was ordained, O lamb, to be
A shepherd and a shield to thee.
I gave thee of my bread to eat,
With water from the fountain sweet.
When cold and loud the winter storm,
Upon my bosom thou wert warm;
In my embrace I held thee fast.
When chill and fierce the winter blast,
When wolf and torrent, rivals dread,
Howled in their dark and rocky bed,
Thou didst not shake or start affrighted.
Even when the blazing levin blighted
The tallest pine—upon my breast
In sleep untroubled thou didst rest.

My arm is feebler than of old;
Pale Death draws nigh. From sheep and fold
And pastoral things I must away.
O God, within Thy hands I lay
The staff Thou gavest.—Do Thou keep
My lamb when I am laid asleep
Beneath the grass—preserve untorn
Her flesh from every wounding thorn.
Oh, guard her fleece from briars keen,
And bogs defiling and unclean;

Spread everywhere before her feet
The greenest pasture springing sweet;
And free from sorrow may she rest
As once she slumbered on my breast.

24.

I do not envy Fortune's sons
  Their life—I envy sore
The swift and painless ease with which
  They pass and are no more.

In splendid raiment, laugh on lip,
  And on their head a crown,
While seated at the board of life
  The sickle mows them down.

In festal garb, with roses decked
  That had not time to fade,
These favourites of Fortune fall,
  And reach the realms of shade.

Dead men of gallant mien are they,
  Unwasted by decline.
To court they're bidden welcome by
  Tzaritza Proserpine.

I envy them their happy lot!
For seven years have I
In anguish tossed upon the ground,
And yet I cannot die!

O God! cut short this torment vile,
And let me buried be;
I have no gift for martyrdom,
As Thou must surely see.

At Thy inconsequence, O Lord!
Forgive me if I wonder;
To sour a poet born so glad—
It surely is a blunder.

This pain has dulled my mirth of soul,
Grief makes in me her home;
And if the sorry jest goes on,
I'll join the Church of Rome.

And then like other saints I'll whine,
And din Thee to Thy cost—
And so the best of humorists,
To letters will be lost.

25.

In my brain there's a glimmering, surging flood;
  Woods, meadows, and hills roll past.
But now there emerges something plain:
  One picture is clear at last.

I imagine the place is Godesberg town
  That in fancy I seem to see.
I sit outside the old-world inn,
  In the shade of the linden tree.

My throat is as dry as if, at a draught,
  I had swallowed the setting sun.
Mine host! mine host! a bottle of wine,
  And drawn from your mellowest tun!

And down to my soul the juice of the grape
  Flows kindly and warm and sweet,
And quenched, for a season, within my throat
  Is the flame of the sunset heat.

Come, one bottle more! I drank the first
  In a dull, undevotional mood,
And with wandering thoughts. O noble wine,
  Forgive my manners rude!

I was gazing aloft at the Drachenfels,
Whose castle ruins shine
So romantic and fair in the sunset glow
Thus mirrored in the Rhine.

I was listening, too, to the vintagers' song,
And that saucy finch who chatters;
I drank the wine with roving thoughts,
And while musing on other matters.

But now I will stick my nose in the glass;
One train of thought I'll follow;
I'll gaze at the wine, then shut my eyes,
And devoutly swallow, swallow.

But how odd! While drinking I seem to see
A sight by which I'm troubled.
Another poor toper drinks as well,
From one to two I'm doubled.

And the second man is so ailing and sick,
So wasted and pale his look!
His mocking gaze is so fixed and sad:
I find it hard to brook.

And the fellow asserts we are one and the same,
Maintains he is no deceiver,
And that he and I are a single man,
And are, both of us, sick with fever,

And that neither is sitting in Godesberg town—
That in Paris our limbs we stretch
On a sick-bed, weary and ill and sad.
You lie, you pale-faced wretch!

You lie! I'm as red as a rose in bloom,
I am hale and free from languor.
My arm is strong—you had better beware—
Provoke me not to anger!

He shrugs his shoulders, and sighs, "Poor fool!"
And my patience gives way at last.
With my cursed second self I fight;
The blows fall thick and fast.

And yet while the fellow I'm beating thus—
'Tis a curious thing!—with each thump
My body appears to feel the blow
And ache with another lump.

And while I've been fighting and pummelling hard
My throat has again grown dry;
But when I would call for more wine, the words,
They stick in my throat and die.

My senses reel, and I hear them talk
Of plasters and medicines sour—
In a tablespoon the dose to be given,
Twelve drops of it every hour.

26.

When the fat leech has sucked his fill,
One shakes him off without ado;
One drops some salt upon his back—
But how to rid myself of you?

My patron, friend, my faithful leech,
What salt for you ought one to try?
You've sucked the marrow from my spine:
Your loving lips have sucked it dry.

And now my body's grown so thin:
A skeleton, and lean at that!
But you've attained a noble size;
Your cheeks are red, your belly's fat.

Oh send me, God, some bandit brave,
Who'll slay me with a single blow,
Anything rather than this leech—
How shake him off—he sucks so slow!

27.

At home on German ground
The trees of life abound;
But, though the cherries tempt our touch,
We dread the scarecrows overmuch.

Ours is the sparrows' case,
If a bogey but grimace;
When cherries laugh and would entice
We sing a song of sacrifice!

Oh, red without the cherries flame,
But death's the kernel all the same.
Above in the stars alone
Grow cherries without stone.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom we adore and honour most,
The German soul's endeavour
Is after God for ever!

Only where angels fly
Grows joy that shall not die;
Here all is sin and sore distress,
And cherries sour and bitterness.

28.

From love's sweet goblet I have quaffed,
  I've drained it to my heart's desire.
  A burning and consuming fire—
A whisky punch—I found the draught.

Oh, friendship's gentle warmth for me!—
That soothes the soul in every woe,
And quickens with its harmless glow,
Like a refreshing cup of tea.

29.

When the wild fires of love no longer dwell
Within our hearts, where burns the vanished flame?
In the accursëd region whence it came,
Down where the damned for ever roast in hell.

30.

The end is near beyond a doubt,
The fires of love are burning out.
When free from love at last we win,
The better days for us begin—
Cool domesticity's delight.
This world, that money makes so bright,
We can enjoy and prize aright.
In comfort we digest our food;
A sleepless head in solitude
No longer toss, but slumber warm
Within a faithful wedded arm.

31.

To forsake a hen so plump—
  Oh, you wicked, wanton man!—
For a lean and haggard frump,
  For a skinny Mary Ann!

To be drawn by flesh alluring
  Is a weakness one condones;
'Tis a crime beyond enduring
  To go wooing after bones!

So the Devil still gets at one,
  So our senses are misled!
We forsake the comely fat one,
  And we choose the lean instead!

32.

I fashion little songs,
  Belovëd of my heart,
And they spread their sounding wings,
  And fly to where thou art.

They are thy husband's children,
  The offspring of his tongue;
O'er field and wood and valley
  They speed to thee when sung.

My songs that choir together
The world so gladly hears;
But, were they wailing children,
The world would stop its ears.

* * *

33.

Do not fancy 'tis from dulness
That your devilries I bear;
Nor suppose me God Almighty,
Used to pardon and to spare.

I have borne your pranks and whimsies
Uncomplainingly, I know.
Other folk, in my position,
Would have killed you long ago.

Heavy cross! And yet I drag it,
Always patient I will prove—
Woman, know I'm doing penance
For my sins, in that I love.

You're my furnace purgatorial;
From your cruel arms I'll win,
By the grace of God Almighty,
Free and purified from sin.

34.

No maiden have I e'er misled
  By tender words and flattering speech;
And, if I knew a woman wed,
  I counted her beyond my reach.

Were it not so, this name of mine
  Would not deserve, forever writ
In honour's book, to blaze and shine,
  And in my face all men might spit.

35.

Eternity, how long art thou!
  Years, a thousand, sooner pass.
For a thousand years I've roasted,
  And am not yet cooked, alas!

Thou art long, Eternity!
  Years a thousand sooner stop.
In the end will come the Devil,
  And devour me neck and crop.

36.

Days and hours unending, slow,
Crawl along and never go;
With their horns protruding, trail—
Each a grey, gigantic snail.

Often in the misty sea,
In the void eternity,
Shines a beacon fair and bright,
Like my darling's eyes of light.

But the bliss—can it have shone?—
Gleams a moment and is gone.
And the only thing I know
Is my leaden weight of woe.

37.

* * *

38.

I've played the gambler's reckless part;
Upon a whim I staked my life;
And now I've lost, with luck at strife,
Thou canst not well complain, my heart.

"The will of man," the Saxons say,
"His kingdom is"—My life I've given,
And won the thing for which I've striven.
My heart, at least, has had its way.

The happiness I bought so dearly
A moment tarried and took flight;
But they who've drunken of delight,
Compute not time by minutes merely.

True bliss contains eternity.
For all the flames of love, that yearn,
In one great fire together burn,
And Time and Space have ceased to be.

39.

Tamed is mediæval rudeness
By the advent of the fine arts:
Chief 'mongst instruments of culture
In our time is the piano.

And on family life the railway
Has a wholesome influence also,
Minimising much the pain of
Separation from one's kindred.

I regret that the consumption
Of my spinal cord prevents me
From continuing my sojourn
In a world so full of progress.

40.

A demon in an evil hour
Placed in your hand the dagger that you bore.
I know not who the demon was;
I know the wound was poisoned, and no more.

Oft in the silent night I wish
That from the realm of shades you would arise
And solve the riddle once for all,
Approving yourself guiltless in mine eyes.

I wait for you—make haste! If not,
I will descend to hell, and, without ruth,
In front of Satan and his fiends,
Will call you to account, and learn the truth.

I come—like Orpheus long ago,
The underworld and all its horrors dare.
Though in hell's deepest pool you cower,
Be sure that I will seek and find you there.

Now I am in the realm of dread,
Where the lost wring their hands and gnash their teeth.
Lo! I tear off your purple rags
Of vaunted goodness—see your soul beneath—

What I desired to know I know,
And gladly I forgive my murderer base,
But cannot, even if I would,
Prevent the fiends from spitting in your face.

41.

With their false lips they kissed me, and they drank,
And pledged me in the juice of the sweet vine;
But they had mingled poison with the wine—
For this I have my kith and kin to thank.
My flesh consumes from off my bones, and lank
And lean upon my sick-bed now I pine.
By fraud they stole the youth that once was mine—
For this I have my kith and kin to thank.

I am a Christian—the church register
Proclaims me such—wherefore, ere I depart
I will forgive you in a Christian way.
It is not easy; I should much prefer
To curse you from the bottom of my heart:
May God Almighty damn your souls for aye!

42.

Now death draws near, and what unknown,
  Pride counselled, should for ever be,
  I will declare: for thee, for thee,
My heart has beat for thee alone.

My coffin's made, and to my bed
  They lower me, that I may sleep.
  But thou, Maria, thou wilt weep,
And think on me when I am dead.

Thy pretty hands thou'lt even wring.
  Oh, grieve not—'tis the human lot:—
  At last defiled in death must rot
Each good and great and lovely thing.

HALLELUJAH.

Sun, moon, and stars on heaven's height
Bear witness to Jehovah's might,
And, when above the righteous gaze,
They sing to the Creator's praise.

I have no need to look so high,
For on the earth, at hand, there lie
Full many works with wonder fraught,
That, here below, the Lord hath wrought.

Yea, worthy folk, I humbly turn
My gaze to earth, and there discern
The gem of God's creative art,
His masterpiece: the human heart.

The sun in all his glory bright,
The moon that shines so soft at night,
The gleaming stars, the splendour dire
Of comets with their tails of fire—

They suffer, one and all, eclipse,
And, like so many farthing dips,
Before the heart grow pale and wan
That flames within the breast of man.

The world in miniature it holds,
The woods, the meadows, and the wolds,
The wilds which savage beasts infest,
Such as the heart too oft molest.

Here rivers rush and torrents leap,
Here yawn the precipices deep,
Midst gardens gay, and fields whose grass
Now feeds the lamb, and now the ass.

Here fountains of pure water spring,
And nightingales complaining sing:
To please the lovely roses pine,
Until they die of a decline.

Nor is there any lack of change,
So ample is the weather's range—
To-day, the land by sunshine kist,
To-morrow, grey with autumn mist.

The flowers drop their petals sweet;
The stormy winds tempestuous beat;
At last the snow begins to fall,
And streams and lakes are frozen all.

Now is the time for wintry sport;
The feelings to their masks resort:
In drunken folly dance along,
Among the masquerading throng.

'Tis true, amid those pleasures vain
There mingles oft a secret pain;
'Mid masquerade and music gay,
They sigh for bliss that's passed away.

A sudden crack.—Nay, start not so!
It is the ice that breaks below.
The crust gives way, which, smooth and chill,
Had bound our hearts so long for ill.

Lo! what was cold and sad is gone;
And Spring—ah, joy!—returns anon:
The season fair of all delight
Love's magic wand awakens bright!—

Great is the glory of the Lord,
In heaven, on earth, alike adored.
Loud songs of praise to heaven's King,
And hallelujahs I will sing.

Man's heart He formed so fair and sweet,
And then to make His work complete
He breathed therein from heaven above,
His breath divine, whose name is love.

Hence with the lyre of ancient Greece,
And let the wanton muses cease
Their dances lewd! In worthier ways
I'll sing to the Creator's praise.

No pagan music shall be mine;
But David's pious harp divine
With strings melodious shall prolong
The hallelujahs of my song!

THE ASCENSION.

Upon the bier the body lay;
Torn from earth's tumult and dismay,
The soul was far upon the road
That leads to heaven's glad abode.

It knocks upon the portal high,
And says, with many a heavy sigh,
"St. Peter, come; undo the door!
Oh, life was wearisome and sore.
On silken pillows I would rest,
And play with little angels blest
At blindman's-buff, and, sorrow past,
Enjoy delight and peace at last!"

There sounds a jingling bunch of keys,
The shuffling step of slipshod ease;
And at a window by the gate
St. Peter shortly shows his pate.

"Hottentots, idlers, gipsies, Poles,
Now one by one, and now in shoals,
And ragged beggars, human scum,
Vagabonds all—they come, they come:
Would enter heaven with the best,
And live in joy as angels blest.
Begone! begone! For such gallows-faces,
'Tis evident that heaven no place is;
The heavenly halls are not for you,
The Devil claims you as his due.
Off!—In the darksome pit to dwell,
The pit of everlasting hell!"—

So growls the old man for a minute,
And then—for there is nothing in it—

He says good-naturedly, "Poor soul,
I hardly think, upon the whole,
You are a rascal of that kind;
You may come in, I don't much mind.
To-day's my birthday—reason good
For being in a melting mood.
Your town and country tell me first,
And if you're married;—for the worst
And deepest dyed of human sins
Through wedded sorrow pardon wins;
A married man need roast no more,
And enters straight through heaven's door."

"I am from Prussia," says the soul.
"Berlin's my town, where gently roll
The Spree's fair waters—after rain—
A charming place, as some maintain.
I lectured privately; at college
I read philosophy, sought knowledge—
I took a canoness to wife,
Who, always somewhat given to strife,
Was worst when there was lack of bread.
'Twas that that killed me; now I'm dead."

"Oh, woe is me!" St. Peter said,
"Philosophy's a wretched trade.
I've always marvelled, I admit,
That any one should study it.

It's godless, dreary, does not pay—
Unprofitable every way.
In doubt and hunger life is passed,
And Satan has the soul at last.
Your own Xantippe railed enough
At the watery soup—unwholesome stuff!—
With never a single eye of fat
To smile and cheer her spirits flat.—
But never mind; take heart of grace!
Though I have orders strict to chase
From heaven's door with whip and gibe
The whole philosophising tribe,
And more especially, indeed,
The irreligious German breed—
To-day's my birthday, as I said;
I will not drive you off—instead
I will at once unlock the gate.
Come, enter without more debate.
Quick!—
There! you're safe and sound inside!
From early morn till eventide
You now may wander, quite at home,
Through heaven; you may dream and roam
About the jewel-paven streets.
But no philosophy! All feats
Of reason here were ill-advised;
Besides, I should be compromised.
And, when the angels sing, be sure
Your face expresses rapture pure.

If an archangel sings—mark this!—
Be still more overcome by bliss.
Say his soprano sounds so sweetly
That Malibran's eclipsed completely.
Both Cherubim and Seraphim
Should be admired, too, when they hymn.
Compare them to the great Rubini,
To Mario and Tamburini.
Give them their titles with complaisance,
And never grudge them an obeisance;
For singers, both in heaven and earth,
Like to be praised beyond their worth.
The Choir-conductor of the spheres—
Even He—with satisfaction hears
The works that He has wrought applauded,
And God the Lord with fervour lauded.
He loves to hear His praises rise
In psalms and incense to the skies.

"Remember me. And when the glory
Of heaven has grown a tedious story,
Come here. We'll play at cards, and drink.
I know more games than you would think,
From Faro down to Lasquenet.
And, by-the-bye, ere I forget—
If God should ask you whence you come,
About Berlin I would be dumb.
'Vienna,' 'Munich,' answer boldly,
But not 'Berlin'—it's looked on coldly."

THE AFFINITIES.

You weep, and gaze at me, believing
'Tis for my sorrow you are grieving.
Be not deceived, O woman! know
'Tis for yourself your tears o'erflow.

Did no foreboding ever steal
Across your spirit, and reveal
That the eternal will of Fate
Had formed us, each for each, as mate?—
Happy together and as one,
But, parted, ruined and undone.

In the great Book 'twas writ that we,
While life endured, should lovers be.
My bosom was the place for you;
There you had waked to knowledge new.
From the plant kingdom, with a kiss,
I would have drawn you up to bliss,
To higher life: to me, your goal;
I would have given you a soul.

Now that the riddle's solved at last,
The dwindling sands are fleeting fast.

It was ordained. Why weep and moan?
I go, and you must fade alone,
Before you bloom your blossom's shed,
The fire, before it burned, is dead.
Death holds you, and you cannot fly;
You, who have never lived, must die.

'Tis you I love. My God! I know
The truth at last. What bitter woe
When, at the moment heart finds heart,
The hour has struck for them to part!
When welcome is farewell! To-day
We go asunder, and for aye.
Nor will there any meeting be
In heaven above for you and me.
Beauty beneath the ground shall rot;
You'll moulder in the clay forgot.
But with the poets 'tis not thus;
Death cannot wreak his will on us.
Safe from annihilation's wrong,
Still in the faëry land of song,
In Avalon our spirits dwell—
Sweet corpse, for evermore farewell!

FOR THE MOUCHE.

It was a summer night of which I dreamed,
And mouldering remains of ancient glory;
Stonework of a Renaissance fabric gleamed
Around me in the moonlight, wan and hoary.

And here and there, from out the ruinous sward,
A pillar with grave, Doric capital
Arose and gazed defiant heavenward,
As challenging the thunderbolts to fall;

Everywhere crumbling fragments, strewn, confounded,
Sculptures and portals, many a curious gable,
Centaur and sphinx, of man and beast compounded,
Satyrs, chimæras—figures of old fable.

Among the *débris* was a marble tomb,
Wide open, still intact and undefiled,
And in the coffin, brave in manhood's bloom,
A dead man lying; sad his face and mild.

With necks upreaching, Caryatides
Seemed to support him with much toil and strain;
And carven on both sides I could, with ease,
Figures in bas-relief decipher plain.

Here was portrayed Olympus in its glory,
The Pagan gods, still unashamed and glad;
Adam and Eve from out the Bible story,
Each in the fig-leaf apron chastely clad.

And here was burning Troy—in classic poses,
Paris and Helen, and bold Hector too;
Haman and Esther, Aaron and great Moses;
Judith, and Holofernes whom she slew.

And yonder, lo! the God of Love divine;
Phœbus Apollo, Vulcan and Dame Venus,
Mercury, Pluto and his Proserpine,
God Bacchus, and Priapus and Silenus.

Beside them stood the ass of Balaam wise—
For speech an ass was surely chosen well;
And Abraham, prepared for sacrifice,
And Lot, who with his daughters drank and fell.

I saw Herodias dancing, and the head
Of John the Baptist, which the charger bore;
And hell with all the fiends, and Satan dread,
And Peter with the keys of heaven's door.

Again the subject changed; on stone was drawn
Lascivious Jove's outrageous crimes of old,
When he pursued poor Leda as a swan,
And Danäe as a shower of ducats gold.

I also saw Diana's headlong chase,
With dogs, and following nymphs up-girdled high;
And Hercules in woman's garb and place—
Distaff 'neath arm, he made the spindle fly;

And, close to Hercules, Mount Sinai rising,
And Israel with his oxen on the height;
And, in the Temple, Christ, the child, surprising
The Pharisees, and arguing aright.

So, in a contrast glaring and grotesque,
Judea's Godward yearning was combined
With the Greek sense of joy! Its arabesque
The clinging ivy about both had twined.

But strange! While of those sculptures thus I dreamed,
A curious fancy stole into my head,
And on a sudden to myself I seemed
The man within the marble lying dead.

And at the far end of the bier there grew
A flower of a rare, mysterious form,
The petals sulphur-gold and violet-blue;
The flower breathed of love's resistless charm.

The name we give it is the passion-flower;
On Golgotha it blossomed from the sod,
When flowed the blood of world-redeeming power,
What time they crucified the Son of God.

And it bears witness to the blood they shed;
All instruments of torture which the malice
Of the vile murderers employed, 'tis said,
Are counterfeited plainly on its chalice.

Yes, all the Passion-requisites, 'tis urged,
The torture-chamber quite complete is here:
The crown of thorns, the ropes that bound and scourged,
Nails, hammer, cup and cross, depicted clear.

Such was the flower by my grave that grew,
And, o'er my lifeless body bending low
As mourning women in their sorrow do,
Eyes, brow, and hand it kissed in silent woe.

But magic of a dream, how strange and fleet!
The sulphur-yellow passion-flower moved,
And grew into a woman's likeness sweet,
And it is she herself, the best beloved!

Yes, dearest child; thyself, thou art the flower;
I recognise thee by thy kisses yearning.
No flower-lips could have such tender power,
No flower-tears could ever be so burning.

Mine eyes were closed and dead, and yet how plain
My soul could see, and feast upon thy face;
And thou did'st look on me enraptured, fain,
Touched by the moonlight with a ghostly grace.

My heart, although we spoke not, could behold
The thoughts unuttered in thy spirit move.
The spoken word is shameless, overbold;
Oh, silence is the modest flower of love!

A soundless dialogue! One scarce would deem
How, by the dumb and tender talk, time fled.
Swift was the summer night of lovely dream,
Woven of dear delight and shuddering dread.

But what we talked of bid me not betray.
What does the glowworm glimmer to the grass?
What does the brooklet murmur on its way?
What sigh the west winds, grieving as they pass?

Ask the carbuncle why it shines; discover
What rose and rocket by their scent betoken;
Ask not the passion-flower and her dead lover
What 'neath the moon was said, although unspoken.

I know not for how long, all sorrow banished,
Within my cool and slumbrous marble chest
I dreamed of joy. But ah, too quickly vanished
The rapture of my calm, untroubled rest!

Thou only givest bliss without annoy,
O death, within the silent grave; this life,
Foolish and vulgar, gives unquiet joy,
And passion always warring and at strife.

Ah, woe is me! A tumult rose without,
And chased the calm and happiness away.
I heard them arguing with stamp and shout,
My gentle flower was seized with sore dismay.

Yes, from without, alas! we were surprised
By sounds of hate—assertion and dissent;
And, from their voices, soon I recognised
The bas-reliefs about my monument.

Does the old superstition haunt my bier,
And are the marble phantoms still debating?
Is sylvan Pan, with his loud cry of fear,
The anathemas of Moses emulating?

Oh, well I know they never will agree;
Beauty and truth will always be at variance.
The army of mankind will always be
Split in two camps: the Helens and Barbarians.

Denunciations, insults, and alas!
No sign at all of burying the hatchet;
While loud above the din brayed Balaam's ass—
The voice of neither god nor saint could match it!

Hee-ha! it went, both in and out of season—
That hideous sound, half hiccough and half choke;
I think that I should soon have lost my reason,
But in despair I cried aloud—and woke.

THE LOTUS-FLOWER.

(TO THE MOUCHE.)

INDEED we're as queer a couple
As anyone surely could name,
For weak on her legs is the loved one,
And the lover's completely lame.

No dog could be sicker than he is,
And a suffering cat is she;
I rather fancy that neither
Quite right in the head can be.

Poor thing! she's got hold of the notion
She's a lotus-flower in love;
And he, the poor pale fellow,
He thinks he's the moon above.

The lotus-flower in the moonlight
May unfold and yearn and long;
Instead of life, the renewer,
She can only receive a song.

WHERE?

WHERE shall I, who wander weary,
Find the rest for which I pine?
Under palms mid deserts dreary?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

In some wilderness will strangers
Dig my grave with callous hand?
Shall I rest at last from dangers
By a sea, beneath the sand?

'Tis no matter! For God's heaven
Will be round me, there as here,
And the stars that swing at even,
Will be lamps above my bier.

EPILOGUE.

THAT our grave is warmed by glory—
Stuff and nonsense! 'Tis a story!
Better warmth than that's imparted
By a milkmaid loving-hearted,

Kissing full-lipped and afire,
Though she reeks of dung and byre.
Why, a better, truer heat
Comes of drinking brandy neat:
Comes of drinking punch and swallowing
All the grog you can, and wallowing
In the dens of vilest stamp,
Filled with every sort of scamp
That has dodged the gallows-tree,
But who's living, breathing free,
And who tastes of more that sweet is
Than the famous son of Thetis.—
Yes, Pelides spoke the truth:
"It is better, in good sooth,
On the earth to live a slave
Than to rule on Styx's wave,
Mid the shadows first in glory,
Even though Homer sing your story."

THE DYING MAN.

WITHIN my breast desire is done
For vain delight beneath the sun.
I hate no longer what is bad:
Hate too is dead. I am not sad
For others' sorrow or my own—
'Tis death that lives in me alone.

The curtain falls upon the play
And, yawning on its homeward way,
My worthy German public hies.
The honest folk are very wise,
They're dining now in ease and pleasure,
They sing and laugh and drink their measure.

'Twas truth the noble hero told
Who spoke in Homer's book of old:
The Philistine of least renown
Alive to-day in Stukkert town
Beside the Neckar—ah, he still is
More blest than I, the great Achilles,
Dead hero who, the king of ghosts,
In Hades rule my shadowy hosts.

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